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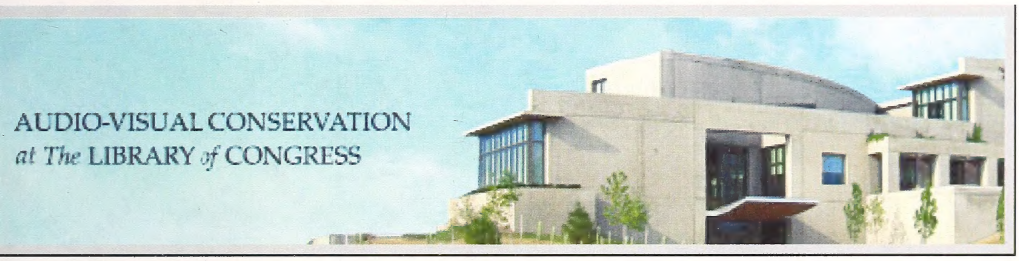

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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CURING CURIOSITY
by a trip through
a Movie Studio

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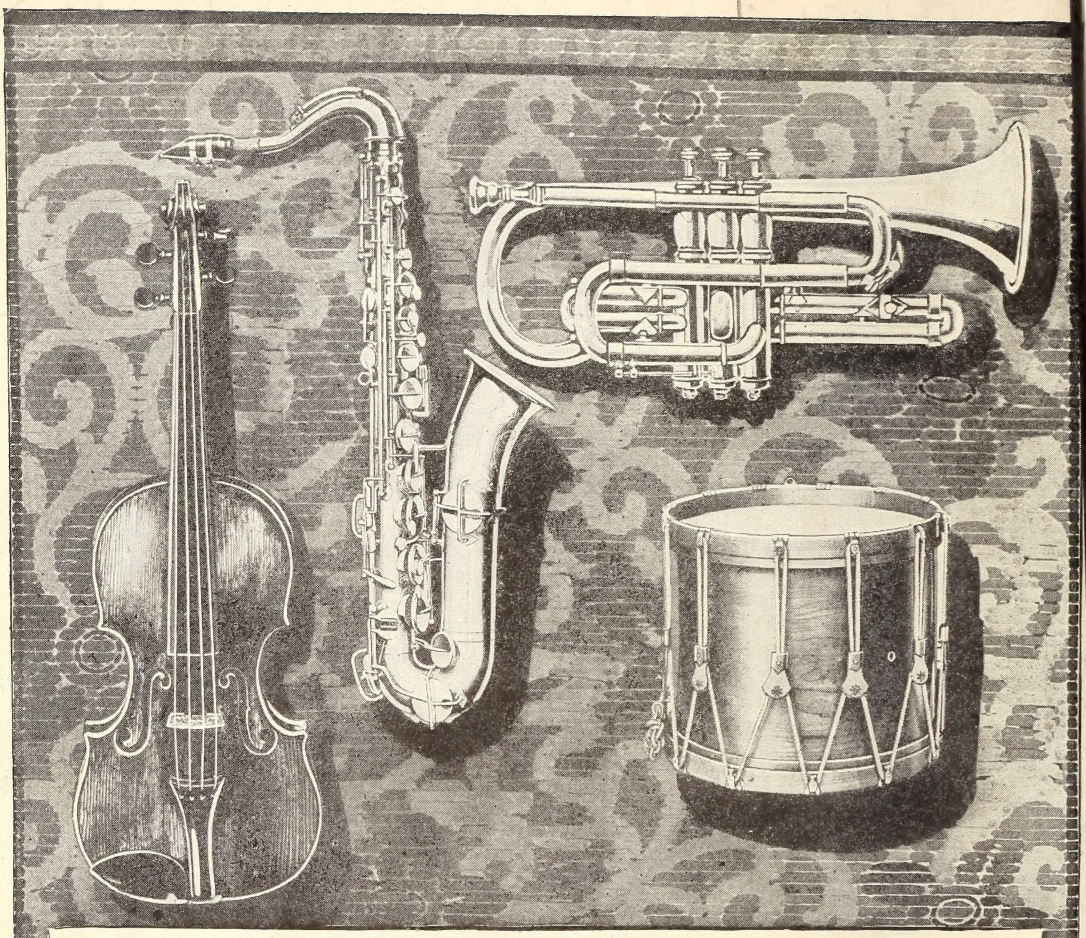

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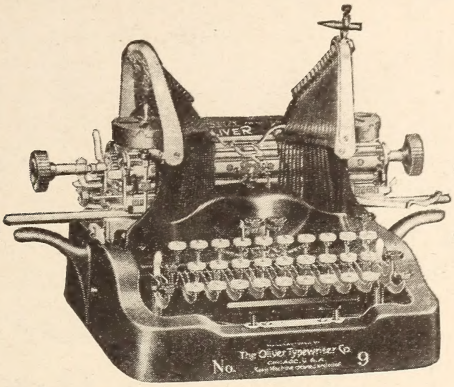

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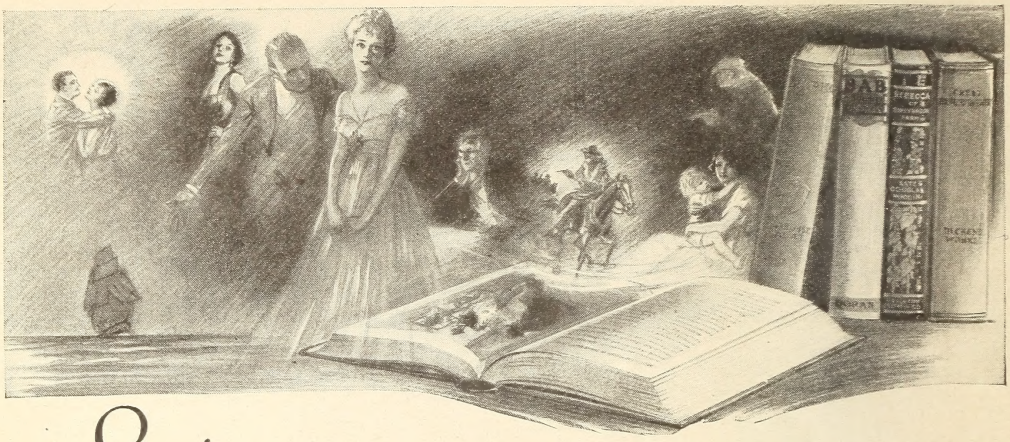

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Favorite Picture Players

DORIS KENYON

has much to her credit for a young person barely twenty. Not the least of her accomplishments is the fact that she is heading her own producing company, DeLuxe Pictures, Inc., and has already had two releases, "The Street of the Seven Stars" and "The Inn of the Blue Moon." She has also found time to take extra college courses at Columbia University, and does a very big bit in the way of patriotic entertainments.

JOHN BARRYMORE

will soon be seen in a film called "On the Quiet," which gives him an opportunity for one of his inimitable comedy rôles—the part of a young collegian endowed with plenty of good looks and an irrepressible sense of humor. "Jack" Barrymore, brother of the still more famous Ethel Barrymore, is well known as one of the best, as well as one of the most versatile, actors on the American stage or screen to-day, being as remarkable for his serious parts, such as the ones he played in "Justice" and in "Peter Ibbetson," as he is for his comedy.

KATHARINE HARRIS BARRYMORE

is appearing in the most important feminine rôle in the screen version of Edith Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth," surrounded by an unusual cast. The part for which she is cast is one well adapted to Miss Barrymore's tall, blond type and commanding presence. Picture fans will remember her in "Nearly a King" and "The Lost Bridegroom." Her stage career has been even more prolific, including "The Affairs of Anatole," "Kick In," "Believe Me, Xantippe," "Half a Husband" and "The Yellow Ticket."

MARY MILES MINTER

earns her place in the gallery of favorite players not only for her charming smile, reflected in the glass, but also because of her quaint and saucy little hat with the roses spilling over the brim. And—if any one should ask you—her latest picture is "The Ghost of Rosie Taylor."

DOROTHY DALTON

departs from her usual type of play in "The Kaiser's Shadow," and flourishes, be it said to her credit, like a wild flower in an atmosphere of mystery and dark plotting, as a detective. Her latest picture, "Green Eyes," finds her back in the familiar society setting.

BILLIE BURKE

has come back to the screen again after a brief interruption during which she played "A Marriage of Convenience" with Henry Miller before Broadway footlights. Her next appearance scheduled for an early release will be in a true Burkian whimsy "The Pursuit of Polly."

PEGGY SHANOR

distinguished herself, in "The House of Hate," by her ability to go upstairs in a truly regal manner. Nine hundred and ninety-nine movie queens scintillate as long as the camera stays above the V line, but Miss Shanor, according to the studio critics, is the thousandth who can stand the severest test known to a director. As *Naomi,* she played the sinister cousin of *Pearl Walden.*

WANDA HAWLEY

née—to movie land, at least—Wanda Petit, renamed herself at Douglas Fairbanks' request for the high honor of being his leading lady in "Mr. Fix-It." What is more, she liked the new screen name so well that she is keeping it in "We Can't Have Everything," a De Mille production in which she appears.

COURTENAY FOOTE

returns to the silent drama, after a successful season on the legitimate stage in "Upstairs and Down," as leading man for Madame Cavalieri in "Love's Conquest." Originally a "discovery" of D. W. Griffith, in whose "Home, Sweet Home" he played, this young Englishman has had notable successes on both stage and screen.

"Plump!" Went the Pebble

ONCE there was a young (leading) lady named Louise Huff, who liked to go down to the water and wiggle her toes in it, and watch the circles on the top of it grow bigger and bigger. She liked to drop pebbles in, too, and see the ripples on the placid mirror of the lake. One day she dropped in some "Great Expectations" and a lot of other things, and the ripples went way out to stardom and brought her back an engagement to star with the World Film Company in "T'other Dear Charmer." And then Louise was very happy.

Curing Curiosity

Some startling information—partly truthful—which Mr. Charles Fuir, of Rushville, Indiana, picked up during a personally conducted tour through a California movie studio.

By Gerald C. Duffy

Sketches by H. L. DRUCKLIEB

IF the earth should suddenly catch fire on its annual excursion around the sun, and every one of us on board should suffer sudden death, some enterprising movie man would be certain to find a perch somewhere in the universe just outside the danger zone, and the pictures of the catastrophe would no doubt be exhibited on Jupiter the same night.

In other words, the movies are unconquerable. A chap has about the same chance of getting out of reach of the picture men as he has of selling a monocle to the kaiser. So, most people, knowing that they can't get away from the movies, have decided not to let the movies get away from them. They have made up their minds that a camera leads a most fascinating life, and that they want to spend twenty-four hours with one in its busy day inside the halls that separate the place where actors make their money from the place where they spend it. And that's where I do my penance. I'm the fellow who usually happens to be in the office when the tourists land on our planet and want to see the stars, and so I get the job of playing telescope to the astronomers of amusement. I have to answer more questions in a day than if I was carrying a love letter from Sarah Bernhardt to the crown prince, and had happened to mention the fact casually over the bar at the Press Club. I am the official curiosity curer of Los Angeles, California, where enough film passes through cameras every day to keep all the prize fighters, bartenders, motormen, and farm hands in the Western Hemisphere who dress up for dances, weddings, and dinners supplied with celluloid collars for the rest of their lives.

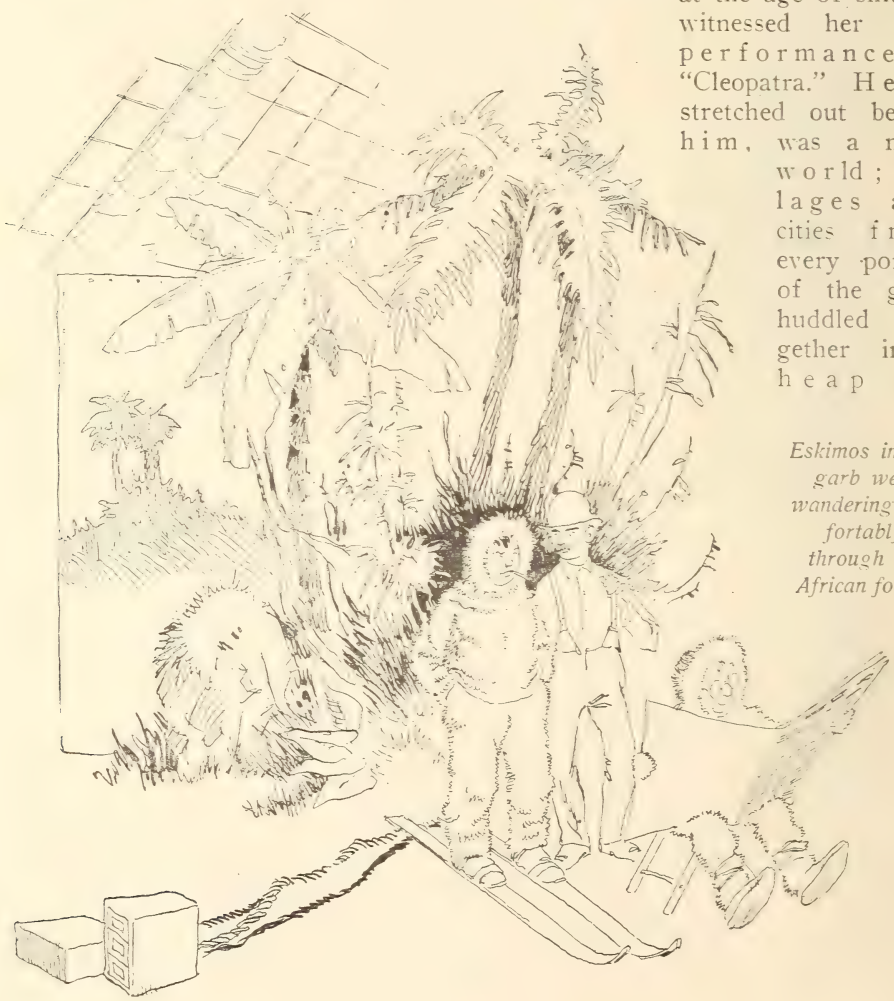
The other day I was sitting peacefully in my palm-shaded office trying to figure out how to patch up a scenario

that had been written by the owner of our company, who used to be the leader of a Hawaiian band before the movies discovered him, when there breezed into the room a gentleman from other regions who explained to me that he was on a trip through California, and had dropped in for the double purpose of visiting his intimate friend, Mary Pickford, and to gather some material around which to write a special article for his town paper in Rushville, Indiana, when he got back.

"Miss Pickford hasn't arrived yet, this morning," I informed him politely —one is always polite to newspaper men—"but I'll show you around the studio, if you want, and we can get that other stuff together for the story."

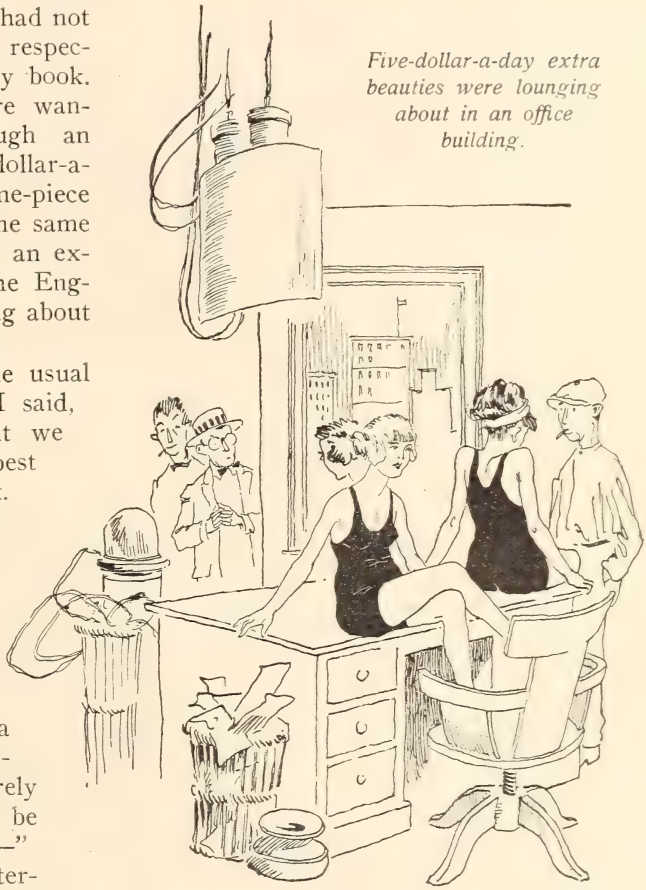
I led my visitor out of the office, among the maze of stages and sets, and passed the gateman who has saved more young lives from going astray than the late Anthony Comstock, by refusing to let aspiring stars into the studio where so many good bell boys and stenographers are turned into actors.

As we walked through the gate and onto the lot, the visitor gasped swishingly, and his eyes opened wide, just as Theda Bara might have done, had she, at the age of sixteen, witnessed her own performance of "Cleopatra." Here, stretched out before him, was a new world; villages and cities from every portion of the globe huddled together in a heap as



Eskimos in fur garb were wandering comfortably through an African forest.

though they had just been completed by the Creator, and had not yet been distributed to their respective spots in the geography book. Eskimos in fur garb were wandering comfortably through an African forest, and five-dollar-a-day extra beauties, in one-piece bathing suits that served the same purpose to their figures as an exclamation mark does to the English language, were lounging about in an office building.



Five-dollar-a-day extra beauties were lounging about in an office building.

I began handing out the usual line. "You will notice," I said, "what a magnificent plant we have. It is the biggest and best studio on the Pacific coast. Our stars, as you must be aware, surpass all others on the screen. Money is no object to us. We spend lavishly, and get the best. Each year we devote millions just to maintain a corps of the best connoisseurs in the world—merely that our juveniles may be properly groomed. We——"

"Just a minute," he interrupted. "I said Indiana, not Missouri. I'm from Indiana. My name is Fuir—Charles Fuir—pronounced Fur, with the 'i' silent."

"You've got a good name for the movies," I remarked. "Some of our most artistic and historically accurate producers used to be mixed up in the fur business, and not so long ago either. But you ought to get that 'i' in there somehow. You'll never get along in the film game without it. Why don't you make it I. Charles Fur? You could capitalize it then. That's what they all do in the pictures—capitalize their 'I's.'"

But Mr. Fuir was not paying much attention to me. His attention had reverted to the bathing-suit girls.

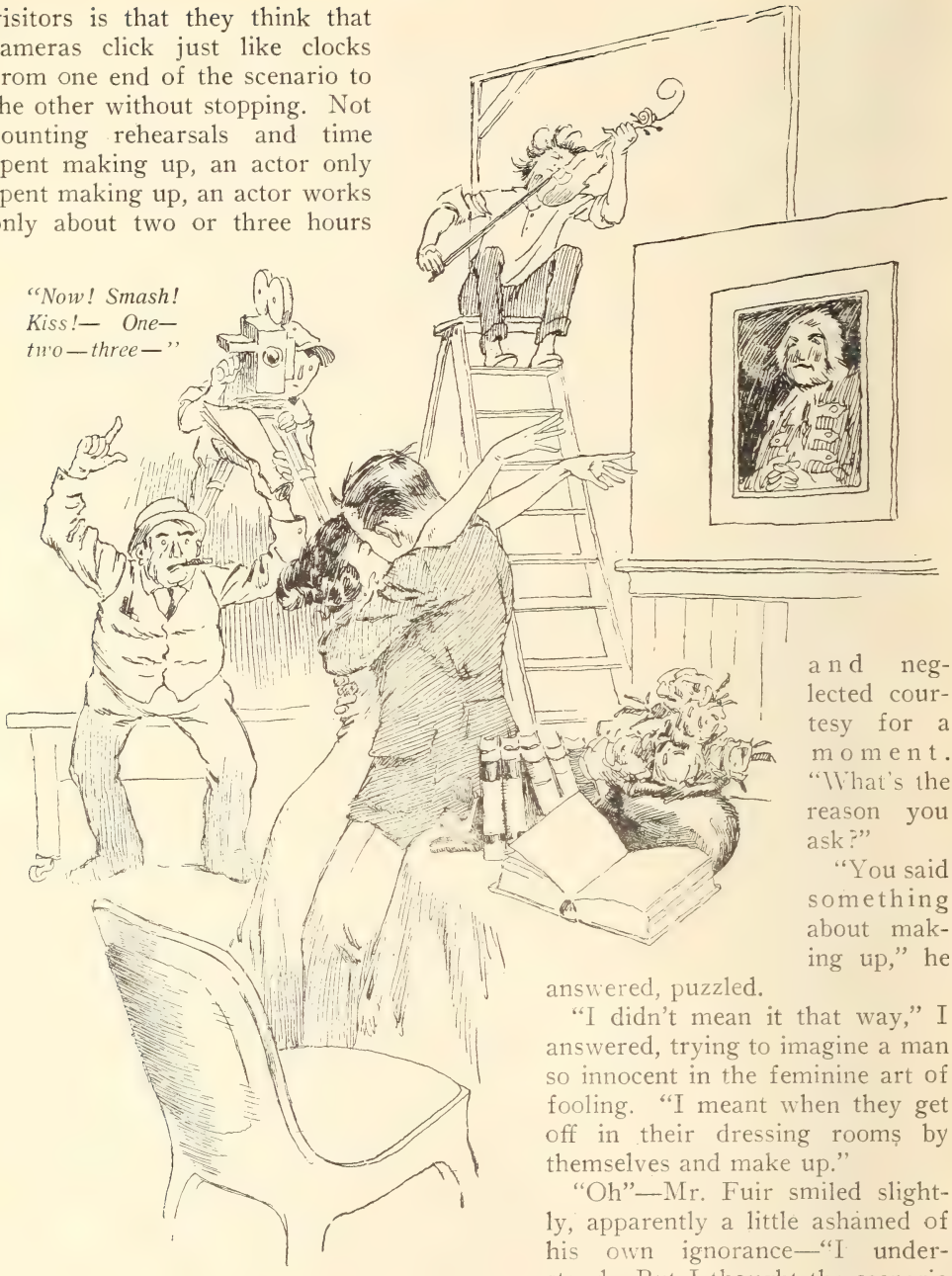
"Wh-what are they doing here?" he stammered.

"They're actresses," I answered, "and they're trying to earn enough money to send their children to college so they can be presidents or baseball players or osteopaths."

"Don't they work to-day?" he inquired.

"Sure," I said, "but they don't work all the time. Most of the time in a movie studio is spent in sitting around knitting for the Red Cross, or rolling dice with the chauffeurs, according to one's sex, while sets are built and directors think up the action and camera men 'set up' for scenes from different angles. The trouble with most

visitors is that they think that cameras click just like clocks from one end of the scenario to the other without stopping. Not counting rehearsals and time spent making up, an actor only spent making up, an actor works only about two or three hours



"Now! Smash! Kiss!— One—two—three—"

and neglected courtesy for a moment. "What's the reason you ask?"

"You said something about making up," he answered, puzzled.

"I didn't mean it that way," I answered, trying to imagine a man so innocent in the feminine art of fooling. "I meant when they get off in their dressing rooms by themselves and make up."

"Oh"—Mr. Fuir smiled slightly, apparently a little ashamed of his own ignorance—"I understand. But I thought the scenario writers, like you, made up all the things for the players. I suppose they have to make up their own actions, though, don't they? How foolish of me."

"Do lovers in pictures really become angry with each other?" Mr. Fuir queried hesitatingly.

"No, of course not." I was beginning to forget he was a newspaper man,

At that moment we came upon one of the largest stages on the lot, and my

my companion's eyes suddenly popped open, while such a broad smile spread over his face that I could almost hear it crack.

Douglas Fairbanks was effervescing in one of the sets which represented a gorgeous conservatory, and was busily engaged making love to his leading lady. I pointed him out to Mr. Fuir and explained that he was just starting a new picture. Director Dwan, who was producing the drama, stood by the camera shouting the action through his megaphone:

"Right, Doug! Ready! Cam'ra! Up a little—take her hand—smile—big—say you love her—lots! That's it! Heads together! Closer! Now! Smash! Kiss! *One—two—three——*"

Mr. Dwan had assumed the attitude of a prize-fight referee, and was marking the seconds with a fist hammering the air just as though he were counting a knock-out over a fallen gladiator. And the kiss continued until he had reached eight. Then they broke away, and Doug ran over to play with one of his dogs.

"What does he count for?" Mr. Fuir could not let this opportunity for information pass unnoticed. "Are they only allowed to kiss eight times?"

"The director counts the number of feet of film that he wants to register the kiss," I explained. "Eight feet go through in eight seconds. That is about as long as we allow any man to kiss in *this* studio. We've lost too many good actresses and actors by allowing them to kiss too long. If we let them make love too much, they're liable to really fall in love and get married, and then their love stuff gets dry after that, and doesn't look realistic."

My questioner was satisfied, and so thought up another query. "Do players have to talk in scenes," he asked, "or do they just move their lips?"

"Sometimes they talk—sometimes they don't," I replied. "If it's a woman, and we want a long scene, we usually let her tell her troubles."

Mr. Fuir looked at me in credulous amazement, and I began to wonder what Job would have done had he ever lost his patience. I finally decided, in desperation, to keep my two hands occupied for fear they might lose control of themselves. Therefore, I commenced pointing out with windmill rapidity the various other points of interest around the studio, until my signaling arms made me look like the traffic policeman at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, New York, attending to his duties and at the same time trying to learn to swim on dry land.

"Over there at the right," I went on, "are the wardrobe rooms, and behind them are the dressing rooms. To the left here are the stages. We'll go over here, and then take a peep at the other places."

My guest of honor assented, and we proceeded toward the big open-air stages that may be found only in California. Mr. Fuir caught one glance of our destination, and asked the following questions:

"What is all that white cloth over the platform for? Are they taking a circus scene?"

"No," I explained calmly, "those are strips of muslin to keep the sun out. They're called light diffusers."

"But why do you want to keep the sun out?" he asked. "I thought you came to California to get the sun."

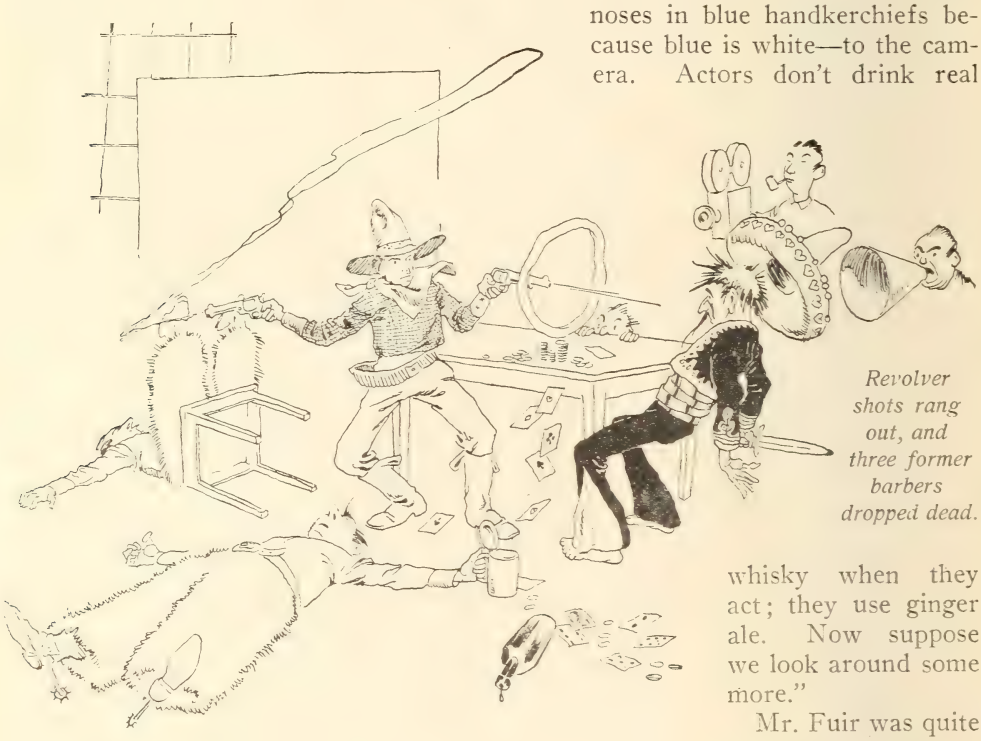
"We do," I said, to clear the situation. "Sun is like drink to the movie camera. But if it drinks too much, just like a man, the impression of what it sees becomes blank. When the sun isn't too bright for photography, the diffusers pull back like an awning. These open-air stages are used all the time except during the rainy season. Then we go over into the glass inclosure for all the interior scenes."

My visitor followed my finger in the direction of the immense glass studio. "Sort of living in a glass house," he remarked, and laughed.

"Yes," I agreed, "but they hire press agents just the same."

Mr. Fuir nodded understandingly. Then he prepared for another fusillade of cross-examination. I held up my hand for silence.

"Just a minute," I begged; "I've shown people through here before, and maybe I can save you a little trouble. I'll just answer a few of the questions you are thinking of asking. I said Doug was starting a new picture, and you are wondering how the love scene could come first. It doesn't. In the finished picture it will come last. He often takes the first scene last, or the last one first. In movies we take all the scenes in one setting together, and then join them together in their proper order when the picture is finished. We don't have to use everything we do—that's where the movies have it all over real life. If we do anything wrong, we throw it away and do it over again. The fiddler was playing to help arouse the actors' emotions. Players' faces are painted yellow because that color photographs better. They blow their noses in blue handkerchiefs because blue is white—to the camera. Actors don't drink real whisky when they act; they use ginger ale. Now suppose we look around some more."



Revolver shots rang out, and three former barbers dropped dead.

Mr. Fuir was quite anxious to see Mary Pickford, but she was late in arriving, so I showed him some other mysteries of the plant. Then, while waiting for his intimate friend to arrive, he wondered if I could take him to some of the other studios. I said that I thought I could, and we met Louise Glaum, William Farnum, and William S. Hart in a flying trip through the other studios around Hollywood. Mr. Fuir seemed most impressed with Miss Glaum's green make-up around the eyes. He asked if that was to denote her serpentine nature in films. Louise merely replied in the negative, and offered no

explanation; so, when Mr. Hart shook his hand, and his eyes were smeared with the color of green even more than the vampire's, it was perfectly natural for Mr. Fuir to ask if it meant green-eyed anger. Mr. Hart also replied a simple "No." So, receiving no enlightenment along other lines, Mr. Fuir commented upon the fact that it was a wonderful life —these movies.

After a short conversation with Mr. Bill Hart, the famous Westerner left us to go back to work, and, in another few seconds, revolver shots rang through the studio with a bang that sounded like somewhere in France. Three former barbers, dressed in cowboy chaps that were so woolly they would have tickled any horse into convulsions if they ever touched his back, dropped dead. Mr. Fuir looked on with interest.

"So there really is a wild West, after all, and shooting and everything, isn't there?" He smiled and let me know that he understood there were no real bullets in the guns. "And they don't care how fast they kill 'em off."

"No, sir," said I, just as Bill laid low another husky. "Two lives are as cheap as one."

When my companion had seen Mr. Hart conquer his adversaries, we left and went back to see Miss Pickford. The gateman informed us that she was getting ready for her scenes, and so I led Mr. Fuir back to the dressing rooms that stretch along one side of the studio grounds like bathhouses at a beach.

"Are these the wardrobe rooms you spoke of?" Mr. Fuir interrogated. I told him they were not.

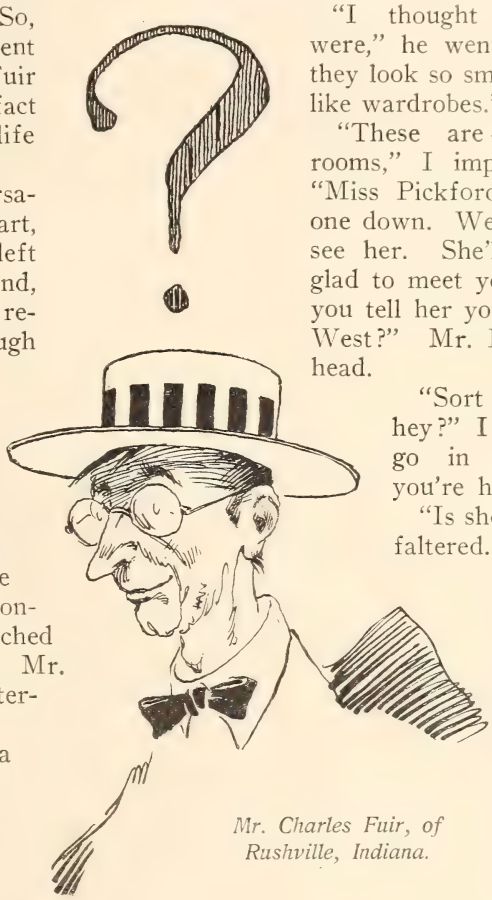
"I thought maybe they were," he went on, "because they look so small they're just like wardrobes."

"These are the dressing rooms," I imparted sweetly. "Miss Pickford's is the next one down. We'll drop in and see her. She'll certainly be glad to meet you again. Did you tell her you were coming West?" Mr. Fuir shook his head.

"Sort of a surprise, hey?" I offered. "I'll go in and tell her you're here."

"Is she dressing?" he faltered. "Hadn't we better wait until she is through?"

"She's probably just putting grease paint on her face," I answered. "Painting the lily, as it were."



Mr. Charles Fuir, of Rushville, Indiana.

I knocked at the door, and Miss Pickford's voice murmured that I should enter.

"Miss Pickford," I announced. "There is a friend of yours outside who has come all the way from the East to see you. He wants to surprise you, so I won't tell who it is. Shall I tell him to come in?" America's sweetheart nodded sweetly. I called to Mr. Fuir. In a moment he was across the threshold, peering in upon the simple furniture that brought out the beauty

of the star in its comparison with all her gorgeousness. Mary looked steadily and carefully at the visitor, who beamed and blushed all at once until his face glistened like a rosy red apple whose vender had shined it by the expectoration process.

"I'm very pleased to see you," said Miss Pickford gently, "but did I understand that we were old friends?"

"Why—a—don't you remember, Miss Pickford," he blurted, a little embarrassed. "I still have the autograph picture you gave me—don't you recall the gentleman who bought the Liberty Bond from you back East? It was in Rushville—Indiana."

Miss Pickford said that she did remember selling a man a Liberty Bond, and shook hands with Mr. Fuir. And so they were friends. And then, just to spoil it all and make himself dreadfully ordinary, Mr. Fuir tried to sell her a scenario—the story of something that had actually happened to him. And I thought of all the time I had spent with that human questionnaire that day, thinking he used to take Mary home from school when they were kids together or something, and I told him that, if he'd only wait a few minutes, something else would actually happen to him that would make a scenario Bill Hart couldn't help buying. But out of consideration for the lady's feeling, I finally held myself in and led her intimate friend outside.

Mr. Fuir tried to sell her a scenario —something that had actually happened to him.

"Well, I've certainly had a corking good time," he said, as I steered him around near the gate. "I never had any idea that the movies were like this. And I'm certainly much obliged to you for showing me around the way you have. But there's one thing—come to think of it—that I want to ask you to explain to me. You know, I saw Mary—Miss Pickford—in 'Stella Maris' a few months ago. And in it she played two parts—sometimes both of them on the screen at the same time! Now, how on earth——"

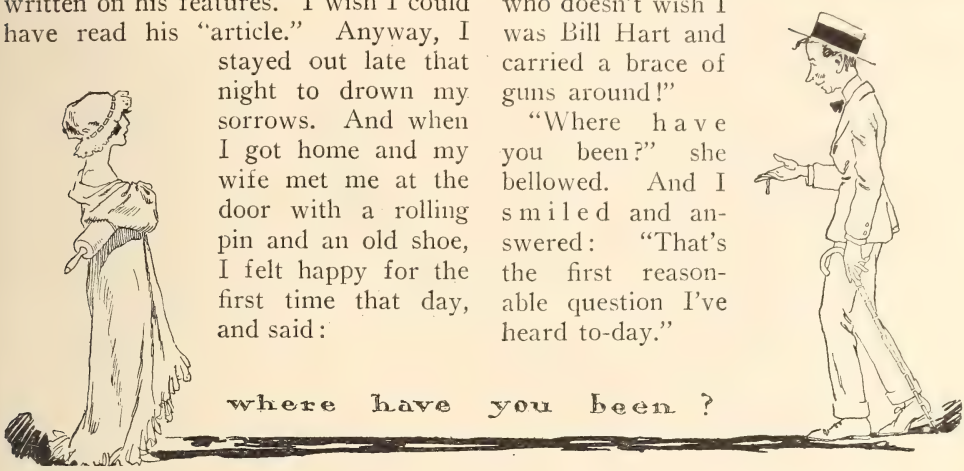
But I'd had enough. I grabbed out my watch, uttered a shriek about having forgotten an overdue appointment, and fled.

The last I saw of Mr. Fuir he was standing with his mouth open, with

wonderment and astonishment still written on his features. I wish I could have read his "article." Anyway, I stayed out late that night to drown my sorrows. And when I got home and my wife met me at the door with a rolling pin and an old shoe, I felt happy for the first time that day, and said:

"Thank Heaven, here's one person who doesn't wish I was Bill Hart and carried a brace of guns around!"

"Where have you been?" she bellowed. And I smiled and answered: "That's the first reasonable question I've heard to-day."



COMPENSATION

I'VE been married a year and the neighbors all know
My husband both gambles and drinks.
But it's none of their business; I love him a lot.
I ignore all their gossipy winks.
And my love remained true when I heard he'd eloped
With another, then cast her aside,
For he came back to me with a smile on his lips
And he called me his own little bride.

When he burgled a bank last September, I stuck—
When he broke out of jail he came here,
And he found me still loving—and then he went out
Just to murder a man on the pier!
But he hid from the sheriff and made his escape,
And returned to his own bungalow.
Then the very next day he went out and blew up
A steel safe, and skipped off with the dough!

And one evening last week—why, I saw him myself!
He tied up an old man in a chair,
While he took from a vault all the papers it held,
And—and all that I did was to stare!
I admit he's been leading a terrible life—
Still from me come no grumbles or yelps—
He gets five hundred dollars each week in the year
Just for playing THE VILLAIN—that helps!

H. J. YELLAMS.

Odd, Isn't It?

By
Ted Evans

THE funniest thing
About this picture
Aside from the fact
That it is a snapshot
Of "Smiling" Billy Mason
On the beach
In California,
Who draws his salary
Just for being funny
In front of a Christie camera
Without trying to—
And of Dorothy Dane,
His partner in crime—
As I was saying,
The funniest thing
Is that the picture
Is funnier
Upside down
Than it is
Right side up.
And if you don't believe it,
Turn it around
And see for yourself.

—o—

NOW, wasn't I right?

The Time, the Place, and——

A talk by Madge Kennedy on how she puts comedy across.

By Jean Francis

THE time, mid-morning of a summer day; the place, the big red brick Goldwyn Studio on the wooded Palisades of New Jersey; and the object of my search, Madge Kennedy, very much of the screen.

A guide led me along a maze of corridors, past countless busy little offices, and upstairs to the studio—a big, silent room, for everybody had gone to lunch. Everybody, that is, but two girls, who stood talking on the stairway.

"We'll wait and make an appointment—that is she," my guide said as he nodded toward the girl with her back toward us.

"That is Miss Kennedy!" I gasped.

"Why, I've seen ever so many of her pictures, and I thought her hair was——"

The girl turned and rendered me speechless with a smile—the same radiant smile with which she charmed "screen husband" and audience alike in "Our Little Wife." She has wonderfully big brown eyes, has Madge, and a pallid complexion, set off by heavy braids of that very popular, very New York, shade of hair. Most actresses of the screen have a clear complexion, due to grease paint, but hers is different—there is almost a translucent quality to it. I've noticed it since in her pictures.

She offered me her hand—such a delicate, expressive little hand! One wanted to slip it into one's pocket and carry it off for a keepsake. Do you recall how much she uses her hands in comedy?

"I'm just on my way to luncheon," demurred Madge, "but if you won't mind waiting, I'll bring it along, and eat while I'm talking. No, you can't help me, thanks. It's only an apple."

Even in her walk off the screen there is that same little humorous quality that she gets into her pictures so often, I noted, watching her out of sight. In an incredibly short time she reappeared, tossing an apple as she came along, adorable in a perfectly tailored navy suit

"Come over here—there are two armchairs," she said simply. "Don't look at my blouse like that," she begged, when we were seated. I didn't know I was looking "like that."

"It has to be yellow," she explained apologetically, "so that it will photograph white—that

is, a *good* white. And my shoes aren't very nice," as she patted a bow on a perfectly lovely little slipper into place, "because I'm resting my feet. You see, I never used to wear high heels at all, but my last leading man, Tom Moore, was so tall that I got into the habit, and now I can't change back. Still, Clarence Oliver is pretty tall, too.

"Better known on the stage than the screen," she went on to explain, "and he's splendid to work with. You know, a leading man can help a lot if he appreciates little comedy subtleties. We've just finished 'The Service Star,' and we're starting on a new picture that isn't named yet. I might do any number of little things, that would pass unnoticed for their comic value, if he were not quick to see them and play up to them. Something funny with my hands——" Here Madge's hands fluttered up from her lap with one of those curious little humorous gestures which she uses so well. "Or an expression——" Here she drew the corners of her mouth down so that I laughed right out. "Or a movement of the eye," and Madge's right eye closed suddenly in a droll wink such as she perpetrated in "The Danger Game." "He gets all those little things, and helps me to make the most of them."

She stopped to adjust an eyelash—yes, really! And this is how she did it: First she opened her eyes very wide; then she smiled a wee smile; then she drew the corners of her mouth down, making a little face; then she closed her left eye, took the third finger of her right hand, and passed it ever so lightly over the tip of the tenth eyelash to the right on the upper lid. This accomplished, she folded her hands demurely again.

"I depend a lot on the expression of my eyes to make funny situations carry," she explained. "It is amazing how many variations one can get by moving the muscles around

the eyes. And I know that sounds very, very technical," she added hastily, just as I was beginning to look rather worried, "but, as a matter of fact, I do it all quite unconsciously. I haven't any gallery of expressions, from which I select one expression for this situation, and another for that. I believe that the face should be as mobile as April weather is changeable, so that your audience and even you yourself will not know what is going to happen next. That makes everything you do a grab bag of surprises—if one can only achieve it.

"And as for my hands, I am so unconscious of how I use them that when I have to repeat action for a 'close-up,' I very often can't remember what I did with my hands before, and the director will say: 'Hands! Remember your hands, Miss Kennedy!' "

"And you intend to stick to comedy?"

"Yes, I do," replied the small person in the big chair rather decidedly. "In spite of the fact that comedy is harder to get across. Oh, yes, it is," she added defensively, as I looked inquiringly. "In tragedy you can work on the feelings of the audience, and their emotions will bridge over any bit of poor acting. But comedy appeals more to the mind than does heavy drama, so that you have to be constantly on the alert, because the audience doesn't use its mind as much as it does its emotions." A little pause.

"I used to go to the movies when I was on the legitimate stage—they rested me. And now I go as a part of my work—when I can. But, you know, I have to spend most of my time keeping fit."

"Tell me about your day," I suggested.

"I—I'm afraid I don't take cold showers or exercises or anything," she said, as though guilty of some dreadful crime. "I only get up early, and get over here from New York by nine-thirty."

That seemed quite a good deal in itself.

"You see, if I am here every single day at the same time, that makes it possible for the other actors and camera men—well, everybody it takes to make a picture—to be here, and yet not waste time in useless waiting, if I should be late."

I wondered how many stars are quite as considerate.

"And then I get through about five or half past five every afternoon. I'm usually sleepy about half past nine, so I go to bed. What do you think of that?"

If I had had time to say what I thought of that, I should have told Miss Kennedy that she had an unusually high regard for her art, and an unusually wise as well as pretty head on her capable, smartly clad little shoulders. But as the director stuck his head around the corner at this moment, I merely took her pretty little hand again.

The director saw me. He reached out to help Miss Kennedy over a pile of something or other into her own set. He held her hand up for inspection, as one might a January snowdrop.

"Is your hand *quite* all right?" he asked fastidiously.

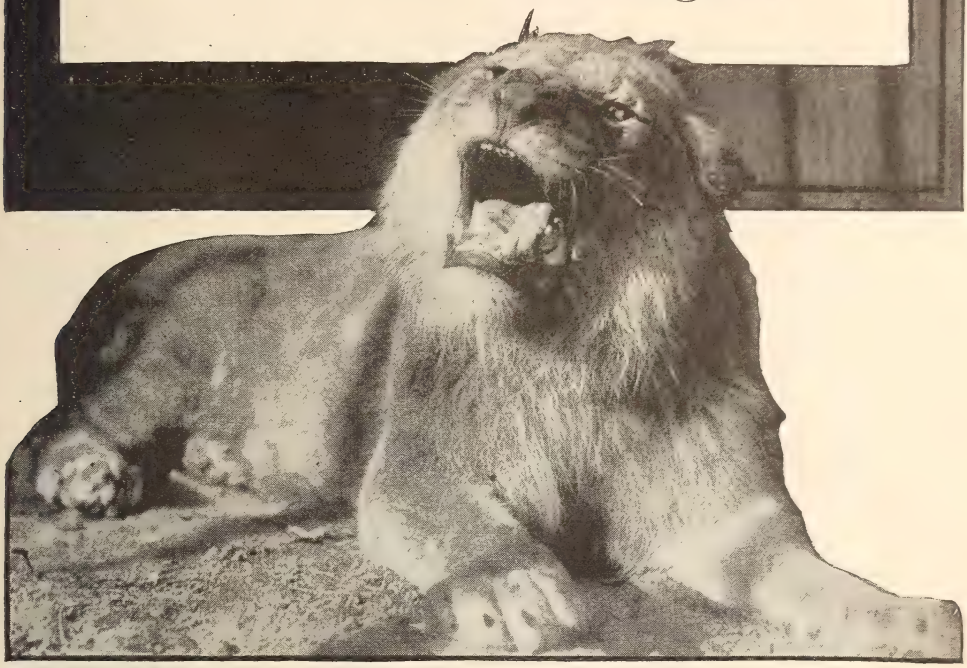
"Your make-up must be perfect for this next scene, you know." Madge smiled reassuringly, and nodded good-by. In my confusion, I went down the wrong staircase.

WONDERFUL!

HE wrote a great scenario
Which made a wondrous play.
The audience applauded it—
"A Novelty!" said they.
What was the plot? Oh, I forget—
That's neither there nor here;
The play was wonderful because
"THAT NIGHT" did not appear!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.

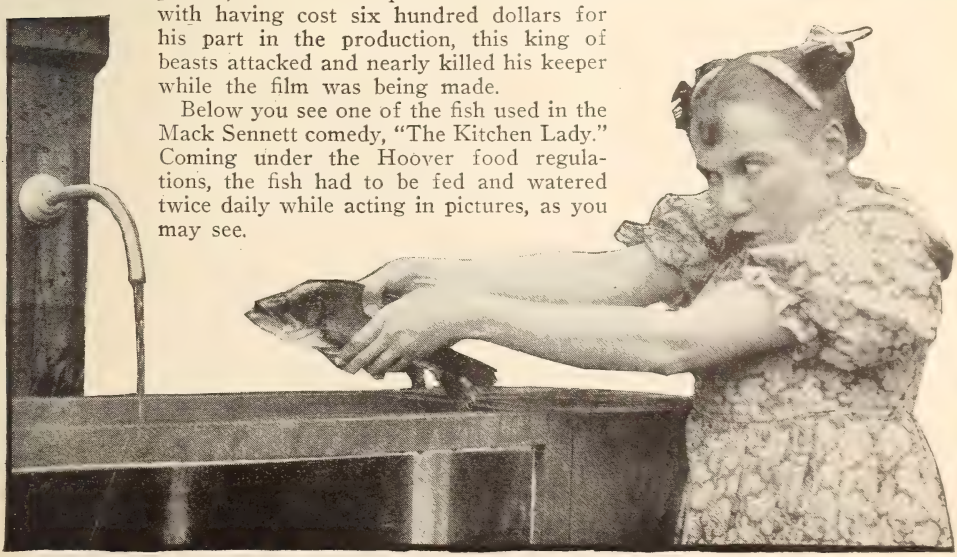
Our Own Menagerie



L-a-a-a-dies and *Gent*-el-men! Your attention for just one moment, while we present to you the *greatest,* most *stupendous* aggregation of movie birds, beasts, and reptiles that has ever been gathered together!

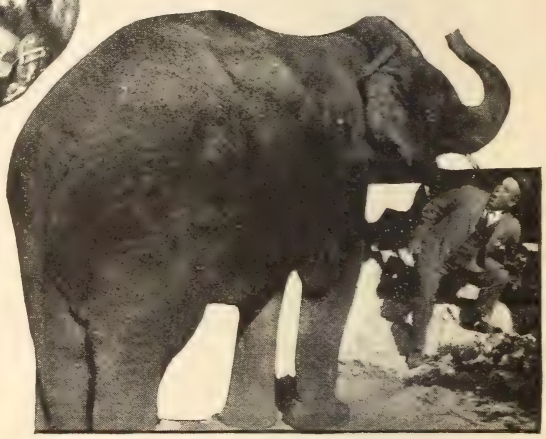
First, let me introduce the original and authentic lion used in Madame Cavalieri's picture, "Love's Conquest." Not content with having cost six hundred dollars for his part in the production, this king of beasts attacked and nearly killed his keeper while the film was being made.

Below you see one of the fish used in the Mack Sennett comedy, "The Kitchen Lady." Coming under the Hoover food regulations, the fish had to be fed and watered twice daily while acting in pictures, as you may see.



Here you may behold Miss Olive Thomas seated upon three hundred dollars' worth of undyed ostrich feathers. Owing to recent laws prohibiting the importation of such luxuries, their cost is rapidly rising, and Miss Thomas undoubtedly will be obliged to descend to earth before long.

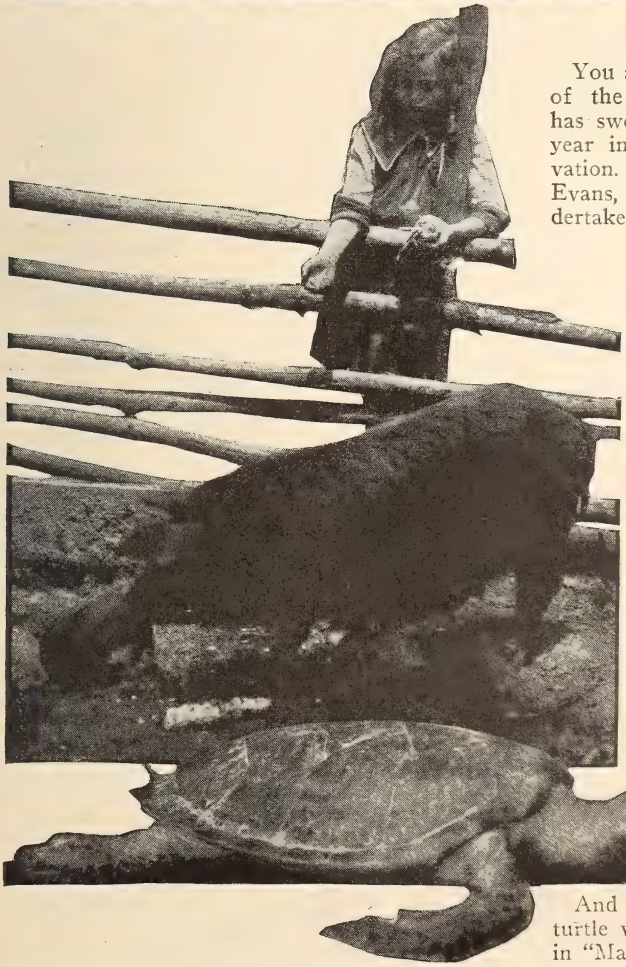
The elephant which you see here is one of the most talented stars on the Universal pay roll. His name is Charlie. Children cry for a ride on his back, and the directors are in daily terror of his smashing his contract.



Marguerite Clark is taking good care of her two pet geese, and well she should, considering the present price of eggs and poultry.

Stepping over here to the right, you will now observe Pauline Frederick and her pet owl. The owl has been thoroughly trained, and will stand any length of time without hitching. It is also the wisest-looking owl in captivity, and therefore is worth its rental of ten dollars a day.

You all know, ladies and gentlemen, of the "raise-a-pig" movement that has swept the country within the last year in the interest of food conservation. Here is a little girl, Madge Evans, who is patriotic enough to undertake to raise a whole family of pigs.



And here you may view the famous turtle which supported Vivian Martin in "Mary-'Gusta."

On the left, we have Constance Talmadge and her pet cat. This is no ordinary cat, ladies and gentlemen. He has been especially trained to act in pictures, and is fed on nothing but the finest Grade A milk, at fifteen cents a quart. His claws, we are told, are manicured twice a week to insure against scratching the star. . . . What's that? . . . The little boy down in front wants to know the name of the cat. He is called Mee-Wah, which is an Indian name, meaning, "Heap good at catching mice."

Don't be alarmed, ladies! The black bear in the bathtub is not actually biting the long-legged gentleman. The bear knows that there is a half pound of honey concealed in that hip pocket, and he wants it. Now you see how the trick is done!

In the corner you may see Miss May Allison, one of the few young women in the world who is not afraid to let a savage, man-eating squirrel eat right out of her hand. Miss Allison has done this many times, and from her smile you can see that she delights in this dangerous pastime.

Coming now to this page you will observe Marie Prevost playing Little Bo-Peep to a hollow-horned ram. She is trying to keep the ram from rambling away. And that is a very good idea, because wool is becoming more scarce every day. If you do not believe that the ram has hollow horns, step up—any one—and tap either one of the horns yourself.

Here we have another lion—one guaranteed to be tamer than the lady herself. I can prove this to you by telling you that this is one of several lions used in a Sunshine Comedy entitled "Wild Women and Tame Lions." You may not believe me, but it took far longer to get the lion tame than to make the woman wild.

And now—last, but not least—take a good look at Fannie Ward and her kid. The kid is only one of a large goat family which Miss Ward raised on her ranch in California. This, ladies and gentlemen, concludes the performance. We thank you for your kind attention.

The House of Mirth

By Jane McNaughton Baxter

IT is a modern slave mart, this House of Mirth, as the dwelling place of the idle rich has been called. There is feasting and merrymaking; the air is warm and scented, the garments are rare and costly; there is no toiling. But its accountings must be paid. If its women have gold in their own purses—well; if not, there must be rich husbands. The bargaining is subtle, but none the less real; so much gold against bright eyes—so much for the curve of a soft cheek. Perhaps a philosopher who is but a spectator looks in on the sale, perhaps he catches for a moment the slave girl's eye. Then——

Bills, bills, bills!

The account from the florist, the dressmaker, the bootmaker, money owed for bridge losses—Lily Bart caught her breath as she added the total. Eight thousand five hundred dollars! She shivered. After all, though, that was not so bad. Dorset's check for nine thousand dollars would more than cover them all. The blood pulsed back through her cheeks

So much gold against bright eyes—so much for the curve of a soft cheek.

again in a surge of relief. It was fortunate to have the Dorsets for friends, Lily thought, as she nervously closed the drawer of her desk and locked it. Bertha Dorset, though trying at times, was a decided social asset. Lily could count upon invitations—upon dozens of little favors which a wealthy woman can do for a girl not so wealthy.

Dorset's favors were still more definite. Several times he had helped Lily by investing small sums of money for her, and each time the investment had proven profitable beyond her most extravagant dreams.

This check for nine thousand was the largest and most welcome of all the returns. It would relieve things for a time, but Lily had had enough experience to realize that other bills quite as large, would soon be coming due.

"You were a fool to let Percy Gryce slip through your fingers," Mrs. Dorset had assured her frankly.

Lily shrugged her shoulders.

"Think of having to play up to his Puritan notions all one's life," she suggested lightly.

"Think of having his father's millions to play with all one's life," Bertha countered. "I'm sure I don't understand you, Lily," she went on shrewdly—a bit coldly, Lily thought. "You were keen enough about putting the deal through until Lawrence Selden came along. You were playing to marry Gryce, too. And then—to let Percy see you smoke—of all things in the world, knowing his old-maid notions! And to joke about bridge debts! Any one would think you had deliberately decided to spoil your own chances. I'm sure I don't understand you." She paused a moment, laughing ironically. "You weren't thinking of marrying Lawrence Selden, were you?"

"No," said Lily quietly, "I wasn't thinking of marrying Lawrence Selden."

"Well, I should hope not!" Mrs. Dorset ejaculated.

Lily flushed a little.

"You used to be fond enough of him, yourself," she suggested.

Bertha flushed, too.

"I may have been a little foolish," she admitted. "A married woman is in a position to be. You're not. There's nothing for you to do, Lily, but to marry as well as you can, and do it as soon as you can."

Lily shivered inwardly, but in the privacy of her own reasoning she admitted that her friend was right. She could not go on like this forever. As a young girl with social connections but no money, she had been welcome among wealthy men and women for her beauty, her cleverness, her charm. They had taken her on expensive trips, had invited her everywhere, had supplemented her wardrobe with occasional gifts; in the luxurious, pleasure-mad House of Mirth, she had been a penniless guest, paying her way with the ready coin of a charming personality.

But in little subtle ways she could feel that they were growing tired of her. Lily Bart was twenty-nine, her beauty and graces were becoming an old story. People were saying that it was high time she married. And Lily agreed with them. She was tired of accepting favors always. When her

Cast of "The House of Mirth"

Written from Metro's screen play, which was adapted from Edith Wharton's novel of the same title.

Lily Bart.....Katharine Harris Barrymore
Lawrence Selden.....Henry Kolker
Bertha Dorset.....Christine Mayo
Augustus Dorset.....Joseph Kilgour
Simon Rosedale.....Edward Abeles

aunt died, she would have money of her own—that was understood. But her aunt would in all likelihood live for years. In the meantime, her tiny income was all she could count upon. Yes, Bertha Dorset was right, she had been a fool to let Percy Gryce slip through her fingers.

Bertha was right, too, in her shrewd guess about Lawrence Selden. It *was* his coming which had suddenly taken all the zest out of the game of playing for Percy Gryce and his millions. Beside Selden's easy, clever charm, Percy suddenly had become more tiresome, narrow, stupid than ever. Lily closed her eyes as she recalled a gay, innocent little escapade of taking tea with Selden alone in his apartment one hot summer afternoon, and she thought of a precious moment in the garden where, two months later, he had held her hands and made her see that these things she was struggling to win, to keep, were tawdry.

"Why do you do this to me?" she had cried, struggling to master a newly awakened emotion. "Why do you make me hate all the things I can have —if you have nothing to give me instead?"

He had looked at her for brief, steady-eyed moments.

"No," he had replied, "I have nothing to give you instead. If I had, it should be yours, you know."

Why was that strange look in his eyes? Wasn't it true that he had nothing to give her? He was clever, charming, well born; the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice set Lily's pulses to throbbing. But his entire income would scarcely pay for her gowns. And these extravagances all about her, these motors, country houses, maids, jewels, dances, travels—they were not luxuries to Lily Bart. To her they were the bare necessities of life. They might seem tawdry for a few wonderful moments in the garden with Lawrence Selden, but deep down she knew that she must have them—they composed the very atmosphere she had been taught to breathe—the air of the House of Mirth.

With some anxiety she realized that it had been a grave mistake. Gryce was engaged now to another woman. Gryce had been her own kind. He was rich, influential. She should have married him, for she *must* marry soon—there were dozens of other bills coming in next month. The only immediately available man now was Simon Rosedale. Lily shuddered a little. Simon was rich, as rich as Gryce, but there had been a time when she had refused to meet him socially.

Well, at least, she need not think of that now, she reflected, as she gave a quick sigh of relief. The other bills were still a month away, and perhaps Gus Dorset's next investment for her would be unexpectedly profitable. Thinking of Dorset reminded Lily that she had promised to drop in on his wife for a few minutes that evening. Dorset himself appeared in the hall when Lily arrived. Lily could see that he had been drinking, and she hurried back to the library, eager to find Bertha. To her surprise, the library was empty.

"Is Bertha having another of her headaches?" she asked. "I'll run upstairs and see her."

Dorset smiled.

"Run along, my dear, but you won't find Bertha. She isn't here."

"Not here? Not in the house, you mean?"

Dorset shook his head.

"That's strange. I should think Bertha would have told me not to come."

"She told me to telephone you. I didn't do it. I wanted to see you myself. I never had a chance. I never see you in these big crushes. When I do, you deliberately avoid me."

"Nonsense, Gus! I don't avoid you. We just haven't happened to be thrown together."

"Well, all right; I'm tired of leaving too much to chance. It rather strikes me you might make a special effort. Did you get my check the other day?"

"Your check? Oh, you mean for the returns on my investment?"

Dorset laughed—a short, ugly laugh.

"Yes, if you want to put it that way. I'm not getting many returns on *my* investment, that's sure."

The words struck her with surprise.

"*Your* investment? It was my money you were using," she said coldly.

"Oh, come, Lily, don't play innocent," he said, in a sneering tone. "You know well enough that the little money you had to invest wouldn't bring in any gold mine. It's my money you've been using."

The truth came to Lily in a great, blind, overpowering rush. For a moment, she was stunned, silent, terrified.

"If—if I owe you any money——" she faltered at last, groping for some way.

"Hang the money! You're welcome to it all and more." He caught her hands and drew her toward him. "Only it strikes me you might be a little more—— Well, the man who pays for the dinner usually expects a seat at the table——" She gave a smothered scream.

Half an hour later, shaken and trembling, Lily Bart was seeing herself as she really was for the first time in her life. She was still breathless at escape, shrinking from the memory of Dorset's hot kisses, the brief struggle at the locked door, the panic, the relief at finding herself on the snowy steps, in the cab. But stronger than relief, sweeping everything else before it, was a bitter, sickening sense of revolt at herself.

For weeks she had been living on Dorset's money! She ran through the check stubs; the total amount was dumfounding. She should have known that no investment would have brought such returns. Save for

She recalled taking tea alone with him in his apartment one summer afternoon.

"Hang the money! You're welcome to it all and more," he exclaimed, as he caught her hand.

"You must have dropped this here last night," she said icily, "during your tête-à-tête with my husband."

Her words fell in the dead silence like a knell. Lily was dully aware of the icy looks on the faces of her friends; as though, in a dream, she heard Bertha Dorset's accusations, caught here and there a phrase only: "Saw him giving you a check"—"Leave my house——" Then, for the second time, Lily stood on the steps of the Dorset house, panic in her heart.

Lily went dully through the next few days. Old acquaintances, even friends, were cold, often ignoring her altogether. They did not wait to learn whether the accusation were just. Many a sin is committed in the House of Mirth, but its eleventh commandment is "Thou shalt not be found out."

The scandal reached the ears of Mrs. Penniston, Lily's aunt, who talked of changing her will, of cutting Lily off with a small bequest. That threat did not greatly worry Lily. She had heard it too often before. Meeting Lily on the street, Simon Rosedale greeted her with a new note of familiarity that told her that he, too, had heard the gossip. His manner to her, before, even when he had asked her to marry him, had been that of a man recognizing a superior.

That evening, fate threw into Lily's hands the unexpected opportunity of avenging Bertha Dorset's insult. She was alone in her home when a shabby, smirking woman called.

the frail excuse that she had never stopped to think of that, she was as bad as any girl of the streets—worse, for they paid for the money they took.

There was no way to pay the money back. It was useless to appeal to her aunt for such a sum. She could never make it up out of her own scanty income. Around and around in a circle her mind traveled dully.

She was like a moth beating its wings against an imprisoning window-pane, frantically trying to get out, but unable to see the open door. In vain Lawrence Selden had tried to show her the way out into the sunshine.

She went to tea at Bertha Dorset's the next day, for no one must suspect anything wrong. She steeled herself to appear at her ease. As she entered the library, the light chatter stopped. In the little space cleared as though for drama, Bertha Dorset was coming toward her, holding in her outstretched hand Lily's brooch.

"I was cleaning in Mr. Selden's apartment the day you was there for tea," she explained, "and I found out who you was."

Lily nodded coldly. Was even this dear, harmless indiscretion of hers to be called up against her? With another smirk, the charwoman drew from her hand bag a package of letters and handed them to the girl.

"I—I just came across these letters in his apartment. I'm a poor woman, Miss Bart," she whined, "and I says to myself: 'That young lady that was drinking tea with him, she'll know how to make these letters pay.' You do what you want with 'em. I know you'll see that I get my share."

The woman left, and Lily eagerly opened the little packet. The letters were in Bertha Dorset's writing, addressed to Selden. Lily glanced curiously at two or three of the letters. They were the silly outpourings of an infatuated woman for a man who had wearied of her or who had never cared at all.

But they were quite enough. Bertha Dorset, too, had tripped over the eleventh commandment.

With these letters, there was a way out for Lily. She could frighten Bertha, win back her support, her favors. Or with them she could cancel her debt to Dorset. He was eager to obtain grounds for divorcing Bertha, and would consider the money he had given Lily but small pay for such a service. But on second thought, she thrust the letters aside.

For they were written to Selden. He had loved her, and his love had awakened in her a glimpse of other standards. No, Bertha Dorset was safe.

This way hopelessly closed, Lily went back to her problem. Going to her aunt was the only possible solution save one. That one was marriage with Simon Rosedale. Lily shudderingly recalled the touch of his soft, pudgy hands, and determined to appeal to her aunt.

Then came the news, blindingly unexpected. Her aunt was dead.

It had come suddenly. And the threat she had made so often had been carried out. Lily's bequest was but a tiny portion of her aunt's fortune. By an ironic jest of fate, it was exactly the amount she owed to Dorset.

She could cancel his debt, and then what? The game was up. There was nothing left now but marriage with Simon Rosedale. She had danced—now she must pay the piper. She had dined and wined in the House of Mirth. She had had all its pleasures, its luxuries. And its women had been taught only one way to settle their debts. She must

The woman, with a smirk, handed her a package of letters.

sell her charms where they would bring the best price. Simon Rosedale, with his soft, pudgy hands, his crafty eyes, was the highest bidder.

She summoned Rosedale, but before he came, she said good-by to the Lily Bart that Selden had known. She seemed a stranger, this girl Selden had loved, this girl who had almost learned to believe that the things she was struggling for were hateful. Even now, crushed, beaten, Lily still thought this other girl might come back, might live again in the smile in Selden's eyes, might answer the sound of his voice. If Selden could only come, perhaps—— But Selden did not come, and Simon Rosedale did.

And laying aside her other self, a living sacrifice, Lily Bart rapped again at the door of the House of Mirth. She told Simon Rosedale that she was willing to marry him.

"I'm going to tell you the truth, Miss Lily," he answered her humiliating confession. "Before all this scandal, I was wild to marry you. I admit it. But I've worked hard to get where I am now in society, and I—well, you know a man's wife can drag him up or down and——"

"I see," said Lily. "Before the trouble, I would have been a help to you, now I should be only a hindrance. I understand, and I—I like you for being so frank with me."

She turned simply and extended her hand. The old admiration flamed up again in his eyes.

"By Heaven, Miss Lily, you're a thoroughbred! You're a dead-game sport! I can't afford to marry you, but if you'd just let me take care of you, make things easy for you and——"

Alone in the shabby little room she had taken after her aunt's death, Lily moved mechanically. From the closet shelf, she took a tiny bottle of chloroform and set it beside her bed. She had come to the end. She was leaving the House of Mirth. She had given it the best of her youth, her beauty, her charm; she had played its own game by its own rules. And its returns to her—it had taught her that its friendship is a trifle, to be blown away by the first breath of suspicion, that its kindnesses must be paid for with more than she could give. It had robbed her of real love, giving her but a glimpse of its flaming glory, then snatching it away, offering gilded baubles in its stead. It had taken her pride, her self-respect.

Mechanically, she went about a few last duties. She paid a few small bills; the check of her aunt's bequest she made over entire to Dorset. That debt was canceled. She picked up Bertha Dorset's letters to Selden, held them a moment while, through tear-dimmed eyes, she read his name; then she sent the little packet of letters back to the foolish woman who had written them.

It was the end; everything was done. She had settled her accounts, paid for her dancing. She lay down on the poor little bed, emptied the bottle of chloroform on a handkerchief, and laid it over her face. She was very tired.

The drowsiness of the drug crept slowly over her. She felt herself floating, slipping farther and farther away from the terrors of consciousness. Bells were ringing somewhere, ringing, ringing—perhaps it was the door-bell—— No, it was too far away—ringing, ringing——

Through the dreamy haze, she felt a hand reaching for hers; the odor of the drug was almost gone. In its stead she smelled flowers. The hand had caught hers, it seemed to be brushing away the haze of unconsciousness, to be drawing her back to real things, away from the mist, the ringing of bells. Suddenly, she wished to open her eyes—it seemed to take more strength than she had. But the wish grew—she heard voices, real voices, not

a part of the dream. She must open her eyes; she must. Then, among the voices, she recognized one voice. She forced open her tired lids.

Selden was kneeling by her bed; it was his hand that was drawing her back; the haze vanished. She looked into his understanding eyes.

"Oh, my dear," she whispered, a little later, when the doctor, hastily summoned, had said that all the danger was past. "At last I have learned how much you have had to give me, and how false all the rest was. Perhaps—if you knew how bitter my lesson has been—you might some day be able to forgive me for——"

The pressure of his lips told her that there was nothing to forgive. At last the moth had found the open door.

She looked into his understanding eyes.

THE CLIFF DWELLER'S ARCADY

THE city dweller, walled in, on high,
In his grim apartment dwelling,
Knows not the pleasures of being nigh
When Arcady's sprites are telling
The secrets of woodland life and lore;
But when he emerges at night, to see
The wonders that filmdom has in store,
It's his nearest approach to Arcady.

MATTHEW ALLISON.

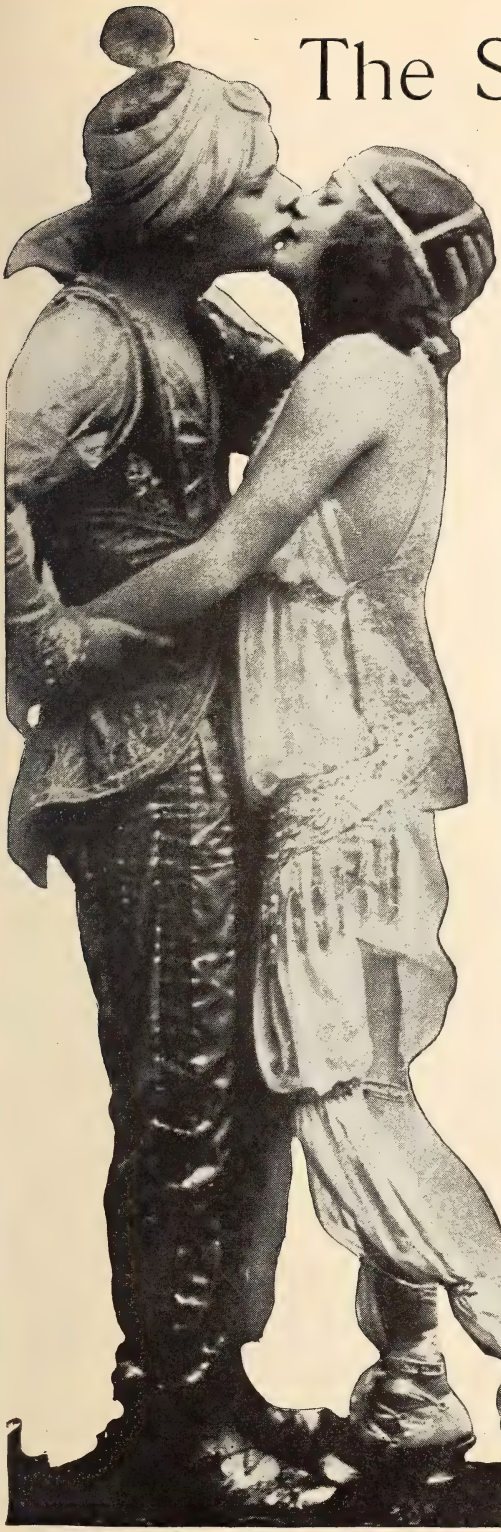
Flapjacks and Coffee

CAN'T you just smell the fragrance of this camp dinner which Harold Lockwood is overseeing, high up in the Sierras?

The expedition was recently taken by Lockwood and his company to procure a wild mountain setting. And to make it more fun, every one in the company pitched in and did his or her share of the camp work.

"We had a bully time," said Lockwood, on his return. "It beat staying in a hotel all hollow."

The Sunshine Girl



Mae Murray tells what it was that drew her away from the "Follies" out to California.

By Grace Mack

MAE MURRAY is an elfin creature who has to be properly lighted. And the right light for Mae Murray is sunlight.

She is a sun worshiper, this little Mae Murray, who used to dance all night because Broadway demanded that its pet and darling dance, dance, dance! Because she is a sun worshiper, a child of the great outdoors, a fairy creature who belongs where real flowers grow and real winds blow—that's the whole story why Mae Murray left the "Follies" in the heyday of her popularity, when one couldn't think of the "Follies" without seeing its central star and brightest luminary; left it for "movie land," more especially for the great, golden West, California, with its strange appeal to real people—real people, the kind that Mae Murray wants to make pictures to please.

"You know the story, don't you?" asked Mae, busying herself with the tea things. The tea table was spread out in a corner of the garden, Mae's very own garden, which she had been planning and digging and planting ever since she settled down into a little bungalow in Hollywood. "Well, in those days I usually got home with the milkman in the morning. There was no one-o'clock closing, and dancing kept up until around three, and then by the time I had my make-up off and started for home it was nearly four.

"One morning I was later than usual. The sun was about to rise. I made the taxi driver take me to Central Park, the air was so cool and sweet and fresh. It promised to be a very pearl of a day. And then, all in a second, I resolved to spend the day out of doors and in the country.

"I did spend all day long alone in the country in an old-fashioned country garden. I went to sleep in a flower bed, with an old hen and her chickens picking all around me. And that day I resolved to leave Broadway and the bright lights for the life I loved—the open country and God's own sunlight.

"I went into pictures not because of the money I could make as a movie star, for

when I first went in I was paid only a modest salary, much less than I had received as a stage dancer. But at last I had the chance to dance out of doors in the sunshine, and I was so much happier that the dollars couldn't

make any difference one way or another.

"My real pay began when the postman started bringing to me letters telling me how this little girl and that one loved Mae Murray in the pictures. Then their mothers would write, saying that the kind of pictures I was doing were good for little girls to see. Oh, but that did make me happy!

"My public is made up of little girls and big girls and their mothers. The postman brings me many letters from them every week,

but it is very seldom I have a letter from a man.

"Why? Oh, I don't know," bantered the Sunshine Girl, tipping her muslin halo of a hat so that the sun didn't shine in her eyes. "Don't you think that the people you start out to interest are those who pay the most attention to you?" Conversation lagged for a moment; evidently little Mae Murray has no vampire aspirations.

"Do you work as hard as you did in the 'Follies?'" I asked.

"Work hard? I should say so! Only it's so much nicer to be working in the daytime and the sunshine, instead of all night. I am up before seven in the morning, and ready for work at eight o'clock. All day I'm before the camera, whether it is in the studio or out on location, but I don't mind it a bit. At sunset the day is done and my stint is finished. Then I can come home to my little bungalow and sit out here in my little garden and hear the little, muffled night noises. And then when it is time to turn in—and I do it awfully early—guess what?"

I couldn't.

"Why, I just curl up right on that swinging hammock in a corner of the porch. Sometimes the wind blows it a little, and that's heavenly. And when it rains, see, I can let down that waterproof flap and still be comfortable and out of doors at the same time.

"I just cannot bear to be under cover a minute, since I started to live out of doors. Perhaps I am making up for lost time—the time I danced away under artificial lights all night long.

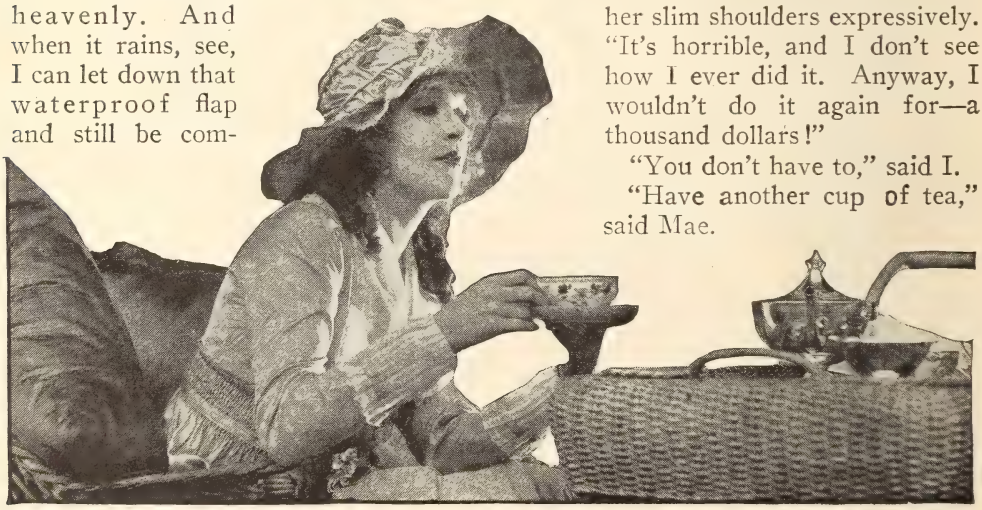
"It may be my imagination, but breakfast actually seems to taste better out here on the porch. And nobody can be cross and unhappy and unkind when the sun is shining and the air is soft and pleasant—at least, I cannot. I believe that this life is the best possible cure for the 'blues,' boredom, and indigestion. Lots of times I have just laughed to myself to think how changed my old friends of the midnight dance would be if they suddenly reversed their way of living and went to bed at nine, as I do, and woke with the sun.

"As a matter of fact, that is what we are swiftly and surely coming to. The fuelless nights of last season are only straws which show which way the wind blows. One good thing that will come out of the war will be a more natural way of living. We shall then dance by day and sleep at night, as nature meant we should.

"To think of dancing all night in a close place under artificial light! Ugh!" Mae shuddered and hunched her slim shoulders expressively. "It's horrible, and I don't see how I ever did it. Anyway, I wouldn't do it again for—a thousand dollars!"

"You don't have to," said I.

"Have another cup of tea," said Mae.



"Props" Puts One Over

Meet Sam DeVall, the film artist who has solved hundreds of scenic difficulties, and who doesn't know the word, "Can't."

By
Henry Lane Redden

Sam hoists sail on his boat built for the movies in three days.

IT was a night scene on one of the dim-lit stages of the Lasky Studio in Hollywood, California. The megaphone in the hands of Donald Crisp ordered wind and rain. And forthwith the torrent broke loose in all its fury.

With the boom of thunderbolts, half a dozen aëroplane mo-

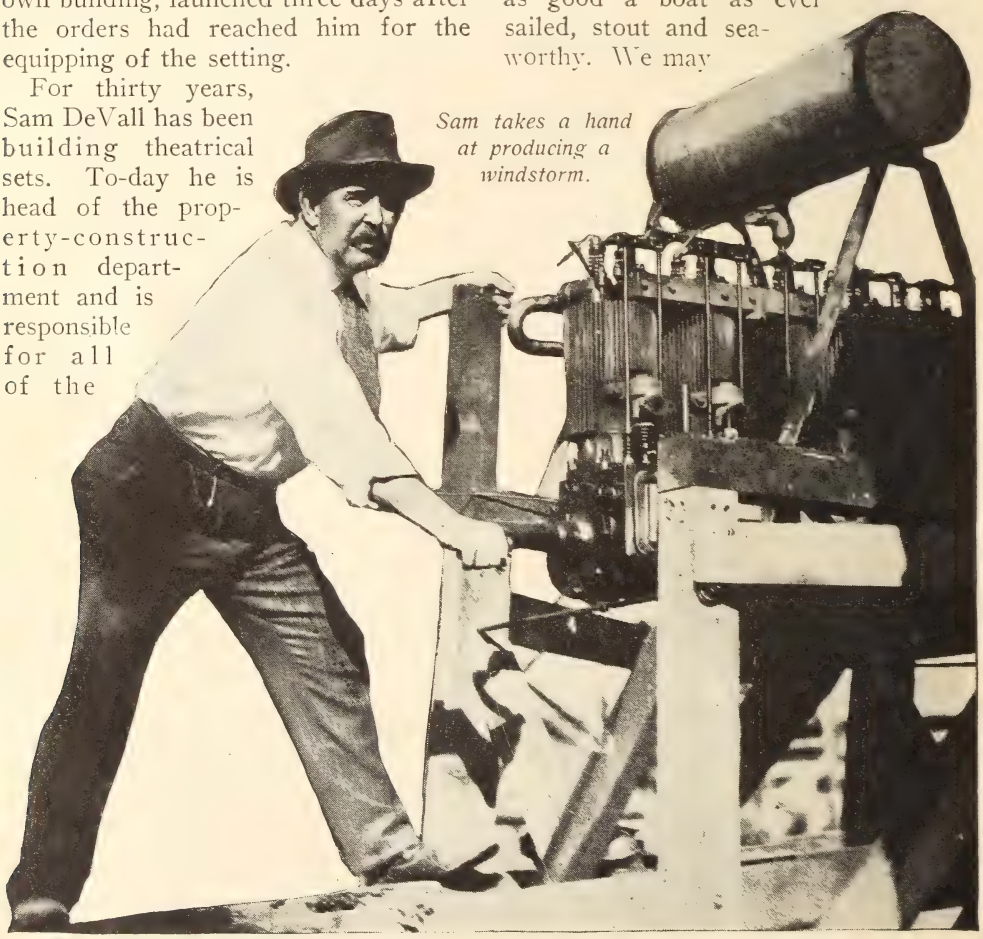
tors got under way. Trees swayed and tore at their roots. Rain poured down in sheets. Wind from the aëroplane propellers fanned it into a blinding spray. In a great swimming tank—bordered on one side by a scene from a tropical forest and on the other by the site of a lumber camp—paddle wheels, manned by eleven husky stage hands, tore the water into white-topped waves which dashed a sailing vessel up against the bank.

Suddenly the shot of a pistol sounded above the roar of the heavy motors. The action of the scene stopped like clockwork. A cheerful-looking man of fifty-odd years stepped out of the darkness to inspect the ship, a toy of his own building, launched three days after the orders had reached him for the equipping of the setting.

For thirty years, Sam DeVall has been building theatrical sets. To-day he is head of the property-construction department and is responsible for all of the effects of the Lasky productions. His mustache, his hair, and his eyebrows have grown grizzled at the work, but his eyes shine bright as ever. He was pleased with the storm which he had made.

The cost of making it and of playing that one scene was thirty thousand dollars. It ran to only about fifty feet of film in the finished production, and lasted less than a minute on the screen.

"The folks out in front never think of the property man who thinks out all these things, but it's just as well they don't," philosophizes "Uncle Sam," as they call him. "If they thought of the mechanics, the entire idea of the story would be lost. Take that boat, now—as good a boat as ever sailed, stout and seaworthy. We may



Sam takes a hand at producing a windstorm.

use it just for this picture. The things that are thrown away in a studio like this one wouldn't believe.

"I remember in 'Joan the Woman' I made a model of the whole city of Orléans—four hundred and ninety houses in all, made to scale, and two thousand little soldiers, each one as big as your finger. We put 'em all on webbing that ran around rollers, and took two hundred feet of them, marching into Orléans. You couldn't tell it from the real thing on the screen. But we didn't use it in the finished production, after all. The scene didn't fit into the story and it was cut out."

Sam DeVall can tell you about many other effects—of thunder and lightning and of rain, of fires, of snows, and of storms of every type and description. Sometimes the "effect storm" is better than the real thing—and it is much easier to photograph. In his department they build everything from elephants' tusks to pianos. Sometimes—usually, in fact—the instructions about properties to be used in certain scenes are rush orders. A director orders three little model steamships, all designed in exact duplication of certain ocean liners, on Thursday evening. On Saturday afternoon they are launched and photographed.

This department turned out an armament for "The Little American" that appeared so real it fooled a crowd of French officers, returned from the front. When the officers were shown through the back lot of the studio and observed the pile of wreckage containing duplicates in wood of the "75's" and "Big Ber-

They build everything from "tusks to pianos" out of plaster and papier-mâché.

An Italian marionette show wonderfully reproduced in "One More American."

thas," they refused to believe that these were the same guns that belched forth smoke and flame in the film production. "Uncle Sam's" department also turned out the properties for the spectacular "Woman God Forgot"—old-period guns, boats, and war implements, reproduced from drawings dug up by the research department. They designed idols for the temple and arranged red fire. Among other devices, they have a huge steam boiler, which is dragged around the studio on wheels to furnish steam for any setting that requires it. It may be for a washwoman's kitchen or it may be for a fog bank. When they coal her up, "Aunt Susie" always furnishes the steam.

Sam DeVall didn't learn to do all things overnight when he joined the motion-picture forces. In 1884 he was an apprentice in stage-construction work. In '86 he arranged the property-construction work for an elaborate production of "Romeo and Juliet." Then he acted for five years. After that he spent fifteen years as head of the construction shops for the Frohman enterprises, which were staging some great successes; and he was responsible for the scenic effects in Maude Adams' "Chanticleer" and other beautiful creations.

Then the inevitable happened. Sam's talent was corralled for the films. In 1912 he joined the Kinemacolor Company, in charge of property construction. A little later, as technical director for D. W. Griffith, he designed the property-construction work for "The Birth of a Nation," "The Avenging Conscience," "The Escape," "Home Sweet Home," and other productions. Three years ago the Lasky Company secured him as head of the property-construction department of the Lasky Studios, where he now revels in overalls, with his hands full of drawings.

And now he is waiting for his commission to go to France as a camouflage expert. Studying camouflage is Sam's chief interest these days.

Twinkle Toes Entertains

An interview with little Aida Horton which partly explains why it takes more than beauty to make a child actress.

By Barbara Little

WEE TWINKLE TOES sent out word that she was "drefful busy, but would see the lady for a few minutes." And she *was* busy. What I saw when I opened the door of her cozy dressing room was a blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, Dutch-clipped baby—a heavenly cherub with wings hidden, I was sure, under her little sun-colored pinafore. The heavenly cherub sat with two little fat legs comfortably crossed. On her lap was a big book, and Wee Twinkle Toes, whose other name is Aida Horton, was outlining pictures with a purple crayon clutched in a dimpled hand.

A pretty, slender girl, who might have been an ingénue in the same studio—but wasn't, being too altogether taken up with being Aida's mother—was busily presenting plans for "Biggest Doll's" wardrobe for the coming season, and Aida was rejecting them like a little princess, while she kept drawing away deftly, but not overaccurately. She seemed quite as used as a grown-up star to doing several things at once.

Aida was being interviewed because she is such a tiny star, and because the little friends whom she has made on the screen keep writing in and wanting to hear about her. She took command of the conversation in the quiet, unobtrusive way that any star, however small, naturally would. After all, I had come to see her, and she knew it, so she began:

"Sit down next to me right here, and see what I'm doing. You can have that," she said, graciously breaking a perfectly good orange crayon in two, measuring the result, and holding out the longer piece in her chubby fist. "Or, if you don't want to help me with my work, you can take it home to your little girl, if you have any." This conversational torrent quite overwhelmed me.

"Are you busy with a picture today?" I gasped.

"Not *just* now," she replied, without looking up from her work. "They are giving me a little rest."

"But you like picture work?"

"Shoo-uh!" she said, turning one little slippered toe in against the other shyly. "See my new dress. I've got a sailor coat, too," and, scrambling down off the couch, she disappeared into her wardrobe in search of it.

"She's just like her father," said Aida's little mother; "she doesn't like to talk about her work—you can't make her. Once a scene is done, Aida will just come off the stage and begin to play, and that's all there is to it. Once we took her to see a picture in which she played the part of the child who was washed out to sea and finally rescued. We couldn't get a word out of her about it until it came to the place where they fished her out of the barrel. It was pretty dangerous, and they had to use a dummy for that part. 'Oh, mother, there goes the dummy!' she squealed right out in the auditorium."

It is easy to see that Aida gets her heavily lashed blue eyes from the little girl-mother, and much of her charm. What interests her just now, and what interests many an older star, is how much of her film has been cut.

"Oh, she understands perfectly that it is her own self on the screen," her mother told me, "but what interests her most is how much of her act has been taken out. She'll say to me: 'Mother, they didn't put in the picture where I dropped my dolly!' "

Aida pushed open the

wardrobe door at this juncture, smiling mischievously under an old straw hat. It is impossible to describe the quality of that smile, or of her blue eyes and pink, somewhat tanned, skin.

Mrs. Horton says that it takes a great deal of grease paint to cover the roses in Aida's cheeks, which of course would screen as hollows, but that her dark, fine brows

and black lashes don't need a mark. Aida ran over to her mother and whispered busily in her ear.

"Aida wants to know if she ought to tell you that she is married to Bobby Connelly," said Mrs. Horton. "You know, she was the bride and he was the groom in 'The Kid City,' one of a whole series in which she played leading lady." Rather a responsibility for a little actress not quite four!

But Aida didn't seem the least concerned about it. She kept disappearing into her wardrobe and reappearing, dressed in costumes absurd, fantastic, picturesque—suiting her facial expression to her dress. But later it developed that she had been listening to everything.

This same trait helps her wonderfully in picture work, and her director says that it is very unusual to find a child who will go right on with the action of the scene while she is being directed, and not stop short to wait for instructions, thus interrupting the play.

And, by the way, Twinkle Toes was the name bestowed upon her when she turned out to be quite an accomplished toe dancer before her birthday cake had three candles on it. That was her first step toward the movies. Some one induced her mother to let her play *Peter Rabbit* in a Christmas celebration in New York City. Then came the movie offer, and since that time Mrs. Horton has had to be on the watch that Aida didn't do as much as ten little girls her age could do.

The demand for her to appear at benefits, to do little parlor stunts, or to help in patriotic

movements are all out of proportion to her size. But her mother and father insist that Aida shall have plenty of time for play, for good romping child times, for swimming, skating, and making mud pies, as well as for dancing and picture work. They want her future to be just what Aida herself wants it to be. She may be a dancer, "when she grows to be a man," as she says, or an actress, or, as the little girl herself suggested one day, "just a plain mother."

Recently Aida decided all by herself that she wanted to help in a Liberty Loan drive like the other actresses she had heard about. She didn't say a thing to anybody, but started out with some Liberty bells over her arm. Her mother thought she was playing in the yard until Aida appeared triumphantly, minus the bells, but with eleven pennies. She had sold them to the neighbors at a penny apiece!

But it is not often that the little girl slips out from under her mother's watchful eye, for Mrs. Horton is bringing her up most carefully, so Twinkle Toes kicks off her little slippers every blessed night at eight o'clock—for which, if she does it cheerfully, the good angel brings her a penny, and she finds it on her pillow when she wakes up.

Twinkle Toes must have been listening all the time; she stuck her fists deep into her little Dutch trousers, and there was a light in her merry blue eyes.

"Didn't the angel bring you a penny last night, dear?" asked Mrs. Horton.

"Yes," said Aida, "and he gives me a nickel for taking a bath."

A New Curiosity Shop

THEY say that it takes a pail of maple sap to make a spoonful of sugar. One sure thing—it takes a whole studio full of the strangest and most diversified fixtures, appliances, and properties to make an ordinary kitchen set showing the cook packing up to leave.

Just think, then, of the things needed to set this Far East temple scene! What with the usual lighting apparatus and the Oriental properties strewn about, the World Studio looked like a veritable curiosity shop. Halfway up, an electrician may be seen working the lights, and perched up on the statue of Buddha is Madge Evans, the diminutive World star.

The Ideal Leading Man

If you were a star, what do you suppose you would expect of the Prince Charming who was to play opposite you? Here is what ten stars have to say on the subject.

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

"He must be tall," says Peggy Hyland.

IS he or isn't he? Does the ideal leading man exist—save in the yearning hearts of the feminine stars of the screen? If he does, then he must be as rare as a white blackbird or the famed purple cow, for none of the actresses we have interviewed has yet found him.

But in their quest for him they have seen visions and dreamed dreams of the ideal leading man, and here are their frank confessions of what they desire him to be:

"The only thing I insist upon," says diminutive Marguerite Clark, "is that

my leading man be a good actor. It doesn't make a speck of difference to me how short or how tall he is—there are always high heels or low ones to fall back on. Blonds are preferable for dark ladies, just as brunettes are for fair women—you know, most actors believe in opposites as foils. But the physical type desirable for a certain part depends simply on what the script calls for. The thing that makes a good leading man in general is not his physical, but his artistic, attributes.

"But my ideal leading man—oh, that is impossible! It

"He must be a thoroughbred," says Bessie Love.

isn't fair to ask hard questions like that. All I can say is that I have never met him, but although I can't describe him to you, I am sure I should know him if I ever did."

"If there is one person in the world that makes me feel disagreeable and out of sorts," says Edith Storey, "it is that starched and highly polished individual known as a ladies' man—the perfectly irreproachable man who isn't 'perfectly' anything else. My ideal in leading men must be manly—which does not preclude his being gentle and kind. He is suggestive of the great out-of-doors, with all the poise that such a man has, and that the nervous business man lacks.

"He must be an artist," says Marguerite Clark.

"Above all, he must be natural—he mustn't seem like a leading man to the audience, but rather the hero of the story. My ideal leading man has a splendid spirit of coöperation. He must be willing to work as late and as early as need be, and to give his time and thought without reserve to the production. He must be willing to rehearse parts patiently until they are right."

"Those leading men that I like best? Ah, that is the difficult thing to express, but first of everything he should be—how you say?—sincere," said Madame Cavalieri. "Me, I detest those leading men who are poseurs. Always they pose and strut about, like the rooster, is it not?

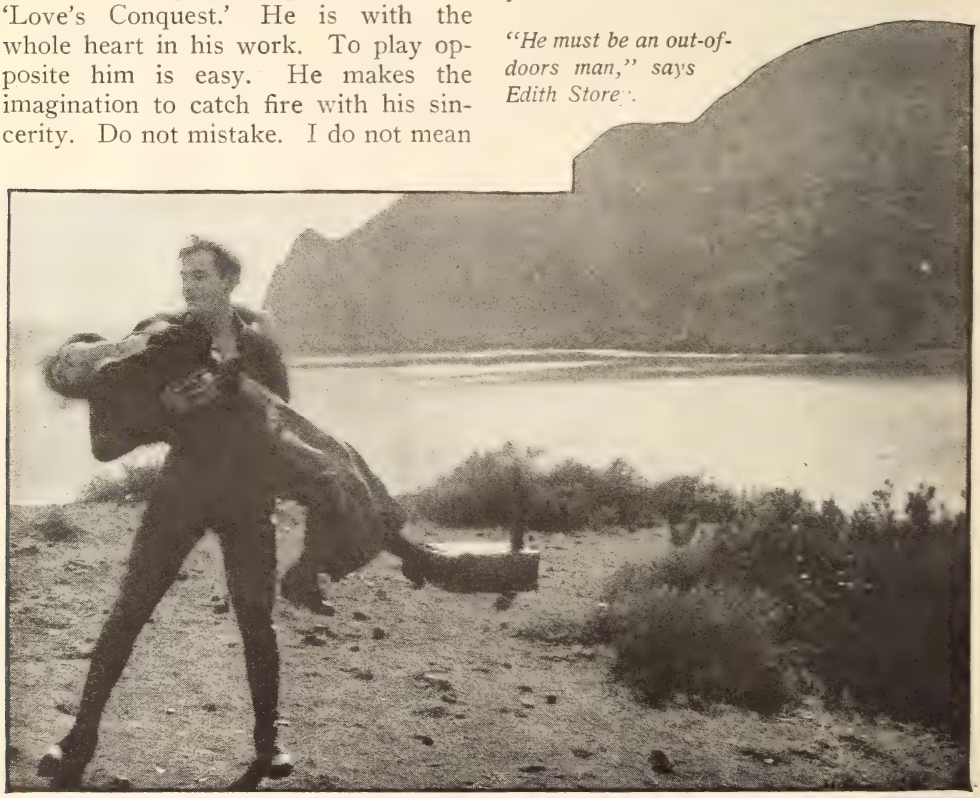
"Me, I like best any leading sincere man. For example, M'sieur Courtenay Foote, who played opposite me in 'Love's Conquest.' He is with the whole heart in his work. To play opposite him is easy. He makes the imagination to catch fire with his sincerity. Do not mistake. I do not mean that the ideal leading man should be in love with one—certainly that is not necessary—but he must feel what he is saying, or how can he act if he does not feel? Is it not so?"

"My ideal leading man must have a sense of humor," says Bessie Love. "Then, when things go wrong, and no one can ever tell when that is going to be, his sense of humor will come to the rescue. He is always tall. Sometimes I think he is a blond, and sometimes a brunette. I'm not fickle—I'm just human.

"He's an outdoor man—able to ride and swim. He's self-possessed and well poised. He is a natural actor—with nothing artificial about his expression or his gestures.

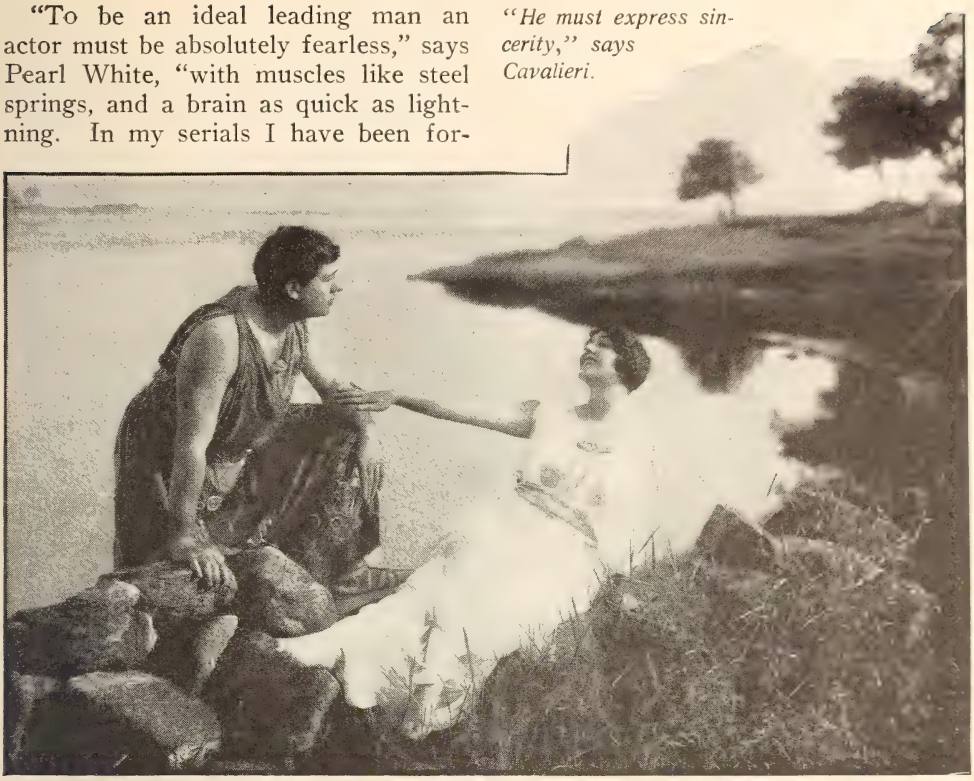
"An ideal leading man is like a thoroughbred. And if you like horses, you'll know what I mean."

"He must be an out-of-doors man," says Edith Storey.



"To be an ideal leading man an actor must be absolutely fearless," says Pearl White, "with muscles like steel springs, and a brain as quick as lightning. In my serials I have been fortunate in having men of this type. In order to thrill an audience, it is necessary to make a scene absolutely true to life even to the minutest details. With a quick-witted, alert, healthy, red-blooded man who is not afraid to take risks, the work becomes fun. He must be a good soldier—in other words, he must respond to directions. I would just as soon play opposite a balky mule as a stubborn, sulky leading man.

"P. S.—Oh, yes, there is one thing more; of course, he must be good looking."



"He must express sincerity," says Cavalieri.

Peggy Hyland makes "capital A" art the test of her leading man—that is, art and good looks. She says: "Above all else, my ideal leading man must be an artist—an artist in his particular line of work. I ask this because only the artist will give his characterization the thought it demands. Only the artist will work unceasingly that the result be satisfactory.

"And he must have a keen sense of humor, for in the sort of stories I like best to do—the human-interest comedy dramas—a leading man without a sense of humor would be like a bull in a china shop—decidedly out of place.

"Mr. Leading Man must also be tall and of good physique; good looking, though not necessarily handsome."

Louise Huff believes that the most important thing about a leading man is that he should love his work.

'Most of the stories I have done," she says, "are light things, with a good deal of humor. Can you imagine what it would be like to have to play opposite a man who didn't enter into the spirit of the thing, who was grouchy, and who wanted the time to pass so that he could get away from his work? To me, the

ideal leading man loves his work and puts that first. He must have lots of enthusiasm—and he must be able to get along with me, which isn't very hard, and, besides, he's *my* ideal leading man."

"Brains are the prime requisite of an ideal leading man," declares Fannie Ward. "The leading man with an intellect of the highest type gets the best response from the actors and actresses associated with him in the making of a picture. He also gets the best response from the audience.

"One of the chief reasons for this is that the man with brains is more or less of an idealist himself. His ideal is always before him, directing his course, as the North Star directs the course of the ship.

"Clothes, also, go a long way toward making an ideal leading man. So my ideal is a tailor-made man with brains."

"My ideal leading man may wear flannel shirts or dress suits—I have really never stopped to consider," says Virginia Pearson. "The external things do not matter. But he must have magnetism, the ability to attract old and young alike to himself. A magnetic screen personality is essential not only to his own screen success, but to that of the star with whom he is playing. Besides, he must be able to act convincingly. In rehearsals he must have the patience of a Job, for only the star is permitted temperamental outbursts outside the walls of his own dressing room.

"He must be enthusiastic," says Louise Huff.

"One danger that the leading man is apt to fall into is that of becoming merely a type. If he wears clothes well, he replenishes his wardrobe and becomes a veritable fashion plate. If he owns an attractive smile, he works it overtime. If he is primitive looking, he revels in blue flannel shirts and cowboy outfits. If a formidable-looking person, he adopts degenerate rôles. Many a great artist's heart beats beneath a coat of the latest fashion, or the flannel shirts of rough cowboys—but the leading man has let himself become stamped with an identification mark, and by this sign we shall know him.

"A leading man's position is not an enviable one, especially if he nurses a desire to do the really artistic. Last, but not least, he must cherish a highly developed sense of humor, which will tide him over all difficulties and apparently unsurmountable obstacles on the road to fame."

"I have often thought that the public would be amused if they could know just how a screen vampire feels toward her victims," said Louise Glaum, in response to a question about leading men.

"Fancy twining your arms about a man's neck while he raves to you about the 'dearest little wife in the world who is waiting for him,' or punctuates your kisses with praises of his new baby at home.

"That's just what I did in 'Idolators.' George Webb was my prize victim, and an ideal one. He chatted continuously of Mrs. Webb, whom he was soon to rejoin in New York. From the standpoint of the real vampire he would have been an impossible victim, but as a leading man he was perfect.

"He must have magnetic personality," says Virginia Pearson.

"On the whole, I think that married men make the best leading men, althought it is difficult to draw rigid lines. I have had excellent single men to play opposite me. But a married man is often so oblivious to the love scenes that the actress feels no embarrassment, and so can put more into her acting. All the time I was acting with Mr. Webb, I knew he was thinking of his wife, and I didn't mind in the least.

"In certain parts it is far better to act with an old friend than with a stranger. For instance, Charles Ray was one of my prey in 'The Wolf Woman.' It seemed perfectly ludicrous to us both, for we had worked in the same company almost since the beginning of our careers, and were old friends.

"Still, I was thankful that Charlie played the part, for it was my first experience as a really bad vampire, and I might have been self-conscious with some one I did not know. Among other things, Charlie taught me to smoke *properly*. He said I smoked a cigarette like a baby blowing soap bubbles.

"Howard Hickman was 'exhibit A' in the same picture. Bessie Barriscale, his wife, is one of my dearest friends, and she urged me to 'use him roughly, so that he would appreciate his wife more.' I did, because my part demanded it, and Howard said, 'I didn't think you'd treat an old friend like this, Louise!'

"The ideal man acts love scenes beautifully, and never feels them. Deliver me from the actor who is so conscientious that he must *feel* his love scenes. They're not always pleasant or easy, and after enduring some four hundred fade-out embraces, as I have, one never thinks of sentiment—but, let's knock on wood for good luck!"

When England Woke

IT was in a base hospital in London that the idea came to D. W. Griffith out of which grew the big war story of the awakening of England's social butterflies, soon to be released under the title, "The Great Love."

"Here is the message American women need," Griffith exclaimed, as he watched a titled Englishwoman ministering to a wounded soldier. Immediately he set to work to get the pictures of the society and noblewomen who have plunged themselves into war work. Both Queen Mary and the Dowager Queen Alexandra consented to pose for him, the latter appearing in the photograph above, taken while on an errand of mercy and cheer to one of England's fighters. In the picture below are Bettina Stuart-Wortley, Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, the most famous beauty in English society, and Violet Asquith, daughter of the ex-premier of England.

The cast of "The Great Love," headed by Henry B. Walthall, includes Lillian Gish, George Fawcett, Robert Harron, George Seigmann, Mansfield Stanley, Rosemary Theby, Gloria Hope, and other players who appeared in "Hearts of the World."

The Observer

Authoritative editorials on matters of the screen that are of interest to everyone.

What About Next Year?

PRESIDENT WILSON and Secretary of War McAdoo have given motion-picture producers and managers of motion-picture theaters every encouragement. The motion picture is even more of a necessity in war time than it was in times of peace.

The people at home must have some amusement, and they have chosen the motion picture to fill that need.

Secure in the knowledge that their work is essential, the producers are planning now for next year, and early reports indicate no lessening in the gross output and a distinct increase in the quality.

Paramount and Artcraft will release at least fifty-two more pictures in the 1918-1919 season than in 1917-1918—an average of more than three a week.

Goldwyn plans to increase its output to one feature a week.

Paralta, Pathé, and Mutual will produce fewer features. Vitagraph, Fox, World, Triangle, Select, and Universal will make a few changes in the number of releases, while Metro may show a slight increase.

Thanhouser and Edison are closed. Selig and Essanay no longer are factors in motion pictures.

But if you see 'em all, next year, you'll have to look at about three a day.

Misdirected Patriotism

ON the Pacific coast a movement was started to encourage all school children to pledge themselves not to go to motion-picture shows, but to use their money for buying war-savings stamps.

Buying thrift stamps should become a habit with every man, woman, and child, as every patron of the motion-picture theater knows. The films have hammered the thrift-stamp idea home with as great success as they have sold Liberty Bonds, fought German propaganda, and collected for the Red Cross.

Through motion-picture theaters great quantities of thrift stamps have been sold, doubtless many more than were sold by the school children's "don't-go-to-the-movies" campaign out West.

Let's take a cold, impartial view of this campaign. It has forced—at this writing—thirty-seven theaters to close their doors. It has materially cut into the business of all other theaters on the Pacific coast.

Most of all, it has closed theaters that were great sources of income to the government, through the war tax.

When you buy a twenty-five-cent ticket at a theater you also give three cents to the government.

When you buy a thrift stamp you sell the use of that quarter. The government pays you good rent and eventually returns the quarter.

When you pay war tax, the government never gives the money back.

If the government gets a thousand dollars in war tax, that money belongs to the government.

If the government sells a thousand dollars' worth of thrift stamps, the government merely borrows the money at a good rate of interest. It eventually must pay the debt.

We wonder if, after all, this campaign, which is cutting down the government's war-tax revenue, is as patriotic as it sounds.

The fact that it is causing theater managers to fail in business is of no consequence if it is helping to win the war. But is it helping to win the war?

Who profits most, in the end, when the bonds are paid—the government or the individual?

Is it really patriotic to stay away from motion pictures? What do you think?

Are Picture Shows Too Long?

IN certain sections of the country the "double-feature" idea prevails in the theaters. Especially in Boston do the managers of theaters feel that the public wants quantity.

It has come to such a pass in Boston that recently one theater gave six acts of vaudeville, two five-reel features, a comedy, and a news weekly for fifteen cents! A four or five-hour show!

Many motion-picture theaters, where competition is keen, put on two features and two or three short subjects. In most instances one of the features is good and the other is bad.

Isn't that overdoing it?

With all due respect to motion pictures, when we see one good feature, a comedy, and a news weekly, we're ready to go home. We have no more desire to look at two features in succession than we have to eat a plate of turkey and a big cut of beefsteak in the same dinner.

Perhaps there's something the matter with our capacity for amusement, but we can have more fun at, say, the Rivoli or Rialto in New York—where the well-balanced and wisely selected two-hour program, well staged, prevails—than at any of the theaters which seem to cater to cinema gluttons.

The Struggle for Existence

NO longer has the cheap producer a chance for existence. The struggle of the unfit in motion pictures is about over. There was a time when a man could spend five thousand dollars on making a picture, give it a wild title and melodramatic posters, and take money away from motion-picture fans before they were aware of the fact that they were being bunkoed.

But they can't fool the motion-picture fan now. He has learned to thump the melon before he buys it.

The average person who goes to motion pictures knows all about a production before he pays his money. He is educated as to stars, authors, directors, and producers, and when a theater manager asks him to come to see "Why Women Murder," produced by the America Forever Film Corporation, the fan cocks one eye at the announcement and decides to go over to the other theater and take a look at something he knows about.

The motion-picture industry has become an industry of big men, men who would be great in any business—steel, wool, or motor cars.

And the consumers of motion pictures are as powerful a force as the consumers of steel, wool, or motor cars. They demand good pictures. They won't go to a theater just to see people move about on the screen. The picture has got to deliver. The men who are dropping out of the motion-picture industry are the men who have failed to measure up to the demands of the public.

The motion-picture fan is the one who decides whether a company shall fail or succeed. And only the producer who realizes this fact is going to get along with these judges.

Once there were motion-picture men who underestimated the power of the public. They said: "Oh, the public will stand for anything."

They're the fellows, fans, who lie forgotten in the graveyard of failures. And you, thanks, put them there. Keep up the good work!

The Peril of Over-Direction

IF some of the motion-picture directors don't behave, there is going to be a reaction that will send some of these would-be Griffiths and would-be Tourneurs out into the cold, jobless.

No one has more respect for a first-rate director than we have. But the success of the great directors is not based upon "director's pictures," if you know what we mean.

Griffith's biggest picture was "The Birth of a Nation." It was a work of art because at no time did the spectator feel that he was seeing anything but a wonderful drama. The director never entered your thoughts until the show was over. The picture was so artistically done that there was no suggestion of effort.

The greatest dancer is the one who performs great feats of strength without any display of effort. When the dancer allows the spectator to feel that the dancer is *working,* the dancer becomes nothing more than an acrobat.

In "Intolerance," Griffith became an acrobat. In "Hearts of the World" once more he is a Mordkin.

"Intolerance" was a "director's picture." In every scene you sensed the director. But Griffith is such an artist that he did not repeat his blunder.

Unfortunately there is developing a class of imitators who deliberately make a vaudeville show out of a drama. They're working to display their own strength; they're acrobats, and they never will be anything else.

They overestimate the importance of lighting and setting; they drag in crowds for what they believe to be "big" scenes, not realizing that Griffith's art is greatest when he works with only two or three persons in a scene. They deliberately try to make their public see the work of the director in the telling of the story. In short, they overstage their productions.

The result is that their productions never get past the eyes, they never reach the heart. And it's the heart that is the mark the picture must shoot at. The photo play is a failure when it becomes a picture book. All photo and no play makes the screen a dull toy.

You Can Choose Your Shows

DON'T ever forget that you are the people who run the motion-picture business. You are the court of last resort. If the productions at your theater don't suit you, tell the manager. He will cater to you because he knows that if he doesn't he's through.

An instance of how eager the average theater manager is to serve his patrons was brought to our attention recently. A number of women in an uptown neighborhood in New York chanced to be discussing motion pictures in general, and a very famous star in particular. Most of them, it developed, had never seen a certain picture in which this star appeared a year ago, and they were sorry, for two of the women thought it was the finest picture she ever had made.

One woman suggested that perhaps the near-by theater would run it again if a request were made. She went to the theater manager and asked that he rebook the picture. He was very polite, but he thought that as it was an old picture, it wouldn't bring any business.

The woman returned to her friends with the discouraging news. One of them, however, had an idea.

"Let's get up a petition," she suggested. And they did. Seventeen women signed it, only seventeen—for this was New York, and in that neighborhood there were only seventeen who knew each other.

The petition was delivered to the manager, and he immediately rebooked the picture.

"Do it again," he told the women, after he had shown the film. "You gave me one of the biggest days of the week."

Miss Smallwood, Write Home!

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE has been asked to aid in the search for the daughter of Mrs. Mary Smallwood. Mrs. Smallwood appeals to us because PICTURE-PLAY was one of the magazines her daughter always read.

Her daughter disappeared in New York on July 28, 1916. Following a rumor that the daughter was a motion-picture actress in Los Angeles, Mrs. Smallwood went to California and searched without success.

Now she appeals to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. She has spent all the money she has, looking for her daughter.

Your father is dead, Miss Smallwood; your oldest brother has just died in a Boston hospital, and your mother is all alone with your twelve-year-old brother.

Won't you write to her? If you don't know her address, PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE will forward your letter.

Speaking of Stockings—

Which wasn't what I had gone to ask Anita about. I learned some interesting things about how the navy boys helped her to come back again to the screen.

By Caroline Bell

ANITA called me up on the phone.

"Come on over; I've got something to tell you about how the navy helped me get fat," she suggested in her most dulcet tone. So I came. Anita was sitting in her dressing room with her feet crossed in front of her.

"How do you like my lace stockings?" asked Anita, the first thing. I thought they were a little bit of all right, and I told her so.

"Mother got them for me, and she says they make my feet look a little bigger, but I don't think so—at least, not bigger than usual. What do you think?" I didn't know what to think. They looked quite dainty enough to me, but I didn't know how big Anita's feet *usually* looked, so, of course, I had nothing to go by. Anita took the whole question right out of my hands, however. She just smiled charmingly, came over and grabbed my arm, and stood on one foot while she took off a medium-sized slipper and wiggled her toes at me.

"You see, he kisses my foot in the picture, so I want it to look as small as possible," she explained.

"Who does, in what picture?" I demanded, feeling sort of out in the cold.

"The hero, of course, in 'The Mind-the-Paint Girl,'" said Anita, putting on her slipper again.

"Oh, yes," in my most conversational tone. There was a moment of reflection.

"Anita," I said, remembering something, "you said that if I came over you would tell me how the navy——"

"Oh, yes," she put in hastily, slipping a necklace of blue glass beads over her prettily shaped coiffure, "so I did." By the way, Anita makes it a rule not to wear jewelry. She

doesn't wear bar pins, earrings, or bracelets. Her slender white fingers were guiltless of rings. When the picture demands it, as in the present case of the blue beads, she breaks over her rule, of course. On rare occasions she puts on a string of tiny pearls with evening dress. But for the most part she goes unadorned, so far as jewelry goes.

"Well, you know that I've had quite a breakdown, don't you? It was a combination of working too hard, and for too long hours, and not lunching properly. I could not get the right food when I went out on location, and that played mischief with my digestion. I kept getting thinner and thinner, and feeling worse and worse—sounds like a medicine 'ad' before taking, doesn't it? Finally I had to stop acting altogether and go South for a real rest."

"But about the navy——"

"Yes, I'm coming to that. Well, I tried everything, and finally I decided that what I needed was to take some kind of a systematic cure, so I moved out to Long Island, and took a little cottage at Bay Shore. There was a navy unit stationed there, and ——" There was a knock at the door.

"Come! Oh, hello, dearie! How do you like my stockings?" she asked the befurred, behatted member of the cast who appeared. The visitor liked them. She expressed her admiration of them in terms of ecstasy and envy.

"How do you like my dress? Is it right, Miss Stewart?" she asked Anita a bit anxiously, whirling around before her. One of

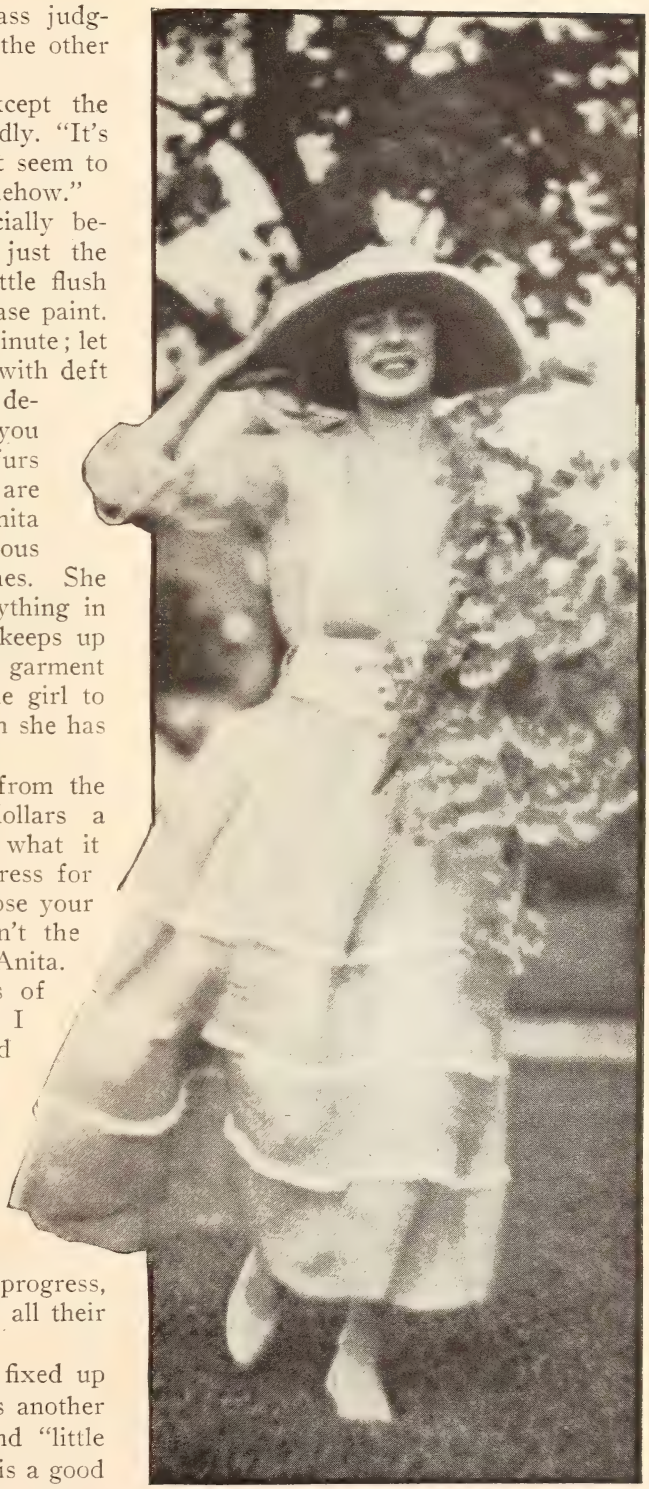
Anita's privileges is to pass judgment on the costumes of the other girls in the cast.

"It's very nice—all except the hat," said the little star kindly. "It's a pretty one, but it doesn't seem to go with the rest of it, somehow."

"But I bought it 'specially because I thought it was just the thing," said the girl, a little flush creeping up under her grease paint.

"Here, I can fix it in a minute; let me bend it for you," and with deft hands Anita gave it the desired slant. "There, now you may have my white fox furs to wear with it, if they are here," she added. For Anita is nothing if not generous with her own lovely clothes. She has a regular list of everything in her wardrobe, which she keeps up to date, and opposite each garment she puts the name of some girl to whom she will give it when she has finished with it.

"You know, I started from the bottom at twenty-five dollars a week, and I know just what it means to need a certain dress for this or that part, and to lose your chance because you haven't the right clothes," explained Anita. "Of course, I have loads of friends in this work, and I give them a helping hand whenever I can." It is a fact that Anita is pretty likely to "mother" the girls in her pictures, despite the fact that she is only a slim girl of twenty-three. She takes an interest in their progress, and they come to her with all their troubles.



The little star had just fixed up her friend when there was another interruption, and "ma" and "little brother," who incidentally is a good

Down at Bay Shore Anita is a great favorite with the sailors—and with the soldiers, too.

deal bigger than "big sister," came in. George, the brother, is playing a part in Anita's picture, by the way.

"George, how do you like my new stockings?" she greeted him.

"Aren't you going to tell me how the navy——" I broke in desperately. The Mind-the-Paint Girl laughed merrily.

"You'll all have to go out," she said. "I'm being interviewed. I'm simply wild about my little brother," she said seriously, as the door closed. "Well, as I was saying, I was all run down, and I just had to get well as quickly as I could, and get back to work.

"When I went down to Bay Shore I was used up and—thin? You can't imagine! Well, I got right down to a system.

"The navy boys used to come over and see me and give me setting-up exercises at first, and, later, special exercises for developing the muscles of my neck and arms. They used to count while I exercised, and they put me through an awfully hard drilling, which was the best thing in the world for me. They were just as good as they could be. In the coldest weather they would come up and make me go through the various drills on the porch of my bungalow. We had great times, and I used to 'godmother' them, and make it as interesting as I could for them. We got to be great pals—and if we hadn't"—the brown eyes that are always merry grew serious for a moment—"I don't think I should ever have become well enough to come back to the screen again. And"—again the smile rippled out—"I'm *so* glad to be back!"

For Husbands Only

This is not a story for women. It is for men—husbands particularly. Any woman who reads it is in the same class with Bluebeard's wives. She is peeping into the forbidden secret chamber. In this case, the secret chamber is a man's heart. In it he has hidden the strategy with which he saves his wife from her own folly.

If the feminine reader is anything like the first six wives, she will lose her head—or her temper—which is worse. But if she is the lucky seventh, her sense of humor will save her.

By Charles Carter

TONI came back from her wedding trip with one thought only in that pretty, busy little head of hers. As soon as she could dismiss her husband to the office—without his suspecting it—she meant to call up Van and get him to take her to tea somewhere. They were slowing into the driveway of their new home when the chance came—or, rather, when Toni made it.

"It's all been so wonderful, Sammy," she cooed, nestling close to him in the deep cushions. "I can't bear to think that our honeymoon is all over, and you've got to go back to that horrid old business again."

"Why, it's only just begun, little girl," he answered in his straightforward, honest way, "only I *have* got to think a little about the firm now. You won't mind if I run downtown this afternoon just to see how things have been going, will you?" Toni fussed and pouted a few minutes and then let him go.

"Just send the machine back for me," she suggested. "I may feel like taking a little run in the park later."

Once inside the house, which seemed dim and cool after her trip, and in exquisite readiness, she

To Toni, such a kiss was practically an engagement.

sent their bags on upstairs, stopping at the phone. There was no need to look up the number. It had been imprinted in her mind for days, as she had planned ahead.

"Hello, Van—no, you have to guess! Well, then, it's Toni Wylde Dodge." She waited, exulting. There was the same old thrill in Van's voice, intensified, perhaps. "Ye-es—if you want me to very much; all rightie, half an hour in the park. You bet. 'Bye."

Young Mrs. Dodge hummed a little tune as she carelessly gathered her mesh bag and summer furs into one hand and went upstairs. On the way she noted here and there the indefinable touches of breeding and luxury that Sam's money had put into her new home—the mirrorlike surface of the floors, the vase she had once admired in a shop, and now found, filled with roses, in the upper hall.

On the threshold of her room she gave a little gasp of admiration. It was beautifully done. Again she remembered, impersonally, that it was Sam's love that had prompted the extravagance, his money that had bought it. Toni brushed aside the mocking memories that rose to reproach her. After all, it *was* pleasant to have married the richest of the younger business men in town—to say nothing of his money being decidedly useful!

"What frock will madame wear?" asked a chic maid, breaking in on her new mistress' reflections. Toni roused herself, remembering that she must look particularly well.

The park was lovely that afternoon, its rich greens as yet undulled by the dust of the warm season, and Toni's cheeks grew becomingly flushed with excited anticipation of the meeting as the machine sped smoothly along. Halfway around she caught sight of Van, waiting impatiently. As her car stopped he came toward her briskly, a light in his smile.

"Haven't laid eyes on you since I danced at your wedding. You're looking fine!" His glance complimented her as he extended a hand. "Come, take a run out to the club for tea with me. What do you say?" Toni considered the matter, sparring for time, as women will, when their minds are already made up. She consented finally, stopping to pencil a hasty note to Samuel, which she gave to the chauffeur.

"Having disposed of *that,*" began Van, when his companion was safely stowed beside him in his little racing car, "tell me all about yourself. We're going to have great times together—just watch!"

Toni met his advance boldly. "I'm glad to be back in town with my friends," she said; but from then on she kept the talk on a light, bantering plane, and, thanks to the requirements of driving, her escort's hands were both employed on the wheel. She wanted to hear all the news at once—which ones of their set were back in town, had the last dinner been as dull as its long line of predecessors, had he seen so-and-so with her new lieutenant?

The club was quite crowded, and Mrs. Dodge was conscious of attracting considerable attention. It was at tea, overlooking the golf links, that her companion brought up the subject of the Daltons, though Toni had flung out her net, inquiring lightly for the latest scandal, and he could not have avoided it gracefully. But his very crudeness in speaking of it set her on edge.

"Dalton got his divorce, you know. Rather a nasty affair the courts made of it. Not very pleasant for me, either, as you may imagine—— Are you golfing at all this year?" after a pause. Toni couldn't forget Mrs. Dalton's white, unhappy face. Just then the nod of a passing acquaintance saved her from breaking out. She refilled his cup, allowing her hand to brush his as she passed it to him.

"Jove! Toni, you are a wonderful girl! I'd almost forgotten how much I cared. You know, that night, last season, I thought you were a perfect little prig. Say, can't we slip away and go somewhere to dinner to-night?" Mrs. Dodge drew her hand away.

"Awfully sorry, Van, but Sam's coming out to the club for me—thought I wouldn't bother you to take me back. Come over to the house this evening."

"Won't Sam be at home—your first night in the new house?"

"Oh, I'll take care of that;" she smiled ingratiatingly, and Van returned it with a look of glowing and unbounded admiration as Sam appeared. The two men stopped for a friendly word of greeting.

"Come over any time," suggested Sam in his big, impulsive way. Something akin to pity swept over his wife as she slipped her arm into his.

That night at dinner he told her of an imperative board meeting which the firm had delayed several days so that he might attend it on his return. He had tried to get the meeting postponed further, but it had been impossible—an event which, happily for his wife, made good the promise she had made to Van earlier in the day. Toni spent the half hour between dinner and her husband's departure, while the latter got his papers into a case, considering the events of the day.

It had been an unalloyed success—that first attack in her campaign. The campaign was not planned against her husband. She bore him no ill will. She had only married Samuel because he happened to fit in with her plans for running Van D'Arcy out of

She could not forget Mrs. Dalton's white, unhappy face.

town, socially, at least. Sam was merely her pawn to use in her game of punishing Van for the humiliation that he had heaped upon her.

To understand the fullness and depth of Mrs. Dodge's hatred for the most notorious parlor idler in town, it is necessary to go back six months to her début as Toni Wylde, a convent-bred girl, into the maelstrom of the social whirl. She had a piquancy, a freshness of youth, which made a strong appeal to the blasé bachelor who had watched many seasons of débutantes blossom up, and eventually marry and settle down. D'Arcy had never cared to undertake the responsibilities of married life. As Dalton had said bitterly, he preferred other men's wives, because they were more easily gotten rid of. Dalton had had the misfortune to fall into the snare that the other had spread for him. He did not have the clearness of vision to see that the thing Van most wanted to bring about was the Dalton divorce, and that only by refusing to become the outraged husband could he have averted the scandal and all that it entailed.

Among other resources for amusing his friends, Van maintained a private theater where he produced his own plays: In one of these he had cast Toni in the leading rôle shortly after he had met her, himself as the hero, and Sam as the blundering fool. Toni had been flattered by his attentions, and some time later, when he kissed her, her convent-bred social code had interpreted it as practically an engagement.

She pictured herself surprised in Van's arms.

When, fooled and duped by his gallantries, she had learned the truth—that he was merely amusing himself with her—the girl's humiliation knew no bounds. She had married Samuel, who adored her, to pique Van, returning her husband's deep affection with a wifely respect. Later she had

learned that other women—such as Mrs. Dalton—had had more bitter experiences with D'Arcy. Her plan now was to make a fool of him—as he had of her.

Van arrived just as Dodge was leaving the house, his brief case under his arm. He greeted the guest in his usual cordial way, thanking him for helping his wife to while away a dull evening. Even Van's polished veneer threatened to crack under the open-hearted sincerity of the man who regarded him as a friend. Toni managed to slip out during the meeting and get her mother on the phone.

"By the way, Van's here, and I'm to be alone with him. Come over if you can," she suggested.

As soon as they were left alone, Van's manner toward Toni took on the same lightness that she had once attributed to gallantry. She played a few snatches of a new song, parrying for time. When he proposed a spin in his car, she agreed, delighted, going upstairs for her wraps. From her bedroom window she watched until the familiar hood of her mother's machine rounded the corner.

Her manner had all the semblance of bitter disappointment, as, confronted by Mrs. Wylde, she slipped surreptitiously out of her evening coat, and Van, as he bade her a premature good night, still retained the illusion which led him to believe that Toni held out hope to him, like a golden apple on a platter which he had but to reach for. Realization, he believed, was but a certainty deferred.

That was score two for little Miss Toni, and only the beginning of her campaign. There were moonlight dances, rides, sets of tennis at the club —many stolen hours, while Van enjoyed and hoped, and Toni secretly exulted, realizing that the longer she deferred his awakening, the ruder it would be. Somehow, it didn't seem in the least hard to conceal her new absorption from Samuel—her husband scarcely seemed to notice that she was gone. His manner toward D'Arcy was as cordial as ever. Sometimes a wave of remorse for her disregard of her husband would sweep over the woman, but in the next moment she would justify it with her burning need of revenge. It was a fire within her, which daily contact with her social enemy fanned into a constant, bright flame.

Like many clever players of parts, it was some time before Van woke to the realization that his own game was being played on him. Moreover, by that time his interest in Toni had gone too deeply in his affections for him to cast it out.

Van had dared her to an auto ride with him, in which she was not to know whither she was bound, and clever little Mrs. Dodge had accepted as gracefully as ever. When the engine broke down on a country road, miles distant from a railway station, in the neighborhood of a notorious road house, Toni's calmness was accounted for by the arrival of her own car. It had followed her all the way, by her own orders. Van had just seized her in his arms—was just about to print a kiss on her lips, when her car loomed in sight. Van swore softly.

"You little witch," he said, as he realized that he had been duped, "you have led me on and on, until I want you more than I ever wanted anything before."

"More than a lift back?" asked Toni sweetly. "Remember, the station is twelve miles away!"

From that hour it was a battle of wits between the two. The game lengthened out until Toni still clung to her old desire to humble him by sheer will force. Sometimes it seemed as if Samuel must be blind and deaf! Couldn't he see Van's game, so that he wouldn't eternally play into his hand?

For Van was now borrowing the tactics for use on Sam which she had employed so effectively. He disarmed the husband by his sheer frankness.

Once Sam had left the table at dinner to get some cigars.

"Make a noise when you come back," D'Arcy had suggested. "I might be kissing your wife." And Sam had merely laughed as if his guest had told him a side-splitting joke! And the door had scarcely closed behind his erect, distinguished figure, than Van had rained kiss after unwelcome kiss upon the defenseless wife.

"There! Did I make noise enough?" the host asked good-naturedly, apparently oblivious to the heightened color on his wife's cheek, as he reëntered the room.

No sooner had her husband left the room than he seized her.

"Oh, plenty," said Van, with an easy laugh. "By the way, here's something I want you to come to." He handed Sam the large white envelope of an invitation card, and Toni, bending over her husband's shoulder, read the engraved announcement of a performance at D'Arcy's theater, entitled, "For Husbands Only." She could feel Van's amused, triumphant glance fixed on her as she read. Here was some new ruse.

"It's to be a stag affair, Dodge," he said naturally, nipping his cigar with the gold cutter that hung from his watch chain, "and I particularly want *your* criticism."

Toni felt her uneasiness growing as the night of the play approached. She dreaded it the more because she could not get an inkling of just what her opponent's move would be. Once she was nearly tempted to give the whole thing up, go to Samuel, and tell him everything. Now, instead of being able to ruin Van socially, she would be lucky if her own good name were not dragged before the eyes of curious observers. Still, how could a man who seemed to see nothing at all be made to understand? She gave up the idea of telling her husband as quite out of the question. Again and again she had pictured herself surprised in Van's arms, and her husband's anger, only to find that he never permitted the occasion to arise.

Finally, the night of the entertainment came. As Toni broke a white flower from the dining-room bouquet and drew it down into his buttonhole, she felt a sudden wave of tenderness for Sam. She kissed him, feeling oddly as if it were for the last time.

It was with something akin to alarm, then, that she regarded the bit of pasteboard that the maid brought her on a tray half an hour later.

"Van!" she exclaimed. "I thought surely you would be at your own entertainment. Nothing has happened to Sam, has there?"

"Nothing—except that he has the middle seat, front row, at the show,"

Poor, dear Samuel could not fail to recognize those treacherously turned scenes.

her persecutor reassured her, wearing the half smile, half leer with which he so often tormented her now. "I thought my guests could entertain themselves quite well without me. Come on, let's sit down, and I'll tell you a bit about the play." Toni did not even lead the way, but followed Van into the library wonderingly.

"I based my play," he began, "on the one that you acted in last winter—remember? There are the three main parts in this one corresponding to those of you, me, and Samuel last winter. And, by innuendo, I have succeeded in making your flirtation with me appear—well, far worse than I have hoped to succeed in making it."

"You—you——" For a moment words failed Toni. The ruins of her well-laid plans were falling about her ears. Then she gathered herself together. "Why, Sam won't believe it, of course! He has absolute confidence in me!" she declared hotly.

"Come, Toni, you are too clever a woman to really believe that your husband is blind. Don't think that he hasn't suspected what was going on right along, simply because he hasn't shown it. This was simply his way of treating the matter. Anyway, any last hesitancy he may have about fastening the guilt will be removed now."

"How?" asked Toni weakly.

"From the words I have worked into the lines—the incidents and so forth. For instance, the day that you so thoughtfully sent Sam a note to call for you after tea at the club—— I used that and showed that there was ample time for you to have run out to my place at Shadowbrook first. Then——"

"You beast!" cried Toni, wild with despair.

"Don't let me suggest that I am forcing your hand at all"—Van's words were oily as he came toward her—"but you might as well have a bag packed and come along with me now, before Sam comes home and suggests it himself. My car is waiting outside. Yes, he even believes that of you, too." The words came one by one, like acid dropped into a glass retort. "By this time he has seen the whole play, met

the covert glances of that whole roomful of men, and the open sneers of a few who have seen us together."

In one swift glance Toni felt the utter helplessness of her situation. Yet even in the moment of her humiliation and failure, she turned instinctively in her mind toward the man she had so deeply wronged.

"I wouldn't go with you if you were the last man on earth!" she declared. "And one Samuel is worth a thousand of you. I don't care if he does want to send me back home or out into the world, or divorce me or anything else —I adore him for believing in me the way he has, and he'd have a perfect right to put me out!"

"He undoubtedly will." Van made one last attempt to get her. But it was too late. There was the familiar honk of the car, and a moment later Sam appeared under the porte-cochère, silhouetted darkly against the headlights. Never, thought Toni, with a pang, had she seen him quite so tired.

Greetings were exchanged as usual in the doorway. There was no angry flash in Sam's eyes, such as Toni expected to see. Instead, he met Van with diffidence—almost embarrassment. Even the latter, smooth as he was, felt suddenly uncomfortable under the husband's quiet handling of the situation.

"Well, Dodge, what did you think of the play?" he ventured at last.

"Look here, Van, I'd rather not talk about it to-night," he said abruptly. "I see my wife's tired," he added, letting his eyes rest on Toni's white face, as she leaned against a pillar in the hall.

"What a consummate actor that man is!" commented Van to himself, as he swung into stride in the driveway. And then, suddenly, he found himself face to face with utter failure in his game of months. Sam had simply refused to be wronged!

Inside the house, Toni waited for Sam to speak, her own heartbeats thumping in unison with the retreating steps of Van along the gravel. Her eyes traveled over the haggard lines of his face, taking in every last detail, fixing immutably in her mind each feature that she had grown to love so well, albeit unconsciously. For out of her respect for him had been born the undying love that could have made them so happy together, had it not come too late. Would he never speak?

"I've had a hard, grinding day at the office," he said at length. "Put your arms around my neck, Toni. Tell me you love me, little girl." The strain at last relieved, Toni flung herself on his shoulder, weeping. She could scarcely believe her ears. How could she guess that Sam's stupidity had only been feigned, to save the woman whom he loved from her own folly, and that he had been warned by Dalton's mistake?

"There, there! Business wouldn't be worth while if it didn't help me to tear pretty things away from the world to bring home to you, dear."

"In spite of—of the—play—and everything?" asked his wife, unable to stand the uncertainty any longer.

"Toni, I wish you'd help me to avoid D'Arcy until he forgets to ask me about it," begged Sam, as they went upstairs together. "To tell the truth, I was so tired I slept through the whole darned show!"

Cast of

"FOR HUSBANDS ONLY"

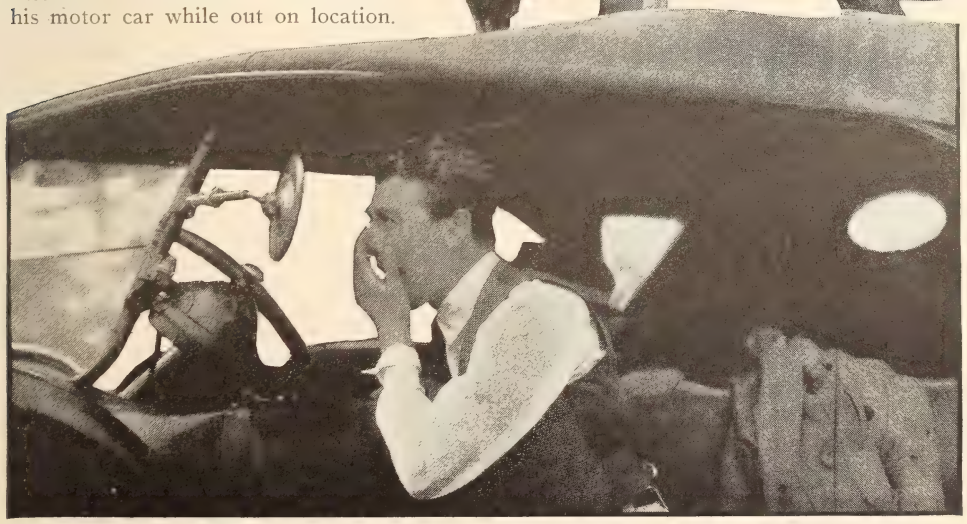
written from the Universal picture play.

Toni Wylde.....Mildred Harris
Rolin Van D'Arcy.....Lewis J. Cody
Samuel Dodge .....Fred Goodwins

Snapped Without Warning

"You haven't any idea how I do enjoy a horseback ride each morning before breakfast," Josie Sedgwick writes us. "I'm sending you a picture which was taken just as I was starting the other day." And what a fine pony Josie has, hasn't she?

A very good hunch of Tom Moore's —to make double use of the mirror on his motor car while out on location.



"C'm' on in," says Baby Marie Osborne. "That's all very well for *you,*" replies Miss Helen Cassity. "But if it took as long to dry your hair as it does to dry mine, you wouldn't be so anxious."

"I've got a new dog," Fay Tincher informs us. "Why did I pick this particular kind? 'Cause he's black and white, of course. I think, though, I'll trade him off for a zebra."

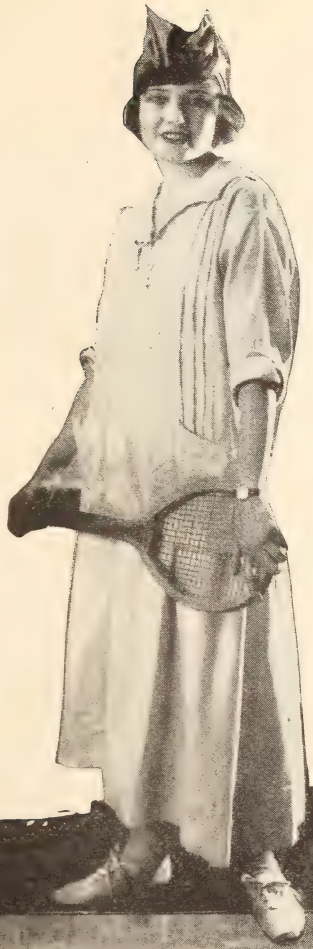
Here is simple, out-of-door life for you. Florence Reed, lying stretched out comfortably in the sunshine on a delightful granite bowlder, is going over the script for a new picture.

Ora Carew didn't pose for this picture. In fact, she wasn't looking—until the photographer whistled. And when you look closely and see what she was reading you'll understand why.

It would never do for us to go through the entire summer without printing at least one gardening picture. So—inasmuch as it had to be done—we induced Agnes Ayres to pose for us as a farmerette, or gardenerette, or whatever you choose to call it.

"I think I'd make a fine Chinaman—a regular mandarin," says Johnny Hines, general cut-up at the World Studio. R. B. McIntyre, the casting director, looks skeptical, and Alice Lee, a real Chinese actress, seems to be more interested in the camera than in Johnny's ambition.

Every now and then an S O S call for summer pictures raises a racquet. It's easy to pose in tennis costume, but we have a sneaking suspicion that Corinne Griffith, whom we show here, really can play.

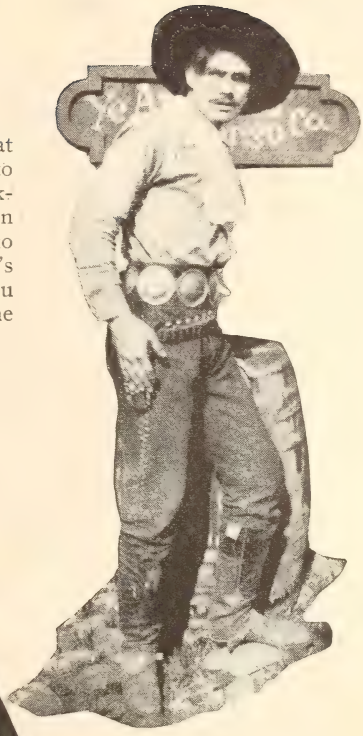


May Allison apparently likes shooting craps with the Seventh Regiment boys as well as she likes shooting scenes—or being shot. But look a little closer. The dice are only bits of paper!

Here is the Ham side of the original Ham and Bud sandwich—minus his mustache. Al Ray, veteran actor-director-writer, to say nothing of being a walking encyclopedia about the movies, seems to be suggesting that Ham step up on the scales.

The wistful look on Mae Marsh's face was not a bit of clever stage expression, but was caused by the lateness of a suburban train which was to take her out to a location in Georgia, where she was doing out-of-doors scenes for "The Glorious Adventure."

Now here's a fine example of what make-up—or the lack of it—will do to a man. If you saw him in the awkward clothes of a country boy—or even in a dress suit—you couldn't fail to recognize him, but—— Yes, that's right. It's Charlie Ray. But you wouldn't have known it just by the picture, would you?



Margarita Fisher carries with her, as you may see, her own portable dressing room, for use in woodland location scenes, where there is no convenient farmhouse near by.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By William Lord Wright

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts and we do not make reports as to the standing or reliability of individual companies. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Things do Change

Many of you will easily recall the time, not so very long ago, when we were wont to write, "Don't tackle the five-reelers yet; wait a while, because the producers now believe no outside writer is capable of turning out one of their 'big plays.'" At that time we advised writing scenarios up to three reels only, and we believe those who followed our advice profited financially, for the short stuff was bought from outside the studio while the "big stuff" had to be adapted, and all original five-reelers which were submitted were either rejected in contempt or else purchased and made into two or three-reelers. But the times changed!

Some producer discovered that to make a film even longer than five reels—one that would form a whole evening's entertainment—was quite probable. As usual, almost every other maker of films followed in the innovator's footsteps, and soon the five-reeler had become quite an ordinary thing in the producer's eyes, and he put them out on regular schedule, while he devoted his special efforts to the "long films." Then it was that outsiders began to sell five-reelers—both in synopsis and scenario form. The short-length-scenario market grew limited, but the five-reel market was large. But the outsider was barred again from writing the "big stuff," which was now the nine to twelve-reel films. The producers looked upon these just as they did upon the five-reeler in the beginning, and thought that they must be "adapted from or based on" something. But things will change as the times do!

The film has just about reached its limit in length, and, in fact, the public is beginning to weary slightly of the long film because of several failures which have been sent forth. Therefore a reaction is due, and the only effect a reaction can have will be to do away with importance of length in film entirely and divide all films made into two classes—one fitted for the neighborhood house, which has two shows an evening and can use only about seven reels, and the other for the downtown theater, which wishes to give a full evening's entertainment, and will use a much longer film. The difference between these two classes of films will be the story altogether. The manufacturer is realizing that more and more every day. Thus the time appears in the future when the author can write the "long film" and have the producers welcome it, just as they welcome the five-reeler from the outside to-day. In addition, they can also try their hand at the "small stuff," for there will be a better market for that.

The State-rights Field

A certain film manufacturer of prominence informed us the other day that the State-rights field held the financial reward both for writers and manufacturers. There is no doubt that some manufacturers have made a great deal of money in this way during the past year. And quite a number of authors, both real and near, are specializing in plots for State-rights productions. Through this specialization several have their entire time occupied in either writing the more pretentious stories or making book adaptations. The adapting of a book for a State-rights photo play is not so simple as it would seem. The entire story must be visualized, and new characters cannot be introduced. The book story as it stands, be it good or bad, must be adapted for pictures, and the subtitles must all be taken from the book. The writers and adapters of State-rights stories are highly paid. The manufacturer, planning a production to be sold on the State-rights basis, will frequently spend fifty thousand dollars or more on production. He must have a good star, a good cast, a good director, and—a good story. When all this money is being expended it stands to reason that the writer of the plot will cash in also.

Introducing Miss Justice

Miss Maibelle Heikes Justice is one of the pioneers in the profession of writing motion-picture plays. We remember quite a number of years ago when we collaborated with Miss Justice in a serial idea for the Selig Company, and, truth to say, Miss Justice did most of the collaboration. This lady has won her spurs both in the fields of photo drama and fiction. What she has to tell about the writing of screen plots is worthy of the serious consideration of both the "real" and the "near" writers.

Recently, in this department, Mr. Monte Katterjohn said divers things about the art of writing, and Miss Justice, with her experience, her records of sales both in the fields of fiction and in screen work, has written some paragraphs which are worthy of serious consideration. So lend an ear, and listen to what she has to say:

The "Straight-narrative" Method.

There has been some talk of late by one of the well-known photo dramatists about his "discovery" of "direct-action continuity." I think I understand what Mr. Katterjohn means. But all authors of fiction understand this method, and have used it for years. I used the method when I first turned from writing fiction to writing directly for the screen. I always called it the "direct-narrative" form, and so far I have written some one hundred and seventy-six picture plays by this method. But I recall that it was William Lord Wright, then picture-play editor of the *Dramatic Mirror,* who first detected it and who four years ago first drew my attention to it as a new and simplified method of script writing. But I never thought of considering that I had discovered a method, for I had always used the same method in my fiction writing. It is the "natural method," and I always believed simplicity could be made artistic.

"Straight-narrative" form simply meant—to me—to start my story in the first

scenes, and drive the narrative home—straight through from beginning to end, without variating the plot by a succession of "cut-backs," which seemed to be the popular style when I entered the field of screen writing. Personally I never liked "cut-backs," "visioning," et cetera, although some of the directors introduced them in my scripts during production. If I do use a "cut-back," it is only for the same reason that I occasionally employ italics in fiction writing—to accentuate, momentarily only, a passage of the story upon the reader's mind. Too free a use of italics in fiction renders it monotonous and weak in effect. In the same way, a prolonged and frequent resorting to "cut-backs" lessens the sustaining force of a film production. Often the mind of an audience has gripped itself on the main theme or suspense of the story, and is following it intensely. A "cut-back" introduced at that moment—as so often done—gives one the feeling, I should imagine, that a tight-rope walker would have if his rope suddenly went slack. He would have to go through a sudden contortion to catch his balance again. Unfortunately, some directors, when they run out of a story, use this cut-back trick for padding. But when it comes to depending upon it for effect, I never liked it. I still write my photo drama with a plot well in hand, then carry it through with a given direct action, governed by a logical construction and conclusion. It is the most difficult manner, however, of writing a drama, for, with this method, everything depends upon the story alone; it requires continual imaginative invention of dramatic incidents or episodes, each of which must carry the story toward a plausible ending, and at the same time enlist the sympathetic understanding of the audience. The plot need not necessarily be "big and smashing," though I sometimes use big themes for Northwestern dramas and the like. It may be of the simplest nature—its strongest high light only a delicate and subtle touch of heart interest that strikes home.

Scratching the Surface

An author can never grip an audience by scratching the surface. You cannot touch people's hearts by shocking or thrilling them with battle scenes, automobile wrecks, and railroad smash-ups. It is more often that a story grips because it carries an appeal, because it seems like a page of the real life of the silent watcher, or because it surprises him with a deft and delicate touch of human nature through its simplicity. Yet for these effects one must not strive or the chief aim is lost. One's story in its natural consistency of situation must carry and develop them as the plot unfolds. All this cannot be learned by the new writer in a day. It comes from experience in the art of story-telling. And the real or born story-teller, to my mind, is the most essential product of the picture profession.

With regard to Mr. Katterjohn's recommendation of confining a story to a "minimum of episodes," which in good old Latin means the "fewest in number," I, for one, cannot agree. I believe Mr. Katterjohn means what he says, is a conscientious writer, and aspires to help uplift the craft, but—— Here is my reason. Some of the poorest films I have seen lately were markedly distinguished by their small number of episodes. And what episodes there were had to be stretched like elastic bands by the directors to make them reach from beginning to end. Each of these productions was what an audience calls a "weak, long-drawn-out story." They make people wonder what is the matter with the

screen. I hear this over and over. Well-known writers were the authors of these stories—but this does not excuse them from writing good stories for the screen. They had merely run out of episodes and left the story's fate to the director.

A photo dramatist must bear in mind in writing scripts that one's characters begin to move in the opening scenes, and never stop moving till the story reaches its final climax. Episodes are constantly required to carry the plot along. Not flighty, inconsistent "side-stepping" from the original theme, but episodes adding directly to the story in each successive step. If your story is big enough at the start, you will not have to resort to irrelevant side issues in your construction—a fault terribly prevalent in the staff-made story. If an author gives a good germ or basic idea of a story in his synopsis, and cannot write his own script, an adapter should be qualified to develop the original idea along lines intended and suggested by the author, and should not add material which has nothing to do with the story, afterward advertising himself as "an original adapter of such and such," sometimes not even mentioning the author whose story he revamped. Unfortunately much of this is seen nowadays, and it is not encouraging to the new writer, who so far can only create the story.

A Dearth of Good Stories

There is great dearth of good stories. There always is. No outside aspirant need fear venturing in with a synopsis. But I beg of him be sane and write common sense. Film editors are pretty well educated in the requirements of a screen story, and if your story is turned down everywhere there must be a reason for it. But never be afraid to offer a sensible, original treatment of any theme.

But though I offer this advice, I must admit that sometimes I have found trouble in inducing manufacturers to produce my scripts which have new and original angles.

Here, too, is an illustration of what a photo dramatist frequently encounters. A well-known manufacturer sent for me hurriedly the other day. I was working on a story and took it along under my arm. He gave his requirements in the interview. "Now, look here," he said enthusiastically, "I don't want a story to make people think—they are tired of thinking about the war. I want something written on the surface like froth on the top of a wave—light, full of society plot, no matter what the story, so long as it gets the people who like 'four-hundred' stuff and good clothes. Our leading man looks better in a dress suit, and his leading lady has a lot of good clothes. I want a story that will kind of hang these things together, yet pay me for the money I put in for producing it." He meant what he said, and was eager about it. Every one knows the two stars mentioned by reputation. But I could not see it. Dress suits and "four-hundred stuff" have no effect upon my pen when writing a story. My story might suddenly shift to the Northwest or to the underworld. So I came home with my manuscript still under my arm. It has since been taken by a producer who wanted a story irrespective of star or "clothes."

"Like froth on the top of a wave" I thought rather good, however. That trade-mark could be applied to a great part of the stories shown on the screen —there is absolutely nothing to them.

But do not allow such requests to conflict with your own ideas or to bother

you. Producers have their own individual tastes. But one thing is certain. You must make your entrance to this as yet not overcrowded field upon the strength of your story alone. If you wish to continue writing after your first release, you must have intelligence, and an imagination like the creators of "The Arabian Nights." I do not believe there were ever so many ideas in the whole world until "pictures" created their demand. But do not forget to sprinkle logic, as a pinch of salt, into everything you write. As your name and energies become recognized, the editors will increase your prices. At first, if you would succeed, write with thought of art—not material gain. Write because you cannot help it, and write your best.

To the Experienced

To the experienced writer I would say, do not dispose of your ideas too cheaply. There must be a law of compensation in all things. The other day I was told that the book rights were bought for two hundred and fifty dollars for a film in which a one-thousand-dollar-a-day star was featured. Where was the sense of equity in this? Accordingly, in the selling of your play bear in mind that from your story or script a manufacturer expects to pay the star's and director's salary, cost of production, and other items out of the finished production. So why is not the author the most valuable factor of all in this combination—you whose brain power enabled him to do all this? Wake up, authors! A gentleman named Rip Van Winkle slept till his best years were gone, and he was no longer of use. What is sadder than a "written-out" author who was pitifully underpaid for his best efforts? Some manufacturers, I am glad to say, have largely readjusted matters, and are glad to produce for an author on good royalty. The author can himself make his own better day. For when the eulogies of star, director, producer have been published and exploited to their utmost, at last it will be discovered by *somebody*—may his coming be hastened!—that a very important person became lost in the scuffle for honors. Somebody will remember the author. Some day he will shine foremost in the firmament. Many factors of the producing end will have long passed out, but remember that the author and his story go on forever. Yet do not wait for that day. Make your energies and the worth of your product proclaim your value *now*. You are the most needed in the whole field of the photo drama.

Encouragement

Nor can one emphasize too much the necessity of encouraging the coming author for the screen. With constant rebuff and discouragement how can he succeed? Genius is generally reticent and sensitive, and should be fostered with delicacy—with courtesy, at least. The vainglorious writer, out for laurel wreaths and material gain, will soon pan out of his own accord—but real genius does not parade itself, as a rule, and should have a helping hand wherever possible. Why it is that some of the writers in the front ranks now should feel a contemporary superiority over others struggling up, I do not know. But it is true. To myself, the dividing line does not amount to a row of pins. One cannot tell where great talent may suddenly spring from if rightly encouraged, and

it is far more difficult to keep up a reputation than to make one, for the writer with a name must never allow the standard of his work to lessen, nor forget that he, too, can improve in everything he has done in past or present.

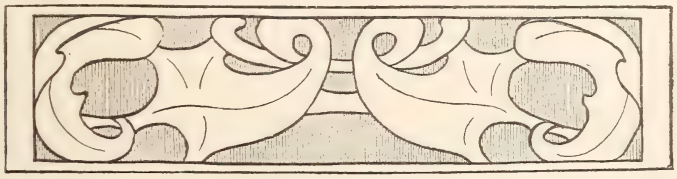
But we who do write can do so without so much talking about it. I believe that one can let his or her work show what it is, without heralding ahead what is intended to be shown in the way of construction. If the *film story is good,* one never thinks of technique or construction while viewing it. This is the way it should be. The story, with its fine idea, should develop evenly and consistently of itself, and wholly without technical reminders of those who may have had a "whack" at it here and there during the studio production. Such films can be detected at once.

Only One Model

Original material has not given out, contrary to what has been published so often. Personally, I believe in good faith that I can yet think up as many new ideas for stories as when I first began to write. I have only one model to follow—human nature. And this big subject is open to each and all, alike. I love human nature. It is the richest quality in life. I love to watch it, study it, develop it—no matter what the locale. For so long as we write human nature, with artistic effect—even with simplicity, we are not going to need "discovery editors." Our stories will speak for themselves. I write my screen plots exactly in the same manner that I apply them to fiction, and the direct-narrative method always appealed to me the most. Both the field of fiction and of the photo drama afford great dramatic facilities—but now I am firmly convinced that the screen and its future present the greatest possibility, for the author trained in story construction and the writing of his scenarios, that will ever be known. The beauty in the work lies in the effort to constantly plan something for its improvement.

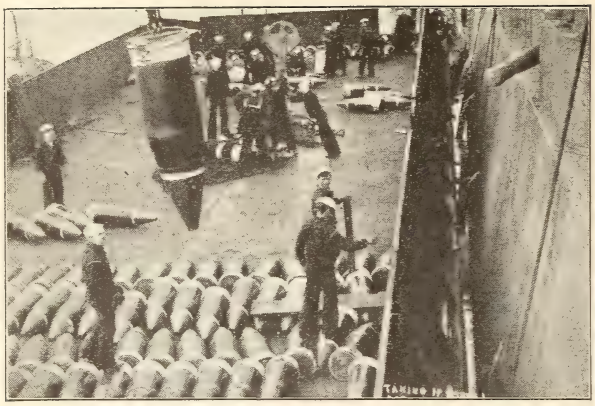
Forget It!

Our best advice to authors real and near and to others interested in motion-picture activities is to pay no attention to "the wars and rumors of wars" being so extensively circulated. Every so often comes the rumor that "the movies are losing popularity," or "a great big trust is being formed," et cetera. These stories are seemingly inseparable with all branches of amusement enterprises. Go ahead with your plans, for motion pictures are here to remain, and stories will always be more or less in demand.

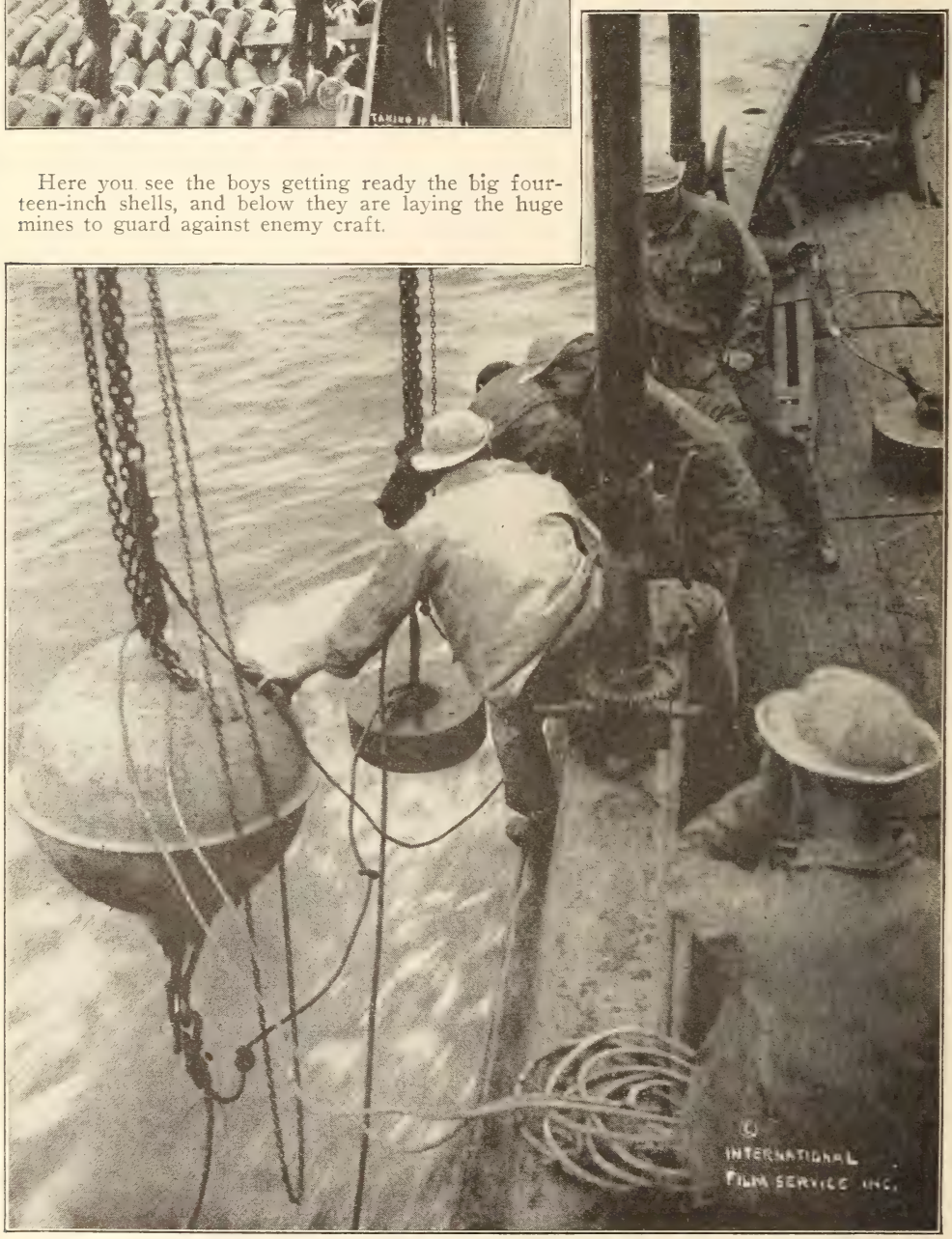


Beyond the

Somewhere outside our harbors that are now locked against the submarines lie the ships of our navy, ready for whatever grim business may confront them.



Here you see the boys getting ready the big fourteen-inch shells, and below they are laying the huge mines to guard against enemy craft.

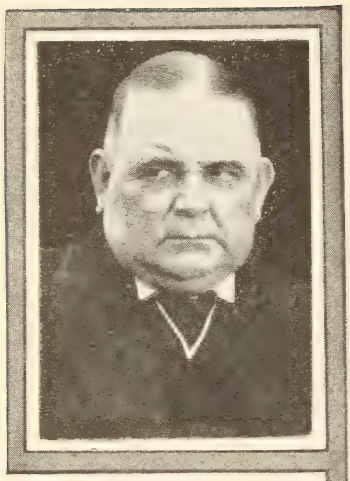


Steel Nets

In war, as in peace times, the ship must be kept spick and span, decks must be scrubbed, and bags and hammocks washed. This is called "Field day."

These pictures are from "Your Fighting Navy at Work and at Play," a film which is being shown by the Educational Films Corporation.

Their Forty-Year Love Affair



RIVER FALLS was an uneventful little Wisconsin town to Anna Dodge, the pretty young school-teacher, until George Hernandez, a successful young actor from California, chanced to come that way. It was the old story—June romance, orange blossoms, and a plain gold ring. Right there the town lost a promising school-teacher, and the stage won a still more promising recruit. For George Hernandez insisted that his wife could act. That was nearly forty years ago.

To-day, after years of work together on stage and screen, they are among the most successful character actors in the big Triangle family of players at Culver City. But it has not always been an easy road. At first they found truth in the adage which says that he who travels with company travels more pleasantly, but not so fast. But it didn't matter to Anna Dodge or her young husband if there were hardships along the way, for they had each other, and "when one loves one's art, no service is too hard." By and by success smiled their way, as sooner or later it does, when any one has ability and persistency. They have played in hundreds of stage and picture plays together, and it has been fun all along.

And, even though their work has been similar in character, there has been none of the "professional jealousy" with which stage families are often afflicted. In fact, they have been of invaluable assistance to each other in character delineation, and neither ever feels that a new type is complete and ready for the camera until the other has passed upon it and approved. Years of work together may explain the facial resemblance these actors bear each other.

Those Nazimova Eyes!

By Frederick James Smith

THE outer door of the Helmer home slammed. Ibsen's *Nora*, the butterfly wife who finally revolts at the falseness of her life, had left her husband and gone into the world alone to find herself.

So at least it was to the audience out before the footlights. But to me, standing behind the scenes at Madame Nazimova's last stage performance for the season, the door was a mere property one, fitted to a wooden frame, standing bare and stark in the left wings, and marked "Doll's House, Act III." Madame Nazimova, out of view of the audience, slammed it with vigor and then walked toward

me with her odd little shoulder stride, her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her skirt. I looked for a trace of *Nora's* emotions—but Nazimova's eyes merely smiled an enigma.

"You want to interview me about the movies?" she said, leading me up a narrow iron stairway to her dressing room. Then she removed her hat, tossed back her black hair with a characteristic shake of the head, and offered me some Russian cigarettes. Fitting one to a long amber holder, she deftly flashed a match into flame. Her narrow eyes studied me as the cigarette smoldered into a glow.

Were they black or blue-black? There is a haunting fascination to them.

"Well——" Nazimova was intimating that the interview might as well be under way. I caught a mischievous gleam in those eyes—and felt that she secretly was amused at interviews. Yet she was "registering" interest and niceness.

First we talked of Ibsen, the stage, and, of course, ultimately of the screen.

Nazimova asked me what I thought of her playing in the films; not, of course, that she cared particularly.

"I was fascinated by your *Joline* in 'Revelation'—until you reformed," I said.

The mischievous gleam in those black—or are they blue?—eyes disappeared. Alla be praised!

"Until I reformed!" repeated Nazimova. She flecked the ashes from her cigarette. Then the laughter came back to her eyes.

"But I like myself when I was good. Yes, I like myself then much! Shall I tell you why I didn't interest you so much after my regeneration?" Nazimova rolled the word deliciously.

I begged for enlightenment.

"It's because one is not so interesting when one is good as when one is naughty." The narrow eyes gleamed.

"There are so many degrees of naughtiness," continued Nazimova; "so many interesting and different ways of being wicked. But being good——"

Nazimova studied the thin vein of smoke curling from her cigarette.

"—is being good. There are no de-

grees. You are just good. And that settles it."

I admitted the logic and asked for more details anent *Joline*.

"I shouldn't discuss my pictures because I'm still a Metro star, you know. But I really liked *Joline* after she became good. Washing clothes by the stream, I liked her. And when she was at the forest shrine. Yes, I liked her there. But when the war came. No—no!"

"What about 'Toys of Fate?'"

"It was not as good a story. I realize that. But I loved to play a gypsy."

I suggested that Nazimova had made the little gypsy a vivid figure. And I mentioned the gypsy girl's pose—legs far apart, half defiant, wholly devil-may-care.

"Perhaps—perhaps because I know the gypsy," said Nazimova. "Perhaps because I *am* a gypsy at heart."

Next we disposed of the screen's future.

"Stories are so impossible and futile," commented Nazimova. "Am I not right? They are—what you say—kindergartenish. But producers are trying, trying all the time. Everything is so young. The cheap little makers of cheap pictures are going all the time. And the big producers are doing all they know how to advance. They are business men, of course——"

Nazimova paused. The narrow eyes considered. I knew that Nazimova felt she had committed herself too much. For all her art, she does not let herself forget business.

"How do you like the movies?" The plain, hackneyed question had to be disposed of.

"Oh, I like! It is hard and takes up all your time, but I like."

"Do you find the stage or the screen the more interesting medium of expression?"

Nazimova thought for a moment. "I like the moments when I am not speaking on both the screen and the stage. I do not like to talk. I like the listening times, when I can suggest things by the droop of my body, by my eyes, or my hands. I love pantomime."

Then Nazimova went on to tell of this love of dramatic pantomime back in Russia when she was but fourteen. "Of course, I did not know of motion pictures then. There were no motion pictures in Russia. None here, I guess. But I wrote out a little story and went to a photographer and had about thirty pictures taken while I acted it out. That was my first picture work."

"You haven't answered my

question as to whether you like the stage or films best," I reminded.

Still Nazimova was noncommittal. "I live my parts in both. I cannot say which is the better medium, because, in sinking myself in my characters, I forget all about audiences and cameras, theaters and studios." Somehow I doubted the sincerity of this answer. Nazimova, I couldn't help thinking, said it because it was the right thing to say. Perhaps it was that mischievous gleam in her eyes that made me doubt. Otherwise the way she vividly struck her breast and said, "I feel the parts here—and forget everything," would have impressed me. And, of course, I *should* have been impressed.

Nazimova went on to tell me of her exhausting season of Ibsen at the Plymouth Theater. "I have never worked so hard. To-night it ends, and I shall climb into my car, ride out to my farm at Portchester, and rest for two weeks. No pictures! No theaters! Just my ducks, my dogs, and my books.

"Then I am coming back to pictures and rush, race and work furiously all summer." Nazimova lit a new cigarette. "One must have money."

"Do you go much to the picture theaters?"

"To see myself I go," Nazimova confessed naïvely. (Could all the enigma of age-old sophistication in the Nazimova eyes be sheer naïveté?) "I like to see myself. And sometimes to see big pictures. Griffith's, you know. When I am away from New York with picture companies, there is nothing else to do at night, and I go a lot. Down in New Orleans, when 'Revelation' was being done, I spent all my evenings at the movies.

"I saw Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, William Hart, Charles Chaplin, and many others."

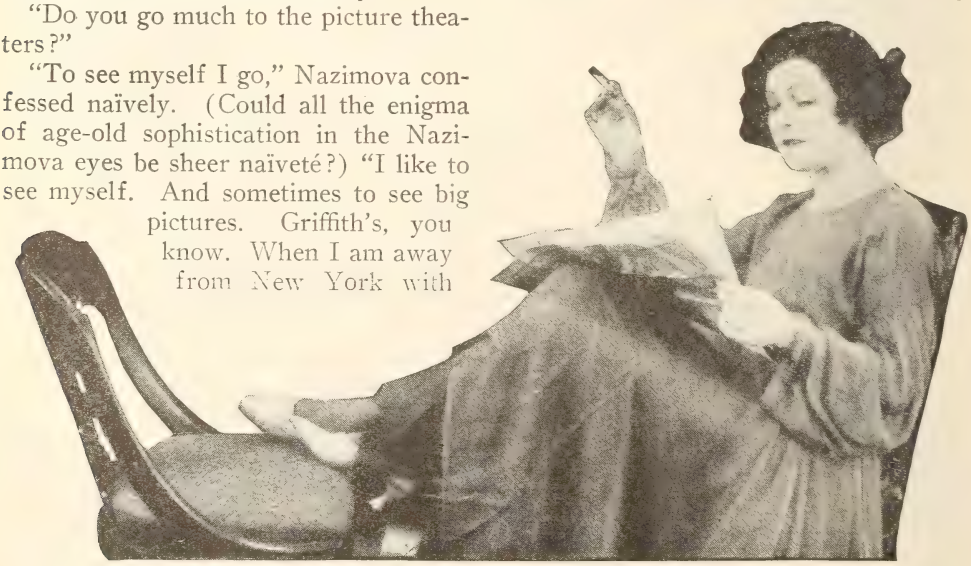
"Do you like Chaplin?" Here was an interesting angle on the comedian.

"Do you?" asked Nazimova. When I confessed that I thought Chaplin highly amusing, I felt that I had lost caste in the star's estimation. Those black-blue eyes flashed wonder and doubt.

"I think he serves his purpose," remarked Nazimova. . . . No, the Nazimova sense of humor is distinctly not Chaplinesque.

"What do you think of Griffith?" I asked. "You know he always presents life in the terms of an ingénue. A little cutie is invariably the heroine."

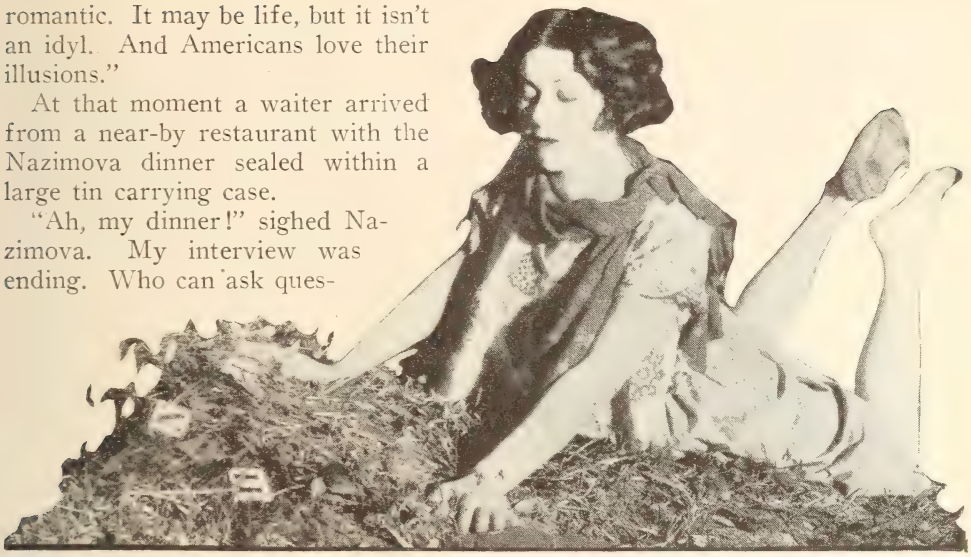
"Griffith knows his audiences," responded Nazimova. "People are interested in youth. Young people, love, and the moon are idyllic. We like to think of life as idyllic. An older woman is not so interesting. When she loves, marries, or divorces, it is not sweetly



romantic. It may be life, but it isn't an idyl. And Americans love their illusions."

At that moment a waiter arrived from a near-by restaurant with the Nazimova dinner sealed within a large tin carrying case.

"Ah, my dinner!" sighed Nazimova. My interview was ending. Who can ask questions of a star whose thoughts are centered on food?



"I'm glad you haven't asked me what I eat," said Nazimova. "Those lady interviewers always ask me that."

The narrow Nazimova eyes—am I never to know whether they are black or blue?—gleamed mischievously.

"Perhaps if you *were* a lady interviewer you could see just what I eat. Because I always disrobe when I eat. I relax and I smoke and I think and I loll about. It's so luxurious to eat!"

But I was seeking my hat from beneath her dressing table.

Those eyes!

STARGAZERS

THE ancient astrologer perched in his tow'r,
And studied the planets and stars by the hour.
He was terribly learned—a wiseacre bore.
A crafty old fellow,
All crooked and yellow,
With a tall, peaked hat—
On his shoulder, a cat—
And long, greasy whiskers that trailed on the floor.

The fashion of stargazing hasn't gone out,
It's the favorite study and pastime, no doubt,
When an hour one would while away, calmly inactive.
Only now it's the screen,
Where the stars are all seen.
The stars in the sky
Are neglected—and why?
The stars of the movies are much more attractive!

ROLAND OLIPHANT.

Fade-Outs

By Frederick James Smith

WHY WE KICKED THE CAT OFF THE PORCH.

We had just seated ourself in the willow rocker. From our pocket we drew the manuscript of an interview handed us by the personal publicity representative.

"It's just a simple little article," she had said, "I've tried merely to draw a faithful pen portrait."

We began to read:

Miss Sallie St. Vitus smiled her fascinating $20,000 a week smile.

"It's so sweet and dear of you to come to see me," she said, shaking her golden ringlets bewitchingly. Her blue eyes—yes, her eyes are of the rarest and most radiant blue—looked directly and sincerely at me. "Now what can I tell you to say to all my perfectly splendid fans?" she went on.

The beautiful star of the Camouflage Film Corporation radiates brilliancy, simplicity—and purity. She is just as unsophisticated off the screen as she is on it. From her simple purple leather slippers and her exquisite scarlet hose to her bewitching hat imported from Paris, she is the dear unassuming little girl of pictureplayland.

I paused in thought. What question was foremost in the minds of Miss St. Vitus' millions of followers? Then I spoke.

"What," I asked breathlessly, "what do you eat for breakfast?"

Miss St. Vitus wrinkled her pretty brow in meditation. What power of concentration was here, belying the usual belief that beauty and brains do not go hand in hand!

"Cereal, fruit, a good sized steak and half a dozen eggs," confided the ethereal Miss St. Vitus simply. The ready and alert reply of the Camouflage Corporation's brilliant star proved her remarkable brain equipment. Here is a little actress who can quickly dispose of the big mental problems.

The gifted Miss St. Vitus. . . .

(Right here the drive on the aforementioned cat started, while, at essentially the same moment, the St. Vitus interview landed among my neighbor's wax beans.)

—o—

Things we're willing to Hooverize On
(September additions to list)

Julian Eltinge's wig

Vamp poses with tiger skins, peacock feathers and cigarettes

Anybody with a message, except a messenger boy
Close-ups of factory whistles to indicate that the poor woiking goil is starting home to her chintz boudoir in the tenement district.
Riots in Petrograd
Automobiles colliding with trains
Trains colliding with Fords

—o—

A wire from the Pacific coast states that a recent California earthquake rolled Mary Thurman, the dramatic suspense of the Mack Sennett comedies, out of bed and that her house "sighed apprehensively." That's our idea of a discriminating 'quake . . . but why did the house sigh . . . apprehensively?

—o—

We ask of directors——

Why do you persist in registering near-wickedness by having your characters read The Police Gazette?

And why—oh, why—does a player grope about a room and never discover a dead body until he stumbles over it just in front of the camera?

And—once again—why do the young flappers who inhabit movie (so called) "refined seminaries" always sneer and laugh openly at the poor little heroine?

And—this is the last and—why are movie landladies always such merciless beings?

Suggestions to Magazine Editors

Why not run pictures of stars playing ukuleles?

Why not print informal snaps of stars reading your magazine, the cover plainly showing?
Why not run an interview labeled, "A Day in the Studio with Jane Jones"?

—o—

Margarita Fischer has changed her name to Fisher, disliking any possible pro-German interpretation of the cognomen.

Make your own wheezes about the Fisher and the C.

—o—

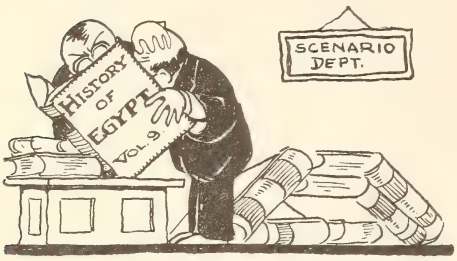
Getting the Real Atmosphere

How these directors are sticklers for detail. Two weeks ago one corporation erected a whole Tennessee mountain village in Rockland County, N. Y., while another built a Northwestern lumber camp in the Tennessee hills. But one must have accuracy, mustn't one?

—o—

Imagine the gnashing of teeth now going on in Potsdam! Ford Sterling has decided that his old German comedy make-up is a breach of wartime etiquette, or something, and changed to a disguise utterly un-German.

William Fox rises to defend the clothes Theda Bara doesn't wear as the Egyptian siren in "Cleopatra."



Mr. Fox declares that the whole thing is done entirely for historical accuracy. He points out that "to have ignored the data which have come down through the centuries on the costumes and customs of Cleopatra's time would have made the picture ridiculous and of no historical value."

Mr. Fox's conscientious efforts in behalf of accuracy is most laudable. Shall a pair of pearl suspenders stand in the way of historical accuracy? No, say we, NO!

—o—

Mary Garden's press agent tells us that:

"Once a newspaper woman asked her the time. Mary unclasped her bracelet watch. 'Keep this,' she said. It was platinum, diamond sprinkled."

We're going to interview Miss Garden at the earliest possible moment—and our first question is going to be the price of gasoline.

—o—

California state officials are said to be displeased over Bluebird's "The Guilt of Silence" because it shows a real blizzard, thereby seriously damaging popular illusions regarding the "sunshine state."

Here is a serious menace to the screen. What is to prevent other states from taking up this atmospheric phenomena campaign?

The possibilities are horrible!

Consider Arizona protesting desert stuff, Maine demanding that thunderstorm effects be eliminated, and Florida barring sunset fade-outs!

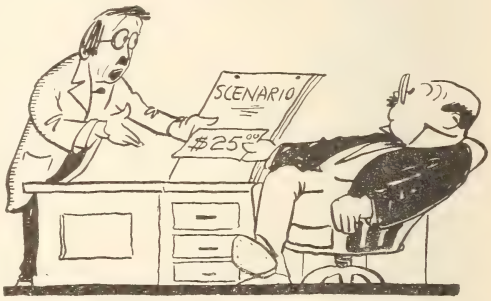
—o—

At last a director has hit upon the fanciful and idyllic charm of New York life. We have seen many efforts to portray the whirl of Manhattan, but this is the first serious effort to catch the placid beauty of the metropolis. The subway rush has been filmed in George M. Cohan's "Hit-the-Trail Holliday."

—o—

The Seven Ages of a Movie Company

1. Prospective magnate sees prospective star, third from the left end at the Winter Garden.
2. Magnate signs up press agent at $125 per week.
3. Sumptuous offices, fitted with mahogany, secured.
4. Director signed at $500 per week.



5. Magnate issues statement that the industry is only in its infancy.
6. Star issues statement demanding better stories for the screen.
7. Scenario is purchased from somewhere for $25.

—o—

Maurice Tourneur says the psychological effect of the war is going to

bring shorter pictures, that people are too restless now to sit through long productions. Well, there's no great loss without some small gain.

—o—

Maybe it's Athens, Pa.

A sculptor has requested Billie Rhodes, the tabloid comedienne of cute architecture, to do "a pose au naturel a la Grecque," which . . . well, anyway . . . the sculptor's name is Demetrious Polopoulos and he hails from Philadelphia . . . the statue is to be called "Joy" . . . Yes. . . . Philadelphia . . . you never can tell.

—o—

Things That Worry Us

Muriel Ostriche using astringents to pull her facial skin into the lines of a Chinese girl.

Bert Lytell shooting a shark on the California coast during the taking of a seacoast scene.

Evelyn Greeley cabling to Japan to one of her Japanese admirers to get special silks for a forthcoming production.

—o—

More Modesty

The Dolly Sisters invade the screen with this heralding: "Every household talks of them, every magazine writes of them."

The manager of the Central Park Theater in Chicago has placed dictaphones under all the seats of his thea-

ter and in his lobby. These connect with his office, so that he hears the criticisms of his patrons. This fellow missed his vocation. He should be a baseball umpire!

—o—

Super-Modesty Item

Ivan Abramson has just announced himself as "the Shakespeare of the screen." He predicts that his forthcoming effort, poetically titled "When Men Betray," (written and directed by Ivan Abramson), "will undoubtedly achieve greater artistic success than any photoplay ever written" and that "it will prove the greatest box-office attraction of any photoplay ever screened." We take it that Ivan has considerable confidence in himself as a director, in fact, almost as much confidence as he has in his writing.

—o—

Our Own Popularity Contest

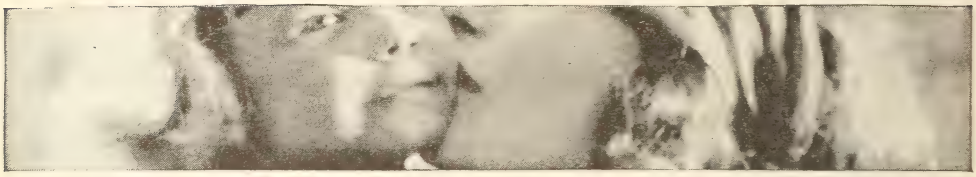
The fan magazines like to run popularity contests, with awards to the players having the most versatility, beauty, charm, and so on. But our idea of a popularity ballot is something different. For instance, here's the way we'd vote just now.

1. Alice Joyce's eyes
2. Vola Vale's mouth
3. Louise Fazenda's freckles
4. Fannie Ward's ankles
5. Mary Thurman's—er—generally speaking.

Lips Cannot Lie

If Eyes are the Windows of the Soul, the Lips are its Portals—and reveal far more.

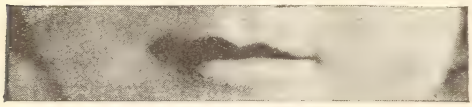
By Muriel Graham



Elsie Ferguson has the trusting mouth of a little child; so of course has "Baby" Ivy Ward.

WHAT does your mouth silently reveal?

Does it betray the sternness of a grim general, the confidence of a successful business man, the allure of a social butterfly, or the weakness of failure? Have you, fair lady, a "cigarette lip?"



The thoughtful lips of Ann Little.

Right under your nose, you will find the true story of what you are and have been and long to be. Your eyes may be twin wonders, but they are what nature and the oculist have given you. Most persons have to struggle along with the nose found on the premises, without alterations. But your mouth is largely what you yourself make it, and is the true index of your character.

A pleasant smile of middle life.

What, for instance, is the picture that rises before you when I say "Doug Fairbanks?" His smile, of course. His eyes are not particularly expressive; his nose is hardly a million-dollar-a-year feature. But Fairbanks' smile is without doubt the best known in the world. In every remote corner of civilization where the movies have penetrated, that cheerful grin is familiar. His smile is indicative of his character; for optimism is his creed of life, the spirit in which he works and plays, eats and writes. To use his own words, he "laughs and lives."

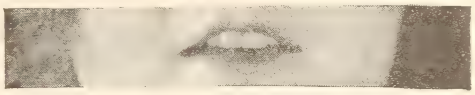
Observe the mouth of Marguerite Clark in repose and speaking. In the first picture firmness with repression is written large, although a love of beauty is evident in the full lower lip. When she speaks, the repression vanishes, and there is just a trace of coquetry in the lift of her lips at the corners.

Compare Billie Burke's mouth with

The best-known smile in the whole world.

Marguerite's. Nowhere is the difference in character more forcibly shown than in this feature. Miss Burke's mouth is adorable, charming, naïve. It shows neither repression nor experience. Despite her long screen and footlight career, it is essentially the unkissed mouth of girlhood.

In no feature does age or maturity show itself more readily and clearly than in the mouth and the lines surrounding it. Yet Elsie Ferguson has full lips, almost pouting, but beautifully curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow; a rare type of mouth in a woman who has reached maturity. There is something almost as childlike in her caress as in the baby face of little Ivy Ward, whom she kisses in "The Doll's House." Compare Ivy's smile with the tight-lipped but none the less inspired smile of middle age—that of Theodore Roberts, an active and genial worker in Lasky stock.



In repose, Marguerite's mouth expresses repression; but into her smile creeps coquetry.

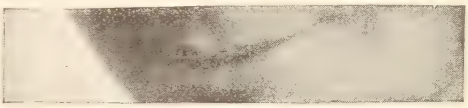
Ann Little's lips are beautifully modeled and very expressive. They show intensity, and, despite their sweetness, a thoughtfulness that merges almost into gravity. Their charm is much enhanced by the firmly rounded cheeks and chin. From the mouth alone you would know that she might tease occasionally, but could never be cruel.

A charm that's Billie's own.

Dorothy "Dimple" Dalton smiles from her heart.

Wally Reid, with whom Miss Little has long been associated, has a far dissimilar mouth. In its lines are expressed confidence foremost, undeniable good nature, and success.

Then there is the justly famous dimpled smile of Dorothy Dalton. It is enticing, elusive, enchanting. Just as you think there is to be more of it, it is suddenly gone. Here we are fortunate in catching it coming. The short and thin upper lip is indicative of mentality; it is a characteristic which denotes the progress of the race. There is whole-heartedness in Dorothy's smile, evident in the dimples, the fullness of the lower lip, and the frank showing of an even double row of white teeth.



Wally's smile spells confidence.

In comparing the different emotions which two beautiful eyes and the beautiful mouth of a woman awaken, an Italian authority draws a curious conclusion. In the first case, he says, you are struck with admiration, inspired, exalted; but she whose mouth fascinates you, twines you round, belongs to you, possesses you—at least in the realms of fancy.

The eye is the azure heaven to which none may attain; but the mouth is the earth, with its perfumes, its ardors, and its promise of fruitfulness.

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on recent releases, by one of New York's leading authorities on matters pertaining to the screen.

By Peter Milne

IN New York there are about two dozen persons, male and female, whose regular business it is to review the new motion-picture productions. The majority of these reviewers spend most of their time in projection rooms. When they can find an hour or two, between pictures, they repair to their several offices and give egress to their opinions to the tune of the typewriter's merry clickaty-clack.

Now, the mental attitude of such a reviewer is considerably different from the true motion-picture patron who goes to the theater in search of entertainment. The motion-picture fan pays his money and seeks only to be entertained. The reviewer pays no money, in fact, is himself on the receiving end of the transaction, and *dares* the producer to entertain him with his ten or twenty or thirty or forty-thousand-dollar brain children.

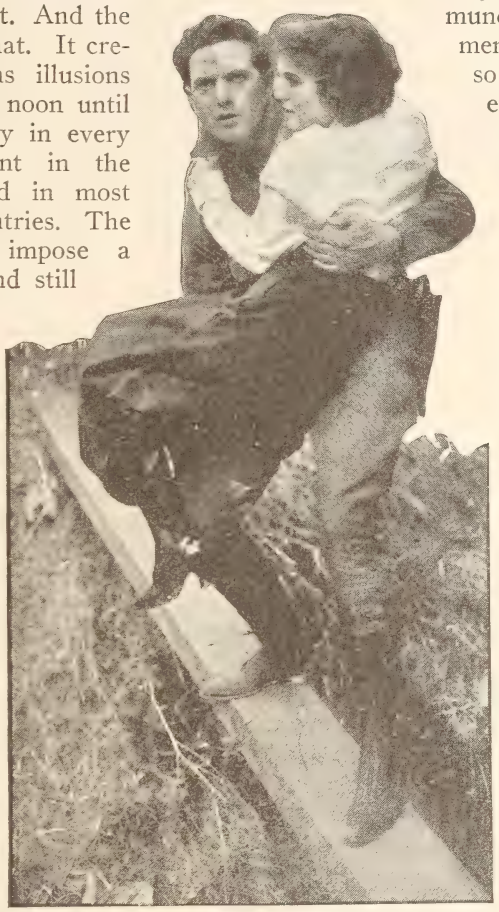
And so these reviewers—some of them—become superanalytical, hypercritical, and, quite often, cynical. Many of them declare themselves "writers," and, mounting a pedestal of their own building, survey the many million picturegoers of this country with a condescending eye. They dwell—among themselves—on the foolishness of picture stories, and pretend to marvel at the gullibility of the fan. That he should countenance such things!

They are all wrong. They have come to the terrible point when they look on the ordinary mortal as benighted. These critics tell me that the making of motion pictures is not

Suggestive of the atmosphere of the Alps is "The Street of Seven Stars."

art. They tell me that the futuristic paintings and the horrible *vers libre* are arts. To me these things are guessing contests and puzzles. To me the motion picture is real art. That which creates and maintains an illusion is an art. And the picture does just that. It creates and maintains illusions continuously from noon until midnight every day in every human settlement in the United States and in most other civilized countries. The government can impose a heavy tax on it and still not affect its compelling power. A wonderfully strong illusion this, when we stop to consider that the illusions created by the alcoholic mixtures, supposedly so deadly, are not being patronized so well now that they are heavily taxed.

There are many things that contribute to the perfect illusion. Take the music of the theater, the surroundings, the company. Take the title of the picture. Take, for instance, "The Street of Seven Stars." Here romance is suggested in an instant. You can hear the faint strains of the banjo droning out a melody beneath milady's window. And if the orchestra leader doesn't slip and introduce a ukulele motif, you remain in the atmosphere of romance and watch Doris Kenyon, a real beauty, float delightfully through reels of romance that have an atmosphere of Paris and the Alps. To come back to things mundane again—not inferring that Miss Kenyon is the least bit mundane—it might be mentioned that she is so pretty that one can excuse the fact that she is not as yet skilled as an actress. The picture, by the way, is the initial production of the De Luxe Pictures, Inc., a company formed expressly to make Miss Kenyon's fair face as well known to the public throughout the rest of the country as it is in the well-lighted part of Manhattan Isle. It was adapted from a magazine story by no less an author than Mary Roberts Rinehart, and was directed by Jack O'Brien.



They have been putting Rawlinson "through" the paces and "through" in the titles of his pictures.

I do not wish to be misunderstood as claiming that every picture is successful in creating and maintaining an illusion. But the majority of them are, whether they do it after the manner of William S. Hart, with the desert and dance hall as the main settings, or in the manner of the emotional actress of the golden-haired, delightfully unsophisticated ingénue, or, finally, in the manner of the poet.

Charles Ray, in "His Own Home Town," is the misunderstood boy who becomes a successful young man.

This last is the way in which the illusion is maintained in "Prunella," a whimsical little love story of Pierrot and Pierrette, in which that exquisite actress, Marguerite Clark, is seen at her childish best. I know an exhibitor who insists that there is no room for such productions as "Prunella" and "The Blue Bird," dismissing them with the remark that "dey is too highbrow for dis here clientele of mine." And maybe he is right, for his theater is usually decorated with sensational posters bearing pictures of melodramatic scenes with such "third-act" lines as "Quick, the papers!" underneath them. But you who also like better things—I'll confess a fondness for *good* melodrama—"Prunella" is the picture to meet your exacting tastes. It was adapted by Charles Maigne from Miss Clark's last stage success of the same name by Granville Barker and Laurence Housman, and was produced under the artistic direction of Maurice Tourneur.

Pathé's "The Yellow Ticket," in which the ever-youthful Fannie Ward is presented, takes one back to the Russia of old when there were a czar, a secret police, and other unpleasant institutions calculated to make life miserable for the submerged nine-tenths. The play had a long Broadway run, a fact which, though not always a sure indication of a picture's success, seems to have been in this case. The yellow ticket was a card presented to the Russian women of doubtful character, affording them entrée into any city. Jewesses, however, were not allowed to enter St. Petersburg unless they possessed the damning ticket. So when the heroine, *Anna,* must perforce go to the capital to see her dying father, she accepts the badge of dishonor as a passport. The drama arises from her love for an American newspaper man—Milton Sills—and the relentless persecution of her by the Okrana, or secret police. In a climax that grips like a vise, *Anna* is finally freed from the grasp of this body by the quick wit of the newspaper man. The play was by Michael Morton, and those who worked on it in the capacity of adapter and director were respectively Tom Cushing and William Parke.

The comedies of the month are as varied as a trip across the continent, and most of them as entertaining. George Michael Cohan's third picture, "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," in which, as in the play, he triumphs for temperance

J. Stuart Blackton's "Missing" is the best war story of the month.

after the manner of Billy Sunday, is, in the vernacular, "full of pep and jazz." In fact, the picture has more pep and jazz than plot and story. The Artcraft people relied perhaps just a little too much on the Cohan personality to put over the picture. There is a wonderful speech on temperance that lasts about a reel. Though howlingly funny, it is also full of logic. There is, moreover, a slight love interest, and the usual flag waving of the Cohan play to the credit of the picture, be it said. The film represents a wonderful combination of talent, John Emerson and Anita Loos having prepared the scenario for the direction of Marshall Neilan.

Personally, despite the Cohan play, the Cohan pep and personality, if I were sitting on a jury to decide the best comedy which I have seen within the month preceding this writing, my vote would be cast for Paramount's "Believe Me, Xantippe," for first, second, and third choice. The author of this piece was Frederick Ballard, and some years ago it won a prize for him at the Harvard School of Playwrighting. It delighted on the stage, and it delights as a picture with that handsome and thoroughly easy young actor, Wallace Reid, as the young man who always exclaims, "Believe Me, Xantippe!" instead of "damn!" He makes a bet with his friends that he can evade the law for the period of a year despite the fact that a crime is fastened to his name. Humorous complications follow thick and fast, until finally we find the young hero winning a bride and his bet besides.

The story was handled excellently in the adaptation which Olga Printzlau made, and Director Donald Crisp has evidenced that he knows comedy values. Ann Little is the girl, and a bold and very wicked bandit is well played by James Cruze.

Pathé has a brace of comedies in "More Trouble," featuring Frank Keenan, and "Kidder & Ko," with Bryant Washburn. The former is the story of a business man who discovers that his son, newly graduated from college, has no faults. He doesn't smoke or drink, and actually wants to work. What is father's dismay, therefore, to encounter, in the course of time, several bills on his desk which might, and very pointedly do, indicate that son is going the pace that kills. In fact, the pace has killed father's business before long, but then it is discov-

ered that some one else has been signing son's name to the bills. This story is treated in humorous vein, and, with capable assisting performances by Jack Gilbert and Roberta Wilson and a veritable stellar characterization by Frank Keenan, makes capital entertainment. The Washburn picture shows a prodigal son making good on a bluff, and while it possesses its comedy moments, it fails to be altogether interesting because of its lack of substance and the cloudiness of some of its passages.

Goldwyn's "The Fair Pretender" brings Madge Kennedy again, and that vastly popular leading man, Tom Moore. They appear in an irresistible farce written by Florence C. Bolles. In it, both of them, masquerading as people of importance, meet at a house party. And neither is important at all, really. The two last reels of this are filled with humor of a fine quality. The only trouble with the story is that it required considerable footage and lots of only mildly interesting action to establish the situation from which the comedy is extracted. Miss Kennedy plays in a rôle admirably suited to her, and as for Tom—well, what comedy rôle is *not* suited to Tom, anyway?

Universal has a comedy thriller in "Smashing Through." Ever since Herbert Rawlinson made such a hit in "Come Through," they have been putting him "through" the paces and putting "through" in the titles of his pictures. Walter Woods, the author of this, the latest of the series, worked on the principle of the serial when he dashed it off. He conjured up stunts galore and hitched them together with a thin thread of melodrama. The film begins to get funny toward the end, but not irritatingly so. There are so many stunts that the value of the later ones is lessened. But it's good comedy. And Mr. Rawlinson certainly deserves credit for being alive to-day when each stunt is considered.

"The Man Hunt," a World picture starring Ethel Clayton, shows her as an heiress who sets her eyes on one of her employees and decides she wants to marry him. The man, foolish enough to resist Miss Clayton for a while, eventually capitulates. Rockliffe Fellowes is the man. He showed admirable firmness of purpose in turning down Miss Clayton's recurrent offer of marriage throughout four thousand, two hundred and eighty-five feet, but in the last hundred, however, he was as putty in her hands. Ordinarily a woman uses more subtle means to make her capture, and so "The Man Hunt" may be called burlesque, and, in addition, very good burlesque.

There are some fine examples of picture drama revealed in current productions. Cecil De Mille's "Old Wives for New," an Artcraft release based on a novel by David Graham Phillips, has been termed by many the perfect picture of the year. Mr. Phillips' story concerns in part a wife, who, after her marriage, forgets to give herself that attention and "grooming" necessary to retain her youth and loveliness. Her husband, on the other hand, is still young after twenty years of married life. The break comes between the two in a series of highly dramatic episodes, each individual working toward an end apart from the other. The aims of the author have been well realized on the screen, and in "Old Wives for New" there is more food for thought than one finds in the average picture. Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts, and Florence Vidor divide acting honors. As for the star, that honor should be given to Cecil De Mille himself. He proves here that a director, as well as an actor, can be the distinctive personality in a production.

Hobart Henley, who, by the way, is the only director alive who has remained with Goldwyn long enough to become at all acclimated to Goldwyn

surroundings, is responsible for the direction of Mae Marsh's most recent picture, "All Woman." Mr. Henley seems to know how to handle this clever little star better than any director under whom she has worked since leaving the Griffith management. At any rate, her work in "All Woman" is a treat not to be missed.

Mae Marsh's work in "All Woman" is a treat not to be missed.

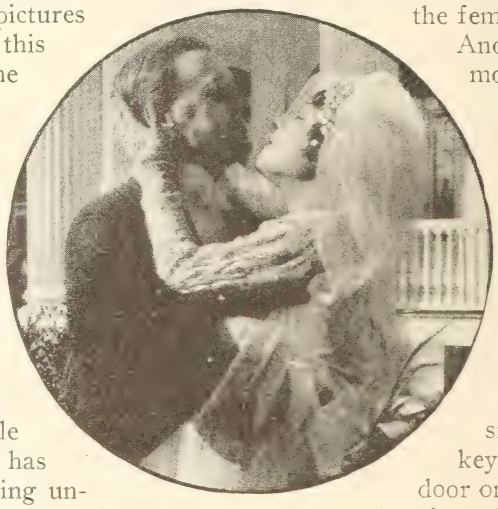
Harry Morey, Vitagraph star, seems to have a preference for words beginning with a V. He has been with Vitagraph almost as long as the name, and he is never anything but virile and virtuous in the parts he undertakes. In "The Golden Goal" he is a stalwart dock hand who rises to prominence in the business world, and when a climax arrives, he holds the power to make or break his employer. The feminine interest of the story is contributed by Florence Deshon and Jean Paige, two very striking young ladies. Lawrence McCloskey prepared the story for Paul Scardon's direction.

"Toys of Fate," from Metro, turns out to be Madame Nazimova's picture in every way. Here is an actress whose lightning changes of expression, whose vitality and spontaneity ideally fit her for screen work. "Toys of Fate," issued as a Screen Classic, is by no means on a par with her "Revelation," but Nazimova's acting succeeds in carrying it over its few weak spots. One leaves with the impression of having witnessed a perfectly satisfactory picture, and of having watched a great actress.

"De Luxe Annie" is the crook melodrama at its best, which means that it must have something to offer out of the ordinary. It certainly has, both in the presence of Norma Talmadge in the title rôle, and in the sustaining quality of the story, which was adapted from the play by Edward Clark. It pictures a happily married woman suffering from an attack of aphasia and becoming a notorious society crook, while her frantic husband tries vainly to restore her memory. He finally takes her friend from the underworld into his confidence, and he, who loves her so well, influences her to undergo the operation which restores her to her proper sphere. Eugene O'Brien, the gentleman of the screen, plays the

crook and seems just a little too polite. His acting, however, is rare. Frank Mills is the unhappy husband.

For some time past the publicity department at the World Film Corporation have been harping on the fact that the company has taken on new writers and new directors, and that the product would be remarkably improved. "The Interloper," with Kitty Gordon, is the first of the pictures produced under this new régime, and the World people treated us to a pleasant surprise when this picture showed that they were living up to everything they had promised. But the most amazing thing about it is the easy, expressive style that Miss Gordon has taken on since coming under this new direction. On closer inspection the "new direction" proves to be Oscar Apfel, the man who, if we remember correctly, taught Cecil De Mille the ins and outs of the motion-picture studio some several years ago. So, after all, why shouldn't we notice an improvement in Miss Gordon's work? The story shows her as the second wife of a man who believed his first wife an angel. Wife number two becomes exasperated at being obliged to live in the shadow of her predecessor, and eventually discovers from the villain that she wasn't such a model of virtue, after all. But this she refrains from telling her husband.



"Toys of Fate" turns out to be Mme. Nazimova's picture in every way.

Charles Ray, in "His Own Home Town," is the abused, misunderstood boy from the fair-sized town of Warchester, controlled by one corrupt politician. He is turned from his father's door, his father being a minister under the wing of the politician, and is driven from town because he is misunderstood. He returns, not the prodigal, but as a successful young man. He inaugurates a clean-up week in Warchester, finally putting the politician and his father to rout. And there is a love story, too, the prettier because Katherine MacDonald provides the feminine interest.

And now turn to the month's array of social-problem pictures. What a dreary array the field would present minus them, at least so reason the producers who make capital of the vampire and the man who insists on turning the key and locking the door on a poor, defenseless heroine. There are two good examples of this type of picture in Paralta's "Shackled," which features Louise Glaum, and in Paramount's "Her Final Reckoning," with Pauline Frederick. The former is the dramatically presented story of a woman with a past, whose real love comes when the villain has left her. The latter is a dramatically presented story of a woman with a past, et cetera, et cetera. In other words, they are very much alike underneath, but on the surface they assume totally different appearances. The first is a directly developed drama, written expressly for the screen; the second, a stage adaptation which begins in the middle, and works both backward and forward by turns. Both may be described as gripping, due to careful direction and performances, which, from stars down through all the

members of the supporting casts, are nothing if not adequate.

Once in a while a producer harps on matters of sex with such constancy that he loses all perspective. Such a disaster has overtaken Ivan Abramson, whose latest potpourri is entitled "When Men Betray." Mr. Abramson has styled himself the Shakespeare of the screen. I presume Mr. Abramson refers to the Avon gentleman's tragedies when so speaking—although he might possibly mean the comedies. The only difference is that Shakespeare wrote comedy and tragedy by intent. In "When Men Betray," Mr. Abramson wrote both comedy and tragedy by mistake. All but one of the characters in his picture are—naughty. How that one survived, I do not know. Please, Mr. Abramson, look about and see whether you cannot discover a greater percentage of virtue in the world than you discovered in "When Men Betray," and so make your next production just a little more human.

Ever-youthful Fannie Ward takes us back to the Russia of old in "The Yellow Ticket."

Other pictures in which social problems dominate are the two Paramount pictures, "The Mating of Marcella," with Dorothy Dalton, and "The Bravest Way," with Sessue Hayakawa, which is in part the usual story of the great sacrifice of the Japanese hero, and a World film with June Elvidge, called "The Oldest Law." But none of these three is convincing. They are, all of them, entertaining at times, because of good performances and generally good productions, but they lack in strength.

There is a lot about the romance of the African night and a man who wears earrings, in Clara Kimball Young's "The Claw," an adaptation from a novel by Cynthia Stockley, but the plot is so inconsistent as pictured, and so mechanical, that it fails to arouse one to real interest. Milton Sills and Jack Holt lead a capable supporting cast.

The grim panorama of war forms the background for five of the current pictures. Of these, J. Stuart Blackton's "Missing," adapted from a story by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is the best. It is very sad, and shows the manner in which a young English wife is led to believe her husband missing from his regiment by a conniving sister who desires her to marry a rich man. The sting of this very melodramatic lady's presence is removed by the character of the rich man, who is lame and in sympathy with the mourning little wife, and by beautiful treatment of the story. The cast includes Sylvia Bramer, Robert Gordon, and Thomas Meighan. James Young directed it.

William A. Brady's extensively heralded production, "Stolen Orders," with a cast including Kitty Gordon, Carlyle Blackwell, June Elvidge, Montagu Love, and George MacQuarrie, turns out to be quite an interesting melodrama, handicapped, however, by a laborious introduction. There are some glimpses of a dance aboard one of the United States battleships that lend an additional note of color to the story.

Wallace Reid scores another success in "The Firefly of France," in which he runs headlong into romance and the German secret service while traveling to France to take up duties in an aviation squadron. It is based on a magazine story by Marion Polk Angelotti, and is crowded with action, mystery, and thrills from first to last.

The Bluebird offering entitled "A Broadway Scandal," shows the manner in which the war sent a scatterbrained young American doctor back to his country with a better viewpoint, ready to receive the love of a little French actress, when before he had thought all Frenchwomen frivolous. Carmel Myers gives what I believe to be the best performance of her career as the actress, and Edwin August endeavors to look young as the doctor.

Triangle's "The Last Rebel" is a romance rising out of the Civil War. This may be taken in the nature of a revival. The modern producer seldom goes back that far these days. The story presented is interesting, despite the fact that forty years are passed over in the middle of the picture. Joe King and Belle Bennett, in dual rôles, acquit themselves creditably.

"Cecilia of the Pink Roses," with Marion Davies, erstwhile of the musical stage, is a well-produced story, in which the blond beauty of the star is seen to much better advantage than in her first production, "Runaway Romany."

"The Firebrand," a story of the Russian revolution, is an emotional drama, with Virginia Pearson shedding all the tears. She appears first as the proud aristocrat who misunderstands the deeds of the hero, a revolutionist, believing he has murdered her uncle without cause. When she discovers, however, that it was her uncle's German leanings which caused her brother's death at the front, she suffers a change of heart.

"The Guilt of Silence" is a Bluebird co-starring Monroe Salisbury and Ruth Clifford, and the marvelous beauty of its snow scenes helps to put it across.

A VERY BIG "IF"

IF Charlie Chaplin reformed his feet,
And "Fatty" Arbuckle refused to eat,
If Bryant and Dustin lost their smiles,
Or both stopped acting to spend their piles,
If Wallie and Francis X. caught smallpox—
Wouldn't the movies be in a box?

If Mary's bright ringlets lost all their curl,
And Marguerite Clark didn't stay "little girl,"
If the dauntless Pearl fell over a cliff
Or Dorothy Dalton quit in a tiff,
If Douglas all of a sudden went lame—
What would become of the movie game?

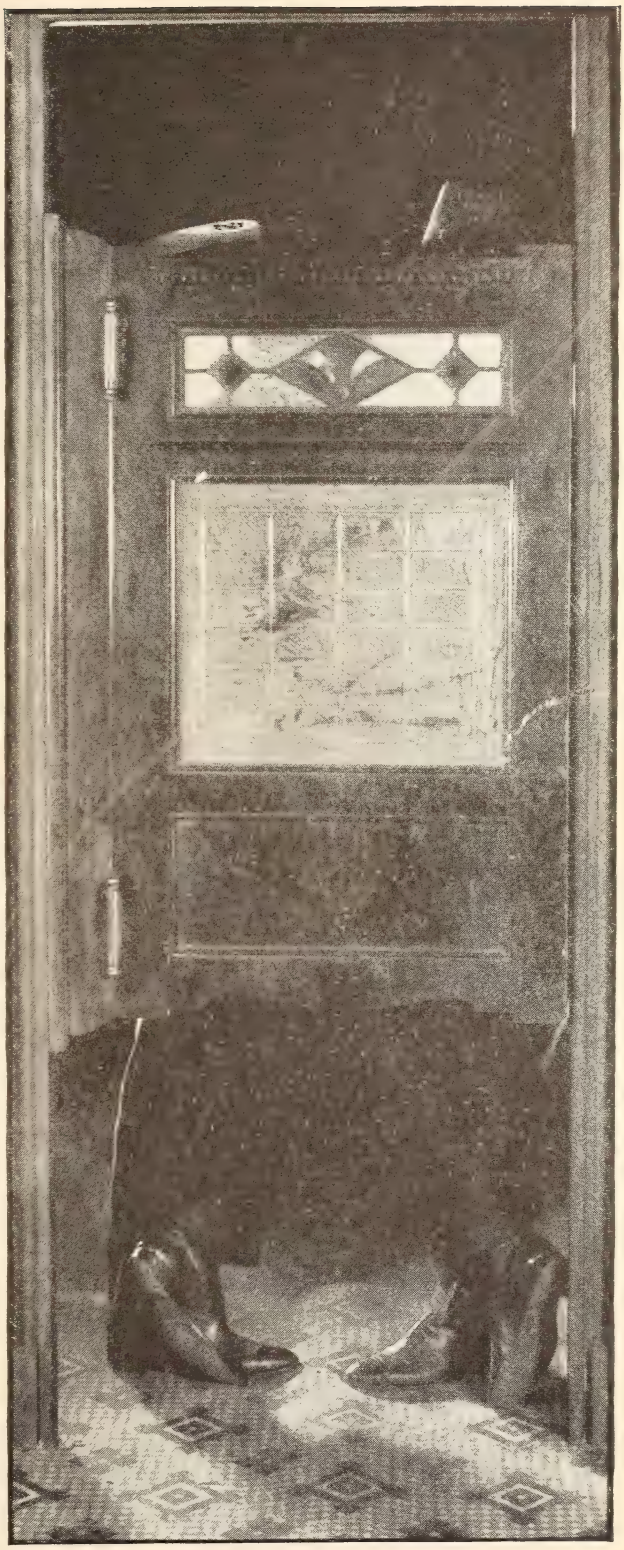
The movies would be in a pickle, 'tis true,
But what, Movie Fan, would become of you?
When you'd closed your desk, and wanted some fun,
Or the table was cleared, and the dishes were done—
You'd be all dressed up—and no place to go
If there wasn't a single movie show!

HELEN JOYCE.

On the Quiet

A secret marriage—a lost certificate—a fortune of sixteen million dollars—a blackmailer and a snooping society reporter—these are a few elements of this amusing comedy of errors.

By Selma Howe



I CAN'T ask you to marry me," said Robert Ridgeway, "and face life with only four million dollars between you and starvation!"

"I know," said Agnes Colt. "If my brother only approved of you, I'd have my full twenty millions. It was such a foolish will of father's to fix it so that Horace had to approve of our marriages. Of course, he'd like to see me marry a duke, as Ethel did. Then, too, those awful pictures of you——"

"Agnes," Robert's voice was despairing, "I've explained to you over and over that I was leading that drunken man out of the saloon, not into it. Hang that meddling society reporter that took them! The way that bum had his arm around my neck—when I was only trying to lead the poor wretch away from temptation! Good heavens! After the way I've reformed just to please you—I haven't been inside a swinging door for months! And then to have that meddling little re-

porter snap me in such a compromising position and show the pictures to your brother! You believe me, don't you?"

"Oh, of course, I do, Robert; but my brother doesn't. The only thing that would ever satisfy Horace would be for you to accept his own conditions and go back to Yale for four years."

"Good heavens!" Robert groaned. "And I was kicked out of Yale once!" Suddenly he straightened up. "But I'll do it, though, on one condition. Will you marry me first? We can keep the marriage secret. Will you do it, Agnes?"

"I will," said Agnes.

So Robert's father, the judge, married them secretly and afterward Horace gave his formal consent to their being engaged. And that is how it happened that Robert Ridgeway, a married man —although nobody knew it—happened to be in bachelor quarters at Yale, entertaining the Duke of Carbondale.

When Agnes' sister Ethel had wished to marry the duke, their brother had been delighted and had signed over, without a word, her entire twenty millions, the amount which each of the girls was to receive if he approved of their marriages. But the marriage evidently was not proving all that brother had hoped.

"I'm madly in love with Ethel," the unhappy duke confided to Robert, "but I don't believe she cares anything for me. I'm afraid she married me just for my title."

"Nonsense!" scoffed the encouraging Robert. "I'll tell you how you could find out, though. See if you can make her jealous. If she cares anything for you, it will show up then."

"I was leading that drunken man out of the saloon, not into it."

He paused a moment, thinking.

"I'll tell you what. There's a musical show here in town. We'll get a couple of the chorus girls up here for breakfast and then send your wife an anonymous telegram, warning her what her husband is doing. I'll miss my guess if that doesn't bring her packing down here in a hurry, and you'll see just how much she really does care."

It was an easy matter to arrange. It might have worked out beautifully, too, just as Robert planned it, if Ethel's sister, Agnes, hadn't lost her brand-new marriage certificate.

Robert had mailed the certificate with a loving little note to Agnes for safekeeping. But before she had had time to keep it at all, it fell out of her purse which she had opened to give a coin to a beggar. It blew along the sidewalk and straight into the hands of one Tim McGeachey.

Now, of all people into whose hands this certificate could have fallen, there was probably no one who would have made worse or more immediate use of it than this same McGeachey.

He had been a confidence man, and had mixed up in too many crooked deals not to realize at a glance the value of such a document. He knew that Hix, for example, the meddling reporter for *Society Slushings,* would consider it worth its weight in gold. But McGeachey also knew that if Hix would be eager to publish the news, the little bride would be still more eager to prevent its publication.

His first call frightened Agnes almost to death. She was not used to blackmailers and their ways, and when McGeachey demanded a thousand dollars by the next morning, it wasn't the money that worried her; "it was the principle of the thing." So she did the most natural thing in the world. Inside of ten minutes, she was on her way to her husband.

Horace gave his formal consent to their being engaged.

McGeachey, arriving the next morning to find his quarry flown, decided that the person next most likely to pay a good price for the certificate would be Robert Ridgeway. So McGeachey, too, boarded the train for New Haven.

In the meantime, Agnes' sister was having her worries, too. The telegram saying that her husband was breakfasting with chorus girls—though of course she did not believe it—worried Ethel so much that she decided to go straight to Robert Ridgeway's rooms and see for herself. And she took Horace along. Nobody knew exactly how Hix, the reporter, happened to take the same train for New Haven. But Hix had a little way of turning up wherever anything exciting was likely to happen.

The first to arrive was Agnes, tear-stained, disheveled after an all-night motor ride. From that moment Robert was all out of the notion of a breakfast party for chorus girls. It would have been well enough to help a worried duke out of a little doubt, but when one's own wife was going to be mixed up in the matter—well, that put things in an entirely different light.

While Agnes was removing the travel stains in Robert's bedroom, Robert and the duke hastily bundled the elaborately laid breakfast table and all signs of dissipation into an adjoining sitting room. The duke, too, was losing his taste for the little adventure.

At this moment there was a knock at the door and Robert opened it to face the invited guests, dressed in all the gayety and elegance of which a chorus girl is capable. Robert tried to keep them from entering his sitting room.

"The party's off," he said hoarsely.

But his guests were not the kind to be easily discouraged.

"We came up here to see a real live duke," said one, pushing her way past Robert's frantic blockade. "Where is he?"

Where, indeed? The Duke of Carbondale had deserted Robert in this, his moment of greatest need. There were footsteps outside in the hall, and Tim McGeachey appeared at the door. Robert's desperate eyes lighted on him.

"Right in here," he said, dragging in the dumfounded McGeachey. "Ladies, this is his grace, the Duke of Carbondale."

He bundled the three into the next sitting room. McGeachey was surprised, but acquiescent. He always took any little thing which came his way, and when he caught a glimpse of the attractive table with its delicious breakfast, he waived the formality of his introduction. After all, canteloupe would taste as sweet to the Duke of Carbondale as to any other name.

Relieved for the moment, Robert returned to his own rooms and Agnes. But his relief was short-lived. There was a rap at the door and Ridgeway opened it to face his father, the only one who knew of his marriage with Agnes.

"Your brother is on his way here," Judge Ridgeway explained to Agnes. "He summoned me to meet him here as his attorney, something about your sister and the duke, I believe."

Agnes and Robert faced each other in horror.

"Horace on his way here! If he finds us together, it's good night sixteen million dollars!"

The three considered for a few moments what could be done. Robert's attention was distracted from time to time by bursts of laughter from the breakfast party in the next room. He was afraid Agnes would become curious about them.

"If I could only get over to Port Jefferson to the Remington girls," said Agnes, "I could tell Horace I'd stayed there last night and to-day."

"That's only across the Sound," said the relieved Robert; "you can go over in my yacht." He looked out of the

window at the cab in which the judge had arrived. "You go down and sit in the cab," he told Agnes, "and I'll try to round up the driver."

Agnes obediently hurried down the hall, passing Hix, the *Society Slushings* reporter. He glanced after her curiously, recognizing her even in the half darkness of the hall.

The breakfast party was growing noisier every moment, and Robert paused long enough to try to quiet them. McGeachey had finished his breakfast and was wearying of his company. Suddenly Robert had an inspiration.

"You can drive, can't you?" he asked McGeachey. "All right; you drive that cab that's waiting downstairs to the harbor and I'll make it worth your while."

And as McGeachey always picked up any little thing which came his way, he said, "You're on," shook hands to bind the bargain, and started down the stairs.

Suddenly there was a sound of many voices in the hall, and Ethel, her brother, and Hix entered the room. At the sight of the duke with no apparent chorus girls, Ethel flung herself into his arms with an abandon which left him no doubt of her feelings for him.

But her brother strode angrily toward Robert and his father.

"What's this that this fellow is telling me?" he demanded, nodding toward the society reporter. "He says that my

"You're on," said McGeachey, shaking hands to bind the bargain.

other sister is here, too. Is Agnes here?"

"She is not," said Robert truthfully.

"Well, then"—Horace's eyes fell upon a pair of gloves lying on the floor where Agnes had dropped them—"well, then, what are her gloves doing here? I recognize them because I gave them to her myself."

And at this exact moment, the door to the next sitting room opened and the remaining breakfast guests burst into the room.

It was the last straw for Robert. The window beside which he was standing was on the second floor only, and with an oath of utter despair he jumped out of it! The bewildered Horace looked down to see him land on the roof of the cab and break through. As though it had been a signal, McGeachey whipped up his horses and the cab started for the harbor.

McGeachey boarded the yacht with the young couple. He had been to some trouble to find them, and he did not propose to lose them until he had ascertained just how much they were willing to pay to keep Hix from seeing their wedding certificate.

"How—how far are you going?" he asked at last nervously, as the yacht seemed to be heading for open water.

"Brazil is likely to be our first stop," said Robert. "Good-by, sixteen million dollars!"

"We don't care," said the bride. "Let's have our really onliest wedding breakfast."

McGeachey was interested in breakfasts again himself, and Robert, who had had none at all, was enthusiastic. But an examination of the larder was excellent proof that the yacht was not equipped for much sailing. There was nothing to be had but some milk and headache powders.

They were just wondering what they were going to eat when the steward's startled face appeared at the skylight.

"We're aground, sir!" he said. "And the boat is filling. Also, sir, we are being pursued by a tug! Also, sir, by a motor boat!"

Robert and Agnes reached the deck just as the motor boat stopped alongside and out stepped the ubiquitous Hix, who had, as I have said, a way of turning up whenever anything was likely to happen to any one who had a million or so. Robert knew now that the game was up, and he finished like a thoroughbred.

"My wife, Mr. Hix," he said, introducing Agnes. "We were married a month ago."

"Well, I'll be——" Tim McGeachey drew the wedding certificate from his pocket and looked at it regretfully. "What good is this to me now?" he demanded.

"Precious little, I should say," said Robert.

Again the steward's worried face appeared.

"The boat, sir, is filling fast," he announced.

But nobody paid the least attention to his announcement. All eyes were watching the tug which was slowly approaching. Aboard it were Ethel and the duke, Agnes' brother, Horace, and Robert's father, the judge.

"It's all up, my dear," said Robert to his bride. "It's all up, and we must make up our minds to a life of poverty on only four million dollars."

Some slight excitement was caused during the meeting by the duke, who was so eager to board the yacht that he poised on the edge of the tug and was knocked overboard by the bumping of the two boats. He was fished up by a boat hook quite safely, and his wife embraced him passionately, for some unknown reason whispering:

"My hero!"

Horace was fairly purple with anger when he stepped aboard.

"What do you mean, young man, by

compromising my sister in this fashion? Taking her off alone on this yacht? And this fellow," nodding toward Hix, "saw her leaving your rooms fairly early this morning. What do you mean, sir?"

Robert beckoned the angry Horace mysteriously aside.

"In order to save Agnes' reputation," he whispered, "I told Hix that we were married."

Horace was a bit impressed by so quick-witted an expedient. But he was not satisfied. The tug had departed, leaving them all on the yacht, and a glimpse of the cabin below showed Horace that the boat was rapidly taking in water.

"Good heavens! Are we to drown here?" he gasped. "Then, young man, you will have to marry Agnes. It is bad enough to have her reputation tarnished, but I cannot allow her to drown any way but respectably."

"Oh, no," said the crafty Robert, who realized that the danger of drowning, respectably or otherwise, was rather slim. "Oh, no, I'm afraid I couldn't consider that."

"Couldn't consider it?"

"Well," he hesitated as though open to negotiations, "at least not unless you drop all this nonsense about my four years at Yale."

"Certainly," Horace promised.

"And Agnes gets her full twenty million dollars?"

"Certainly," Horace promised.

"Well," Robert still hesitated, "we-ll, I might consider it. Yes, for Agnes' sake, I'll do it. By the way, my father can marry us right now; he is a justice

If the bride and groom were not happy, they put up a good imitation.

of the peace," he said, with the bright air of one having a real inspiration.

Cast of "On the Quiet"

written from the Paramount picture play which was adapted from Augustus Thomas' stage play

Robert Ridgeway.....John Barrymore
Judge Ridgeway.....Frank Losee
Horace.....J. W. Johnston
Hix.....Alfred Hickman
McGeachey.....Frank Belther
Ethel.....Helen Greene
Agnes.....Lois Meredith

"Just the thing!" said Horace enthusiastically.

So Agnes and Robert were married. The water was up to their waists and the judge insisted upon wearing a life belt during the ceremony.

Everybody was happy except, perhaps, McGeachey. He was left with a splendid blackmailing scheme which had died on his hands. But Horace was satisfied because his sister's fair name had been kept fair, and, although the water soon receded, leaving the yacht safe and dry, he really wasn't particularly keen on drowning anyway, no matter how respectably. Robert's father was satisfied because he was sure that Robert was through with swinging doors for life. Hix was satisfied because he knew that the *Society Slushings* would scoop every paper in New York on this wedding.

And if the bride and groom were not happy, they put up a good enough imitation to fool everyone.

AN INTERLUDE

Bushmanor, just outside Baltimore, is Francis X. Bushman's estate, where he spent a few days of relaxation after finishing "Both Members," his next release, as is his custom between pictures.

Screen Gossip

By Neil G. Caward

PICTURES and then more pictures! That's the outlook for the fall and winter season. Several big producers already have announced a largely increased output, and still others are about to make similar announcements. Goldwyn, which during the past year released but twenty-six subjects, is already certain of issuing at least fifty during the coming year. Select, which until now has had only two releases a month—occasionally three—is to begin a one-a-week policy. Famous Players-Lasky announce a big series of new productions and will augment this with reissues of a number of past Paramount successes. Fox is keeping up his usual releases, and announces that some of the old favorites will be reissued. Mutual, which has been on an every-other-week schedule, has plans for filling the gaps so that soon the company will be releasing one a week. Included among the new ones are the Hayakawa and Goodrich pictures. Besides all this, several new producing organizations will be evident before snow flies.

* * *

Olive Thomas, dainty Triangle star, has a new leading man in "Totan," her latest H. O. Davis production. The gentleman in the case is Jack Perrin, who was specially engaged for this picture. Frank Borzage acted as director, and Francis McDonald and Charles Dorian have important rôles. "Totan" is a story of the Latin Quarter, and Parisian Apaches play an important part in the story. Miss Thomas has a chance to display both histrionic ability and other charms, the first in the portrayal of a dual rôle, and the second in boy's attire, when she is seen as a clever little pickpocket, supposedly a boy, trained by the master thief, Pierre of the Apaches. The former Ziegfeld "Follies" star is said to have fairly outdone all her previous performances in this dramatic story of Parisian life.

Olive Thomas plays a boy's part in "Totan."

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All of you who remember the John Barrymore-Paramount pictures, "The Man From Mexico" and "Are You a Mason?" will be delighted to learn that Ethel's handsome brother is once more under contract to do a whole series of new Paramount pictures. He com-

pleted his first subject, an adaptation of Willie Collier's famous play, "On the Quiet," some weeks ago, and a novelization of it may be found in this number of PICTURE-PLAY. Since his last appearance on the screen, Barrymore has been appearing on the speaking stage, where he added several new triumphs to his brilliant achievements.

* * *

Ernest Truex, leading juvenile actor of note, credited with being the youngest Shakespearean actor in America, who but recently closed a tour in the new Broadhurst play, "What Could the Poor Girl Do?" has been signed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and will shortly be seen in a series of Paramount pictures. Mr. Truex was specially engaged to appear opposite Shirley Mason in the series of comedy-dramas to be released as John Emerson-Anita Loos Productions. Mr. Truex has appeared on the screen before, having been cast with Mary Pickford in "Caprice," and later on in "A Good Little Devil." The latter piece also served him as a vehicle on the speaking stage, and is listed among his theatrical successes.

Ernest Truex will appear opposite Shirley Mason.

* * *

Herbert Blache, whom the real "old guard" among the motion-picture fans of the nation will recall as the creator of the old Solax pictures, back in the palmy days when the film industry was still in what the orators of filmland like to call "its infancy," has been signed by Metro to direct Emily Stevens in a picturization of Rachel Crothers' powerful play, "A Man's World."

A new alignment of motion-picture talent threatens to add to the history of the film industry. Ralph Ince, Arthur Sawyer, and Herbert Lubin are the men who compose the new group. Mr. Lubin, known as an exchange man, State-right buyer, and organizer of big financial projects, will look after the financial affairs of the new organization and the marketing of its films. Mr. Sawyer helped to organize the Kinemacolor Company years ago, and sponsored many of the first films that were shown on Broadway. He is considered an expert at studio management and production matters. The third member of the firm, Ralph Ince, is a brother of Thomas H. Ince. He is a director of world-wide fame, was with Vitagraph for years, staged such successes as "A Million Bid," "The Juggernaut," "The Eleventh Commandment," and others. He directed Florence Reed in "To-day," Elaine Hammerstein in "The Woman Eternal," Mae Marsh in "Fields of Honor," and several of the latest Petrova pictures. He will be the supervising director of the new firm. The productions will be released as "Ralph Ince Film Attractions."

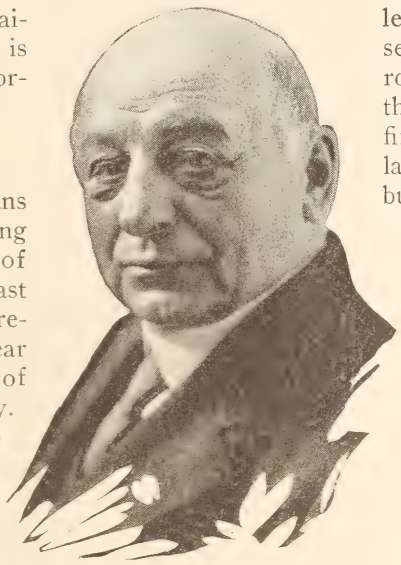
* * *

Edna Goodrich has returned to the screen again as a Mutual star. Director Burton King, whose screen career covers a series of successful productions, including "The Public Defenders," "The Flower of Faith," and "A Soul of a Magdalen," has just com-

pleted "The Gadabout," the first of the new Goodrich features. David Powell, who has supported Mary Pickford, Billie Burke, and Elsie Ferguson, has the leading rôle opposite Miss Goodrich. "The Gadabout" is a society story laid in New York, and has to do with a society-mad lady who finds other things worth while, and an opportunity for playing a bigger game for a bigger stake. Maibelle Heikes Justice is credited with the authorship of the story.

* * *

One by one the veterans of screenland are passing—answering the call of the Great Director. Last month Screen Gossip reported the death of dear old Mother Maurice, of the Vitagraph Company. Now it is Russell Bassett whose death must be recorded. Mr. Bassett died at the age of seventy-two, after a stage career of more than sixty-four years. He had been, at one time or another, the friend and associate of nearly all the great stars, from Joseph Jefferson down to Mary Pickford. His latter years were devoted entirely to work in the picture studios, where his gray locks and wrinkled face made him a character man without an equal. He was employed during the last year or two almost continuously by the Paramount and Artcraft Studios, and his last rôle was that of a part in Madame Cavalieri's current vehicle, "Love's Conquest." Just before that he played the part of *Burr Jayson,* in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday."



Russell Bassett, an actor for over sixty-four years.

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Emily Stevens, after a period of stage work, resumed screen work in Metro's "A Man's World," adapted from the play by Rachel Crothers. As soon as this was completed, she took up the creation of the rôle of *Kate Kildare* in "Kildare of Storm," by Eleanor Mercein Kelly, motion-picture rights to which were recently acquired by Metro. The moment "Kildare of Storm" is finished, Miss Stevens leaves for a vacation of several weeks in the Adirondacks, where she is the proud possessor of fifty acres of wild forest land upon which she is building a summer home.

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During a recent visit to Los Angeles, Samuel Goldfish, of the Goldwyn Corporation, signed Reginald Barker as a director of forthcoming Goldwyn features. It is said that Mr. Barker, who is of the Ince school of directors, and noted for his attention to details, was especially signed to stage the Geraldine Farrar features on which Goldwyn has already begun work. His engagement to direct Miss Farrar results from the conclusion of Mr. Goldfish that few directors are Barker's equal, none his superior, and from Mr. Barker's conclusion that Goldwyn is now in the forefront of America's producing organizations.

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Some issues ago you remember Screen Gossip mentioned the formation of the Betzwood Film Company, whose studio at Schuylkill River, Betzwood, Pennsylvania, is a part of the old Lubin plant, and the intention of the company

to stage a unique story by J. Allan Dunn, with Lady Tsen Mei, the talented Chinese vaudeville headliner, as the star. Director Ira M. Lowry, who produced "For the Freedom of the World," has completed the first of the Tsen Mei starring vehicles, and is now ready to begin work on a second production. Appearing in support of the little Chinese leading woman are Robert Elliott, Benjamin Hendricks, junior, Herbert Pattee, and many others of note. Louis Bennison, star of "Johnnie Get Your Gun," is another of the Betzwood Film Company's celebrities, and is even now at work on a Western feature of a comedy-drama type, based on the stories in a current magazine having to do with a certain "Sandy Burke."

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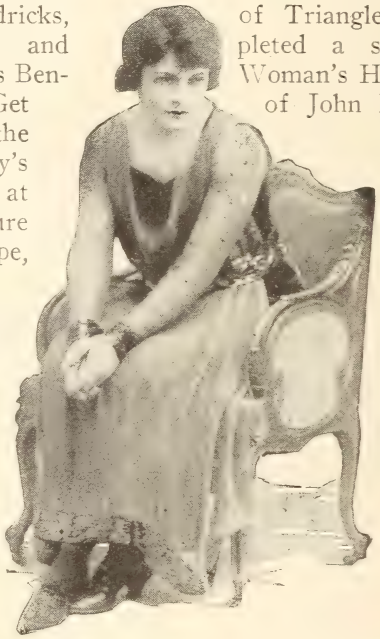
Madeline Traverse, whom you will instantly recall as *Madame Caillaux,* in "The Caillaux Case," and who before that was seen in "Three Weeks," "The Money Master," "Fruits of Desire," "The Shielding Shadow," "The Closing Net," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and "Sins of Ambition," is the latest star who will have a company of her very own. The Madeline Traverse Pictures Corporation is in process of formation, and early in the autumn plans to begin the release at frequent intervals of feature productions de luxe. Miss Traverse began her stage career at the age of twelve, and was playing leads at the age of fifteen with a stock company. After a visit to Europe, where she studied voice and diction, she came back to the United States, and was engaged in support of Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady" in New York, on tour, and also in London. She was then cast in an important rôle in "Joseph and His Brethren," was seen in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" in both New York and Chicago, and then took up picture work.



Madeline Traverse is soon to have a company of her own.

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Gloria Swanson and Joe King, of Triangle, have recently completed a story entitled "Every Woman's Husband," from the pen of John B. Clymer and C. H. Logrue. It concerns a woman who believes that success in life depends upon ruling her husband and his check-writing hand firmly, that she may climb the social ladder the faster. But "friend husband" surprises her, and the outcome of the story is said to keep one guessing right up to the last foot of action. Gilbert P. Hamilton is directing, and in the cast will be seen Jack Livingston, Lillian Langdon, and George Pearce. At the same Triangle lot Alma Rubens has just finished a melodrama of London night life, titled "The Painted Lily," in which she is supported by William V. Mong.

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Marion Davies, whose first picture was "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," has been signed by Select Pictures Corporation to do six pictures a year, and in future the Marion Davies features will be issued with the productions of such Select stars as Norma and Con-

stance Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, and Alice Brady. While a young girl still in her teens, Miss Davies first appeared before the public in the chorus of a Broadway musical comedy. Her beauty, the fresh charm of her face, and the piquancy of her manner at once attracted the attention of first-nighters, hardened dramatic scribes, and casual theatergoers alike. Her pictures began to appear in the illustrated monthlies and the theatrical sections of the dailies. Soon Miss Davies was given speaking parts, and these were followed by leading rôles. She has been prominently featured in "Chin Chin," "The Ziegfeld Follies," "Oh Boy," and "The Century Girl," and now upon her first screen appearance she has won still another triumph.

Another actress to form her own company—Marie Doro.

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Marie Doro, long a favorite of the screen and the speaking stage, is another star to form her own company. Miss Doro is said to have acquired screen rights to several popular successes, and is arranging very shortly to begin the filming of them. It is rumored that her picture work will not prevent her return this fall to the stage, so it is probably her intention to work during the day before the camera, and in the evening in real life before a theater audience.

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Ed Mortimer, who has completed "The Hushed Hour" for Harry Garson, has succeeded Robert Vignola as Clara Kimball Young's director, Mr. Vignola having been assigned to direct Ethel Clayton in her first subject to be staged at the Lasky Studios. Director Mortimer is now supervising Miss Young's work in "The Savage Woman." There are but two important parts in this feature, the rôle played by Miss Young and another which will be interpreted by Milton Sills.

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Theda Bara, vampire extraordinary, has just completed at the Fox West Coast Studios another superproduction, titled "The Message of the Lilies." This is from a story by Betta Breuil, and presents the popular Theda as a nurse, and later as a woman of the world. Her rise from the underworld follows after she has proven to the man she loves that he was responsible for her downfall. Director General J. Gordon Edwards, who supervised most of the past Bara successes, is again the director in charge.

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Frederick A. Thompson, the first director from the legitimate stage to enter the employ of Vitagraph, is back once more with that company after an absence of nine years. "The Christian" was his greatest Vitagraph subject, but he has since done pictures for World, Fox, Famous Players, and Lasky, among his productions being such well-remembered successes as "The Sign of the Cross," with William Farnum; "Nearly a King," with Jack Barrymore; "The Goose Girl," with

Marguerite Clark, and "The Saleslady," with Hazel Dawn. Mr. Thompson returns to Vitagraph to direct Gladys Leslie in Blue Ribbon features, and already has nearly completed "Wild Primrose," a subject that President Albert E. Smith, of Vitagraph, pronounces the strongest story in which Miss Leslie has yet been seen.

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As this edition goes to press the news comes that S. Rankin Drew, of the famous Drew family, and formerly a Vitagraph and Metro star, who enlisted in the French aviation corps early this year, and previously reported missing, is now listed as dead in the French newspaper dispatches. S. Rankin Drew, who is the son of Sidney, and a nephew of John Drew, interrupted a promising career in May, 1917, to enter the French ambulance service, and was sent abroad at once. For a time he drove an ambulance between Paris and Bordeaux, and later was at the front, where he won a corporalship. He then joined the flying service, received his flying brevet as a pilot observer, and was sent to the battle line. The last time he was heard from, at the present writing, was when he was observed flying in the French section. Later he was reported to have been shot down in an air combat well within the enemy lines.

S. Rankin Drew, believed to have met his death flying for France.

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Louise Huff, who has appeared opposite Jack Pickford in such hits as "Jack and Jill," "Great Expectations," and "His Majesty Bunker Bean," and who was last seen as the heroine of J. Stuart Blackton's "Wild Youth," an adaptation of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, has just been signed as a World star. Miss Huff makes her début as a World star in a picture bearing the title "T'other Dear Charmer," which was written specially for her by Charles Sarver, the scenario editor of World pictures.

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Gaumont, the big foreign film-making concern, which established a unique reputation for itself years and years ago with its unusual serial films, in which thrills were strongly featured, is ready once more to startle the country with a serial. "The Hand of Vengeance" is the title of the story, which is somewhat reminiscent of "The Count of Monte Cristo" in its action. The hero of the tale is deserted in the desert by a trusted friend, who appropriates his

wealth. Returning from the dead, the hero becomes "The Hand of Vengeance," and, impatient of the slowness of the law, begins bit by bit to take back the property of which he has been defrauded. This results in a contest of wits between the hero and those from whom he is seeking restitution. The story is unfolded in ten chapters or episodes, each said to be more startling and spectacular than the previous ones.

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Francis Ford, former Universal serial director and star, who recently completed and launched on the market his first independent production, "Berlin via America," has ready for release two other big superfeatures in which he both directs and enacts the leading male rôle. "The Isle of Intrigue" is the title of one, and "Four Generations" has been chosen as the name of the other. Many of the players who appeared in "Berlin via America" will again be seen when the two new features make their appearance on the screen.

Francis Ford directs, and takes the leading rôle in, two Universal features.

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Benjamin Chester Chapin, whose series of Lincoln portrayals were released last spring by Paramount under the title "The Son of Democracy," is dead. He was famous as the greatest living interpreter of the character of Abraham Lincoln. Born in Bristolville, Ohio, Chapin became a platform lecturer and entertainer of note. Some months later he appeared in vaudeville in a dramatic monologue titled "Lincoln," and, scoring a success, he elaborated this sketch into a four-act play of the same title, and appeared successfully in that. About this time he conceived the idea of a Lincoln cycle of motion pictures, in which the life of the great emancipator should be pictured from early boyhood up till the time of his assassination. More than five years of constant labor were required to prepare and film the entire series of Lincoln films, and, after they were finished, Chapin experienced great difficulty in finding a market for them. After suffering many discouragements, he arranged for their release by Paramount, and just as he was beginning to enjoy the fruits of his labor, death called him. Only a month before his death he was honored by the degree of doctor of literature, which was conferred upon him by Lincoln Memorial University, at Harrowgate, Tennessee.

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Lucien Muratore, famous grand-opera star, is appearing with his beautiful wife, Lina Cavalieri, in that star's current Paramount production, "A Woman of Impulse," adapted from the play by Louis Anpacher. Several of the scenes introduce Cavalieri singing the rôle of *Carmen* in an opera, and in these scenes Muratore appears opposite her as *Don Jose*. For these scenes, the entire company was taken from the Paramount Studios to the Century Theater in New York, and there, in a real theater, on a real stage, the opera scenes were made, a costly and complicated system of lighting

being transported and erected in the theater in order to secure these scenes with the proper lighting.

* * *

Doug Fairbanks has another new leading woman. Pauline Curley, who within the past year has appeared in Herbert Brenon's "The Fall of the Romanoffs," with Triangle, and with Metro, is the latest bit of femininity to be cast in a leading rôle opposite the dare-devil Artcraft star. Being a decided blonde, she registers in close-ups quite "contrasty" opposite smiling Doug. Though specially engaged for the picture now current, which is the first Doug has made since the completion of "Say, Young Fellow," it is rumored she will remain with the Fairbanks company for several more productions.

* * *

George Irving, who directed the Metro special feature, "To Hell with the Kaiser," which is scoring such a success at present, is now a Goldwyn director. Upon reporting to the Goldwyn Studios, he was assigned to the direction of a story in which Mabel Normand is playing. In this picture Herbert Rawlinson, formerly a Universal luminary, is cast in the leading rôle opposite Miss Normand. With a triangular combination like Mabel, Herbert, and George, the new Goldwyn picture ought to be what the press agent would term "a humdinger."

* * *

Screen Classics, Inc., have obtained the motion-picture rights to "L'Occident" and "'Ception Shoals," which are both being adapted as screen vehicles for Madame Nazimova. "L'Occident" is the work of Henri Kistemaecker, the Belgian dramatist, and its film title will probably be suggested by Nazimova, who first discerned its possibilities as a photo play, and suggested that screen rights to it be purchased. "'Ception Shoals," by Austin Adams, you will recall, was Nazimova's stage success of last year. Albert Capellani, who collaborated with June Mathis on the adaptations of the features, will direct both productions, and Charles Bryant will again have important rôles in both vehicles. Immediately following the close of her Ibsen season at the Plymouth Theater, in New York, Nazimova moved over to the Metro Studios, and began the work of filming the third of her special productions for release through the Metro Film Corporation.

* * *

Colin Campbell, director in chief for the Selig Polyscope Company for many years, producer of such Selig triumphs as "The Spoilers," "The Ne'er-Do-Well," "The Adventures of Kathleen," and "The Hoosier Romance," has just been added to the staff of Universal directors, and is now completing a multiple-reel feature adapted from "The Yellow Dog," which appeared first as a magazine story. This is a propaganda picture which has to do with the thoughtless chaps in every community who repeat and exaggerate every rumor they hear of German ruthlessness, thus harming our own cause by instilling a fear which should not exist.

* * *

Screen rights to Myrtle Reed's novel, "Flower of the Dusk," have been acquired by Metro for the use of Viola Dana. A five-act feature picture is being made of this work under the supervision of John H. Collins. This is the second Myrtle Reed novel secured by Metro for Miss Dana's use, as not so very long ago she was presented in "Weaver of Dreams," made at the Pacific coast studios of Metro. The scenario for "Flower of the Dusk" was prepared by Director Collins himself.

A Hilltop View

From Blanche Sweet's home in California, where she is building her strength and career anew.

By Elizabeth Peltret

THE most fascinating subject Blanche Sweet could possibly choose to talk about is—Blanche Sweet.

She agreed, only half in earnest, of course, that what I had remarked was true, as she extended her hand in a firm, friendly handclasp.

"I don't know of anything people enjoy more than to talk earnestly and sincerely about themselves," she commented, looking straight at me with her blue eyes. Blanche Sweet is a very direct sort of person, and she speaks in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone of voice, without affectation of any kind.

"Come out on the veranda," she suggested; "we can talk better there," and as we passed through the large, high-ceilinged rooms, I had a glimpse of the shy, retired side of this much-loved actress.

She lives in a big house on the top of a chain of hills. From her veranda she is able to look down into

a ravine where there is one little house to suggest the world of people, or by gazing straight ahead she can see over the hills for great distances where there is not a sign of human life. The veranda extends completely around the house. Hers might be called a sort of "hill of vision," where she can go and look at things without prejudice.

"I don't read so many books as I used to," she said, as we passed a table in the sitting room on which seemed to be scores of the late magazines. "With so much happening right now, and so much work to do, I feel rather out of patience with people who moon over the past or speculate uselessly about the future. I'm interested chiefly in to-day and in the experiences to-day brings. Of course, we all want to help in the war. But perhaps the most difficult thing of all to do is not to let the war absorb you too much, and so make you useless so far as your own work is concerned; especially when it is only by being cheerful and making things go on just as usual that you can really help.

"I used to read Poe by the hour," she went on. "Now, I do not like him because all that his stories suggest to me, outside his good craftmanship, is ill health." The chat drifted to pictures.

"The only way I know of in which you can deal with the soul effectively in a moving picture is by showing the effect character can have on the living. The picture I have just finished with Mr. Garson deals with that theme. An old man whose life has been blameless dies, and the four children he has raised, each of whom has committed a full share of sin, are brought back to happiness by the spirit of his love. Of course, I have to weep in it. In the sad scene our camera man had the light so arranged that my tears look big as raindrops. I don't know whether

A scene from "The Hushed Hour," Blanche Sweet's first picture since her return to the screen.

it was accidental or on purpose, but I'm grateful to him just the same."

She went on to talk about French war posters, in which she is interested, the art of cartooning, the revival of spiritualism in England—she is not a spiritualist—scenario writing—she is not a scenario writer—and slapstick comedy.

After an hour and a half, which seemed like five minutes, you would have thought, perhaps, that she had said little of her own life. But she had really been talking earnestly and sincerely about herself all the time. She had not only shown how broad her interests outside of her own sphere are, but when she spoke of these other things the listener could read behind it all the extreme sensitiveness of her nature and the vividness of her impressions. Above all, her sympathy for the great human family.

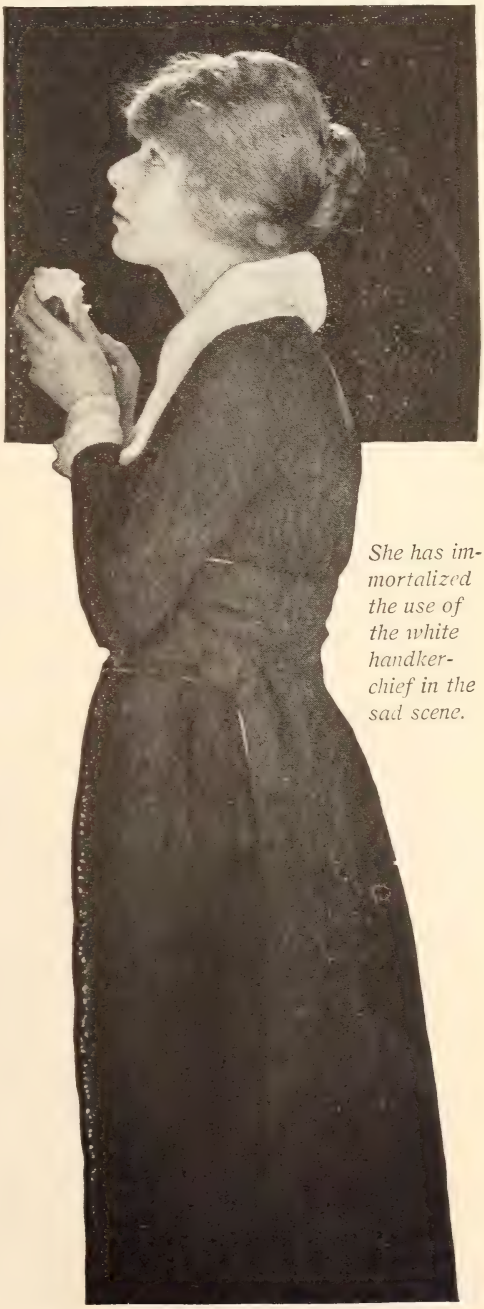
The story of Blanche Sweet's illness and retirement from the screen is now history, as film history goes. Even her return will have ceased to be news by the time this appears. She was very young—not quite fourteen—when she joined the Biograph Company, but being well developed, she was given heavy parts, in which she "rained" tears.

"I took everything too seriously," said Miss Sweet, turning her frank gaze on me. "I worked too hard, and I was very unhappy in other ways." Then came nervous prostration and her retirement from the screen.

Now she has come back. Her health is perfect, and she has found herself. With all her delicate beauty she has a strength of character which it is fairly predicted will carry her higher than she has yet gone.

"My plans?" She rose, repeating the question. "Why, I believe I shall remain under the management of Mr. Garson—for the present, at least. And of course I shall remain in pictures, in which I am hoping to do better work than I have yet done." Her blue eyes went out to the hills lighted by the sun.

Blanche Sweet stood firmly on her "hill of vision," with her face turned toward the future.



She has immortalized the use of the white handkerchief in the sad scene.

A Fire Turned to Good Account

A FEW weeks ago, while Cecil B. De Mille was filming "We Can't Have Everything," the fire alarm sounded. "The studio's on fire!" cried an excited employee.

"Great stuff!" exclaimed De Mille, springing to his feet. "Get every camera man about the place on the job right away!"

A few minutes later he was outside, shouting orders through his megaphone.

The reason for his interest was that the story of "We Can't Have Everything," the novel by Rupert Hughes, which deals so largely with the life of a motion-picture actress, calls for several scenes in a burning studio.

"I'd hardly have burned down my studio just to get a realistic picture," De Mille said, after it was all over. "But so long as it had to happen, we were lucky to have it happen when it did."

Congratulations Are Now in Order

for the winners of the contest entitled "Oh, Those Eyes!" the rules for which were printed in the June number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

It has been a grand and glorious contest—even the Contest Editor who had to read over the thousands of answers that poured into his office in bushel baskets admits that never has he received so many enthusiastic letters, nor such witty answers. Letters flocked in from remote villages, as well as from the large cities, and not a single State, from East to West, but was represented by contributions from enthusiastic fans, all anxious to win one of the ten one year's subscriptions to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE which we offered for the ten cleverest answers. Canadian fans sent in a creditable quota, as did a number of our men in uniform stationed at distant points.

The letters, almost without exception, were interesting. The eyes which seemed to give the most trouble to the contestants—in fact, which very few could guess, were numbers 10 and 14, Madge Kennedy and Julian Eltinge. But as was stated in the announcement, the winners were not picked on the correctness of their answers, but "the brightest, wittiest, most amusing replies—right or wrong."

Well, we've all had lots of fun out of it, whether we won a prize or not, and we herewith formally extend congratulations from the editor and from PICTURE-PLAY readers to the fortunate winners.

Here is, in our opinion, the best answer received, sent in by Miss Bess Nagle, of Southington, Connecticut. The Contest Editor thought it so good that we are printing it in full:

There is a wee small lady
  Who's bright as stars above,
Her given name is Bessie—
  She's one whom we all Love. (1)

Those eyes which stare from out the page
  With such intensity,
Holdups suggest, and Western wilds—
  Bill Hart, you're number three! (3)

Beware of those alluring orbs,
  They may prove your undoing;
Don't pick out Theda Bara
  When you'd start to go a-wooing. (11)

"When Irish eyes are smiling
  'Tis like a morn in spring,"
Faith, when it comes to acting,
  Bill Desmond is a king. (12)

There's something very wide awake
  In the eyes of fair thirteen,
I think they are those of Pearl White,
  Our daring serial queen. (13)

Beautiful! Wondrous! Marvelous!
  Can higher praise be sung
About the limpid, soulful orbs
  Of Clara Kimball Young? (17)

Dear Alice Joyce, I feel quite sure
  Will answer to eighteen;
These lovely eyes are sweet and sad
  When shown upon the screen. (18)

These eyes so full of quiet force
  Spell F. X. Bushman's fame—
I don't know what "X" stands for,
  But then, "What's in a name?" (19)

Those eyes with such a width between,
  With all the others vying,
Miss Alma Rubens' are, I ween,
  Bespeaking love undying. (22)

Oh, eyes of number twenty-four,
  Your supercilious stare
Recalls Miss Pauline Fred'rick—
  We could not miss *that* pair! (24)

FOLLOWING ARE THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS:

Bess Nagle, 7 Woodruff Street, Southington, Connecticut.
Madeleine Brady, 139 Sydenham Street, Toronto, Canada.
Phil De Esco, Supply Company, 364th Infantry, Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington.
Mrs. J. S. Garland, 102 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.
Archie Hackett, Scotland, South Dakota.
Fred Kibbe, Jr., 520 Carpenter Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.
Mae MacKinnon, 10050 One Hundred and First Street, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.
Elizabeth Mattoon, 1081 Fair Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.
Mary A. Pelto, Biwabik, Minnesota.
Elsie Roosen, 1513 Fourteenth Street, Santa Monica, California.

For those who are interested, here is the list of the eyes printed with the names of their owners:

1. Bessie Love. 2. Mabel Normand. 3. William S. Hart. 4. Viola Dana. 5. Violet Mersereau. 6. Frank Keenan. 7. Harold Lockwood. 8. Douglas Fairbanks. 9. William Russell. 10. Madge Kennedy. 11. Theda Bara. 12. William Desmond. 13. Pearl White. 14. Julian Eltinge. 15. Henry B. Walthall. 16. Mae Marsh. 17. Clara Kimball Young. 18. Alice Joyce. 19. Francis X. Bushman. 20. Charles Ray. 21. William Farnum. 22. Alma Rubens. 23. Edward Earle. 24. Pauline Frederick.

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

THELMA K.—Of course it is perfectly all right for a girl to adopt two or three boys in the training camps and "over there" to write to. There is nothing so pleasing to a lad in the service as the welcome visit of the mailman, and they all enjoy receiving a letter from some one "over here" with the latest doings and a word of cheer. It is mighty lonely to be "over there" among strangers, and letters from us folks will always cheer the boys up; so get busy and devote a certain time each week to writing cheering notes to some boy "over there." Remember they are all fighting to keep us safe "over here." I will publish in the Oracle the names and addresses of any of the boys who happen to write and would like to hear from readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE as soon as I hear from them, so be on the lookout every month, and you will find enough to keep you well supplied.

JUST BILLIE.—Mary Pickford is twenty-four years of old age, while Marguerite Clark has just had thirty yearly calendars in her house. Pauline Frederick was born in 1889. Yes, the scenes in a "Modern Musketeer" were taken in the Grand Cañon of Arizona. There were some beautiful shots, weren't there? You can always find a fresh copy of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE on the news stands about the first of each and every month.

MISS PEARL L. C.—The address of the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE is the same as the address of the magazine. His office is at 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City, where you can reach him at any time by letter, excepting when there is a really good ball game on, and then, if you know the sound of his voice, you can hear him at the Polo Grounds, where the New York Giants and Yankees play.

MARY L.—No, Owen Moore is not dead or even in bad health. From all accounts he hasn't even considered the matter of dying for some time. Owen's time has been taken up lately with golf, as he has become quite a "bug" on the game, so to speak.

I. M. INQUISITIVE.—No, I haven't forgotten you —or your heading. Address Nigel Barrie in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Yes, I send all available books to our boys in the camps and "over there." Sure, use the military paper if you wish. There is quite a bit of blue paper being used among my readers.

SYL.—Welcome to the Oracle. Always glad to hear from new readers. Being right in the heart of the studios, Los Angeles, California, you should know a lot about the motion-picture business. Eddie Polo is working in serials at the Universal Studios in Universal City, California. "The Bull's Eye" is his latest effort. "Bull" Montana is the real name of the man you refer to who was with Douglas Fairbanks. He is Fairbanks' trainer, and was a well-known wrestler in his time. "Selfish Yates" is the latest William S. Hart picture to be released on the Artcraft program.

A letter from Charlie Chaplin

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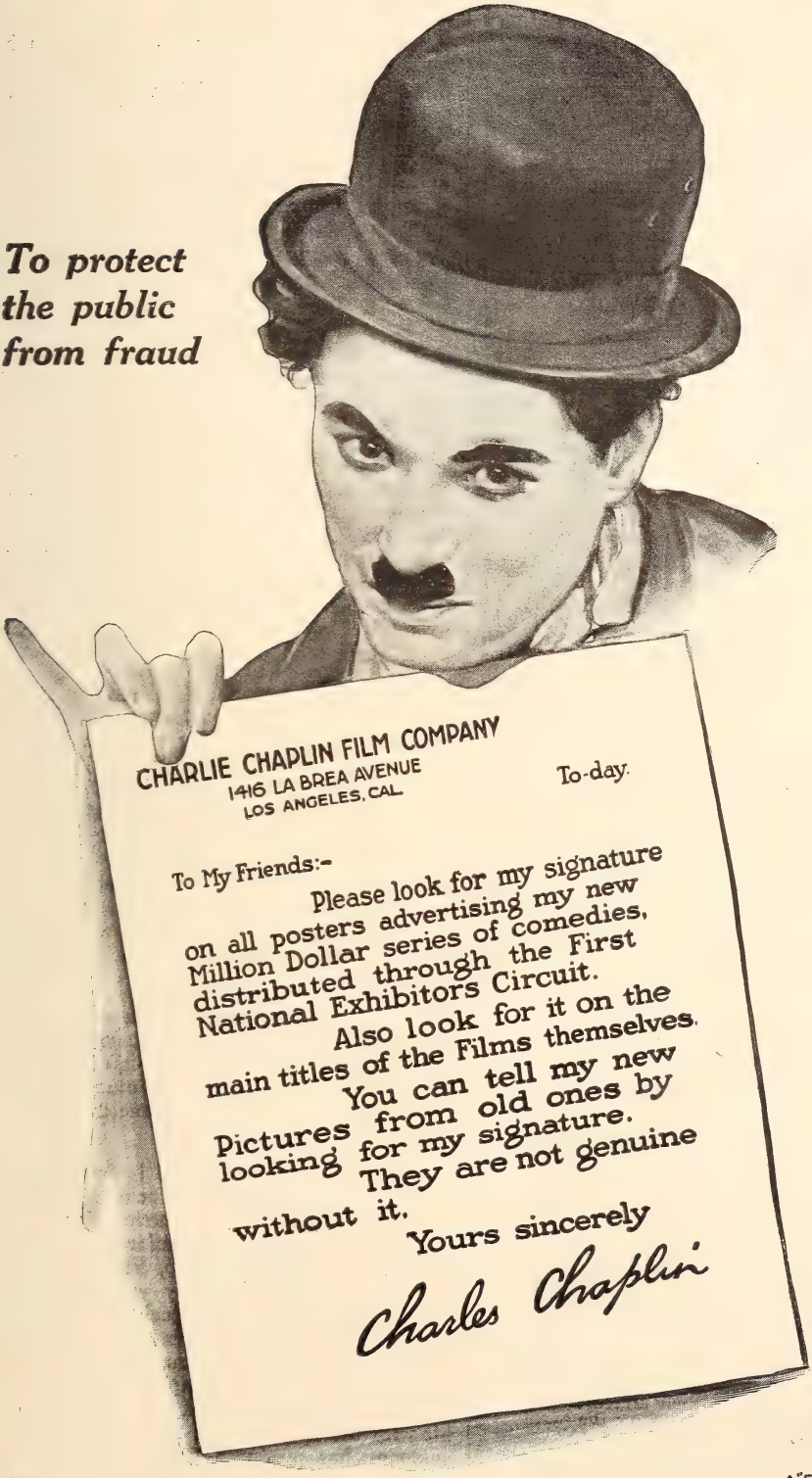

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What makes the super-woman? Is it beauty? Cleopatra and Rachel were homely. Is it daintiness? Marguerite de Valois washed her hands but twice a week. Is it wit? Pompadour and Du Barry were avowedly stupid in conversation. Is it youth? Diane de Poictiers and Ninon de l'Enclos were wildly adored at sixty. Is it the subtle quality of feminism? George Sand, who numbered her admirers by the score—poor Chopin in their foremost rank—was not only ugly, but disgustingly mannish. So was Semiramis. The nameless charm is found almost as often in the masculine, "advanced" woman as in the delicate, ultra-feminine damsel. In AINSLEE'S each month you will find the stories of super-women who conquered at will. Some of them smashed thrones; some were content with wholesale heart-smashing. Wherein lay their secret? Or rather, their secrets? For seldom did any two of them follow the same plan of campaign. Read about them in

AINSLEE'S "The Magazine That Entertains"
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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

"FRECKLES."—Yes, the Market Booklet gives you the names and addresses of all the studios and their wants. Six cents in stamps is all that is necessary to send for a copy. Owen Moore gets all of his mail in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Tom Moore finds all his letters waiting for him at the Goldwyn Studio, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Norma Talmadge should be addressed in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. William Farnum's mail is delivered to him at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, while Dustin Farnum gets his mail in care of Willis & Inglis. Franklyn Farnum finds his where Dustin and Owen get theirs. Yes, Joseph Kaufman is dead, and he is certainly missed, too, because he was a splendid director and a mighty fine chap. Juanita Hansen gets her letters from the mail man at Universal City, California.

FLORENCE W.—Mae Murray has starred in several productions. So many, in fact, that I can't remember them all without looking them up. Her latest two features are "The Bride's Awakening" and "The Big Little Person." Yes, it was Marguerite Clark who had the leading rôle in the Famous Players Production, "The Seven Swans." Don't remember a name like that for Billie Burke.

WEEPING WILLOW H. S. W.—Olga Petrova is now touring the United States for the government, so the quickest way to reach her by mail is in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Yes, she reads her own letters and answers them, too, so have courage, and drop her a line as you have wanted to do for so long. Why not send six cents in postage, for a copy of our Market Booklet? It will give you the names and addresses of all the film companies, together with the type of plays they are in the market for, and everything else.

JACQUELINE.—I'm sure you are quite right. Personally, it never occurred to me to take the story you refer to so seriously. To go into a lengthy explanation would take too much space here. Sorry you didn't send your name and address for reply.

FILM FAN.—Jack Pickford is twenty-two. He is now in the service of Uncle Sam. "Sandy" is his latest and last production for the Paramount before joining the colors. Write to him in care of the Lasky Studio, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and they will forward it to him. Douglas Fairbanks receives his mail at this studio, too, where he makes all his Artcraft pictures. Yes, I am sure that he will gladly send you one of his photographs. "Tarzan of the Apes" has been produced, and made into a big hit with the film fans, so much so that the same company has produced "The Romance of Tarzan," with the same cast, but a new director, Wilfred Lucas.

"I'm as Good a Man as Jim!"

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- ☐ Ship Draftsman
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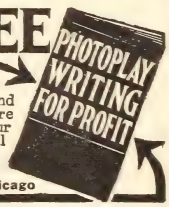

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

"Dough Boy."—Of course Marguerite Clark will be glad to send you a photograph if you write to her. Be sure to write on Y. M. C. A. paper so that your request will receive early attention. Miss Clark recently announced that she would supply "soldiers first," if their requests were written on the above-mentioned stationery. So drop into a "Y" hut when you feel like it, and send your screen favorite a few lines. Many of the players are now donating the two bits which the fans send in payment for photos to the Red Cross. Lady Tsen Mei and Louis Bennison have devised the plan of asking their fan admirers to send a Thrift Stamp with a request for a photo, and all the stamps which they receive will be given to the Red Cross. This is a fine, patriotic plan, and only a small part of the good work the actors are doing to help win the war.

Miss Agnes B. A.—Alice Brady's address is in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Ed. S.—Billie Burke always sends photographs to her admirers. You should have addressed her in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. She turns over all the money she receives for her photos to the Red Cross fund. Drop her a line, and tell her all about your other letter, and I am sure that you will receive a picture of her in short order.

Gladys G.—Carmel Meyers and Harry Carey will both receive letters addressed to them at Universal City, California. Yes, I saw "My Unmarried Wife." Yes, I receive a great many more letters from the fair sex than from the "not so fair."

John C.—You have doubtless received the Market Booklet long before now, as I asked the editor to send you a copy, and handed him your six cents in stamps.

Beatrice.—Thelma Salter will receive a letter if you address it to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Charles Gunn gets his mail at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. William Duncan and Carol Holloway should be written to in care of the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Normand Fan.—No, Dorothy and Lillian Gish are not in France; they are in this country, and have been for a number of months. Not very long ago they both played in "Hearts of the World," Griffith's war picture, in which the action was laid in France. A year or more ago they were both in France with D. W. Griffith. Perhaps that is where you got the idea. Your second question I am sorry not to be able to answer, as it is against the rules of the Oracle. I have not heard that any of the players whom you mention are going to France to cheer our boys. But if they cannot go in person, they send their shadows with each new release, and that is a very good way to help.

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Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Former Secretary of the Treasury and ex-Governor of Iowa.

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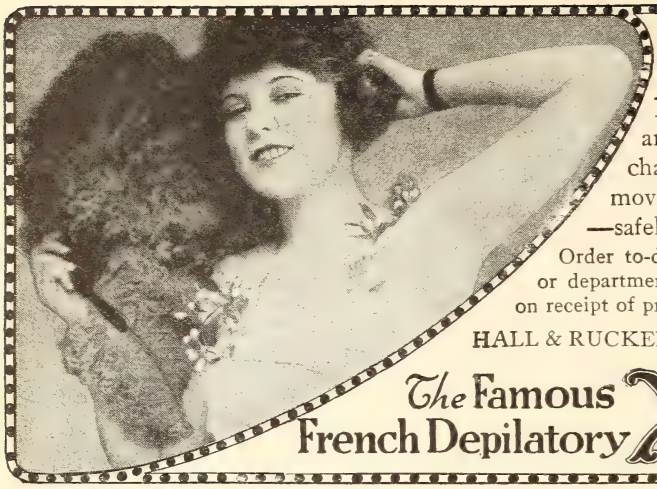

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

SOUND GIRL.—I bet you make some racket around the house, eh? Mary Pickford and John Bowers had the leading rôles in "Hulda from Holland." Mabel Scott, Ed Roseman, Victor Sutherland, and Mitchell Lewis had the featured rôles in Rex Beach's "The Barrier." Tom Santschi, Bessie Eyton, George Fawcett, Sam Drane, and Eugene Besserer had the leading rôles in "The Crisis," which Colin Campbell produced for the Selig Company. Yes, Edna Purviance played in "The Floorwalker" with Charles Chaplin. The "Birth of a Nation" cast included the following: Henry Walthall, Robert Harron, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Josephine Crowell, Jenny Lee, Wallace Reid, Walter Long, W. E. Lawrey, Elmer Clifton, Ralph Lewis, Spottiswoode Aitken, George Seigman, George Berringer, Joseph Hennaberry, and Mary Alden in the leading rôles. Address Vola Vale, Eileen Percy, and Sylvia Breamer in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Richard Barthelmess gets his mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, as does Ann Pennington. Write Niles Welch at the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. William Duncan and Carol Holloway get their mail at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. Ann Little can be reached by mail at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. You certainly have some collection for one who has just started. Write me again when you have nothing better to occupy a few minutes' time.

A NEBRASKAN.—Clara Horton is the name of the young lady who played *Becky* in "Huck and Tom." You can reach her by letter in care of Willis & Inglis, Write & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

C. E. S.—I'm sorry, but you overstepped the boundary line of the rules, despite your efforts not to do so, in the Charles Ray question. We don't answer matrimonial questions—me and myself—as the rules say we can't. The answers to questions appear every month in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. It is too bad that on your first attempt at writing to the Oracle your lone question should be against the rules so that I couldn't answer it. Don't you know of anything else that is not against these rules that you would like to ask? If so, shoot, and I will answer to the best of my ability in the Picture Oracle.

LUCK E. GIRL.—After reading what you say you know about Mary Miles Minter I wonder that you ever came to the Oracle at all to find out anything about this popular little lady. I guess you know all there is to be known about her and her work. Her latest pictures are "Social Briars" and "The Ghost of Rosy Taylor." Of course you have seen "A Bit of Jade" by this time, as you seem to be a thorough Mary Miles Minter fan. The next time you want to know anything about any one, ask me about the people you don't know everything about, and I'll be glad to tell you, but why repeat? I'll be looking for that new star you predict in 1920.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

CHARLES RAY FAN.—There have been several features in which Charlie Ray has been starred since the one you saw last. He has appeared in "His Mother's Boy," "The Hired Man," "The Family Skeleton," "Playing the Game," "His Own Home Town," "The Hands of the Hun," "A Son of the Snows," and "A Nine O'clock Town." He is still making features for Paramount. You can reach him by letter at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California.

MARY D.—Ethel Clayton should be addressed in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

RUTH G.—A copy of the Market Booklet has been sent you in exchange for the six cents in stamps.

I WANNA NO.—Have been wondering where you have been keeping yourself for so long. You promised to write me a lot of questions at least once a week, and the most I received was one letter in eight weeks, and not so many questions in it, either. Monroe Salisbury is still with Universal, making Bluebird productions. His latest feature is "The Eagle," and a very good one, too, by the way. Universal consider it the best thing that Salisbury has done since he has been with them. That is saying a great deal, I think, as he has done some exceptionally good work. He has no special leading lady now that Ruth Clifford is being featured alone. He has a new feminine player opposite him in each production. He is now working on "The Rustlers of Wind River." You can reach him by letter at Universal City, California. Jack Barrymore is with Paramount now. I agree with you that he is a very clever and likable chap. So you two used to go to school together, eh? I bet he carried your books and everything. "His Picture in the Papers" is not one of the new Douglas Fairbanks features. It was taken about two years ago, but nevertheless is a very good picture, and should give you many hearty laughs. He receives all his mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

K. K. S.—Am sorry, Ken, but I can't say whether you would be a success in pictures or not from your description of yourself, even if I am an Oracle, and supposed to know most everything about the silent drama. You will have to let some kind-hearted (?) director tell you that. Yes, I noticed the writing.

THRIFTY STAMP.—Yes, of course, all the players have their supply of Uncle Sam's Thrift Stamps, and are continually adding to this supply. It is the duty of every real American to lay in as many Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds as he or she can possibly buy. If we don't win this war our money won't be any good to us, anyway. It's certainly up to us to lend all we can to our government, because if there is not enough money behind our army to supply the boys with anything they may need, their number goes for naught. So dig, Thrifty—and dig deep.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Hope.—Don't feel too elated about the fact that "Mickey" is at last released, and that you can see it now with your favorite, Wheeler, playing opposite the popular Mabel. The picture is still being advertised very extensively, but as yet has not been released to the exchanges, so there is no chance of your seeing the picture for a little while yet. Can't say just when that long-awaited film will be released, but I think in the near future. Of course you are aware of the fact that your Wheeler is now in Uncle Sam's service, and is with the well-known "Grizzlies" at Camp Kearny. You find new favorites so rapidly, Hope, that I have great difficulty in keeping track of them. For a rabid film fan I must say that you puzzle me not to have seen so many of the favorites. Personally I don't care for the morbid picture. I always want to see everything come out all right in the end. "The Thing We Love" was a war play. You mean "The Whispering Chorus," and not "The Silent Chorus." It was a very remarkable play, but too morbid for me to enjoy. Why don't you write on both sides of the paper now that it has gone up so, and every one is trying to conserve it? It is too bad that you had to pass up Charlie Chaplin in "Easy Street," because I am sure that you would have enjoyed it very much. I think it is the best comedy in which he has yet appeared, barring none. I suppose that I shall have to be on the lookout for yellow stationery now that you have switched colors.

Miss D. R.—Address Clara Kimball Young in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Miss L. A. C.—The Market Booklet has been sent to you by the young man who writes out my weekly pension.

Jack P. Admirer.—Grace Cunard is about twenty-five. "A Dog's Life" is the latest Charlie Chaplin picture to be released. It is in three reels. Jack Pickford has been playing off and on in motion pictures for about eight years. He is now in the service of Uncle Sam. Wallace Reid is still playing with the Lasky Company. No, Louise Glaum does not always play the part of a "vamp." She has graduated from that into straight society drama. You can reach her by mail at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. George Beban gets all of his mail at Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Norma Talmadge should be written to in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The mailman will find Harry Carey at Universal City, California, any day, while Sidney Drew finds his letters awaiting him at the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Charles Ray has his own letter box at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Douglas Fairbanks first saw the light of day in Denver, Colorado, in the year of 1883. I think this will be a good problem for a ten-year-old film fan to figure out for himself.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

WILLOW SPRINGS PET.—Don't know the name of the girl to whom you refer. Write to Victor Moore in care of the Lambs' Club, New York City.

T. R.—Delighted to have you with us. I am a great admirer of your namesake. A copy of the Market Booklet is being mailed to you by the honorable editor.

COMEDY QUEEN.—Of course that comedy seemed unfunny to you. Why should it be otherwise, when you consider that it is nearly four years old? You know comedies have improved with time, the same as serious drama, so it is only natural that a comedy that old wouldn't give you any laughs, particularly a slapstick comedy. Slapstick comedies are much harder to make, and require much more thought than putting on a dramatic feature. A dramatic director has his whole story laid out for him in scenario form, and all the action in each scene described, while the poor comedy director is merely given an idea for a story, and then told to go out and get a lot of laughs with it. He has nothing that even resembles a scenario, but he has to go out and make a good comedy. And, believe me, it takes some hard work and a great deal of thinking to turn one out these days. I have seen them made, and I *know*. Charles Chaplin can be reached at the Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, California. Ford Sterling has gone back with Mack Sennett, as has your friend Hank Mann. "Ham" is still making comedies at the Sunshine Studios. He is playing without his famous mustache now, but is still using the name of "Ham" for his character. You can reach him by letter at the Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

A. C. S.—Of course there is always a chance for a man to get in as an extra in motion pictures, but the pay is not large, and they are required to have a good wardrobe. The companies have nearly all abandoned the stock proposition, and now hire all of their players by the picture, with the exception of the star.

ESSIE KNIGHT-SYDNEY.—Where have you been hiding yourself? It seems ages since I had a line from you last. Blanche Sweet has returned to the films, and Bessie Barriscale never left them. Blanche has just finished playing in "The Hushed Hour" for Harry I. Garson, Clara Kimball Young's manager. The picture has a wonderful cast. The reason you have not seen Bessie Barriscale since she left Triangle is because Paralta did not make arrangements until recently for the disposal of their pictures in England and Australia. You did not have very many questions to ask this time. What's the trouble—did you run out of them all of a sudden?

A MADAME PETROVA ADMIRER.—Madame Petrova is now making a tour for the United States government on behalf of the War Savings Stamps. You can reach her by mail in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

JUNE.—You're a little late for this time of the year, aren't you? What on earth makes you address me as Jimmy? I can tell you at least that the name Jimmy does not suit yours truly, and my good parents never intended me for a name like that. (No slam on the name in the least, as I know several fine fellows who answer to that name.) Yes, Charlie did some very fine work in "The Family Skeleton," although I have liked other pictures of his much better. Yes, I have met Nance O'Neil, and like her personality very much. She has recently been appearing in the stage play, "The Wanderer," a biblical story, and somewhat of a spectacle. Looks as if she has deserted the screen for some time. You will have to guess again on what to call me. Better just say "Dear Oracle," and then you can't go wrong.

A BLUE-EYED AUBURN-HAIRED ROSY-CHEEKED GIRL.—Yes, it is true that the same George M. Cohan who had the leading rôle in the picture play you saw, "Broadway Jones," is the same young fellow who wrote that tremendous song success, "Over There."

A. W. R.—Write to Billie Rhodes in care of the Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California, and inclose two bits for one of her autographed photos, and I am sure that she will be only too glad to mail you one of her best likenesses.

BO CEYX.—Certainly, come right in and have a place in the Oracle family group. Of course I wish you the best of luck with your novel. Why shouldn't I? I wish all my readers all kinds of luck—good luck, too! Don't know the actress to whom you refer. You have probably mixed the name up. Think again, and then let me know, and I may be able to help you. What picture did you see her in? That may give me a clew.

HARRY D. CONE, Fort Dade, Battery B, Florida.—Have forwarded your letter to "Cleo," and suggested that she communicate with you. I am sure that there are a great many readers of the Oracle who would like to exchange views on films and players with one of Uncle Sam's soldier-boy film fans, so I have published your address, and hope your mail keeps you busy. Write me again whenever you get the chance.

CHARLIE D.—The only possible way that I know for you to get in the motion pictures is to begin as an extra, and it requires money to do even that, Charlie; so I don't know what else to tell you. You might take a run to some studio and see the casting director or one of the assistant directors, but that is all I can say, as I don't know of another way to go about it.

ANXIOUS.—The reason that you don't see Robert Warwick on the screen is because he is a captain on the staff of General Pershing in France. "The Accidental Honeymoon" was the last picture in which he appeared before joining the "colors" we all love.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

M. M. C.—This seems to be a banner month for Oracle readers wanting to know how they can become queens of the cell-u-loid. I can only tell you what I have told the rest. There is only one way, and that is by the extra route, but if you have a perfectly good job in a store, I wouldn't advise you to leave it *by any means.* The chances are slimmer now than they ever were before, because all of the companies are abandoning their stock companies, and there are always plenty of good players out of work, waiting to take any opening that there might be in a picture being cast in a studio. Am sorry that I can't give you more cheerful news, M. M. C., but I wouldn't want you to do something that you would be sorry for afterward.

Jack F.—Jack Pickford is twenty-two years old. Charles Ray is six feet one inch tall. He is twenty-five years old. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Address Thomas H. Ince in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. June Caprice will get any letter you may send to her if you address it in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. It is customary to send twenty-five cents with a request for a photograph. Billie Burke turns over all the money she receives this way to the Red Cross.

J. C.—Conway Tearle can be reached by letter in care of the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Miss Motion Picture Herself.—Yes, it is quite true that nearly all the motion pictures are now made in California. There are still a few companies working in New York, but not very many. Monroe Salisbury has no Indian blood in his veins. His remarkable work in "Ramona" and "The Red, Red Heart" has probably made you think that he must have some Indian ancestors. "The Rustlers of Wind River" is his latest Bluebird release. Charles Ray, in "The Humdinger," is the youthful Paramount star's latest. You should address all your questions regarding scenarios to the scenario editor of the Picture-Play Magazine, who gets a weekly salary—as I *sometimes* do—for answering anything that our readers may want to know about scenarios and market conditions.

E. H.—Nigel Barrie had the leading rôle with Mollie King in "The Mystery of the Double Cross" serial. There are fifteen episodes in "The Eagle's Eye" serial that is now running throughout the country. There has been such a demand for this film that they may add some new episodes to the series. Mollie King and Pearl White should both be addressed in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Fannie Ward gets all of her mail in care of the Astra Company, Universal City, California. Carol Holloway receives her letters at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. Tom Meighan should be written to at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

UNIVERSAL FAN.—Monroe Salisbury is still being featured in Bluebird productions by the Universal. I agree with you that he is getting to be one of the best-liked stars. He is one of the best character portrayers on the screen to-day. "The Eagle" is his latest feature. Ruth Clifford does not play opposite him any longer. Write Salisbury at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ELLA C. C.—House Peters has not been seen on the screen for some time. Rather looks as if he had deserted the silent for the "noisy."

CHAPLIN'S FRIEND.—It didn't take Chaplin very long to raise the famous mustache he wears and a flock like them. He bought them all from the wig maker, and always keeps a supply on hand in case of emergency.

ATHLETE.—Changed your heading again, I see. You seem to suit them to the mood you happen to be in at the time of your writing, which isn't a bad idea at all. "A Daughter of the Gods" was taken in Jamaica by Herbert Brenon for William Fox. You can reach Annette by writing to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Sessue Hayakawa was the villain in "The Cheat," with Fannie Ward. A vision scene is made by means of double exposure in the camera. You probably know just as much now as you did before, so I had better explain more thoroughly. The scene is taken, and then the film is wound back to the starting point in the camera, and the scene that is to be the vision is then taken by the camera man. It is a very simple process when you know how. I made one of them once myself. You are quite correct in regard to Mollie King's hair.

LENA.—Yes, *your* Niles Welch is still acting before the camera. He has just finished co-starring with Mabel Scott in "Reclaimed" for Henry McRae Webster. Niles measures five feet eleven inches in height, much taller than he appears to be on the screen. Yes, Stuart Holmes still carries on his villainous work before the camera. Creighton Hale can be reached by letter at the Pathé Company, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Mahlon Hamilton receives all of his mail at the same address as Creighton. Hart Hoxie can be reached at Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. He is still playing in pictures.

L. I. E.—Theda Bara is twenty-six years old. You refer to George Fisher in "Alimony." You should address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. No trouble at all.

MRS. IDA S.—Can't answer your William S. Hart question, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department, and the same goes for your query regarding Bessie Barriscale. You ought to read the rules before you write. I'll be glad to answer any question for you as best I can—providing it is within the rules.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

A True Friend.—I can only say to you what I have said to the others who have asked me how they could get into the "movies." The only way I know of is by the "extra route." Go to the different studios, and apply for extra work. It may lead to something, and again it may not. The path of a motion-picture player is not always roses by a long shot. In fact, it is mostly thorns.

M. O. W.—Yes, "Empty Pockets," in which Bert Lytell was starred, has been released some time. He is now starring in productions for the Metro Pictures Corporation, and is working at their California studios in Los Angeles. Yes, he has been a well-known legitimate actor for a long time.

Alice W. M.—It is very hard for prospective "movie" heroines to get an interview at any of the studios, as the directors are only looking for players with experience. If they were willing to see "would be's" they would have hundreds calling upon them every day. You know they do say that nine out of every ten people aspire to become motion-picture players. The only thing I can suggest is for you to apply for extra work at the different studios, and try to get in that way. Better send six cents in postage for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of all the motion-picture studios in the United States.

Miss M. S.—Write to William Duncan in care of the Vitagraph Company, Hollywood, California, where he is working at the present time taking scenes for his latest serial.

Cleo.—Well, this certainly is funny! Just a little while ago I had a letter from a soldier boy who had seen your name in print so many times that he thought he would like to have a letter from you; so he sent me one, and requested that I forward it to you, which I have done. I see that you have discarded all your fancy stationery for the simple war linen, and also note that you write on both sides of the paper. Good for you! Your favorite, Henry Walthall, has gone back with D. W. Griffith, and has just finished a picture under his first director's watchful eye. I, for one, will certainly be glad to see Walthall under Griffith's wing again, because he has certainly not had such good direction or stories since he left Griffith. No, Chaplin's feet are not as large as they seem. He wears his own shoes inside his comedy ones and still has room to spare. "Ham's" shoes are also very large, but then "Ham" is a much larger person than our Charlie.

R. S. V. P.—Claire du Brey is the name of the young woman that was the bold, bad villainess in Dorothy Phillips' Bluebird production, "The Risky Road." Yes, she is the same one you refer to in the Universal picture, "Madam Spy." Write to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

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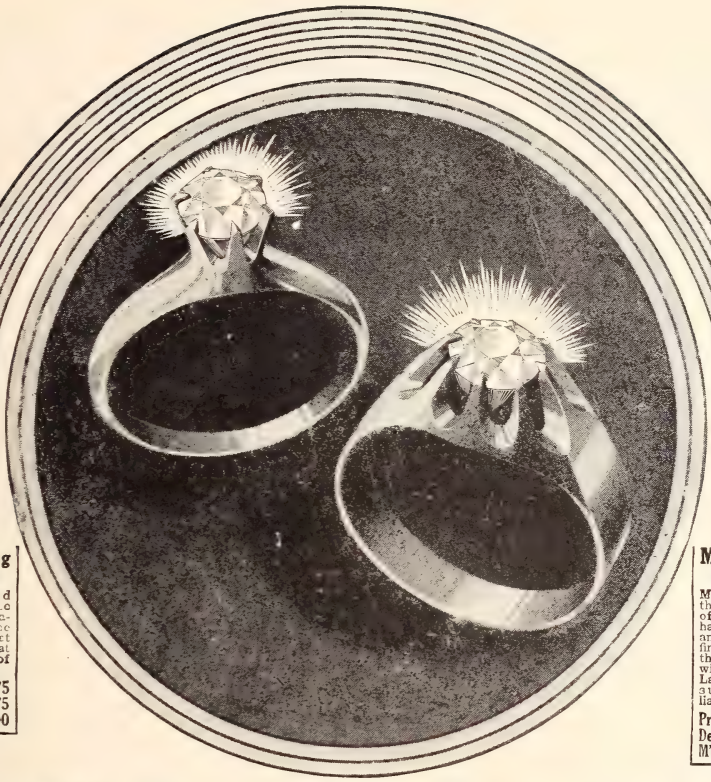

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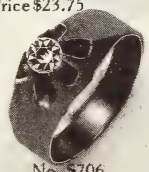

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½ carat
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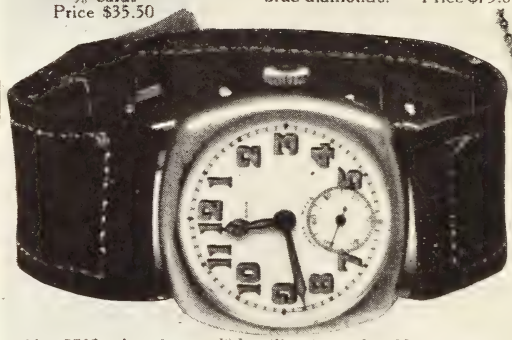

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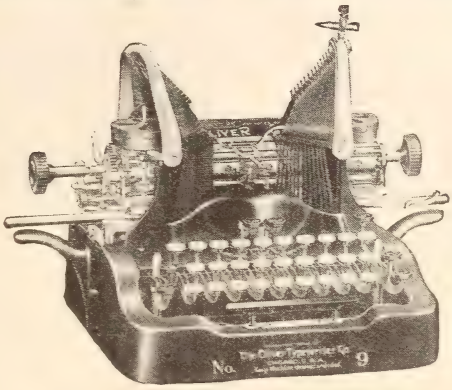

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Doctor Says Crying Need Of The Woman of Today Is More Iron In Her Blood

TO HELP STRENGTHEN HER NERVES AND PUT COLOR IN HER CHEEKS

Any woman who tires easily, is nervous or irritable, or looks pale, haggard, and worn should at once have her blood examined for iron deficiency. Administration of simple Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, careworn women in two weeks' time and help make them look years younger.

You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood—beautiful, healthy rosy-cheeked women full of life, vim and vitality—while those who lack iron are often cross, nervous, irritable, weak, tired, complaining creatures whom nobody wants to have around.

In commenting on the unusual demands being made today of women in every walk of life, Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author says: "There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy cheeked women without iron. I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of anaemic women is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt. But avoid the old forms of metallic iron which may injure the teeth and corrode the stomach and thereby do more harm than good. Take only organic iron—Nuxated Iron.

"I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder.

"If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak, or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages there are probably thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it."

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks, then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended by Dr. King is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists and general stores.

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE — 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MAE MARSH

offers a surprise to her host of admirers in her latest release, "Money Mad," by appearing in a large part of the picture in Oriental garb, a distinct departure for her. The rôle is not an Oriental one, however. Mae plays the part of an American girl, who disguises herself as a crystal gazer for a time.

VIVIAN MARTIN

—and who could picture more charmingly the trials of a "sub-deb" who has joined the Girls' Signal Corps, and after escaping countless enemy intrigues, manages to save her father's munitions plant from being blown up? Miss Martin's first picture under her renewed contract is based on such a story by Mary Roberts Rinehart, entitled "The Country First."

AGNES AYRES

Although she can hardly be called a typical O. Henry heroine, because the O. Henry ladies of romance vary as a sailor's sweethearts, Miss Ayres brings decided "atmosphere" to the filming of those popular stories. "The Venturers," "The Purple Dress," and "The Enchanted Profile" are some of the colorful bits of life in lower New York City in which she has appeared.

PEGGY HYLAND

has a smile which makes one envy her dog and the gargoyle decorations on her photograph. In her latest film she revives an old favorite of the family music rack. "Bonnie Annie Laurie" was the working title, and the crags of New Jersey furnish the Scottish setting.

TOM MIX

"Fame and Fortune"—the things which our popular hero goes after in his next picture, and of course wins, and so the film bears this title. What with "Twisted Trails," "The Tenderfoot's Tale," and "Brave and Bold," alliterative titles seem to bring him good luck.

CHARLES RAY

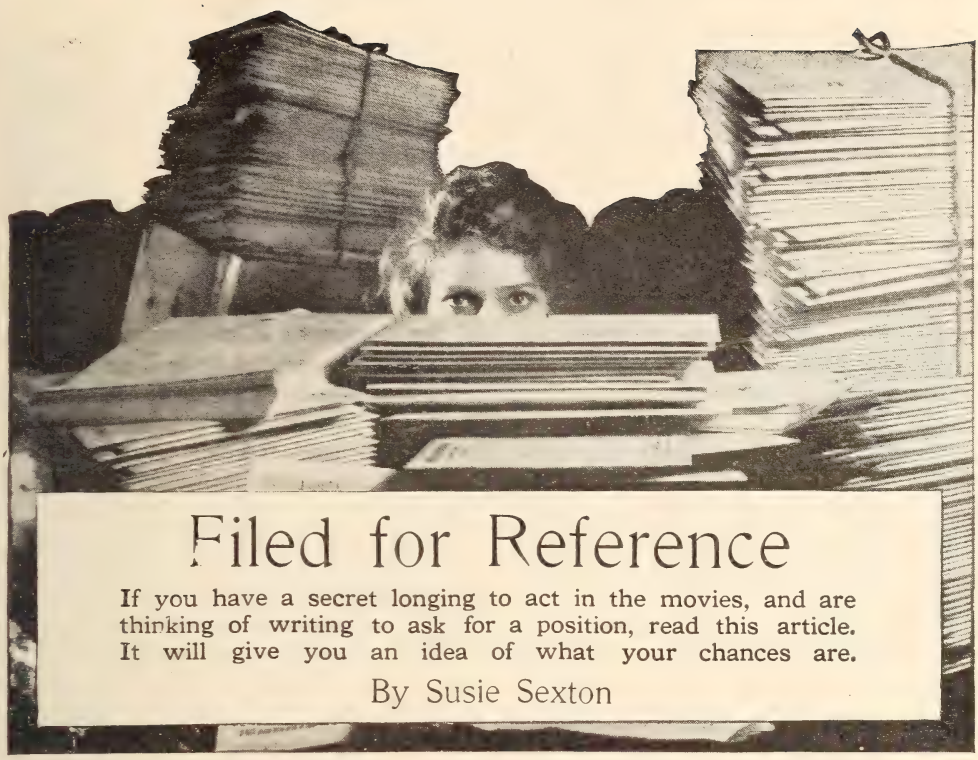
will follow up his "Nine O'clock Town" and "A Son of the Snows" with another of the small-town stories which he does so well. In "String Beans" the whole town becomes the prey of a band of schemers from the city who start a bean-canning industry, and Charlie is the boy who saves the situation.

LADY TSEN MEI

—doctor, lawyer, merchant, and chief, besides being a number of other things. She was the daughter of a physician in Canton, China, and came to this country to study. She has a medical diploma, one from a school of music and of law, and has now found time to be a star of the screen in Bentzwood Productions.

JUST SUPPOSE——

WELL, let's see. Mary is a country girl in calico pantalets, Douglas MacLean is—oh, the boy from the next farm; a big, comfortable tree, the rustle of the first autumn breeze—— There's the start, now you try it! It ought to be the easiest thing in the world to drift to the land of Just Suppose.



Filed for Reference

If you have a secret longing to act in the movies, and are thinking of writing to ask for a position, read this article. It will give you an idea of what your chances are.

By Susie Sexton

A week's accumulation of photographs, accompanying letters applying for positions, about to be returned.

ON a certain night of last summer, Margaret Ames, seventeen, pretty, and as clever as any girl in the little town of Doshen, Alabama, emerged from a motion-picture theater with the light of inspiration in her eyes. The two hundred and ninety-nine other persons who had attended the same theater had been amused and entertained. But Margaret, let me repeat, had been inspired.

That night, before retiring, she spent some time before the looking-glass on her own little white-enameled dressing table. To her, the resulting inventory of seventeen-year-old charms was not at all discouraging. Her curls were thicker and blonder, even, than those of the star whose acting had inspired her. Her teeth formed a flawless row of shining pearls. Her eyes were big, blue, black-lashed, and her complexion undeniably peaches and cream. She tried registering a few emotions before the mirror, and decided that she did them not at all badly.

There and then, Margaret Ames, of Doshen, Alabama, arrived at a decision. She sat down at her desk, and with visions of herself as a screen star floating before her eyes, wrote this letter to the director of the Mammoth Film Company, in New York:

DEAR SIR: I am seventeen years old and just crazy to get into the movies. The inclosed snapshot showing me in a bathing suit was taken at Beechnut Pond during vacation last year. It will give you an idea what I look like.

All my friends say I am very beautiful and would make a hit in pictures. They say I resemble your famous star, Mary Darling, only I am better looking. I am also considered very talented, having played all of the leading feminine rôles at the entertainments of the Doshen Shakespeare Club.

When you have any parts for high-school girls in movies I should like to play them. If you will let me know any time you need me I will come to New York at once. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, yours hopefully, MARGARET AMES.

P. S.—Please return the picture when you are through with it. It belongs to my chum.

The following Monday morning the above epistle arrived at the studio of the Mammoth Film Company in the first mail. But somehow it didn't get quite the reception that Margaret anticipated. First, it was sandwiched in among one hundred and forty-seven other similar letters, which an overworked secretary laid on the desk of little Mary Darling's director. Eighty-nine of the communications were accompanied by snapshots of girls in bathing suits.

Ten minutes later the director inserted his head in a narrow opening of the door of his office and shouted:

"Get half a dozen extras up here tomorrow morning. Want them to play schoolgirls in that boarding-school scene Miss Darling is making."

It might be mentioned in passing that, just about the same time, hopeful Margaret Ames was tripping to the post office in Doshen, hundreds of miles away, half expecting that already there would be a message bearing the name of the Mammoth Film Company, summoning her immediately to New York.

Meanwhile, in response to the director's call, the secretary reached into the lower left-hand drawer of his desk, drew out a sheet of foolscap, and spent the next few minutes running his finger down a neatly typewritten list of names, each followed by an abundance of such information as:

"Age, eighteen; hair, blond; eyes, brown; height, five foot four; good dresser; ingénue, et cetera." Following each name was a New York City street address and telephone number.

The secretary jotted down six or eight names together with their telephone numbers. Then he gave a few brief instructions to the switchboard

Even for those who do get a chance the work is often hard, sometimes allowing only a few minutes for luncheon.

When Mary Darling's director called "Camera!" the extra schoolgirls were on the set, ready for work.

operator, and then went about other affairs.

The next morning at nine, six young women, carrying schoolgirl costumes and hair ribbons in their hand bags, presented their credentials to the doorman of the Mammoth Studio and passed through the swinging gate which led to the Klieg-lighted interior.

When Mary Darling's director called "Camera!" half an hour later, the extra schoolgirls were on the set, ready for work. Each one had her make-up properly applied. Each one was dressed just as the director had suggested. And at four o'clock in the afternoon each one received five dollars in cash and orders to report at nine-thirty the next morning in the same costume.

And here we have the chief reason why Margaret Ames, contrary to the expectations of her many admiring friends, received no summons from New York for a screen try-out. Her six lucky competitors had gained the ear of Mary Darling's director in a way that no letter ever could.

They were eternally on the ground. They were ready, every one, to appear at the studio at an hour's notice, dressed appropriately for whatever rôle the director needed an extra to play. Each of these girls kept many complete costumes on hand, ranging from a maid's house dress to evening clothes, always ready to slip into for a hurry call. And when they were not busy in one studio they were keeping an eagle eye on the needs of the other studios.

In due time, which in this case means from one to three weeks, Margaret Ames received a letter which informed her courteously that while actors were seldom, if ever, engaged on application by mail, her name had been "filed for reference." The bathing-suit snapshot they were returning "under separate cover." Under the circumstances, Mary Darling's double need not have been surprised.

Margaret Ames' case is one of thousands, chosen at random. For in a single day, into the offices of all of the picture companies combined, pour many

hundreds of such appeals, from movie-ambitious girls, and from men and women, too, of every age between eight and eighty, begging for "a chance in the pictures." They come from all over the country, from Portland, Maine, to Austin, Texas.

To the ambitious movie fan with a gambler's instinct, some deductions of the studio statisticians in this connection may be interesting. One faddist with a taste for figures has estimated that if all the letters asking for movie jobs received by all of the motion-picture studios in the United States in the course of one year were placed edge to edge, they would be sufficient to girdle Mother Earth one and one-half times.

In the New York studio of a certain large company, which receives five mails a day, it is estimated that between twenty-five and thirty letters from would-be stars arrive in each mail. The average number of letters received each day is estimated at one hundred and twenty-five, or about three thousand a month! Figure for yourself how many such letters are received by all the companies in that length of time.

You need not be a wizard at mathematics to see, from this, that mail-order methods are not likely to produce jobs in filmland. Statistics have been compiled to show that the letter writer has just about one chance in fifty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty of being granted a studio try-out. Having attained that coveted opportunity, the chances of her being accepted are still very slim. The same movie statistician figures that only one out of one hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five such applicants ever gets even a minor screen rôle.

Why, then, this great flood of applications by mail?

Well, directors say that nine out of every ten men, women, and children in the United States have a longing, secret or confessed, to see themselves upon the screen. If, eager reader, you happen to belong to the ninety-per-cent majority, and have been reading these facts and figures with a sinking feeling in your own little "hope chest," you have probably come to the conclusion that "filed for reference" is a polite term for the more expressive slang, "shelved." And that would be right in almost every case, for the very obvious reason that the casting directors already have so many people on hand to choose from that it would be ridiculous for them to send even a short distance for some one they had never seen, and who might be a total failure. For no one can tell how any individual will film until a photographic test has been made.

In blissful ignorance of these con-

A group of actresses of a specific type, selected to act in "We Can't Have Everything."

No matter what the requirements are, the casting director can procure from near by any number of available actors or actresses on short notice.

ditions, the Margaret Ameses keep up their steady bombardment by letter, hopefully and confidently. The confidence that some of these applicants have is almost beyond belief. Here is an example in the form of a letter written by a New York youth to a young screen beauty whose star has had a phenomenal rise during the last year:

> My Dear Miss ——: At last I have summoned up the courage to write to you. Last night as I walked down Broadway with a friend I passed you and your husband as you came out of the Strand Theater. You will recall me, I know, because when I reached the corner I turned back and found you looking at me. Now, my dear Miss ——, I want to ask you a favor. I want to become your leading man. Although I have had no experience, I feel, as you doubtless do after seeing me, that I would make an excellent appearance on the screen. Won't you kindly arrange an interview for me with your husband this week? I am anxious to avoid any delay in this matter, as it is of the utmost importance to me. Kindly answer at once. Your devoted admirer, ———.

A letter received by another producing company came from a woman who wished to bring her entire family to New York City, and requested that they all be given jobs. She wrote:

> My father, who is eighty, could do fine in old-man parts. And my youngest boy, who is eight, is a natural-born comedian. We are ready to start as soon as we hear from you.

In the ranks of the indefatigable letter writers there have been occasionally girls brave enough to boast of an utter lack of feminine charms in their bids for a director's consideration as screen actresses. Not long ago one of these sent a letter to a film company, in which among other things she wrote:

> I am so ugly you would have to give me a job, because nothing like me was ever seen in pictures. I can't act even a little bit. Altogether I am so bad that I'm good, and therefore in a class by myself. A personal interview would be to your advantage.

The director who read that letter must have been tempted to make its writer the envied one in fifty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty, and give her a screen try-out.

On the ground, and waiting for the chance of being selected. Taken at the Vitagraph Studio.

Not infrequently the applicants seem to think that by extreme methods they can attract attention, as, for example, the author of the following:

SIR: I suppose you gave that picture that I sent to you the once over and thought that guy must be a nut or something of that sort, or he might have seen Chaplin in comedy, and thought he could do as good as Chaplin. Well, if that's what you thought, you got another thought coming. Well, has Chaplin got anything on me? I've got trick ears. Very truly yours,

A NUT, AS YOU THINK.

But though the "Nut" inclosed a diagram showing in detail just how his trick ears worked, his appeal was a wasted effort, as are all such appeals.

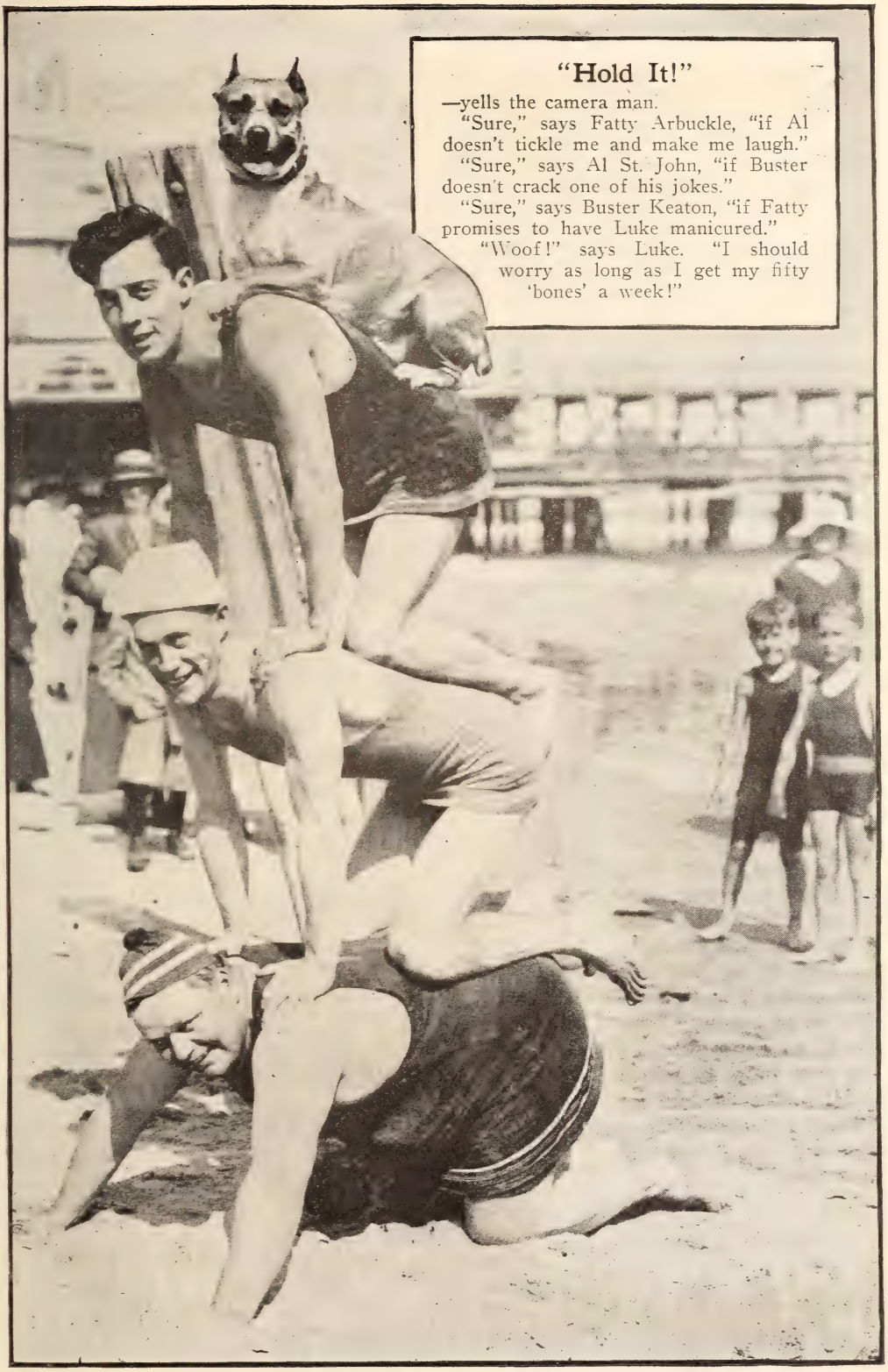
For it is growing more and more difficult, even for those who are "on the ground," to break into the movies. Here is the situation, according to a veteran director of one of the biggest companies:

"A few years ago the person with good looks and a little money had a fairly good chance of getting into the work without much trouble. That is no longer true, for conditions have arisen in the film industry and in the outside world within the past year which have changed the situation entirely. I should say that a girl ought to be very pretty, ought to have an excellent array of gowns, and she ought to have money enough to last her a year before attempting the movies.

"There is only one type in demand to-day, and that is the handsome young juvenile, for the need of men at the front and in various war services has considerably thinned the ranks of the youngsters. But even vacancies in these lines are filled fairly easily by actors with experience whose years belie their looks."

So think again, little Margaret Ameses all over the country, whether it is not better to stay at home with your admiring friends who are sure you can outdo Mary Darling, than to be rudely awakened to the cruel fact that you are not even indispensable as an extra. Think ten times before you "take your pen in hand," and you will doubtless decide that your aspirations instead of your letter are to be filed for reference.

Not very encouraging, is it? That's often the trouble with the truth about things. But though applications by mail are utterly useless, there are other ways of getting into the movies. The story of how one girl overcame the difficulties that stood in the way of her acting in pictures will be told in our next issue. It is called "Stage-Struck."



"Hold It!"

—yells the camera man.

"Sure," says Fatty Arbuckle, "if Al doesn't tickle me and make me laugh."

"Sure," says Al St. John, "if Buster doesn't crack one of his jokes."

"Sure," says Buster Keaton, "if Fatty promises to have Luke manicured."

"Woof!" says Luke. "I should worry as long as I get my fifty 'bones' a week!"

When Doris Does It

—why, it's all right.

By Barbara Little

Doris' little niece, Nan, has been playing in her company.

SPEAKING of having nice things happen to you, I can think of nothing nicer than having a little niece who adores you, and wants to grow up to be just like you—unless it is to get invited to go out on a location to see Doris Kenyon. The first thing happened to Miss Kenyon, and the second, to me—which is how this story came to be written.

When every one was on the point of giving up hope—it had rained for days—the sun came out one morning, and that afternoon the whole company, including

Round a bend in the road appeared a girl in a flowery sort of dress.

Doris Kenyon, little niece and all, packed themselves into automobiles and hustled out to "the Farm" near New Rochelle, New York, where the outdoor scenes for "The Inn of the Blue Moon" were being shot. Later in the day an auto called to take me.

There was a birdlike whistle, as we stopped abruptly at the mouth of a weed-choked lane, and round a bend in the road appeared a young girl. With her brown hair bobbing in tangled curls over her shoulders, she looked almost as youthful as the blue-pinafored child who skipped along at her side carrying "Aunt Doris'" shade hat.

"Hello, everybody," called Doris Kenyon, in a clear voice brimful of happiness and the belated sunshine; "the company is over there on location," and she indicated with a sweep of her arm the lane down which she had come.

"You want to see *me?* Come along,

Director O'Brien fixed Doris' make-up, while the company cleared its throat collectively.

I have to change my dress—for the umpsteenth time to-day, and it's such a nuisance. You see, I'm playing a double part all through the story. The picture is about twin sisters who get separated when they are babies, and meet later on when they are grown up. I'm the country girl right now, and in another minute I'll be her city twin sister," she explained as we went toward the dressing room.

It wasn't really a room at all, but a pretty little machine fitted up inside just like a regular dressing room.

"There!" said Doris, jerking her tight-fitting little outing hat over her curls, and scrutinizing her piquant reflection in the little mirror on the side of her car with wide blue eyes that needn't have been the least mite critical—but were.

"Now we'll run along. You see, I change my make-up and clothes and even my thoughts, and do the other side of the picture, while the camera man runs it off again. You'll understand when you see it done—and here we are now." Following the turn, we came upon a number of actors and assistants seated around on the grass, an empty automobile which was to figure in the picture—and a camera.

"All ready! Now, Doris," said Director O'Brien, helping her into the car and shifting the position of her hands on the wheel. "Don't look at the sun—it's hot enough to burn your eyes—just look over there by that clump of

Picnic scenes abound in "The Inn of the Blue Moon."

trees. What's that?" as Miss Kenyon murmured something. "Oh, I'll give you time to powder your nose before we shoot. What? Say, have any of you people seen Doris' bag? Jack, go back to the machine and get Miss Kenyon's bag—be quick," he added, turning to a young chap in a football sweater.

Of course nothing more could be done until the make-up bag arrived. Doris took it on her knees, and dabbed away, while everybody waited, and the whole company cleared its throat collectively.

"Doris, let me see your mouth—you have too much make-up on your lips," said O'Brien severely. "It'll screen black, and then you won't like it. Use your handkerchief," he suggested, as Miss Kenyon began to rub it off with her finger.

"I—I didn't bring one," faltered the little star.

"Then come here and let me fix it, myself." And everybody watched with the greatest interest while the director reached into his pocket and took out a big square of muslin and removed the superfluous rouge.

"Now, Doris," he went on when she was back in the car, "you see your sister coming across the field. You sit there in the machine and follow her with your eyes—she comes right up close and begins to talk, and you show interest." The scene was rehearsed, and finally the director called "Cam-

era," and the shooting began. Once she bent down the soft brim of her little hat to shut out the glare of the sun while water was passed in a tin dipper—it was kept cool in a big, shiny milk can under a shady tree—then again the camera man cranked his machine, and O'Brien told the little lady in the machine just what was expected of her.

"Show interest—that's it! Now smile a little—smile a little more—one—two—three! Now say, 'Oh, that'll be fine! Yes, I know now that we are sisters. Isn't it strange? We're in lots of trouble—do you know any place where I can hide?' Now stop and listen—listen—now enthusiasm! 'That'll be great!' Hold it!—Hold it!—Hold it, Doris!" The director snatched off his cap in his excitement. "Great stuff," he announced. "All right, camera."

There was another change back to the flowered dress, and the little country sister — who was supposed to run up to the machine for the meeting that had just been shot. Again there was an indispensable black bag missing—this time a knitting bag that the little country girl carried in the scene. Every one began a frantic search for it when the little niece in the blue pinafore appeared with it.

Doris as the little country twin.

They are great pals—these two, and the youngster looks so much like Doris that whenever they need to show her as a *very* little girl in a picture—as they did in "The Street of the Seven Stars," Nan, as the little girl is called, plays the part, and carries out the illusion perfectly.

Doris Kenyon, it seems, was a Brooklyn girl—with a voice. She sang there in church each Sunday until some one, looking for a pretty girl with a voice to take a part in "Princess Pat," discovered her. Other stage successes were followed by successful work on the screen, so that now Doris is a star.

And Brooklyn, by the way, is called the City of Churches—and pretty girls.

The Dumb Chorus Girls

How they furnish the "T. B. M." from Maine to California with a substitute for musical comedy—or burlesque—at fifteen cents.

By Judson D. Stuart

TIME was—but times have changed—when it cost the "tired business man" two dollars and upward to get sufficiently refreshed to go to work the next day. For that is what he paid for a front seat at a musical comedy. If he was *very* tired, he followed the musical comedy with a roof show, and spoiled a twenty-dollar bill—or maybe more. That is—the city business man, for the man in the small town had to wait until his semiannual trip to the big town, or until an occasional girl show stopped "on the road" before he could spend a similar evening of rejuvenation.

But that was before the movies began competing with musical comedy, as they have at last competed with every other branch of the stage, from vaudeville to grand opera—aided by phonograph records, pipe organs, and symphony orchestras. Nowadays entertainment suitable for the tired business man is not confined to the big town. It can be found in every town and village throughout the country which is enlightened enough to possess a movie hall and a screen. In fact, the T. B. M. out in Homeville can sit back and see girlies just as shapely and just as clever, and performing the same little stunts, that his brother T. B. M. is seeing in New York or Chicago.

And where, oh where, are the girls of yesteryear? For with the coming of the new comedy have come a new

race of chorus girls, speechless, it is true, but with an athletic charm all their own. They are beauties, every one, for the screen is a faultless "picker" of lovely types, and by the time the T. B. M. takes his seat in the auditorium, half his work is done.

In still other ways, besides presenting unusual beauty, the movie comedy "puts it all over" the legitimate show, for on the screen clever bits of comedy and all sorts of difficult stunts can be shown which would be impossible to the footlight stage. A trick that re-

quires hours of practice to do right even once would succeed only once in a week or two, perhaps, on the stage, but, having once been accomplished before the camera, can be acted every night as long as the films are shown. Similarly, in the picture comedy, a degree of realism may be had which would be out of the question inside of a theater. For instance, when a beach scene is needed for Waikiki, instead of spreading a canvas drop in the rear, where painted palm trees spread their leaves, with a vista of gaudy blue water shown between, the movie director puts the real thing on the screen for his fifteen-cent-and-upward patrons.

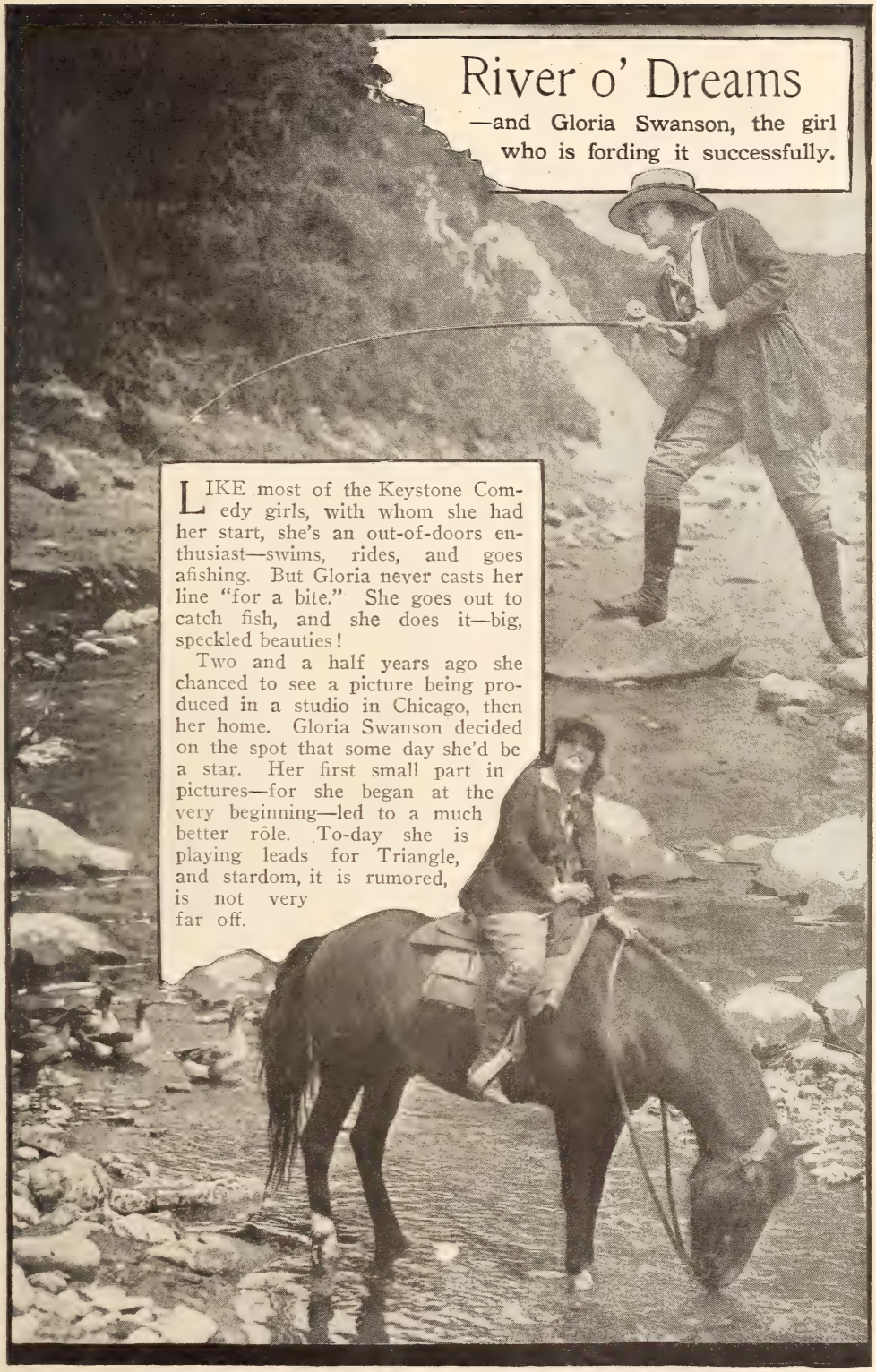
When the waves splash and the breakers roll, and the orchestra or the girl at the piano supplements the action with the swish and boom of a tin contraption — at

least you can be sure that you are seeing real waves and pebbly beaches from the California coast line.

Curious how things come about—the modern screen comedy isn't very old, you know. Not many years ago, a director snapping a water scene sent out a call for pretty girls to fill in as bathing-resort extras. The film, when finished, had an unprecedented run, and the director followed it around to the picture houses to find out why. It was invariably the beach scene that made the big hit. Then and there he began to recruit girls, girls, and still more girls from the comedies and roof shows for his new type of screen play.

Next, out of the galaxy of feminine beauty, stars in this new type of screen comedy began to emerge, and on the screen to-day there are several girls of the Mack Sennett Comedies who have in their special line the standing of stars in the field of the drama. Mary Thurman, Phyllis Haver, Louise Fazenda, and Marvel Rea are but a few.

In a way, the type is quite different from the comedy girls of the stage—a more attractive type, if we may say it,



River o' Dreams

—and Gloria Swanson, the girl who is fording it successfully.

LIKE most of the Keystone Comedy girls, with whom she had her start, she's an out-of-doors enthusiast—swims, rides, and goes afishing. But Gloria never casts her line "for a bite." She goes out to catch fish, and she does it—big, speckled beauties!

Two and a half years ago she chanced to see a picture being produced in a studio in Chicago, then her home. Gloria Swanson decided on the spot that some day she'd be a star. Her first small part in pictures—for she began at the very beginning—led to a much better rôle. To-day she is playing leads for Triangle, and stardom, it is rumored, is not very far off.

Darrell Foss—Juvenile Villain

By Leigh Moran

HE'S what you'd call a hard-boiled egg—in pictures. And so young, too! But—whisper it—he expects to grow up and be a good son, besides being polite to the ladies and a regular fellow with the men.

Just now, every time you see him on the screen, he's either a cad or a coward or a prig—or something you don't know whether to kiss

or kick. And it partly is, and partly isn't, his fault.

"I've got troubles," he said to me at the Triangle studio out in California one day, "and, on the other hand, I haven't. As the most unlikable sort of masculine mess that was ever put on the screen, I'm a big hit. I get hundreds of letters from people telling how they hate me. Yes, sir, believe me or not, it's the truth.

"The big trouble is," he wailed, "that I don't want to be that sort of success. There's no

fun in having the critics rave over you as being so bad you're good. I'm a regular fellow, and I want to play regular-fellow parts. Will they let me? No! They say they can get screen heroes by the gross, but that juvenile villains come only in small packages."

I called it tough luck, and sympathized, and we went out to dinner together, and he told me all about it, from soup to nuts.

It was because he broke in wrong. He started out in life with a half-grown ambition to be a jockey, but one day he saw some motion-picture folk "shooting" a scene along the fringe of the Pacific Ocean. That was enough; he decided to be a motion-picture actor. So, with the enormous assurance of having recently acquired a high-school diploma, and sharing the popular idea that photo-play acting is a royal road to fame and fortune, and that all that is required is a certain amount of the commodity known as brass, he applied for a position as—*leading man.*

And worse and more of it, being tall, clean cut, and good looking, and possessing considerable selling ability, he —got it!

He went to one of the best-known producers in the game—Thomas H. Ince—and, with a lofty manner, told him he was from the speaking stage, and had achieved an ambition to "go into the movies." Ince particularly needed

such a type as Foss just at that time, and signed him up as a leading man.

The atrociousness of his attempts at acting are still studio gossip. He was discharged the same day he was hired.

But his nerve was not ruffled, and, having decided to be an actor, that was all there was to it.

For two years he played "atmosphere." He was known as "the millionaire extra man." Living with his wealthy parents at Santa Monica, he sported the most gorgeous of wardrobes. At last Ince called him into his office.

"You'll admit now, I suppose, that the joke was on you, after all," he said.

"I will," admitted Foss.

"Then," said Ince, "you can go to work regularly. I've been watching you. I need a juvenile heavy. You're it."

From that day on, Foss went up the ladder. Some of his leading parts have been with Alma Rubens, in "The Firefly of Tough Luck," with Margery Wilson in "Without Honor," in "Her American Husband," in which he was specially featured, with Belle Bennett in "A Soul in Trust," and with Gloria Swanson in "Her Decision."

For the benefit of a prolific letter writer who lives in Norwich, Connecticut, and another who buys her stamps in Springfield, Illinois, it may be observed that he is not married—yet.

IF!

MIRANDA, at the movies,
While sitting side by side,
We've seen some stunning pictures,
And laughed at them and cried!
Oh, I would tell my story,
The sweetest song that's sung—
If I were Francis Bushman,
And you were Clara Young!

But I, alas, am bashful,
And cannot say a word
Of what within my spirit
These many moons has stirred!
Still, I could show my ardor
In ways that you would heed—
If you were Mary Pickford,
And I were Wallace Reid!

Miranda, I am frightened,
Yes, frightened by the thought
That maybe my devotion
Will only come to naught!
I'd kiss you and caress you,
Sweet lady of my choice—
If I were Bryant Washburn,
And you were Alice Joyce!

HAROLD SETON.

"Flying with the Marines"

By J. B. Waye

THOUGH for a long time we have read of the seemingly impossible feats of flying practiced by the modern birdmen, it is only of late that these exploits have been caught by the camera.

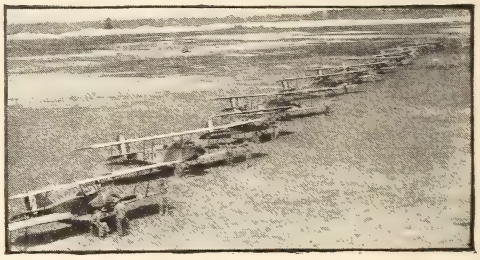
To the United States Marine Corps must go the first palm for having released what is probably the most remarkable set of aviation pictures ever taken. No such thrills of flying have ever before been shown on the screen. This work was done at the marine aviation camp in Miami, Florida, under the direction of Lieutenant S. L. Rothapfel, manager of the Rialto and Rivoli Theaters, in New York City, who has done much to further the fame of the boys who are "first to fight."

The pictures were taken by two young marine sergeants, John M. LaMond and Freeman H. Owens.

Besides the flying pictures there are some extremely interesting and enlightening scenes as to the methods of ground training, particularly in the use of machine guns. But the flying pictures are, of course, the most thrilling.

First the machines —each manned by a marine aviator—are shown ascending one or two at a time, until an entire air squadron is seen going through formations in the air.

Around and around they dip and swirl, against backgrounds



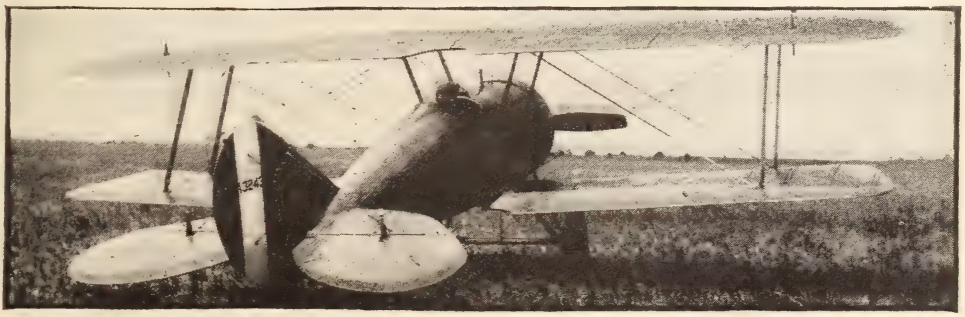
of fleecy clouds, passing and repassing so closely as to make a collision seem certain.

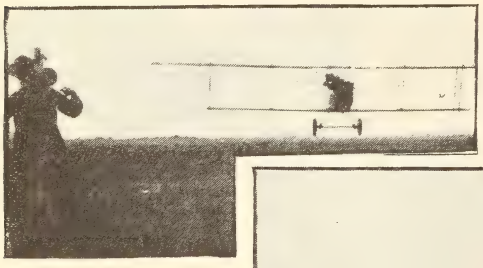
Then come the stunts—the loop, the tail spin, and the like. These are first shown as seen from the ground. Then they are pictured as seen by the man in the plane. In the picture of the loop, the earth, at which you are looking, first begins to tip up, the horizon appears, disappears, clouds go dizzily scooting before you, until finally the earth comes into view again, a-tilt, and at last you're riding on an even keel once more. And then you take a deep breath!

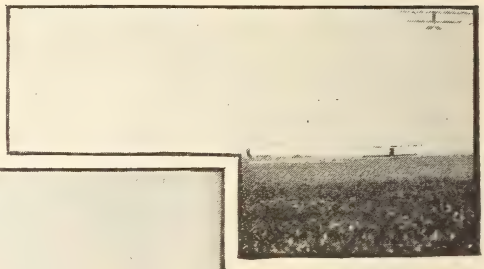
The tail spin is a bit different. As the spin begins you see the earth suddenly start revolving faster and faster, until you grasp the arms of your seat to keep your balance.

"It was pretty hard work and a lot of fun," said Sergeant LaMond, with whom I talked on his return to New York City.

"Standing up in the back of an aëroplane and grinding a camera is a pretty fatiguing business. You not only get the wind from going ninety miles an hour, but all the added air pressure coming from the propeller. The pilot,







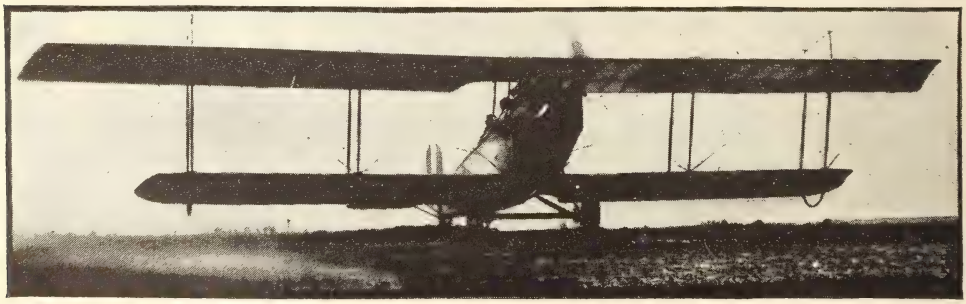
by the way, who drove the machine was only twenty years old. Altogether I took about six hops —that's what they call a flight—to get the pictures. I was only in the air about three hours, but I was all in that night.

"There are some curious sensations connected with the stunts. Take the loop, for instance. The wind pressure in that is such that you can't do any breathing while you're making it. If you don't have a lung full of air when you start it, you're out of luck. Then, one time, while I was getting used to the sensation, before

I started taking pictures, I sat down in what I'd call the cockpit, with my hands on my knees. We started, and I found I couldn't move my hands!

"The tail spin some experience, too. You can fancy that it might be when I tell you that we traveled at the rate of two hundred and sixty miles an hour while taking it.

"As the pictures showed, we traveled very close to other planes. One passed us within twelve feet once, and that was ticklish business, I can tell you. But the only really close call we had was one time



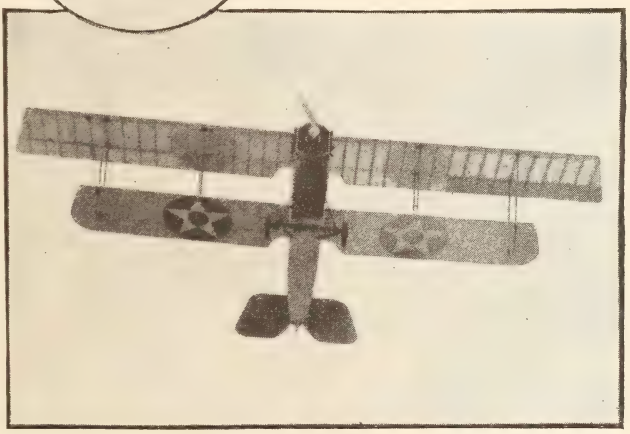
when we nearly ran into a small flock of buzzards. You see, if a small object—a bird much smaller than a buzzard—hits the propeller, the propeller will be shattered. Well, my pilot dived just in time to miss that flock.

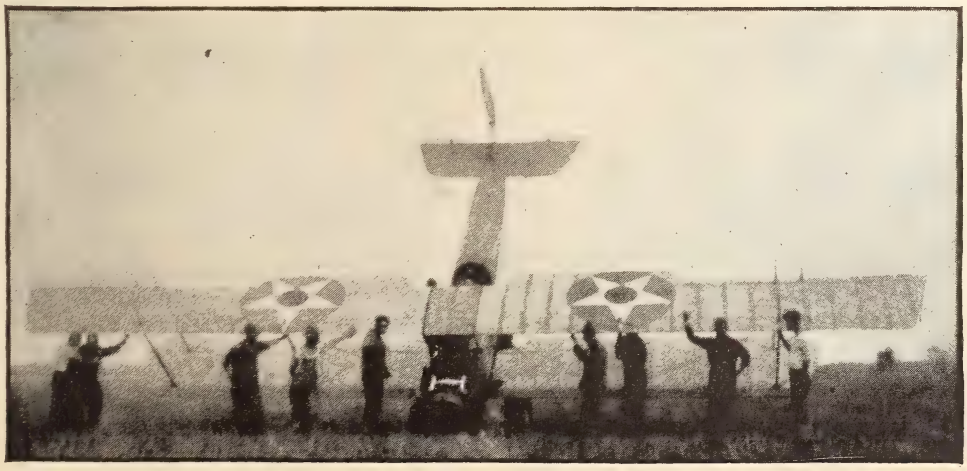
"But one of the oddest sensations was when the pilot shut off the engine—way up in the air—and just drifted. There wasn't a sound, except for the singing of the wind in the wires of the plane. They made a curious wailing sound.

"Did I ever forget and stop grinding? Well, hardly. A camera man doesn't do that. I think if you started a camera man to grinding his crank on a sinking ship, he'd keep on until he hit the water."

Other films have been made recently which show substantially the same views of the modern tricks of flying as those taken by the marines. One of these is Universal's "The Yanks Are Coming." This film, which was stopped by the government from being shown, is said to contain a very complete description, not only of all the up-to-date stunts, but also of how planes are made in quantity production. At this writing efforts are being made to arrange with the government to have the film shown as government propaganda.

Before long the most difficult tricks of flying will have become as commonplace in the remotest places, thanks to the films, as they have been for some time to the villagers near the battle lines in France.

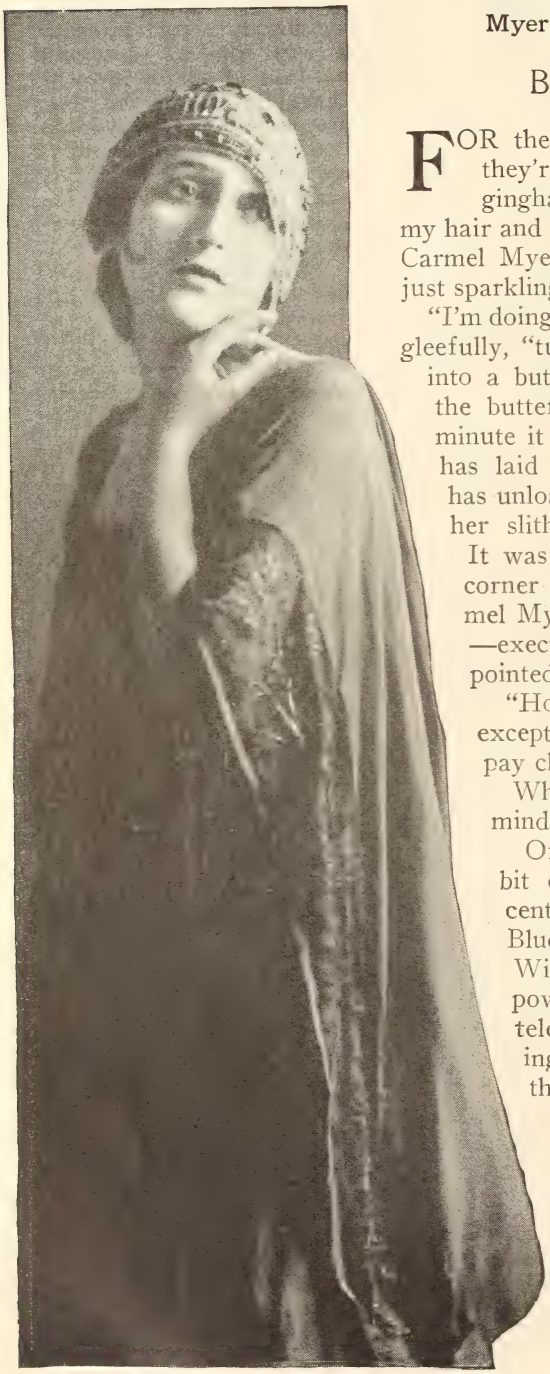




Carmel Turns to Comedy

The confessions of Carmel Myers—double-dyed vampire

By Grace Kingsley



FOR the very first time in my film career they're going to let me play a fluffy, pink-gingham kid of fifteen, with a ribbon in my hair and fairly smelling of bread and butter!" Carmel Myers told me the other day, her eyes just sparkling in anticipation.

"I'm doing the metamorphosis act," she went on gleefully, "turning from a chrysalis tragedienne into a butterfly comedy child." And just as the butterfly knows exactly what to do the minute it gets out, so does Miss Myers. She has laid away her naughty vamping ways, has unloaded her wicked little pistol, and put her slithery gowns in the camphor chest. It was out at Universal City, on a quiet corner of one of the big stages. And Carmel Myers—you know she's only seventeen—executed a dainty little ballet kick, toe pointed and everything.

"Honestly, I don't know I'm working except on Saturday night, when I draw my pay check!" she admitted.

Which is a pleasant way of being reminded of it, you'll agree.

Of course, it all happened through a bit of comedy which Miss Myers recently "put over" in George Seigmann's Bluebird feature, "The Unmarried Wife," after which that mysterious power known as "the New York office" telegraphed out to Universal: "Nothing hereafter for Miss Myers except the cutey-comedy stuff."

"It probably all began with my first false start," said Miss Myers, just as if she were going to tell me one of those movie plots. "You know on the screen it's just like real life—you take one false step and you're a goner. Over at the Griffith Studio I played the 'heavy' in 'Stage-Struck,' with Dorothy Gish.

That was my first downward step, with apologies to the company. Since then I've vamped twelve husbands, and I've registered bitterness and hate and general cussedness enough to break the camera. At last I even sank to murder—you remember I killed a Jap in 'The Girl in the Dark.' "

Well, it is pretty tough when you come to think of it—being a perfectly nice young girl just out of high school, and who always has her mother along—having to play greenery-yallery jealousy and pale-pink passion, when she just longs to romp around.

"But now I'm going to Sunnyjim all over the place—even if I haven't got a pug nose. Isn't it funny how directors reason that a girl can't be funny and cute unless she has a pug nose? 'Why Not,' by Margaret Widemer—that's the story in which I'm going to romp around in comedy. And that's my motto, too. When there's anything I want to accomplish, I always say to myself: 'Well, why not?' In fact, that's how I first got into pictures.

"It was while I was in high school in Los Angeles, and my chum and I were just dying to be screen actresses. One day she did get a chance—she worked extra for two or three days after that. So my hopes rose. One day we went out to Universal City. My chum knew where to go to make up as an extra, and we found some long robes there on a chair. We put them on and made up our faces. Then we sallied out on the lot. I remember I looked eagerly at every director, hoping to be 'discovered.' Then we met a director.

" 'Where are you girls going?' he asked pretty brusquely. We knew just one director merely by name, and we mentioned him.

" 'No,

you aren't,' he said. 'I'm Mr. Blank, and you girls better just go and wash your faces and go home!'

"Oh, the tears I shed that day! I hate that director yet!"

Can you imagine being in New York, and yet not being there? Can you fancy having your name in electric lights, and yet never having seen it?

Well, that's exactly what had befallen Carmel Myers. But shortly after this chat I had with her, she left, and saw not only her name on Broadway, but the Fourth of July parade in New York as well.

"The last time I was in New York, I didn't like the place at all?"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I had to live on condensed milk. You see, I was only a year old, and mother couldn't get any fresh milk for me."

But even though all that happened not so very long ago, Miss Myers has gotten all over her dislike for the big city, and is anxious to visit it.

"You can't imagine how much I am looking forward to going East," she went on enthusiastically, "nor all I want to see and do when I get there. It's funny how I can remember the exact dot that represented New York in my high-school geography."

"What shall you miss most while you're in New York, do you suppose?"

"Why, I think," said Miss Myers, half closing her eyes in a reflective way she has, "I think I shall miss our traffic cops most. You know, they're *so* nice to me, no matter how fast I drive!"

Are You Superstitious?

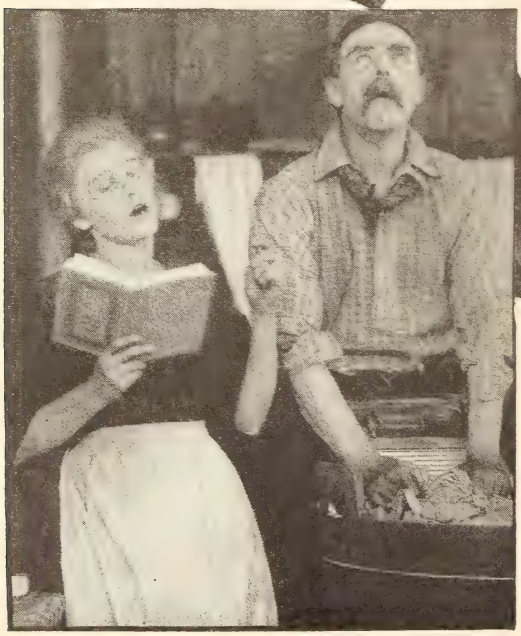
Do you avoid the cracks in the sidewalk? Do you stop to pick up every pin you see for fear that, if you "let it lay, bad luck you will have all day?" Some insist that it is illogical to be superstitious, but some of the greatest minds in history have not been proof against it.

Doctor Johnson is said to have gone half a mile out of his way in an evening's walk to avoid a certain "evil street," and Napoleon to have had certain dishes, which, eaten before a battle, brought him victory.

One of the most common superstitions is that the breaking of a glass brings the one who lets it fall seven years of bad luck. If we were superstitious we should advise Doris Kenyon to take a firmer grasp on her hand mirror, even though that charming smile ought to break any evil charm.

Ventures undertaken on a Friday are likely to turn out badly—and this is especially true of starting a journey or cutting out a dress. For Donna Drew's sake, we hope the picture at the left was snapped on Thursday.

Perhaps Beverly Bayne doesn't know that holding a book upside down brings bad luck, or maybe the director insisted on her doing it in "Cyclone Higgins, D. D."



Putting the shoes anywhere except on the floor or the ground is sure to bring bad luck—like as not, in the person of a fussy housekeeper on a rampage—and that is as bad luck as we wish any man. George Beban, however, looks as though he was too interested in getting his shoe firmly tied to bother about the possibilities of any such trouble.

Owls have been associated with ill luck and death, as well as with wisdom, from earliest times to the present. Shakespeare makes frequent references to the "bird of ill omen," and calls him "the fatal bellman who gives the sternest good night." Despite all this harrowing information, Norma Talmadge doesn't seem a bit ruffled about the owl she found in the barn.

Most superstitions have to do with bad luck, but here is a sure sign of good luck—opening the door with the left hand.

Remember the dead cat that Jack Pickford used to cure warts with in "The Further Adventures of Tom Sawyer?" Cats are supposed to bring bad luck, especially black cats.

Spilling salt between two persons is the sure sign of a bad quarrel. The way to break the evil spell is for the person who overturns the salt to throw it over his shoulder. In "Mr. Fix-It," Douglas has no notion of quarreling with Wanda Hawley, his pretty leading lady, so he applies the remedy.

This superstition grew out of the story that Judas, who betrayed Christ, spilled the salt at the last supper, and in the restoration of Da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper," Judas was found to be painted overturning a small dish.

To take off the wedding ring will bring bad luck, usually in the form of sickness or loss of money. However, if the bride removes it immediately after the ceremony, she may do it thereafter without fear.

Falling downstairs backward is supposed to bring some disaster in its train, but that ought to be enough of a disaster without having anything more happen. Perhaps Ben Turpin's knee in this Mack Sennett picture will break the curse and the fall. Here's luck, anyway!

To see two images of yourself is decidedly unfortunate, and presages a disaster. That superstition must antedate the invention of double shaving mirrors, and the playing of double parts on the screen—for if it didn't one man in every three would cut himself with his razor blade, and half the screen stars would have some piece of very bad luck.

Maude Wayne doesn't look worried about her future in the picture on the right—which may be accounted for by the fact that she can see herself in the third panel of glass in her dressing table.

To light three cigarettes off the same match is supposed to bring bad luck to the man who lights his cigarette last. Here is a clever device in the picture below for lighting a cigarette. It is safe to assume that no one else has thought of using the flame in a peanut roaster for the same purpose.

If you give a toast, drink first, to prove your good faith. In days of old, when knights were bold enough to dine out, they waited until the host drank, to be sure the wine wasn't poisoned.

Very common is the belief that some dire calamity will follow the opening of an umbrella inside the house. Charles Lynn, of the Sennett Comedies, looks as if bad luck already were befalling him.

Many and varied are the curious beliefs surrounding the marriage ceremony. The day on which you are married, the way you enter the church, what you wear—all these things, according to superstition, make or mar your future happiness. In Norway there is a superstition that states that no girl who tries on another's bridal veil before her own wedding day is set will marry.

Most superstitions are centuries old—the good-luck horseshoe, for instance. An authority on legends says that the belief grew out of the ancient Jewish rite of sprinkling blood on the lintel and sides of the door at the time of the Passover, so that Jehovah might pass over the Israelites when he smote Egypt. The horseshoe came to represent roughly the sides and top of the door.

Generally speaking, most superstitions had some really useful origin. The idea of picking up a pin to bring good luck was an old Puritan concept invented to teach economy. The spilling of ink is unlucky because it usually does damage.

It is naturally bad luck for a person to walk under a ladder, for the chances are greatly in favor of the ladder falling down on him. "Safety First" is the name of this Sennett comedy, but it looks as if all the actors were thinking of safety last.

Luncheon with Shirley

During which the little star confided some interesting things about herself, her sister, and her new play to

Jean Francis

MY favorite food is——"

"My dear Miss Mason," I began sternly, "if you think *that* is the latest style of interview, 1919 model——"

"Why not call me Shirley? It's so much more—well, *you* know," and she puckered her little forehead thoughtfully. "As I was saying, my favorite food is bread and butter and sugar—have some," she exclaimed, producing a plate of it on the little table in her dressing room, and helping herself to a large slice. I had forgotten that it was lunch hour in the Famous Players Studio at Fort Lee, New Jersey, and that she must be famished after a morning of work in the first of a series of Emerson-Loos comedies which are to be presented by Paramount.

"My favorite color is navy blue—serge, preferably, if you *must* know," she went on with a mischievous little grin, as she brushed some imaginary

crumbs off from her dark, tailored little suit.

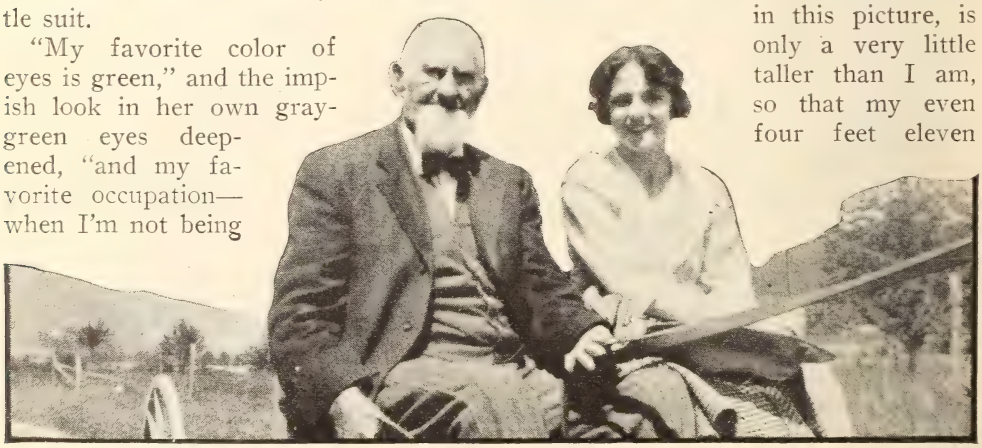
"My favorite color of eyes is green," and the impish look in her own gray-green eyes deepened, "and my favorite occupation—when I'm not being interviewed—is to go shopping with Viola, and hear people say: 'If that's Shirley Mason, the other must be Viola Dana!' You see, they say it the other way around quite as often, but I like to tease my sister about it, because really I started my professional career before she did, although she is two years older than I am.

"But most of all—seriously now—I love to go to the country in the summertime. I amuse myself for hours driving over the hills, or playing with the bossies and the lambkins.

"Goodness me!" she broke off suddenly, looking at her locket watch. "We ought to be going up to the studio. Annie, let me have my knitting," she said to the maid who has taken care of her all through her career, and while she was talking Shirley absent-mindedly replaced a long yellow pencil in her hair, which, if anything, made her look shorter than ever.

"Tell me why you're so much littler than I dreamed from seeing your pictures," I asked.

"One always screens taller than one really is—you know that," said the diminutive little lady, "and it makes a difference how heavily built you are. Viola, for instance, is a little taller than I, but weighs more in proportion, and that makes her seem shorter than I am. Ernest Truex, who is my leading man in this picture, is only a very little taller than I am, so that my even four feet eleven



and a half will probably look like five feet six.

"I'm a patriotic little stenographer in the picture, and he's my soldier sweetheart," she went on to explain. "Of course, the picture is comedy from start to finish.

"Right over there," she pointed to an office set, "is the desk where I'm supposed to work. Of course, I don't really run the typewriter—I sort of *play* it like a piano. But at home I have a typewriter, and I'm really learning to write, only it takes me hours to finish a single page.

"I had my first speaking part with William Faversham in 'The Squaw Man.' I was only four and I can't remember much about it, except my mother dressing me for the part of *Little Hal* herself—— I never would let any one else do it, and they say I made a fearful fuss one night when I had to go on without her good-luck kiss. She was delayed somewhere, and no one could do anything with me until some one happened to think of my doll that she had dressed for me and brought it. That's the only time I've been allowed to exhibit temperament—because mother wasn't there to stop me.

"And I'm just as lost without mother to-day, at eighteen, as I was when I was four. We live in a big house uptown, and I'm never separated from her except once in a while when I go to spend the night with

Viola, who has an apartment on the Drive. We have such nice times talking and making little suppers and everything, and, of course, Viola tells me what she thinks of my latest picture, and I criticize hers—and we never say anything nice about them—because, don't you see, any one who likes you will say sweet things about your parts, but it takes a loving sister to pick your work apart and find the weak spots in it that you may not even have seen yourself.

"We're used to good-natured rivalry—I understudied Viola in 'The Poor Little Rich Girl,' and at one time, when that was running in New York, and Mary Pickford was playing in 'A Good Little Devil' around the corner, mother used to bring us all home together in the subway. Mary and Viola used to argue about who had had the bigger audience.

"Later on I had a chance to play 'The Poor Little Rich Girl' out on the coast, and previous to that I had played in 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'Passers-By.'

"I was quite a child still when I went into pictures for the Edison Company. Viola went into pictures about the same time. At first it was so different from the stage that it took some time to get used to it. The thing that bothered me most was the lack of an audience. I've always found it a big help to have a lot of people to play up to, and even today I sometimes miss the theater audiences that I used to have. But, then, there are many compensations in movies.

"It is funny, isn't it," she mused, "that all three of us started on the stage, and are now doing pictures?"

"Another sister?"

"Yes, Edna Flugrath. She's the only one that stuck to the family name. She's married and living in South Africa, and doing pictures out there. She writes me every once in a while, and I got a letter just this morning, in which she said: 'Take care of Viola, don't sass mother, and be a good girl.' "

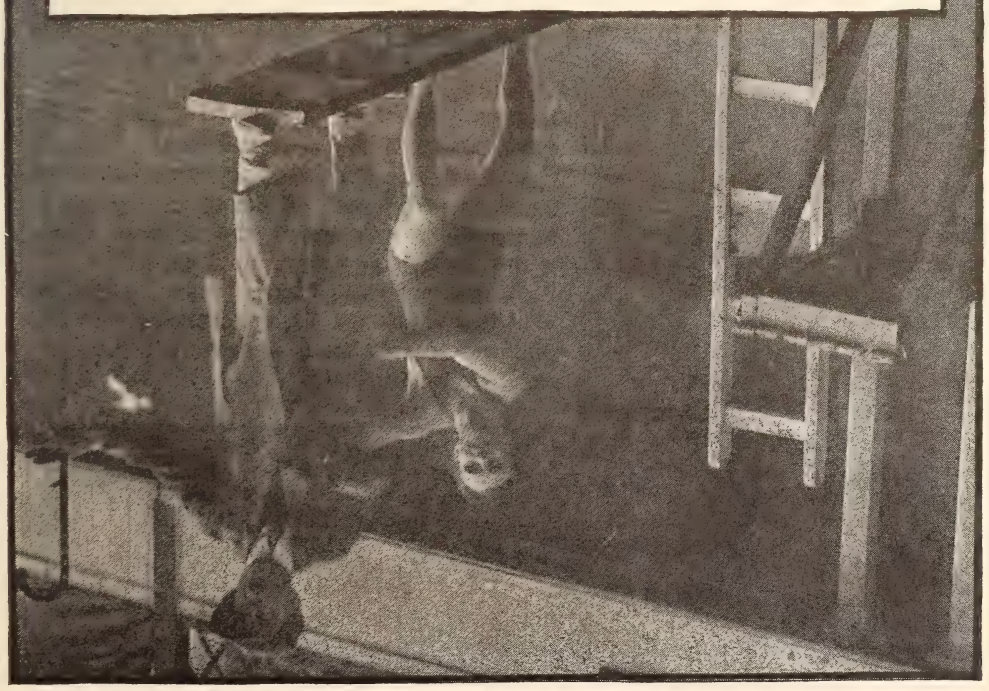
"CLOSE YOUR MOUTH AND OPEN YOUR EYES!"

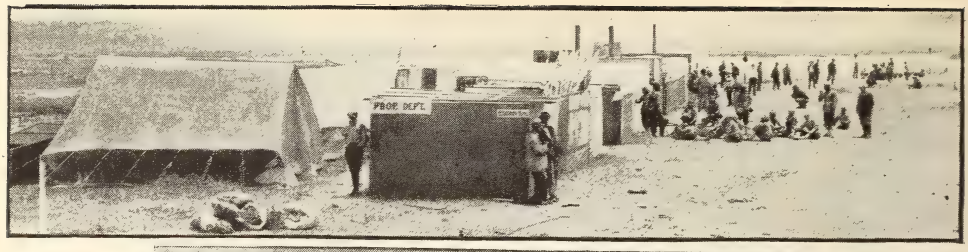
NOW, open your mouth and close your eyes,
And you'll get something to make you wise!"
Remember that game and its candy prize,
You played in the long ago?
Changing that first line around a bit
Gives us something intended to hit
That couple a-talking near where you sit
At the motion-picture show!

H. J. Yellams.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Below

ALTHOUGH Billy Mason doesn't pretend to be a prophet, it doesn't take much reflection on his part to see that Bobby Vernon has his fate all picked out. Billy reads the writing on the wall—or, more properly, figures the depth of the swimming tank in the Christie Comedies Studio—and decides that the event isn't coming off if he can help it.





DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS wore a puzzled look as he glanced up after reading a telegram a few weeks ago.

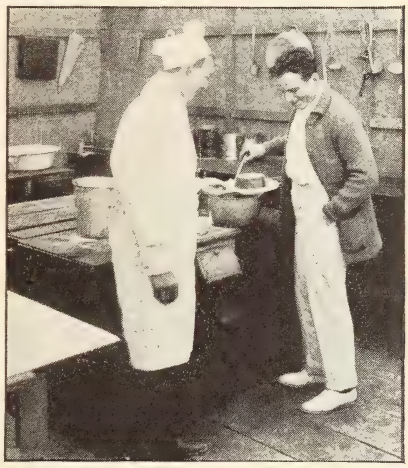
"'Bully location selected for desert scenes,'" he read aloud. "'Thirty miles from Oxnard, the nearest town.' How in Sam Hill are we going to transport three hundred people and all the necessary equipment every day from the nearest town, where we'll have to put up?" he asked.

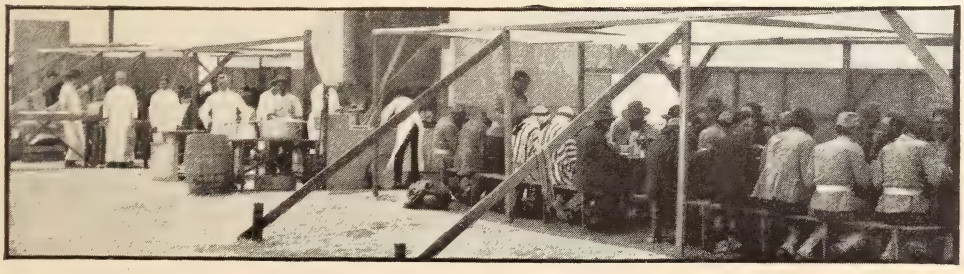
"Leave it to me," said James P. Hogan, who had charge of the undertaking. "We'll put up our own town, and camp right there until we've finished."

A few days later, when Doug jumped out of the motor car in which he had been driven across the California desert, he opened his eyes in surprise.

For, before him, gleaming in the sunshine, lay a tented city as complete as the headquarters of a commanding general. Sleeping and eating tents were arranged in regular streets. There was a property shack, a dark room, a first-aid hospital—nothing had been overlooked.

"I never expected to have a town named after me," said Doug, with a grin, as he looked at the "Welcome" sign which Hogan had erected.





"Sauce for the Goose"

Should also be "sauce for the gander" So thought pretty Kitty Constable, when she felt her husband's love slipping. And how she saved the situation you will see if you read this charming story, from the Select picture play by Geraldine Bonner and Hucheson Boyd, novelized.

By Selma Howe

THERE are peppery, piquant sauces, and flat, uninteresting sauces. There is the sauce that the French chef puts together with a grain or two of this, a dash of that, and a quick turn of his expert fingers. Then there is the mixture that the boarding-house cook throws together carelessly.

Every woman mixes the sauce differently. One favors sugar. Another believes in vinegar, and mixes both the table and the matrimonial salad with impartial tartness. Still another overdoes the salt. And every husband knows when his wife has made the dressing, without being taken into the kitchen and shown how it was done.

Take the case of Kitty Constable. She had been married almost a year when, sitting on the sofa, alone—and lonesome—she discovered what a perfect little goose she was. Her husband preferred mustard and she had been feeding him too much sugar. She adored John Constable, who was something of a success as an author, and, in common with all his sex, especially talented men, susceptible to flattery. Altogether they should have made an ideal couple—if Mrs. Alloway with her mustardy salads hadn't happened along.

Mrs. Alloway was what is known as a "new woman," which simply means "woman," as she always has been and will be forever more—with a modern twist—a sort of Mother Eve dressed up in a college cap and gown. Being an old-fashioned little wife, who believed that her highest duty toward John was to take his mind off his work, instead of discussing it with him, Kitty didn't have a chance against this modern rival in her husband's affections.

For the "new woman" waylaid John Constable at teas and lectures to tell him how wonderful he was, and how she had thrilled over his last story. She

persisted in thanking him personally for his "gift of genius to the world." And, of course, John liked it all immensely. Then she advocated the larger life for him, and begged him for his work's sake not to be hampered by petty ties—petty ties being, for instance, a devoted wife waiting at home. Before long Mrs. Alloway was mixing conferences on John Constable's work with adulation and mustardy salads in her apartment—while Kitty pouted at home.

It was the day before their wedding anniversary that Kitty suddenly woke up to the situation. John had called up that afternoon to say that he wouldn't be home for dinner—he was to have a very important conference on the book he was finishing.

"But, dearest, it is the third time this week," she demurred, biting her lip to keep her voice from trembling. "With that Mrs. Alloway? John, I think it's perfectly horrid of you! Oh, very well, I'll get Edith Darch to come over." If her husband had not been so preoccupied with what might be termed his literary flirtation, he would have noticed a rising inflection in Kitty's voice that would have warned him of an approaching storm. As it was, his thoughts were on his new book, which he expected to be the best he had yet produced, and the woman in whose praises he now found inspiration.

When Edith Darch dropped in an hour or so before dinner Kitty unfolded the whole situation to her friend and confidante.

"And the worst of it is," Kitty finished, feeling for her handkerchief again, "that John won't even admit it. To-day over the phone, when I asked if he was going to Mrs. Alloway, he told me not to be curious—he said only children and savages were curious. I suppose he got that from one of her fool lectures."

"John is simply being made a fool of by that woman, and he doesn't know it," commented Edith sagely.

"Well, if that's the case, and any one is going to make a fool of

"Are you sure it is business which is taking you away from me, John?"

my husband, I'm going to be the one to do it," and Kitty looked up with her eyes flashing. "Imagine her helping him to write a book called 'Woman's Struggles!' I know the woman who is struggling. She is—to land him!

"You can't tell a man that he's wrong—you've just got to show him. Suppose we go to Mrs. Alloway's lecture to-morrow afternoon. It is to be on 'Woman's True Position,' and perhaps we'll find where she fits in," added Kitty, brightening.

It was eleven-thirty that night when John came home to find his wife nodding sleepily. It was with something approaching an air of guilt that he kissed her rather perfunctorily. She murmured restlessly, then started wide awake in his arms.

"John, dearest, I've had such a terrible dream!" she exclaimed. "I thought that you were in a garden surrounded by a lot of women, and that they were all trying to take you away from me," she went on, snuggling closer to him. She felt his frame stiffen as he replied: "That's very foolish. There's nothing in dreams, and you mustn't be superstitious."

"Perhaps you're right—anyway, I hope so," she sighed. "But you've been away so much lately, and I've missed you so."

"But you knew mine was an exacting profession when you married me," her husband answered.

It was after this talk with her husband that Kitty realized more than ever that she had got to show John, instead of arguing the matter with him. Of course he would agree theoretically that a woman should have as much freedom as her husband, but whether he believed in the practice of it, she intended to find out.

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Constable recalled casually to her husband that it was the day of their first anniversary. For weeks they had planned a little dinner downtown, and seats at the opera afterward. Her husband covered his ignorance of the date with a hurried promise to arrange for the tickets. Neither, of course, mentioned the lecture.

It seemed as though half of the women of their set were seated in the lecture hall when Kitty and Edith slipped in and took inconspicuous seats toward the back of the room. There were a few men there—among these, Teddy Sylvester, a wealthy business man with no interest in the new feministic ideas, but filled with an intense admiration for Mrs. Alloway's mental abilities which he couldn't attain, and perfectly crazy to marry her. The difficulty was that Teddy was too easy a "catch" for her, and the widow knew it, although that didn't prevent her from using him and his attentions to serve her own purposes.

Several questioning glances were turned toward Harry Travers, a decidedly sporty young bachelor, as if it was very odd that he should be there. For he was decidedly not of the long-haired, professorial type, nor was he an admirer of the lecturer.

Harry Travers' taste ran to pretty, young, neglected wives rather than the cause of the new woman. And, in fact, it had been only the hope of finding Kitty here that had induced him to come. For some time he had suspected that John Constable was spending a good deal of time with Mrs. Alloway, and his suspicions had been confirmed the previous evening when he heard the door of her apartment open on the floor above his, the customary adieus in the hallway, and had seen Constable descend a moment or two later in the elevator. In view of all this, Kitty appealed to him as a decided possibility for a pleasant little flirtation.

Mrs. Constable noticed him, spoke casually, and continued to look for John. She found him without much

trouble, and from that moment until the end of the lecture she did not miss a single tender glance that passed between her hu s band and the spe a ker. E d i t h sque ezed her hand t w o o r t h r e e times, but

From the roof garden she fancied she could see John behind the swaying curtains in Mrs. Alloway's apartment.

her thoughts were so troubled that she couldn't keep them on the lecture, and she only roused herself in time to hear the last sentence: "The husband who expects his wife to stay home and wait for him will soon be as extinct as the Dodo."

There was great applause, while Mrs. Alloway bowed graciously, and Kitty, in her corner, steeled herself for the meeting which she knew she must face sooner or later. She watched Teddy go up and speak with her, and judged from his crestfallen manner that Mrs. Alloway refused him something —perhaps to spend the evening with him.

"My wife," said John Constable almost apologetically, as Kitty and Edith came up, "does not believe in the cause, I am sorry to say. She is perhaps frivolous, or, shall I say, young?"

"Say 'young,'" suggested Kitty sweetly, with a meaning glance at the older woman. "Perhaps I shall be interested in 'the cause' when I am forty." The interview was the young wife's Waterloo, and she knew that she had lost when the lecturer with a possessive air laid her hand on John's arm and steered him away, remarking: "I have such a good idea for your next chapter. Take me home and I'll tell you all about it."

Just as Kitty was threshing about wildly for some little byplay to cover the mortification which sent two little bright spots of color into her cheeks, Travers realized that the psychological moment for his little game had come.

"Can't I see you home?" he suggested, stepping forward. "I have my car here, and——"

"You're *so* kind," said Mrs. Constable, smiling up at him. "I need an escort badly." Travers was delighted with the success of his intervention, although Kitty seemed somewhat cold toward him. It was not until shortly before dinner when John came in that

With a mischievous smile Kitty turned the key on Sylvester and the widow.

she seemed to warm up to him at all. Then she leaned toward him with an air of great secrecy, and as he started to go she accompanied him to the door.

"Remember, you're not to mope alone —you're to let me help entertain you, little lady," he said.

"I may need you to-night, and, if I do, I'll telephone," she replied quickly.

John tried not to betray any interest in his wife's visitor, although he was deeply mystified. Since their marriage he could not remember her taking the slightest interest in any other man. With the egoism common to men of his type, he had even begun to think that such a thing would be impossible. So when he came home to find her entertaining, he adopted an absent-minded air, thinking it was best to say nothing about the incident, and, leaving the opera tickets he had brought home on the library table, went upstairs to dress for dinner.

But as Kitty had foreseen, the dinner was not to be. Mrs. Alloway called up, insisting that John come to see her about his book, and persuaded him to dine with her at seven-thirty.

"Sorry, little girl—business is busi-

ness," he said awkwardly as he hung up the receiver. Her anger and dismay knew no bounds, for Kitty now found that instead of having a rival she had a victor—that odious woman had her husband already in her grasp, so that her slightest word was law to him. There was one course only that she knew to try, and if that failed—well, it was no use crossing bridges.

Travers was all attention that night, delighted that his plan was working out so rapidly. They went to the opera together, and although little Mrs. Constable saw the performance through tear-dimmed eyes, she tried to play up to his compliments and advances in accordance with the rôle she had decided to adopt.

They left the opera early, and went to his rooms for a little supper afterward. It was an excellent meal; the wine could not have been better, and Travers noted with satisfaction his attractive little companion's eager, almost childish pleasure in all his attention. Nothing would do but she must see the little roof garden of the annex which was easily accessible from the fire escape, and was fitted up charmingly with potted palms, rugs, and easy-chairs. She admired it all enthusiastically, and only once, when he bent over to kiss her small, gloved hand did she steal a glance upward to the lighted windows directly overhead, where she knew that even now her husband sat listening to the blandishments of that detestable woman. She fancied that she could see him through the swaying curtain, and again tears of vexation sprang to her eyes, but she laughed them away.

The valet was dismissed, and Kitty devoted all her attentions to the supper, declaring that she was famished. Once when Travers caught her toying with her salad he leaned forward to put his hand on hers, and she insisted at once on having another roll, which she merely held in her fingers—and forgot to eat.

At last Harry Travers broke out impatiently: "Kitty! I love you. Don't you understand?"

"I know," she responded, helping herself to more salad and smiling innocently. "I do need friends, don't I, now that John is so dreadfully busy with his book?" As she spoke Kitty was conscious of the opening of the door overhead, and the fact that some one—undoubtedly John—was leaving the apartment.

"Not that way," protested the man at her elbow, "don't you know——"

"I know that I'm perfectly famished," she took the words out of his mouth, "and that this is the pleasantest little tête-à-tête you could possibly have arranged." From time to time her host made attempts to swing the trend of conversation around to the object of his interest, but Kitty always managed to head him off. Suddenly the doorbell rang violently.

"Who can that be at this hour?" exclaimed Travers, springing up.

"John," suggested his guest with a mischievous smile. "I left a note telling him that we were to have supper after the opera in your rooms."

Travers realized that he had been used by her as a dupe. With an exclamation of disgust he slipped out to the fire escape, resolving to let Kitty face the music alone.

To her dying day Kitty Constable will never forget the look on the face of her husband—half of anger, half of anxiety, when she opened the door.

"Where is he—where is Travers?" he demanded. She shook her head.

"He was here a moment ago," she said. Meanwhile, carefully wrapped in a Navaho blanket and huddled in a corner of the roof garden, the owner of the apartment was trying unsuccessfully to keep dry from the rainstorm that had sprung up.

"Did he say that he loved you?" demanded John, stopping short in his search.

"He did—he said he wanted to be more than a friend to me, and I told him I needed friends," she replied, putting on her innocent air once more.

"And you love him?"

Kitty shrugged exasperatingly.

"Do you think I'd spend so much time with him if I didn't?" was the evasive rejoinder. The words struck her husband forcibly.

"At least, you're under the protection of my name," he managed to say finally. "I'll get a taxi and take you home."

A moment after he left the bell rang furiously again. Kitty opened the door, and Mrs. Alloway in an elaborate dressing gown trailed in, calling for Mr. Travers wildly, and announcing that she was being pursued by burglars. And after her, wet and protesting and imploring, came Teddy Sylvester, who vainly insisted that he had only crawled up on the fire escape to find out whom Mrs. Alloway had thrown him over for, when she had mistaken him for a thief. Mrs. Alloway's venom broke loose on poor Kitty.

"My dear Mrs. Constable—I *am* astounded! What *are* you doing here at this time of night? Of course it is my duty to tell your husband of this," and with a most superior air she swept from the room. It was no time to hesitate. Kitty realized that it would take quick action to save both her affairs and Teddy's from ruin, and so, very briefly, she outlined a plan to him.

If John divorced her, that would leave him free to marry. At this point Kitty rolled her eyes suggestively toward the apartment above. The thing to do, she insisted, was to make John disgusted with the widow, and then Sylvester could play the conquering hero. As soon as the details of the ruse were sketched out, Kitty called Mrs. Alloway's apartment.

"Please come down, won't you?" she begged. "I'm really in terrible trouble," she went on with an hysterical sob, "and I want to confide in you." The bait was too much for a curious old meddler, and no sooner had Teddy concealed himself in Travers' bedroom, with instructions from Kitty to cough loudly when he heard her sneeze, than Mrs. Alloway was on the ground.

"Mr. Travers is getting me a taxi," Kitty began, amid tears. "I want you to promise me that you won't say anything to John about this—he'd be so broken up over it." A look of indetermination crossed Mrs. Alloway's face, and Kitty sneezed. Then came the answering cough, and with a set expression, determined to get to the root of the matter, Mrs. Alloway hastened into Travers' bedroom. Kitty, following her gleefully, shut the door and turned the key in the lock.

Sylvester was still protesting his innocence in being locked in there with her, when John returned to take his wife home. At the sound of a man's voice Kitty started guiltily, and then, pretending to realize that it was all up with her, pointed toward the kitchen door. John, supposing that Travers was concealed there, hurried into the kitchen. When he tried to leave a moment later, he found himself securely locked in, and knew that Kitty had done it.

"Open that door at once, I command you—as your husband!" he shouted.

"John, you may not know it, but you're the last of the Dodos," she answered through the door.

It was a gray, drizzly morning when John, after being released on the arrival of Travers' valet, returned to his home to find Kitty gone—for the maid who opened the door said that her bed had not been slept in. Too tired to eat, he sank down into his library chair, his

head in his hands—the picture of utter dejection, and so Kitty found him when she came to call him to breakfast. John started on seeing her as if she had been a ghost.

"Kitty!" he exclaimed. "Norah said you weren't here last night—where were you?"

"Children and savages, you know," she quoted playfully, arranging a crisp little curl before the glass. "Come along and have some breakfast."

Travers arrived in response to the terse note which John had left for him demanding an interview, and Kitty, feeling that the lesson which she had set out to teach her husband wasn't quite complete, played up to the morning visitor in a way that made John want to shake her and give Travers a vacation in the hospital. Meanwhile Travers was decidedly uncomfortable, and was thoroughly at a loss when John came forward and said: "I've been thinking this matter over pretty carefully, and I've decided to give my wife her freedom. As soon as the legal arrangements are made, you will be free to marry her, Travers."

"But hang it all, I can't afford to marry," he blurted out.

"You'll just have to economize, but you won't mind it when you stop to think you're doing it for me." Kitty saw the utter desolation on John's face as she spoke, and longed to tell him that it was just a lesson that she was teaching him, but again the bell rang twice in quick succession, the first time announcing Sylvester, and next, the haughty Mrs. Alloway herself.

"We'd better go," suggested Kitty, taking Travers' arm, much against his will. "I'm sure Mrs. Alloway will prefer to see my husband alone."

At the sound of a man's voice, Kitty started guiltily.

"John, I have some terrible news for you," she began sweetly. "But you must bear it bravely. It is about the thankless woman who is your wife. Do you know where she was last night?"

Cast of "Sauce for the Goose"

Kitty Constable.....Constance Talmadge
John Constable.....Harrison Ford
Harry Travers.....Harland Tucker
Mrs. Alloway ....Vera Doria
Teddy Sylvester.....Louis Willoughby
Edith Darch.....Edna Mae Cooper

"Certainly. I know where she was," he replied indignantly. "She was in Mr. Travers' apartment, and I went there myself to take her home. I have nothing to discuss with you concerning my wife; though, while you're on the subject, you might care to explain why you were locked up with Sylvester all night."

Just at this moment Kitty, who was listening outside, motioned to Sylvester, and the two walked into the room. Mrs. Alloway looked around with a supercilious air, and her eyes rested on Sylvester with the comforting sense that here was some one she could depend on.

"Come, Teddy," she said, rising and laying her arm on his.

It remained for Kitty to straighten out the situation between herself and her husband, by calling Travers in and explaining to him that she wouldn't marry him if she were free and he were the last man on earth, somewhat to his relief.

"Do you really mean it?" asked John incredulously, putting his arms around the only woman in the world who meant anything to him at all.

"Of course I do, you goosie!"

"Then tell me where you spent the night?" Kitty stood on tiptoes to whisper in his ear, "Upstairs in your own bed, dear."

THE CHARIOT OF THE LIGHTNING GOD

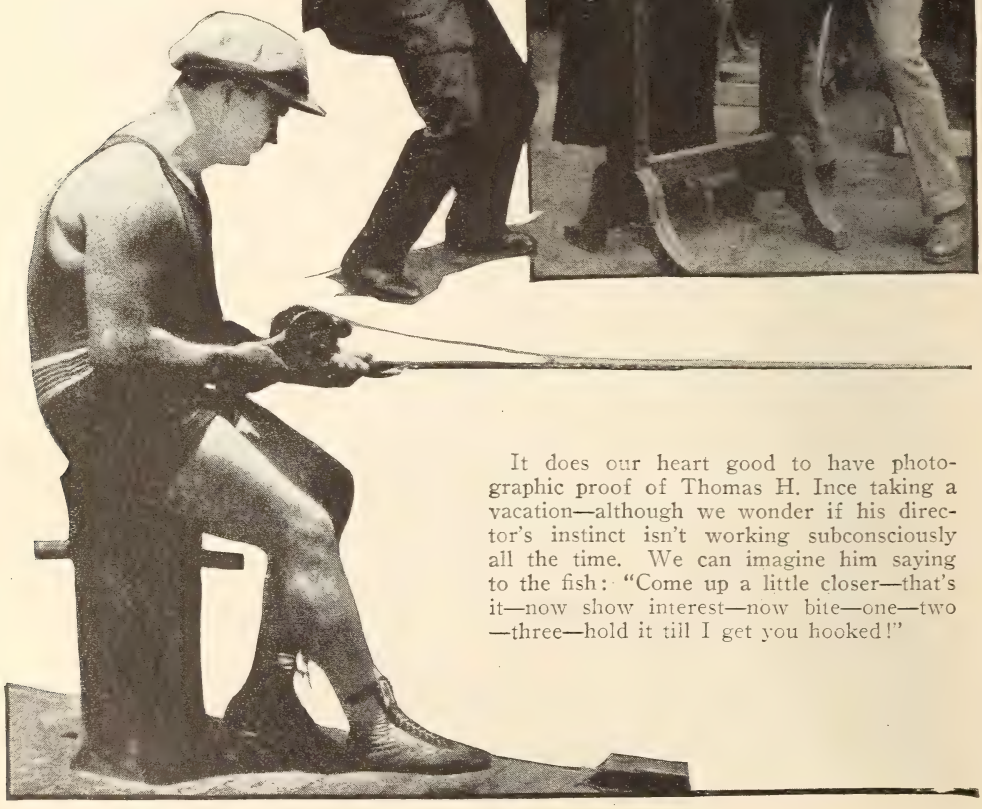
IT may sound somewhat out of date in these days of automobiles to speak of "harnessing" electricity, but that is exactly what has taken place in the strange vehicle pictured above. This dynamo car, as it is called, is used by Vitagraph to transport power to distant locations when it is necessary to make interiors or attach powerful arc lights for night scenes. It is but the work of a few minutes to conduct the power to any desired point near by by means of heavily insulated cables passed along the ground.

Snapped Without Warning

"I have learned how to raise beets," says Mary Miles Minter. "Take them by the stems and give a firm but steady pull."

The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia still form the background for many a romantic setting, and it was on one of them that this picture was snapped during the filming of "Back to the Woods." Now, we ask you, wouldn't you be willing to go back to the woods to school if you could have Mabel Normand for a teacher?

Director Traverse Vale and Barbara Castleton are the innocent victims, and Johnny Hines the villain, in this holdup game in the World Studio at Fort Lee, New Jersey.

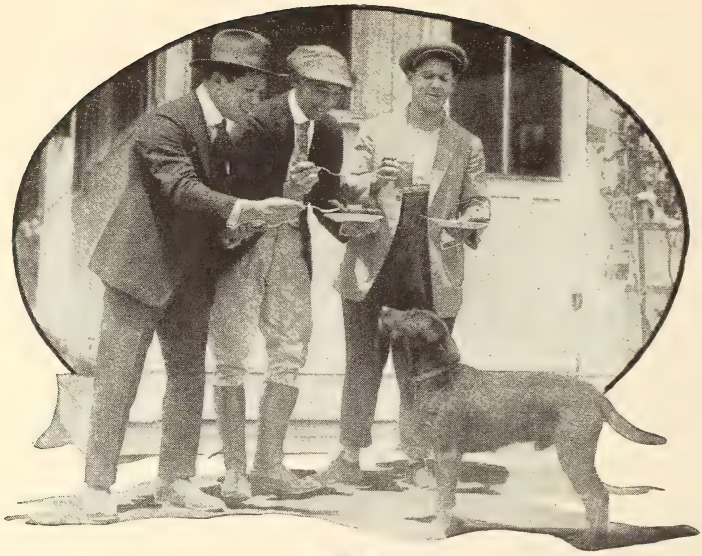


It does our heart good to have photographic proof of Thomas H. Ince taking a vacation—although we wonder if his director's instinct isn't working subconsciously all the time. We can imagine him saying to the fish: "Come up a little closer—that's it—now show interest—now bite—one—two—three—hold it till I get you hooked!"

"Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!" What a wail went up at Hollywood when Edith Storey left for the East. The mourners are Clifford Butler, studio manager; Lewis J. Cody, Edith's leading man; Director Baker, and R. D. Robinson, who staged this heartbreaking scene.

If Alma Rubens is looking for a lily to paint, she has a whole field of them at her disposal—not that she is in the habit of doing that sort of thing—although she did resort to it in her recent film, "The Painted Lily."

John Barrymore, from the expectant wrinkling of his nose, is evidently looking for something from above. It may seem rather a strange position in which to find one's self—fully clothed and sharing a small bathtub with some one else, but there are even stranger incidents in "On the Quiet."



If Fido took it into his head to bite the hand that feeds him, he'd be a busy dog, for Joe Rock, Director J. A. Howe, and Earl Montgomery all have a hand in the game.

A few restful minutes between scenes at the Vitagraph plant. Alice Joyce passes a smoothing hand over Larry Semon's brow, while Corinne Griffith, equipped with a villainous cleaver, threatens to administer a lasting peace.

Not only can she equip herself charmingly for a morning ride—Edna Earle knows how to harness a horse, and all about the management of one. She's a Western girl by birth and breeding, and expert horsewomanship is part of her heritage.

Lessons in flying are the latest fad, and here is an old friend administering one to Miss Enid Bennett, who seems to take to the air quite naturally. Charles Ray has been taking instruction from the young flyer at the left, F. W. Ward, of the Royal Air Force of Canada, and hopes to be able to qualify to fly for Uncle Sam.

Here's a picture of Wally from the wild West, where lassoing seems to be indigenous to the soil. Some Easterners believe that every man west of the Mississippi is born to the rope-slinging habit, or catches it like the measles.

Wally seems to be putting rings around his ten-months-old son, Wallace Reid, junior—but if the baby inherits any of his father's good points, we'll wager that things won't be so one-sided for long.

Tom Moore will have his little joke—and from the expression on Charles Giblyn's face, we wonder whether it is at the expense of the director.

Zowie!

LOOKS as if John Emerson were going in for a little slapstick. But appearances are deceptive in this case. The director is only trying to drive home his point. He wants his partner, Miss Loos, and the principals in the first of the forthcoming John Emerson - Anita Loos Productions to know who is the big boss around the studio.

"Of course, you're the big boss," says Ernest Truex, hiding between Anita Loos and Shirley Mason; "you're a whole foot taller than any of us."

"Less power to directors," shouts Anita. "Put down that ruler or I'll write a scenario that will keep you awake nights wondering how it's going to be done."

"If I could only get my chin around the edge so that I could have a good square look at Mr. Emerson, I'd show him a thing or two," says Shirley. "I'd pull a face that would make him weak from laughing. The only way to handle directors is to kid 'em along."

"Come On In" is the name of the first picture in the series, but these three haven't any intention of doing it until the director puts away the big stick.

The Observer

Authoritative editorials on matters of the screen that are of interest to everyone.

An Essential Industry

GEORGE CREEL has settled all doubt as to whether the motion-picture industry is an essential in war times. He says it is. So does Secretary McAdoo, who, better than any one else, realizes the splendid work the motion-picture theaters have done in the Liberty Loan, Red Cross, and War Savings Stamps campaigns.

The war isn't all being fought in Europe. There's a big part of it over here. The public must be kept in the right frame of mind, and motion pictures are helping to do that.

Americans are intensely patriotic. They are in this war to finish it, and finish it right. But the morale of no nation can stand up under hardships unless its leaders show why these hardships are necessary.

President Wilson has let us know in no mistakable terms why we are in this war, and we are back of him to the last drop of blood, the last grain of wheat, the last nickel in the bank.

The reason America is roused is because it knows the truth, and the motion picture has been the most powerful medium in spreading the truth. It has been the president's strongest weapon in fighting Germany in America. You can kill German propaganda with the truth, you can destroy efforts to discourage America, you can throttle German peace drives.

And the motion picture is doing just that.

Besides carrying the government's message, it is keeping us cheerful. Amusements in war time are safety valves. France, England, Canada, Italy—all the Allies know this to be true. The motion picture is keeping us cheerful, keeping us loyal, keeping us unflinching in our determination to finish our job according to specifications.

Theodore Roosevelt Succumbs

NOW we are to have Theodore Roosevelt listed among the authors contributing to the screen. Colonel Roosevelt has announced it himself. The pictures will be made by Frederick L. Collins, head of the McClure publications, and producer of the new Petrova pictures and of "The Seven Deadly Sins."

There is no intimation that Colonel Roosevelt will act in the pictures, although he may be introduced in them. Probably, however, he will be represented by a proxy carried by any one of the hundreds of actors who are able to imitate him so well.

"Fear God—and Take Your Own Part," "Put the Flag on the Firing Line," and "Theodore Roosevelt, an Autobiography," are to be among the first productions.

We can see some dramatic value in the autobiography, but we can't see a play in one of the colonel's editorials. Of course, neither can Colonel Roosevelt, nor Mr. Collins, nor anybody else. The colonel sells his name, and he's a good enough showman to realize that the screen is mighty valuable as a media for presenting one's big ideas.

We shall be shown stories in which the theme is taken from the colonel's editorials—and very good themes they promise to be.

Another company already has in production a war picture in which one of the characters is made up to look like Colonel Roosevelt. Whether his permission was asked we do not know. But anyway, the colonel will have to face competition.

In the announcement of the undertaking it was stated that war charity is to receive the royalties which would ordinarily go to the colonel.

The public can be rather sure that the pictures are going to be good. They've got to be, for Roosevelt's sake. A couple of million persons are going to judge Roosevelt by these pictures. One slip and he's lost.

One Reason for Fairbanks' Success

THERE are many reasons why Douglas Fairbanks is popular. Here is one of them. You never saw a Fairbanks story that was padded. It sets out to tell the tale, and from the very start, forgetful of footage, it continues to tell the tale, boisterously and doggedly on its way, merrily, perhaps, never stopping for unnecessary byplay.

When a Fairbanks story is ended, it stops. No matter whether the film measures four reels or seven, that's the way it goes out.

Most Fairbanks pictures are less than five thousand feet, which is the length all producers try to read in a feature picture. Unfortunately most directors feel that they must make their stories fit that measurement, and they either pad or cut. Five reels is the size of the suit of clothes, and instead of altering the clothes they alter the story that's going to wear them.

There is no reason why all features should be the same length. As well decree that all books should contain one hundred and fifty-six pages.

Here's a feature of Fairbanks pictures we'd like to see a good many producers imitate.

Welcome, Caruso!

CARUSO is going into motion pictures! The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is going to pay him something like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to appear in two productions! And he won't need to sing a note!

The first Caruso picture will be "Pagliacci," and the second will be "Tosca" or "La Bohème."

The million or so persons who have Caruso at home on a flat disk of rubber will be eager to see him in pictures. His first production should play to big crowds, and his second will be a success if he makes good in his first.

We've had a number of opera singers in motion pictures. Geraldine Farrar

has proved as delightful a motion-picture actress as she is a singer. Mary Garden has appeared in films. Lina Cavalieri's beauty and her talent as an actress are carrying her to motion-picture fame that seems certain to be hers if she stays away from the "costume plays" that the average photo-play patron detests.

Caruso furnishes no angle upon which to base the odds. He hasn't even had a morning work-out, so the clockers can only guess as to what he can do in fast company.

We're going to see the first Caruso picture, along with the thousands of others who own talking machines. But it's up to Caruso to show us whether we'll go to see his second one. There seem to be great motion-picture possibilities in "Pagliacci," and now that we think it over, "La Bohème," if produced on a huge scale, ought to be a riot.

It's our guess that it will be Adolph Zukor, rather than Caruso, who will make the Caruso pictures a success.

The Death of the Lincoln Man

THE motion-picture industry suffered a great loss when Benjamin Chapin died. Benjamin Chapin was a man absolutely sincere, a genius who knew he was right, and who, in spite of countless obstacles, brought something new and vital to the screen.

For about six years Mr. Chapin worked on his Lincoln pictures. He was an authority on Abraham Lincoln, a man whose resemblance to the great president was astonishing. And he was a truly great actor, author, and director.

He first produced his Lincoln Cycle in six reels, which was shown only in New York. It was a failure because Mr. Chapin was a great producer, not a great salesman. But he kept on working, and finally turned over to Paramount his "Son of Democracy," a series of ten two-reel Lincoln stories.

The public leaped at the chance to see these splendid pictures. "The Son of Democracy" was a success because Mr. Chapin put the real Lincoln spirit into them. They were human, not dry history. He used the screen as Macaulay used the printed page.

"The Son of Democracy" is perhaps the first permanent contribution to the motion picture, the only production in existence now that will be shown over and over again for years to come. More fortunate than many geniuses, Mr. Chapin lived to see his work accorded its fitting tribute. But like so many sincere men, he was taken ill before he could reap any financial benefit from his labors.

But Benjamin Chapin, patient artist, cared not for money. It was sufficient that America at last said "Good."

The Featureless Show

A FEATURELESS show was tried recently by Mr. Rothapfel at the Rivoli in New York. By "featureless" we mean a show without a five-reel picture, an entertainment without a star.

It was a success. However, Mr. Rothapfel had as his leading attraction splendid aviation pictures, taken under his supervision at one of the marine aviation stations. These pictures were responsible for the crowds. A two-reel O. Henry story, pictures of baseball players in action, a scenic and a news reel completed the picture program.

Mr. Rothapfel will try it again, he says. But he won't try it until he has

something out of the ordinary. The program of short subjects is a failure. Edison tried releasing a "locked show," consisting of a bunch of short pictures. It failed.

The public wants a star and it wants a play. Now and then screen vaudeville will draw the people, but only as a novelty.

Groups of one-act plays never have been a success on the stage, books of short stories seldom sell well.

We want dramas. Why, The Observer doesn't know. But we do. The five-reel picture corresponds to the three or four-act play. That's what we want on the stage, and it's what we're going to insist upon on the screen.

A program of short subjects is like a series of preliminaries without the main bout—or a bunch of two-inning ball games—a would-be pleasure trip on a street car that stops at every corner. If you're still in doubt as to our meaning, it's a half dozen kisses stolen in short tunnels when you pine for a tunnel a mile long.

Shop, Brothers and Sisters, Shop!

A GOOD many months ago The Observer, with all his heart, pleaded with his readers to shop for their pictures. He seems to have started something.

Throughout America movements are being started by groups of men and women with one purpose—to get the right sort of pictures in the theaters.

If the pictures shown at your favorite theater aren't what you want, raise a rumpus about it!

When you leave a theater tell somebody connected with the place just what you think of the picture. If you like it, say so. If not, speak up.

It's very easy to get the right sort of pictures. All you have to do is to let the theater manager know what you want.

Now is a very important time for you to do good work. Theaters are beginning to sign new contracts for the new season, which opens in the fall. The managers want advice. Give it to them. A few words from you and your friends not only will insure good shows all winter, but will elevate motion pictures in your community.

And don't talk only about feature pictures. Tell your manager what you think about his comedies, his news weeklies, his travel pictures, his educationals. They're important, too.

A Question of Good Taste

THERE have been many films of late lambasting the kaiser, and at present that is a very legitimate subject. One of these is Metro's "To Hell with the Kaiser."

As a stimulus toward patriotic effort this film may be a valuable contribution to our war propaganda.

But the title is coarse. Fancy five-year-old Dorothy coming in to ask mother for a dime to go and see the picture show.

"What are you going to see?" mother asks.

" 'To Hell wif the Kaiser,' " Dorothy lisps.

To resort to that sort of a phrase in a search for an effective and striking title indicates a lack of knowledge on the part of some one of the possibilities of the English language.

Up San Juan Hill

By Charles Carter

DIRECTOR RICHARD STANTON, clad in khaki, raised his megaphone.

"Let 'er go!" he shouted.

Three assistant directors, stationed at different points on a hillside in Staten Island, New York, began shouting signals to their helpers.

"Boom! Boom! S-p-r-r-r!" came the response, as a dozen bombs burst and went flying overhead, hissing and breaking in great puffs of smoke.

"Come O-N-N-N-N, Rough Riders!" bellowed Stanton, waving his arms frantically.

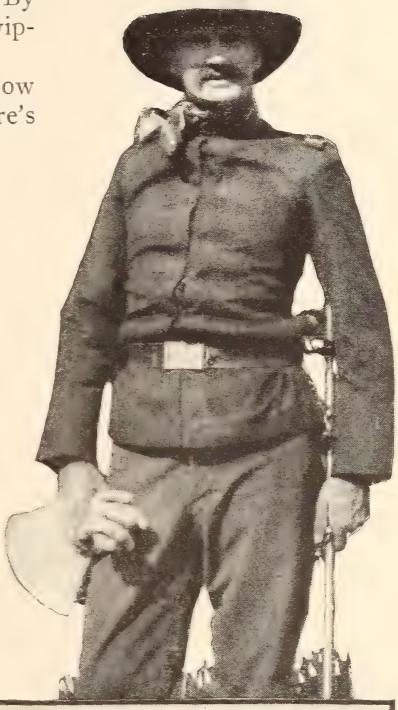
Down below, at the foot of the hill, a short, chunky figure, standing at the head of a line of troops, waved his sword, and on they came.

Halfway up, a mine exploded, throwing earth and stones high in the air. But on they came, some staggering and falling, and a moment later the short, chunky man, now easily recognizable as

"Teddy," stopped, panting, near the camera. "By George! That was some scramble," he said, wiping his brow.

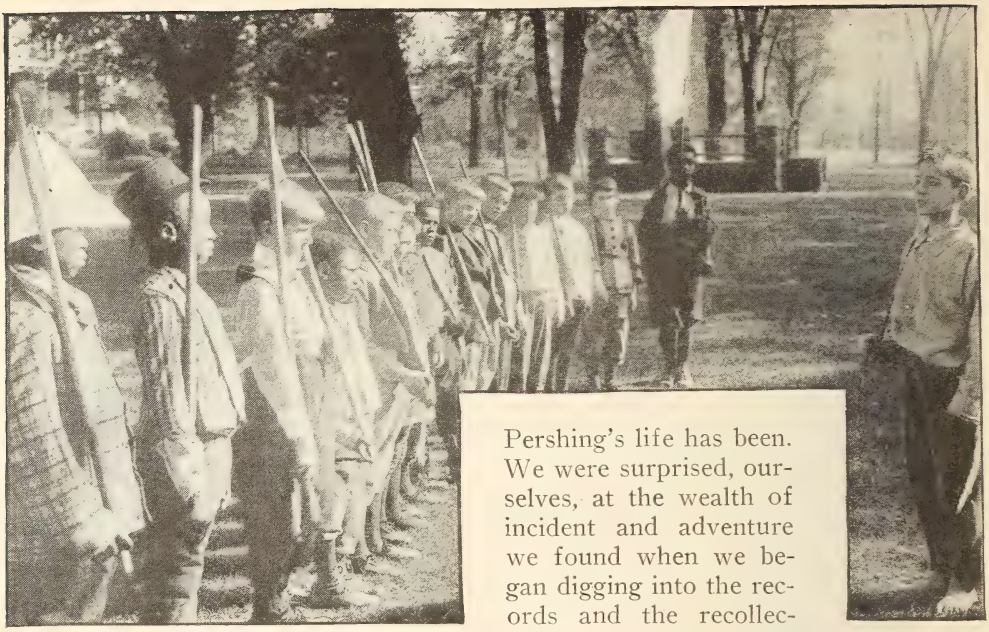
"Great work!" said Stanton, with a grin. "Now for the rescue by the Tenth Cavalry. Where's Pershing?"

The actor who was playing the part of the young lieutenant—for General Pershing, as you may know, was a lieutenant in '98, and played a part in the Battle of San Juan Hill—was found under a tree with his troops, and a few minutes later was charging, with his men, coming to Teddy's aid, while the cameras clicked.



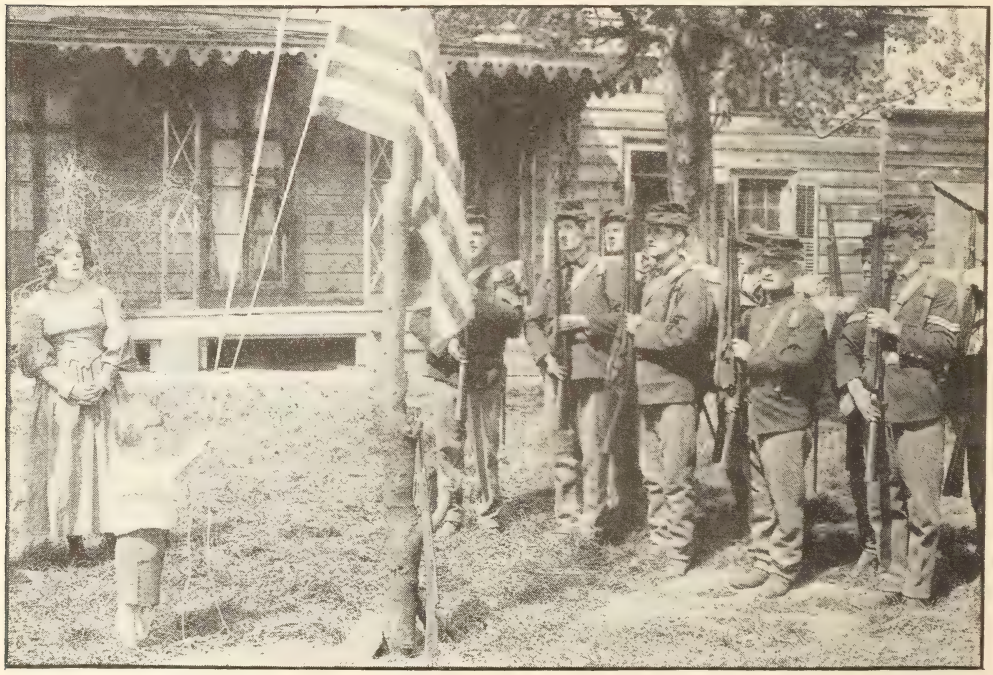
The Battle of San Juan Hill was an incident which was being filmed for the forthcoming Fox production of the life of General Pershing.

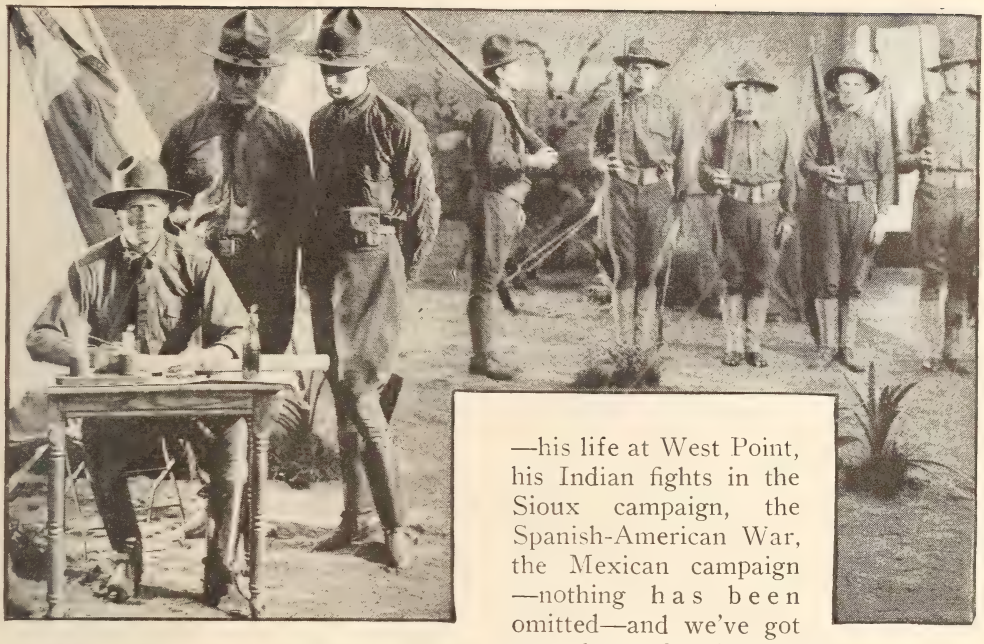
"It's to be a complete story of the career of an American soldier," explained Stanton, after the blockhouse at the crest of the hill had been successfully taken from the Spaniards. "We've been working on it for a long



time, and it will be a revelation to the American people to learn what a dramatic life, how full of lights and shadows, joy and sorrow, General Pershing's life has been. We were surprised, ourselves, at the wealth of incident and adventure we found when we began digging into the records and the recollections of his early associates. For we've gone way back to the beginning, you see, to his childhood in Laclede, Missouri.

"We went down there to take the

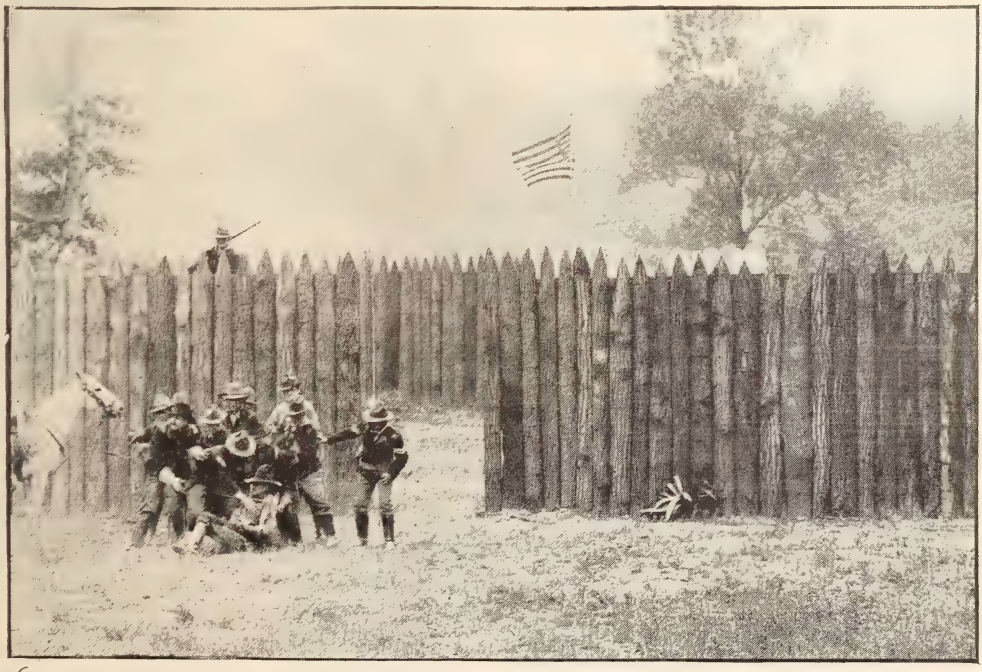




early episodes, for not only did he grow up there, but he taught school near there, at Prairie Mound, Missouri, as well.

"We've done everything in his career—his life at West Point, his Indian fights in the Sioux campaign, the Spanish-American War, the Mexican campaign—nothing has been omitted—and we've got great hopes for the outcome."

The picture is to be called "Why America Will Win." It will be released this fall.



Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By William Lord Wright

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts and we do not make reports as to the standing or reliability of individual companies. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Concerning Serials

Quite frequently we receive inquiries concerning the writing of serials. The serial market is an attractive but limited one. While there are countless writers who have met with more or less success in the field of feature films, the writer of sure-fire serial continuity can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. There are very few writers of the ilk of Gilson Willets, Charlie Logue, Lucien Hubbard, and Bertram Milhauser in the serial-writing game. In fact, there is a dearth of writers of good photo-play serial continuity. The work is specialization, and might be classified as follows: The writing of serial continuity consists of plot, thrills, fight, and punch, with the losing sight of the plot after the first few episodes, only to pick it up again in the final episode. The writer of the photo-play serial might also be classified as something akin to the writer of the "penny dreadfuls" of literature, while the writer of five-reel features might be classified in the company of the writers of higher-class novels. The photo-play serial usually consists of fifteen episodes, the opening episode being perhaps in three reels, and the rest in two reels each. Thrills, action, and spectacular stunts are essential. Frequently one writer furnishes the narrative and plot, while the scenario expert writes the continuity therefrom. An able writer of serial continuity is well paid, and usually delivers one two-reel episode each week to the editor. Ideas for unusually good serials are at a premium. Most of the companies which produce serials are ready to pay well for them.

A Free Lance Speaks

We have had the views of scenario writing of staff writers, directors, et cetera, and George W. Smith, a free lance, asks for and is cheerfully accorded the privilege of speaking for other laborers in the movie vineyard. In the first place, he says, writers may be divided into three classes, the first being those who have not the least idea what composes a moving picture; the second class, those who see only visions of what they believe to be easy money; and the third class, those who are really trying to succeed, and to make a name for themselves in the literary world—those who, although their work is very crude at first, keep striving to improve, and succeed in doing so. The writers in this latter class, he says, have many a heartache. "I know editors," writes Mr. Smith, "who read scripts carefully, hoping to find an acceptable one. I have received letters from them causing me to become more determined than ever to succeed. Then there are

editors who reject scripts because they are not written in studio form. But what does a free lance know about such forms? I believe writers whose work shows they are really trying to succeed should be encouraged, if only by a dozen written words. It helps. And I, as one of the many of the latter class of writers, make an appeal to editors of motion-picture plays for encouragement."

A Volunteer for the Army

"I am another beginner desirous of joining the army of scenario writers and am very much interested in your department," writes Minnie H. Groot. "I have had just a little success along a certain line. Four of my stories have been accepted by Mrs. Sidney Drew, and she has been kind enough to tell me she considers my work very good and very human. Now I am looking for other fields to conquer. I wrote my first five-reel synopsis and sent it in to a company last week. A five-reel feature seems to me rather a large undertaking when there are so many experienced and well-known authors to compete with. Very often a strong dramatic climax will require strong leaders to bring out the situation. Is it necessary to write out those leaders? Isn't just a few lines of the dialogue sufficient to get the idea over with the editor? Do you consider the synopsis of 'La Tosca,' which you published in your issue of last May, the correct form to write one's story? To me, it was a confusing jumble, which made very dreary reading. Is it the kind of synopsis *all* editors want? I understand that a synopsis must be worked out in two reels, with about four hundred words to a reel. Now, of course, it is very hard for a beginner to know how much action is sufficient for one reel, but, on the other hand, it gives one a better idea of the strength of one's story."

In reply to the first question, I would say that each film company has on its regular staff expert writers of subtitles. However, if it will strengthen your synopsis, or make it any clearer, put in any lines you wish to by all means.

As to our synopsis of "La Tosca," it was not printed as a perfect example of synopsis writing, but merely to give a clear idea as to the form in which a synopsis should be presented. It is quite right to put your heart into your synopsis, and to let your personality have a swing. But be sure to make it clear, and do not make it too long. A synopsis should contain nothing but the story boiled down to the plot, with only enough business or action to enable the editor to get your big idea and its development. There is no necessity to bother your head about dividing it into reels. That work devolves entirely upon the continuity experts who are thoroughly familiar with the amount of plot each reel should contain.

Why Beginners Fail

"I saw a statement recently by the head of the scenario department of one of the well-known companies," writes Miss Amie Brooks, "that ninety-seven per cent of all manuscripts submitted were rejected. Is that statement peculiar to the company concerned, or is it true of all the other companies as well? If the statement is not true, why do so many beginners meet with rejection after rejection?"

This statement might have been true several months ago, but I doubt that it is quite true at the present time. The demand for original stories for screen adaptation is constantly increasing. Where a story, submitted by any one, from

a pushcart peddler to a purse-proud patrician, contains a suggestion of an idea that inspires the alert imagination of the scenario department, it is eagerly accepted. Within a comparatively few years the busy producers have practically used up the available material written by authors of every nationality during the past centuries.

Beginners in the field of motion-picture writing have to experience many rejections for the same reason that beginners in any line must meet with obstacles. When did a great singer, painter, actor, or artist in any line succeed in doing *notable* work without years of patient preparation, which included many setbacks and failures? Writing is, of course, a little different, for Kipling startled the world with his "Plain Tales from the Hills" at an early age, and there have been other occasional youthful geniuses. But these are the exceptions.

I am inclined to think that one of the chief reasons for the failure of many beginners is that they do not spend sufficient time studying the art of motion pictures before dashing off stories. The best school in the world, and the cheapest, is the motion-picture theater. Whether the picture on the screen is a good one or a bad one, it presents a valuable lesson in technique, style, the limitations of the camera, and the kind of matter that pleases or displeases an average audience of Americans. If you are inclined to write comedies, go where they show comedies; if you prefer tragedies, which are not liked by the American public, go to see tragedies. But the main thing is to absorb as much atmosphere and knowledge as possible. It will do you no good merely to sit and enjoy the picture. You must think as you watch it. If you do that, when you get an idea for a motion-picture play you will write your synopsis in a way that it will be clear to the scenario reader.

Writing for Stars

Preparing photo plays for producers is pretty much like making clothes for men and women. If you write a story for one star and one star only, there is a big chance that the story will be left on your hands. The stars who are big enough to warrant a story being written around them often have highly trained special writers to develop plays for them. Bear this in mind. When you write a photo play, make it a ready-made one—that is, one that will fit more than one particular star.

I am well aware that you are often advised to write with a specific star in mind, but there are two ways of looking at this question, and I believe that, generally speaking, it is better not to limit yourself too much. It's like putting all your eggs in one basket.

To write a play that will fit any star of a certain type, the beginner, and, for that matter, the experienced photo-play writer, will find it advantageous to write a story based on a general theme which has a strong human appeal. The most interesting thing to human beings is a human being. A theme based upon a peculiarity, a truth, or a habit of other human beings, has a very wide, sympathetic appeal. They may never have considered the possibility of the theme as you have presented it to them. They may not have known that such a truth existed. But the people are quick to grasp a theme of that character, and, what is more, they will live through the play as it is unfolded. They will be absorbed by its story. And they will be anxious to see another one from the same pro-

ducing company and by the same author. Stories based on themes are also much easier for novices to write. The story which relies upon plot alone requires the experienced touch and technique of the trained writer. The story based upon a theme, on the other hand, tells itself. You should select your theme. Then introduce your characters so that they present your theme, and at the same time develop your story. You should always proceed toward a destination—the climax. Every sentence and every character should point toward that climax without, of course, revealing it. When you reach the climax, reveal it in brisk, snappy action. Then stop. Any explanations or actions after the climax tend to weaken it. The worst fault of the beginner is the tendency toward killing a good climax with an explanatory anticlimax.

Comedy Drama in Greatest Demand

The greatest demand of producers at the present time is for light-comedy dramas. The straight romance stories may be given second place, and mystery stories the third. It is not difficult to see why this is true. The country is at war. There are tragedies in many homes. To all of us life has become more serious. We are constantly confronted with many difficult problems. All of us want to forget these troubles and problems for the time being, when we go to the theater. And there is a real need for wholesome amusement, specially for those upon whom tragedy bears the hardest. For as soon as they begin to recover from the first shock of grief, their minds involuntarily begin to seek a change, and they should have diversion. Light-comedy dramas are separated from pathos dramas only by the light touch of humor, the panacea for all ills. For this reason the light-comedy drama diverts, entertains, and pleases, without any unpleasant suggestions or after effects. Romance stories have entertained the world as far back as history goes. The troubadours and minstrels used its appeal with success. Later it was taken up by writers and dramatists. Then came the broader agency of the motion picture, which reaches to the homes of the humblest, and romance immediately was made one of the principal themes of popular picture plays. Mystery stories appeal to a large proportion of the populace, but much depends upon the manner in which they are handled. Serials and five-reel thrillers both depend as much upon quick action on the part of characters and on unusually spectacular stunts as they do upon the thread of mystery that is woven into the story itself.

Propaganda Picture Plays

"Would you advise me to try to write propaganda stories?" writes James W. Helman. "I have had one such accepted, but for some reason all of my recent propaganda suggestions have been rejected."

Unless you are specifically requested to write propaganda stories by the committee on public information, or by one of the producing companies, I should advise you not to attempt them. Of course, if you are sure that your idea for a story is of transcending importance, there is a possibility that it may be accepted. But as a general rule it is wise not to try to break into a field which is already occupying the time and thought of the most experienced writers in the United States, and, for that matter, in the world.

When the Spirit Moves You

Try to write when the spirit moves you. If you have a sluggish liver, or if you are worrying about business or family troubles, don't attempt to create anything for picturization. It is all right to write at such times just for the practice and as discipline for your will power, but the chances are that anything you write will be colored by your mood, and consequently will not be entertaining, to say the least. The time to do real creative work is during the full flush of the inspiration. After you have permitted the inspiration to have full sway, lay aside the story and forget it for at least two days. Then pick it up again and polish it into shape for the scenario editor. Put yourself into his place. Forget that you know anything about the story. Then read it critically, and ascertain if it says just what you wanted to say—not approximately but exactly.

Quietly and Successfully

Usually writers are of two kinds—that is, when they start in the game—the noisy ones and the quiet ones. The noisy ones go about telling every one how good they are, and usually end up by having to tell of sales which they never made simply because they have created a reputation for themselves by their talk. The quiet ones work and do little or no talking. When they make a sale they tell it to a few friends, but make no boast of the matter. They know that is what they are writing for—to sell their work and have it produced.

We always feel sorry for the noisy type of writer, though he has no one but himself to blame. It does not take his friends long to get a true insight into affairs, and they see how shallow his character is. On the other hand, the quiet writer becomes sort of a hero. He says nothing about himself, but his work puts his name forward, and his doings herald themselves. Soon people fall to "kidding" the noisy writer, and then he has rough sledding. Either he must change himself into a quiet writer and really do things, or else quit talking about his writing, and quit writing, too. Which course he follows depends upon the individual.

Meanwhile, the writer who works on quietly, and takes his success modestly as it comes, gains in popularity, both among friends and acquaintances and among editors and the motion-picture trade in general. His life is indeed pleasant, and, with encouragement on all sides, there is no reason why he should not continue to do better and better work right along.

Watch the Market

If you were selling goods or groceries or live stock or bonds, you would sit up nights studying the markets, keeping in touch with the supply, the demand, and the price. It is just as essential to do this if you expect to meet with the highest success in the motion-picture field. Of course I do not mean that you must literally burn the midnight oil, but you must keep well informed. We wish, so far as is possible in these days of change, to keep you posted on the producers' needs. Here are the latest suggestions at this writing:

The American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California, have been advertising that they are in the market for *big ideas* and undeveloped plots.

New plays are wanted for Sessue Hayakawa along the line of his past successes. The Haworth Pictures Corporation, H. W. Hellman Building, Los

Angeles, California, write that though numbers of stories have been received by them of late, none have been satisfactory. What they want is a story containing absolutely original ideas, melodrama, mystery, modern society, powerful situations, strong love interest with sacrifice, comedy relief in which the star does not necessarily figure, and deft combination of Oriental and American atmosphere.

Goldwyn requests that manuscripts for their stars be submitted direct to H. R. Durant, editor, West Fort Lee, New Jersey.

If you have a play already written which might suit Madame Olga Petrova, send it posthaste to Beulah Livingstone, Petrova Picture Company, 230 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City. A prize of five hundred dollars is offered for the play most suited to Madame Petrova received before October 1, 1918. Besides the prize, the successful contestant is promised the usual royalties offered by the company. American writers only are eligible for the five-hundred-dollar prize. Any manuscript accepted by an author not American will be paid for on the usual basis, without the five-hundred-dollar prize.

A Word From Anita Loos

In this issue will be found a short article taken from a lecture by Anita Loos. I am sure that Miss Loos needs no introduction to any reader of this department, and I can heartily recommend and second all that she has to say.

At the close of her lecture, which was given at Columbia University, Miss Loos was asked the following question:

"Why is it that editors impress it upon writers that all they want from a writer is a synopsis—yet, after they have purchased the synopsis, they turn it over and have another writer write a continuity from it?"

"One of the main reasons for this," Miss Loos replied, "is that each studio has its own style of working. Things of that sort the outside writer cannot know about. Recently, for instance, I read a story which had to have an extra, and, in a way, unnecessary, part written into it because of the contract which the company had with a certain actress who was to appear in this certain picture. Of course, the outside writer who sent in the story probably thought, on seeing the added part, that the story had been mangled, but it really couldn't be helped. And there are scores of similar conditions, which the outsider knows nothing about. Personally, I do not think that it is fair to a writer of established reputation to put something on the screen which was not his idea at all, but circumstances often demand it."

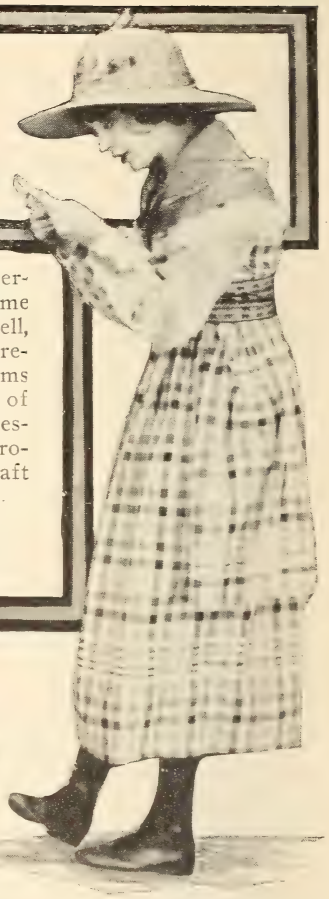
And that, I think, is a very interesting comment in reply to a question that is often asked.

A New Series of Articles

The lecture by Miss Loos is the first of a series of short articles by different screen writers and directors, which we are going to run, to supplement this department, from month to month. These articles will take the place of those by Allan Dwan, which created a great deal of interest. It is our belief that we can do nothing more beneficial for our readers than to furnish them a variety of ideas from experts who look at picture-play writing from different points of view. The article next month will be by John Emerson, who is associated with Miss Loos in preparing the new Paramount productions featuring Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex.

Attention, Men In Khaki!

You've often wondered, perhaps, what happens back home when *she* gets your letter. Well, here it is, the regular routine ceremony which every girl performs on receipt of *his* letter—a sort of ritual in five parts, performed especially for your benefit by Dorothy Gish, in the Griffith-Artcraft picture, "The Great Love."



First, she takes the letter up gingerly, as though afraid to believe her eyes. Turns it over to see what's on the back—turns it over again for luck—and then smells to see if it carries the odor of your tobacco.

She opens it breathlessly—hardly seeing the words in her haste to devour it. Then she's sorry she read it so fast, and she reads it again—two or three times. Tries to imagine what it was that the censor cut out. Reads it again.

After reading it once more, she begins to worry about your throat, and wonders whether you're keeping your feet dry, as you should. Probably she cries a little. Reads it again. Powders her nose.

All day long she goes around with the letter in her pocket and a dreamy expression on her face. By this time she knows it pretty well by heart. She doesn't hear any one speak to her, and has to be called several times before responding, because she is imagining herself——

In a uniform of white crêpe de Chine (whatever *that* is), with a nice Red Cross on it made of peau de cygne, and a pretty white veil floating in the breeze, while she flits about with tea and toast, or a happy smile, for the wounded or convalescent.

Though in reality we know that she would be doing something like this. And perhaps we smile. But we know, too, that all these little ways of hers are just expressions of a heart brimful of tenderness and devotion. By the way, don't forget to write to her soon!

Speaking of Scenarios

Here are some very practical and interesting suggestions for writers, taken from a lecture delivered before a class in picture-play writing at Columbia University, by

Anita Loos

Anita Loos has been called "Eighty Pounds of Ideas." She is perhaps the best known and one of the most successful writers for the screen.

ONE play out of every hundred is readable, and one out of every thousand is producible. And having read a good many hundred or thousand bad plays, I have come to the conclusion that one of the chief faults of amateurs, especially the more highly educated they are, lies in the choice of subject matter.

In the first place, they are likely to consider the camera instead of the drama. Because of the camera possibilities they so often select poetic and symbolic subjects, or plots which require strange costumes and the like.

Of course, you know that costume plays do not pay. And as for symbolism—fairy stuff—there are only four writers in the world now living who have made a success at it. They are Barrie, Maeterlinck, Dunsany, and Tagore; whereas thousands have succeeded with everyday subjects.

As I said before, the thing that American writers need to develop is a feeling for drama. Drama is a matter of first principles, and when we wander away into the fields of poetic fancy we get away from what, after all, is the most interesting type of story in the world—the

melodrama of first principles. I do not mean, of course, that every story should be a melodrama. Heaven forbid! I hold, though, that there must be some vital thing in every story which holds and grips, and you can be pretty sure that a good melodrama has those qualities.

Let me try to give you an idea of what is welcome and what is unwelcome material in the studio.

Recently I received a script from a successful writer of children's books. It is a fair example of the majority of the well-written scripts which come to my attention, and which are quite useless. The script is called "Humanity." It starts off with a lot of symbolism—which is nothing more nor less than drivel—and after rambling through a dozen pages or more, it stops. It has no beginning, no central idea, and no end. In addition to having symbolism for its subject matter, it utterly lacks plot. Now, this successful writer would be horrified if he heard me say that his piece was bunk, but that is what it is. If it were put on the screen, I doubt that any one would sit through the performance.

Of course, dealing with what he believes to be good symbolism, he has felt that he has done something worth while. And I know what he said to himself when he received his rejected script. "It was over their heads—they couldn't do it," he said.

I think that had this man really studied pictures he could have done producible stuff. But with his knowledge of the essentials of the motion picture overshadowed by his love of the camera and camera effects, he has written something which merely calls for a lot of trick photography.

About the same time I received a script written by a man in Chicago. It covered three pages of paper. With it was a letter which said: "Here is a script which I think is good. If you don't, the postage is inclosed for its return." That was all. That man had something to sell, and he knew it. And what is more, we bought it. He was a man who had an idea. The story was a practical one, dealing with an everyday theme, and he wrote it with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and got it all on three pages. The other man didn't have an idea, and didn't know it. I doubt if he knows it yet.

A story must have a flesh-and-blood theme. I have in mind a successful story in which the theme—based on heredity—is to the effect that we should not blame a person for an act until we are sure of what his temptation was. A story on such a theme, if written so as to hold the interest in continued suspense, building up, step by step to a climax, is bound to succeed, if well done.

But the story on "Humanity" with its pointless symbolism would interest no one.

So, when selecting material, thresh around until you get a real idea. Don't begin to write it until you feel sure your story is complete. Be sure that one thing leads to another with a steady increase of interest, all developing toward a climax.

Forget the symbolism and fairy stuff. Go out in the kitchen and write the history of the cook, and you will probably have a much more interesting story than any tiresome allegorical abstractions about "Humanity."

Write about real life even if you have to wade through the mud to do it. I have a friend who prides herself on the education of her young son. She let him go to the movies one afternoon, and when he came home she asked him what he had seen. "Well," he said, "there was a girl who married a black man, and he choked her to death." The mother promptly became all excited, and declared she would never let the boy go to the movies again. After she

had discussed at length the atrocity of allowing children to see such a picture, she questioned him further, and found, to her amazement, that the name of the picture was "Othello." She had read "Othello" many times, and had never seen the great rough drama in it. But real plots are primal things, and a good strong plot is generally pretty rough. If you will strip down almost any great drama you will find that, in its essentials, it is rough, common stuff, which might have taken place in the most prosaic or sordid surroundings. The average cultured person never realizes this. Living on what he calls a high mental plane, the knowledge that the plays are classics and the beauty of their lines hides from him the fact that the bare plots are primitive.

Another thing—don't be afraid to laugh. Don't stand off from your sense of humor. I believe that a person who sneers at mud-pie throwing is worth about one-tenth as much as a scenario writer as the one who thinks pie throwing is funny. You have got to become a child and enter the thing wholeheartedly. You must go in with enthusiasm, if you want to succeed.

So much for subject matter, and now let us consider writers themselves.

There is a great demand in the movies for two kinds of writers. The greater demand is for the person with ideas. The person with ideas is, of course, in demand in every line of endeavor. He is a first-class human being, and his is the heritage of the earth. He needs no aid. He will get along wherever you put him. The more obstacles you put in his way the better he will get along.

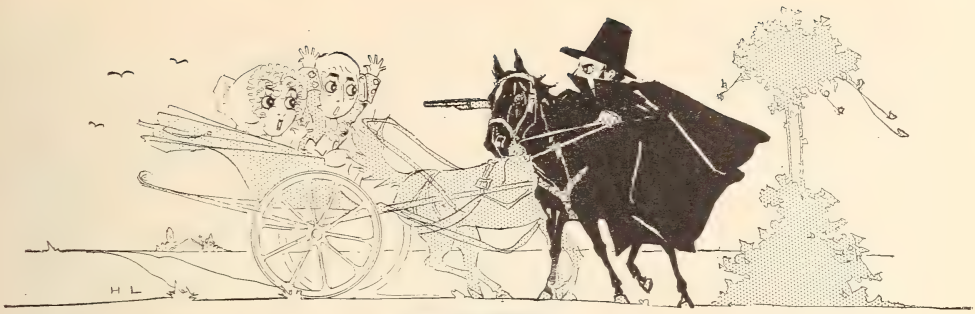
The second great demand in the movies is for the continuity writer, the person who can take a story and put it into perfect dramatic form. Ideas cannot be taught, but one can learn the writing of continuity, if one have the instinct for picking drama out of incident.

I am often asked how to get into the studio. There is only one way, and that is to be so clever that the studio can't get along without you. Flood the scenario office with scripts. Ask the scenario editor if he will allow you to try your hand at writing the continuity of some play they have in mind—then write a better continuity than any one else has been able to do, and send it in —and the way has been opened to you.

Scenario editors, though very busy people, are not the bears that many people believe them to be. If there is one thing that delights a scenario editor it is to make a discovery, and then become some budding writer's patron saint. They all love it. Every once in a while I take a chance on adopting some young writer, and then go around bragging about it. If you are clever, the chances are all in your favor. The attitude of every one about a studio toward a person of cleverness is, "Come on in, the water's fine."

The practical technique of the picture play—concerning such things as sets, the possibilities of getting locations, and the like, can only be learned in the studio, and that kind of experience is necessary for the technical script writer. When Mr. Emerson went into pictures, though he had been a practical playwright and a producer for Mr. Frohman for years, he began at the very beginning again, and stayed around the studios for three months before he attempted to do a thing.

I think that the writer of original ideas, if he or she is getting along, had better stick to ideas until an opportunity is made in the studio for that person to come in. But that need not prevent the writer from attempting continuity. If you should try your hand at it and succeed in doing a better job than the staff continuity writer, you will have taken a second stride.



Hands Up!

And how I came to write it.

By Gilson Willets

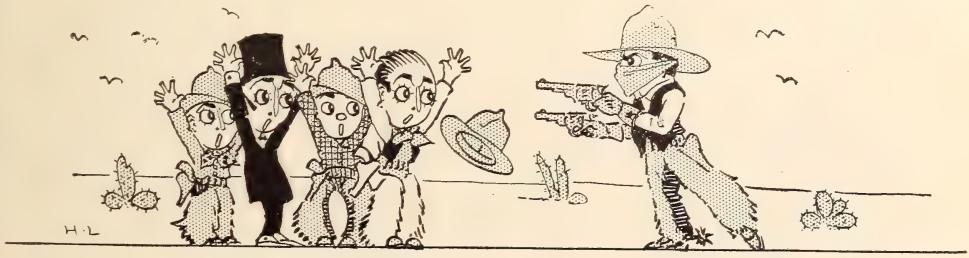
A UNIT was S-O-Essing across the street called Five and Forty. The unit couldn't take the time to walk across. For the Pathé overlords had sent for a unit of their author army. I was that unit. Pathé moves like a wireless wave—faster than a bullet.

The distance between my home and the New York capital of the trans-world exchanges of Pathé is about one steak à la minute. I live across the street. Saves fractions of seconds. Pathé writers don't write with pens; they write with quills plucked from the wing of time.

Gilson Willets, unit in the Pathé army.

Having S-O-Essed across the street to the Pathé White House, I confronted the president and his cabinet. Said the minister of serial war: "We've contracted to make a Western serial in California, and we need the basic plot within five sunrises. Good morning!"

I rushed back across the street and seized that quill plucked from the wing of time. Then



I glanced at this definition of a camera serial, which I had once written for my guidance and inspiration:

A serial is the Coney Island of movieland with loop the loops and leaps of death in a Fifth-Avenue-Newport setting. A serial is a story punctuated with a stunt in each hundred feet through fifteen or twenty episodes of two reels each. A serial is a supercelluloided superfeature in two thousand five hundred scenes. It is thirty to forty thousand feet long, meaning six to eight Eastman miles.

The serial's forefather was the Arabian Thousand and One Nights. And the serial's foremother is the Chinese play that continues night after night through a whole Mongolian dynasty.

George Chesebro, the handsome hero.

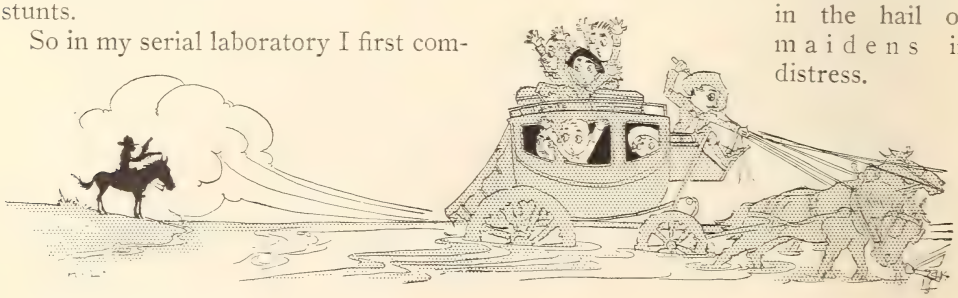
A single five-reel feature is like fishing for patrons with a single hook. A serial is fishing with fifteen hooks. You catch fifteen times as many fish. Now, thought I, as I finished reading my definition of a serial—the fishhooks must contain just the right bait.

What is the right bait? First, characters carrying casualty insurance. Second, a plot running between a life-saving station and a cemetery. Third, stunts.

So in my serial laboratory I first compounded my characters. First of all, a heroine. Now the working title for every serial is "Mister Frank Melodrama." Implies a he-man play, doesn't it? But no! In a really fashionable tailor-made serial the he-man is simply a policeman in cowboy chaps saving the heroine from an early grave. The only proper style for a high-gear, twin-six, eighteen-carat lead for a serial is a she-girl.

I called my heroine *Echo Delane*. And every time *Echo* faced sure death or taxes amid freedom's woods and templed hills, her hero made the bad man put his hands up. And the hero man's cow-punchers nicknamed him "Hands Up." And I thought that might be a nice short title for my serial. So I wrote at the top of page one: "HANDS UP!"

In considering the personal qualifications essential for my hero and heroine I decided that the hero needn't know a blessed thing about punching cows or six-shooting. But he simply must be a Paul Revere rider, have a backbone like a lightning rod, and be a regular Don Quixote of a fellow within the hail of maidens in distress.



The requirements for my heroine included things lacking in a nervous woman. She must be a first-class steeple jack, an able seaman, an experienced circus rider, a tight-rope walker, and possess the Spartan fortitude that can look seraphic while running her finger along the razored edge of the Great Reaper's scythe.

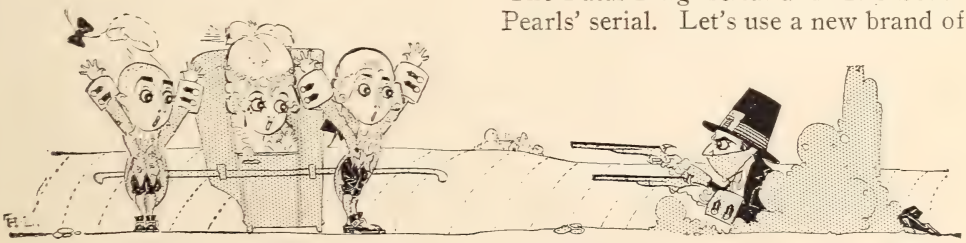
The next character needed for my Western serial was the masked mystery. In my dreams, like Sir Walter Scott, I saw a knight riding like the wind up the mountain trails to the rescue of the damsel in jeopardy in the castle's topmost tower room. None knew whence he came, nor whither he went. And I called him *The Phantom Rider.* He was my mystery man.

Easter Walters, the Lucretia-Borgian villainess.

To these three characters I added herds of horsemen and hordes of villains and a complete Lucretia-Borgian villainess. My laboratory had now produced a chemico-literario compound suited to the manufacture of a serial scenario. So with these human ingredients I stripped for action.

I now drowned the sleep gods in tanks of black coffee. And on the fifth morning, as the dawn came up out of the East River I staggered across the street like a shell-shocked poilu with the basic plot of "Hands Up!" done in about twenty thousand words.

And so I faced the committee—the story and scenario committee—jury of seven of my peers. Now, if there is a weak spot in a story or scenario, that committee of seven will put its seventy fingers unerringly on that weak spot. They put their seventy fingers right on about seventy weak spots in my serial. The biggest spot of all was called—Moors. I needed for the serial something better than the common or garden variety of *conflict.* For conflict, in my story, I had used a band of Moorish envoys from the Sultan of Morocco. They came to the U. S. A. looking for my heroine, *Echo Delane,* with intent to persecute her through fifteen episodes. "But," said the seven, "we've used Orientals in 'The Fatal Ring' serial and 'The Seven Pearls' serial. Let's use a new brand of



people for the principal conflict in this serial." And, always ready with a remedy for a malady, the seven committeemen suggested a band of descendants of the ancient Incas of Peru. This looked good to me and——

I reeled back across the street and spent the sixth night reading myself into a complete education on descendants of the ancient Incas of Peru. In the morning our serial had conflict furnished by as picturesque and romantic a band of dark-skinned scoundrels as ever graced the Western ranchland on the back of white horses. These Incas, like my rejected Moors, came to cowboyland in California looking for our heroine. They lived in a regular Sir Walter Scottian-Kenilworthian Castle in our mountains. They were as rich as war profiteers. And they wore white flowing robes and were altogether as spectacular as night riders or crusaders.

Ruth Roland, the heroine.

The powers then decreed: "We'll give you just twenty-four hours to get out of civilization with that story and start for Los Angeles. Out there you will work with the directors in the production of this Western serial. Good day!"

And they thrust into my hand two railroad billets that would entitle me to become the sole occupant of Stateroom A. Yes, they thrust those tickets into my hands that were still palsied from five days and six nights of serial typewriter pounding. And now they were shooting me out to exile! Los Angeles—the Siberia of the moving-picture empire.

The moment that I stepped into my Siberian exile at Los Angeles, a high-powered juggernaut seized me and whirled me out to a lonesome place, where man had not yet marked the earth with ruin. Out there in the midst of the rocks and rills and woods and templed hills, I found the studio.

And there Louis Gasnier, my guide, who was to have charge of producing "Hands Up!" led me to a girl wearing a sky-blue riding habit and a six-shooter and cartridge belt. "She is the shooting star of your serial," he said. And I recognized Ruth Roland. Then I met George Chesebro, the handsome hero.

I was then led to a pristine hilltop, where foot of man ne'er before had trod. And there stood the house that Gasnier built. It was the white castle of our Incas, tower and all. And there were the steeds for the serial—eight milk-white steeds for the principal Incas, and some forty ponies for their attendants. And mares for their sun maidens. And there was the coal-black stallion of my dreams for the phantom rider. And an Apache pinto for our hero. Gasnier had bought all this horseflesh outright. A horse dealer

couldn't have done it better. Our serial stables looked like the mews at Buckingham Palace.

And there, too, were the Inca envoys and sun maidens in their beautiful and picturesque robes. Gasnier had just paid for fifty of these costumes. He showed me the bill from the costumer. It looked like an invoice for dressing a flock of grand-opera prima donnas.

Then Gasnier and the author went into executive session on the manuscript. One of my episodes ended with the heroine in mortal danger right under the thundering thousand hoofs of a stampeded round-up. The thundering herd was close upon her as we faded out: "To Be Continued By and By." Gasnier said: "I'll make that stampede stuff to the limit! Don't care *what* it costs! There's no herd big enough in California, so I'll send the company to Arizona for the stampede." Two days later Gasnier confronted me with a face as white as a bookkeeper's.

"The stampede's off!" he moaned. "I've got the dope from an Arizona cattleman. It would cost like an hour of the world war to stampede just a puny little herd of only three thousand cows. Look!" And he showed me the fatal figures that never lie. "To do the stampede properly," he expatiated, "would require *fifty* scenes. Each scene would run off *one pound of beef* from each cow. This would be a total loss of *fifty pounds of beef per cow,* or a grand total of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of disappearing beef for the herd. Cost per pound, twenty cents. Total cost of ending your episode with a stampede—thirty thousand dollars for vanishing beef alone. And then—HOOVER!"

So I wrote a new and second ending for that episode. This time I left the heroine in a hut that hung on a precipitous mountainside like a bird cage on a wall. And a cataclysm in the form of a mastodonic avalanche of bowlders and eucalyptus trees came crashing down that mountainside to bury the hut and the heroine a hundred fathoms deep in the torrent in the cañon below.

Gasnier, formerly of France, read this second ending and looked stricken. "*Sacré Dieu!*" he exclaimed. "This is ter-*ree*-ble! It will take at least a thousand livres of dynamite to blow up the mountain and dump it into the agua pura along with the hut and the girl. And the war department has put a ban on the use of explosives in pictures. You show me where I am to see-cure those dynamite—eh?" And his Parisian shoulders shrugged a French shrug.

I came back with a third new ending for that episode. This time I left the girl in a deep, dank, dark, damp, dismal, abysmal cavern, looking plumb terrorized into the yellowish, luminous, scintillating eyeballs of a squadron of mountain lions. Gasnier read this and groaned. "That's as old as the Book of Daniel," he said. "Can't you get something *new?*"

It looked as though I was stumped for a stunt to end that episode. But I came back with a fourth new ending. Gasnier read it and grew agitated, then emotional, then hysterical. "*Voilà! C'est ça! C'est épatan!*" he cried. "This stunt will shell-shock the audience. It will make them come back the next week to get the *cure.* This stunt! *Mon Dieu et mon ami!* It is a biscuit jack!"

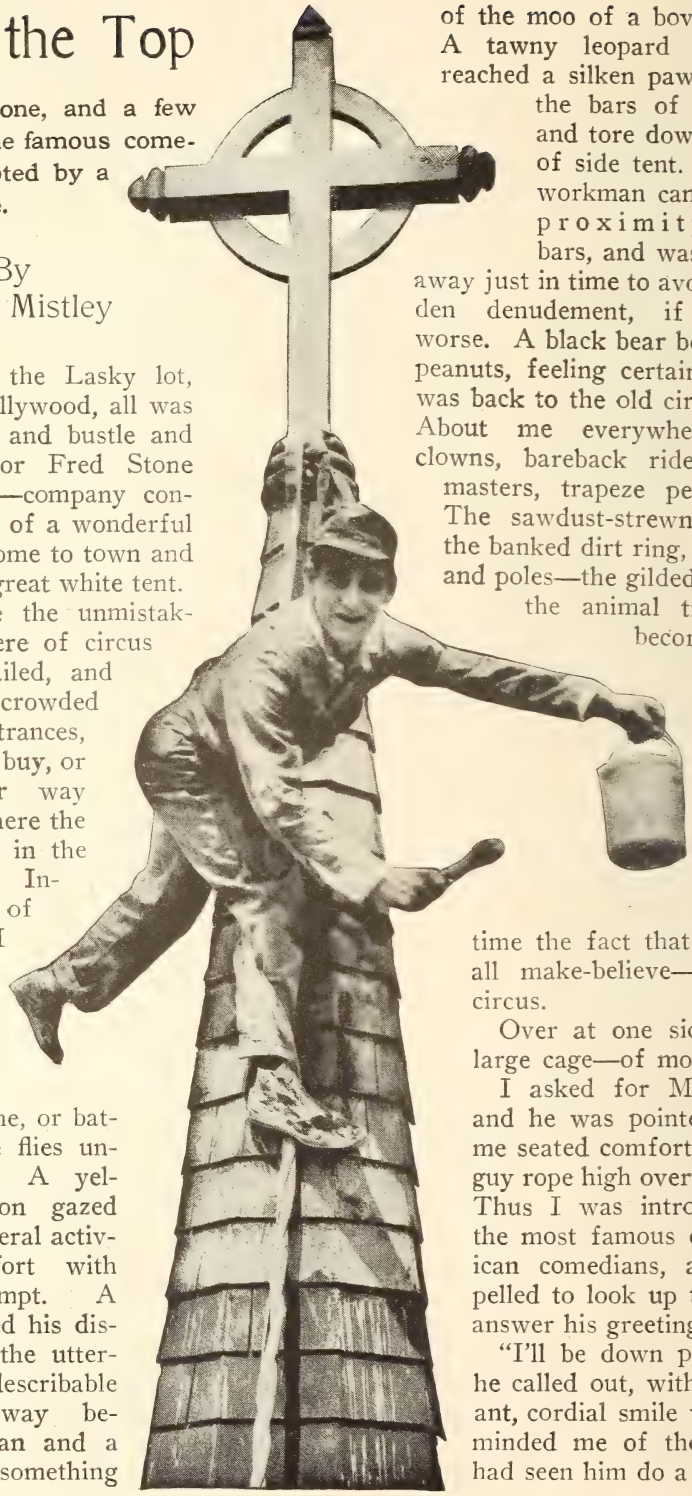
And the stunt that I had written and that gave Gasnier these ecstasies and this exuberance and these raptures and rhapsodies was—— You can see it at the end of the thirteenth episode of "Hands Up!"

What I've tried to say is that a *good* serial plot is as hard to find as a chicken's tooth. And that a stunt that *ain't* been done centuries ago is scarcer far than a *one*-legged lady.

Under the Top

with Fred Stone, and a few words with the famous comedian—interrupted by a monkey chase.

By
Media Mistley



OUT on the Lasky lot, in Hollywood, all was hurry and bustle and excitement, for Fred Stone and company—company consisting mainly of a wonderful circus—had come to town and pitched their great white tent.

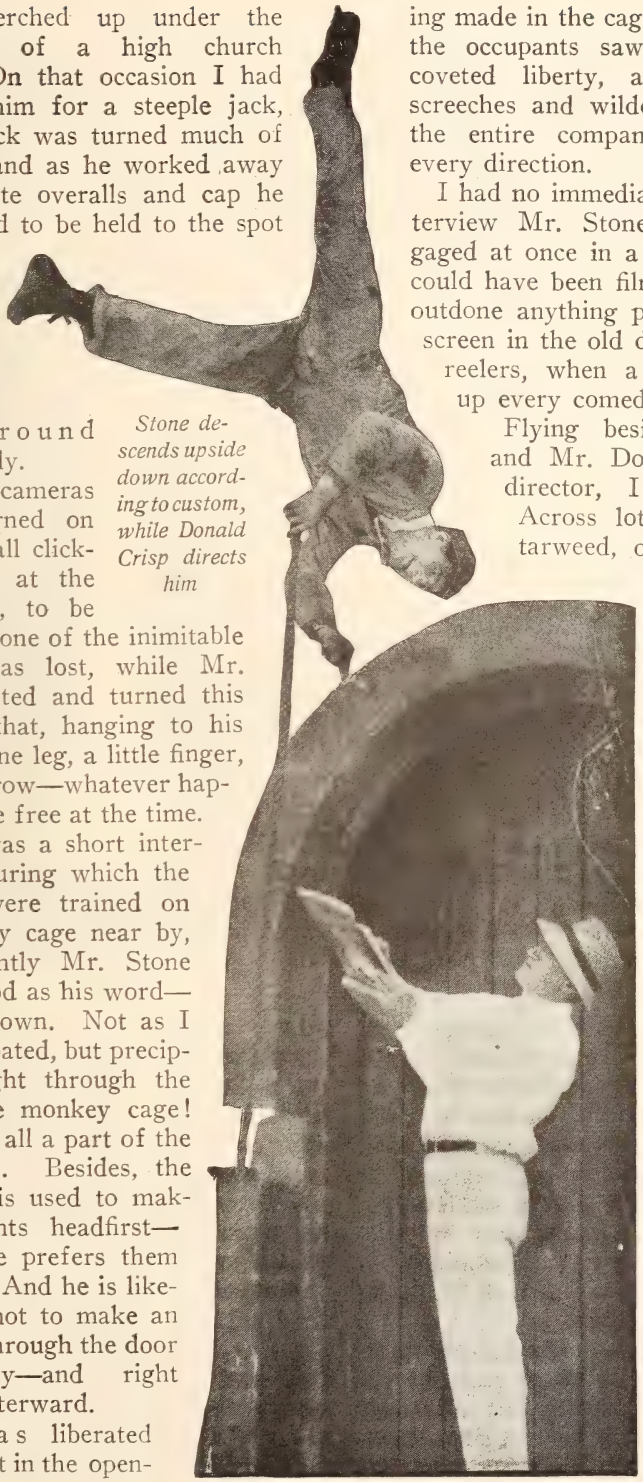
Everywhere the unmistakable atmosphere of circus holiday prevailed, and small boys crowded around the entrances, trying to beg, buy, or wriggle their way through to where the animals lazed in the summer heat. Inside the flap of the tent I stopped to have a look at them in their gilt cages, as they lay supine, or battled with the flies uncomfortably. A yellow-orbed lion gazed upon this general activity and effort with feline contempt. A camel signified his disapproval by the utterance of indescribable sounds halfway between a groan and a cough, with something of the moo of a bovine in it. A tawny leopard playfully reached a silken paw through the bars of the cage and tore down a piece of side tent. Later a workman came within proximity of the bars, and was ordered away just in time to avoid a sudden denudement, if nothing worse. A black bear begged for peanuts, feeling certain that he was back to the old circus days. About me everywhere were clowns, bareback riders, ringmasters, trapeze performers. The sawdust-strewn ground, the banked dirt ring, the ropes and poles—the gilded chariots, the animal trainer in becorded and laced velvet garb—all were as real as could be. I forgot for the time the fact that this was all make-believe—a mimic circus.

Over at one side was a large cage—of monkeys.

I asked for Mr. Stone, and he was pointed out to me seated comfortably on a guy rope high over my head. Thus I was introduced to the most famous of American comedians, and compelled to look up to him to answer his greeting.

"I'll be down presently," he called out, with a pleasant, cordial smile which reminded me of the stunt I had seen him do a few days

before, perched up under the very top of a high church steeple. On that occasion I had mistaken him for a steeple jack, for his back was turned much of the time, and as he worked away in his white overalls and cap he had seemed to be held to the spot by mere capillary attraction, while he splashed paint around nonchalantly.



Stone descends upside down according to custom, while Donald Crisp directs him

Several cameras were turned on him now, all clicking busily at the same time, to be sure that none of the inimitable comedy was lost, while Mr. Stone twisted and turned this way and that, hanging to his perch by one leg, a little finger, or an eyebrow—whatever happened to be free at the time.

There was a short intermission, during which the cameras were trained on the monkey cage near by, and presently Mr. Stone was as good as his word—he came down. Not as I had anticipated, but precipitately, right through the top of the monkey cage! Oh, it was all a part of the picture. Besides, the comedian is used to making descents headfirst—in fact, he prefers them that way. And he is likelier than not to make an entrance through the door latitudinally—and right himself afterward.

He was liberated shortly, but in the opening made in the cage to let him out, the occupants saw a chance for coveted liberty, and, with wild screeches and wilder leaps, eluded the entire company and fled in every direction.

I had no immediate chance to interview Mr. Stone. We all engaged at once in a chase that if it could have been filmed would have outdone anything presented on the screen in the old days of the two-reelers, when a pursuit wound up every comedy.

Flying beside Mr. Stone and Mr. Donald Crisp, the director, I led the van. Across lots covered with tarweed, over fences into private yards, we pursued the fleeing, chattering little animals.

"They're going up the telegraph poles!" some one cried. Sure enough, a tiny simian perched there, looking downward and talking volubly in monkey language.

"He'll be electrocuted," said Mr. Crisp. But the monkey only chattered the more, and emulated Mr. Stone by walking along the wires. Sud-

"Now, listen! Here's the way we'll do it," says Stone to Director Crisp.

denly he gave a lurch and dropped. A net caught the stiffened little body. He had been shocked into insensibility.

Working the odd, humanlike arms up and down, the little beast was soon brought back to life and replaced in his cage—a wiser and a sadder ape. Another one was found near by with some Airedales, a very small and apologetic monkey, sleeping with his arms about the puppies' necks.

The ice-cream man who has his stand between the Vine Street and Argyle Street lots inadvertently left his cooler open for a moment, when a slim brown arm reached from behind a tree and seized an armful of ice-cream cones, which he proceeded to eat while seated on a limb of the tree. A waiting limousine was commandeered by another monkey, who was examining with great interest the ignition system, and others entered a dressing room and were found making up or dining upon grease paint.

Hollywood literally rained monkeys, they tell me, for several days. You never could be sure when a simian visitor would look in at your window or appear suddenly from under the stove.

Things were quite upset about the

studio for a time. But presently I cornered Mr. Stone, who was mopping his brow after the chase.

"How do you like it?" I asked, referring to picture work.

"Great!" said he, and I knew from his enthusiastic tone that he meant it.

"It certainly is the whirlwind existence. You start early and work late. And you work fast. You have to keep good hours because you're so tired at the end of the day's work that you just naturally go to bed early.

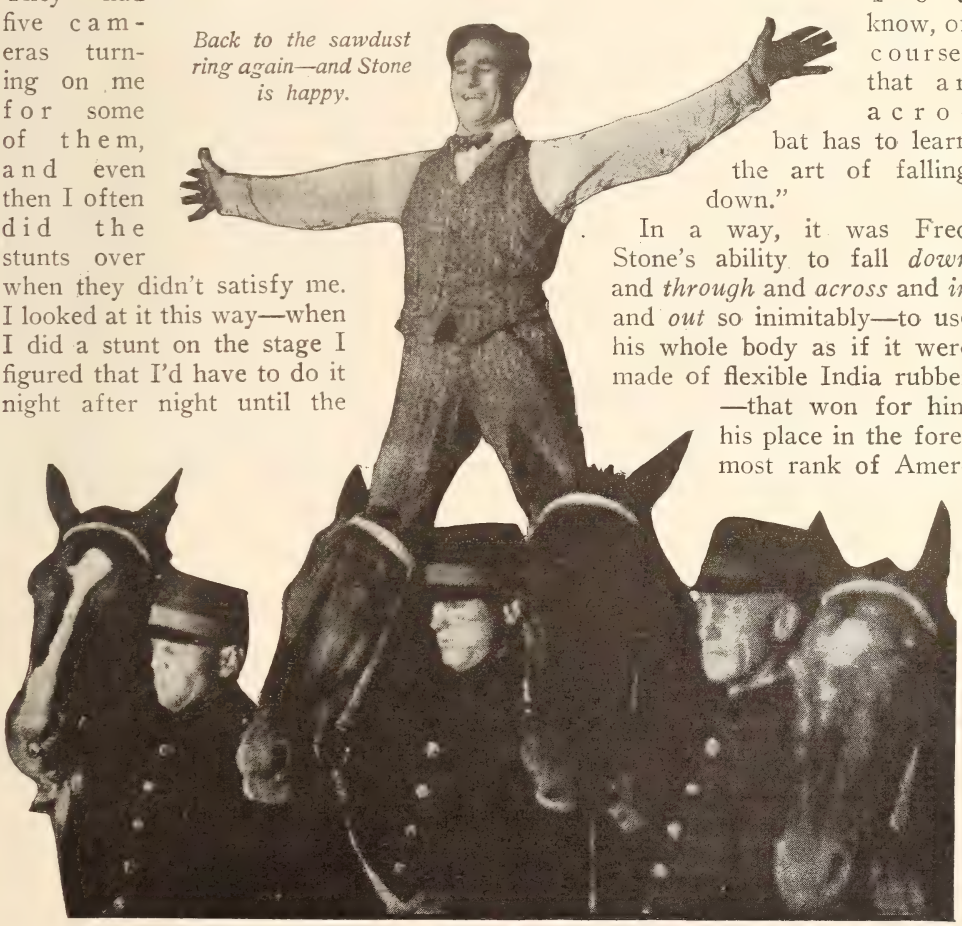
"But I like it. After working in theaters for years, I got a real thrill from coming back to the old sawdust ring and doing this circus picture. I've just finished ten solid days of stunts. They had five cameras turning on me for some of them, and even then I often did the stunts over when they didn't satisfy me. I looked at it this way—when I did a stunt on the stage I figured that I'd have to do it night after night until the show closed. So, of course, I didn't mind doing a stunt over two or three times for the pictures. I was only too glad that it was two or three times instead of two or three hundred, the way it was on the stage.

"But, of course, I've done stunts in 'Under the Top' that I never could have attempted on the stage. And I've done enough to fill two or three musical comedies chock-full."

"That last fall into the cage was wonderfully done," I remarked.

"Oh, I don't know," Mr. Stone demurred. "I had only to let go and drop. It was simplicity itself in comparison with some of the others. But at that, it isn't always easy to fall right. You know, of course, that an acrobat has to learn the art of falling down."

In a way, it was Fred Stone's ability to fall *down* and *through* and *across* and *in* and *out* so inimitably—to use his whole body as if it were made of flexible India rubber—that won for him his place in the foremost rank of Amer-



Back to the sawdust ring again—and Stone is happy.

Three laugh getters in "Under the Top."

ican comedians. But that wasn't all—he has the comedian's face—features which he can twist into every conceivable expression, or which he can wipe free of any expression at all. And above all, he has the comedian's soul—the sense of what is funny, and the ability to make others think that same thing is funny, too. He has always been a laugh coiner since the days of the vaudeville stunt with his partner, Dave Montgomery, which won for them both the engagement with "The Wizard of Oz," about eighteen years ago. Fred Stone made that show—its success as a box-office record breaker is part of the history of the American stage. And that was only the beginning of a long series of Fred Stone comedies that took humor-loving America by storm.

What Chaplin is to the movie fans, Fred Stone has been to theatergoers. And now that Mr. Stone has gone into films for the first really important work

in that line this summer, as a Paramount star, the movie patrons will share laughs with those who have already made friends with the comedian across the footlights.

"Speaking of the stunts in this picture," Mr. Stone interrupted my retrospection, "the thing I like about them is that they are all genuine—not one of them in which I use a double. You see, you can't double on the stage, and all my comedy work is based on the fun I can scare up myself, and not by thrilling situations such as would require a double or a dummy.

"I'm keen about picture work, and you can be sure that I'll return to it at the first opportunity. And I like that house that I've rented on the hill in Laughlin Park, Los Angeles. We can see the city lying below us, and on clear days we can see the Pacific Ocean eighteen miles away. And I've been reveling in California, except for these recent hot days, which, they tell me, are more than ordinarily humid. My family and I are enjoying every minute of this vacation."

"Vacation?"

"Just so," nodded Mr. Stone, "for this ten weeks is all the vacation I'll get, and all I'll need. It is a relaxation just to be working out of doors, and in the daytime instead of at night. And I like the work, anyway."

And now I've told you all about him—haven't I? How does he look? Why, he has thick hair which he combs straight up and which ripples all over his head in crisp little curls—especially when he gets warmed up after a stunt or two. He has a rather florid, good-natured face—kindly, as well.

He's devoted to his family, and I have been told how he has a "movie birthday" for his three little girls every year. On that particular day everything that the children do is recorded by a movie camera, and then in the evening the events of the past birthday are run off for the amusement of the whole family. Just as some parents take pictures of their children each year to show the progress and the changes and growth, the Stones have a much more complete record on celluloid.

I Dast! Dassn't You?

The beginning of an adventure—as seen and told

By Betty Browne

THAT'S the way big adventures usually began—back in the days when you were a kiddie and wore rompers 'n' everything. Somebody—one of the Grown-Ups—dressed you up in clean clothes and then told you to run and play and be sure not to get dirty! And then some one came along and said: "I dast! Dassn't you?" Of course "you dast!" —and fell!

There was an odd, delicious thrill about doing something that you didn't know they'd let you do, but rather guessed they wouldn't. And even after you had been caught and duly chastised, seated on the softest cushion in the house you sobbed contentedly and regarded the adventure as distinctly worth while.

Some one said the same thing to Virginia Lee Corbin one morning when she appeared on the front steps of her home—I'm not sure that it wasn't little Francis Carpenter, because Virginia had been playing leading lady for him in "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and they had been lost together in the "Babes in the Woods," so they were great pals.

Well, anyway, just across the street from her home stretched the green park, and in it the artificial pond lay blinking in the September-morning sun. Perhaps Virginia had seen the famous picture of the little girl shivering in the river—perhaps not. But off came the little shoes and socks, rompers were rolled as high as they would go, and then began the adventure which the Fox Comedies called "A Day in the Park."

Virginia sailed paper boats in the water and had a delightful time—quite forgetting that she was the little girl who had come out of Arizona to be an artist's model, and had ended up by playing child parts with Fannie Ward and Ben Wilson and Geraldine Farrar, and was now a five-year-old leading lady.

Photos © by Paul Grenbeaux.

The Screen in Review

Criticisms and comment on recent releases, by one of New York's leading authorities on matters pertaining to the screen.

By Peter Milne

SOME time ago, some one in the Triangle organization conceived the idea of giving every girl at the studio a chance to become a star. And since then those charming specimens of feminine pulchritude who were so decorative in the Keystone Comedies have been elevated, at different times, to featured rank in the five-reel numbers turned out at this plant. But because a young woman can be a pretty foil to a kicking comedian it does not always follow that she can fill the requirements of a dramatic star as well as she can a bathing suit. Some of these ladies, thus catapulted to featuredom, failed utterly, and in so doing bring to mind these truthful lines penned by a Chicago wag:

Oh, if it were not for the screen,
Full many a bud would blush unseen.
Yea, verily.

Students of the metric system as applied to verse will perhaps find, in scanning these lines, that the meter is somewhat harsh, but no one can deny that the sentiment is apt.

But though the Triangle experiment has proved more or less unsatisfactory in some instances, one young lady at

Gloria Swanson's best picture to date is "Station Content."

least justified the faith placed in her, and took to a star's shoes like a fly to sticky paper. And so, after all, it is a good thing Triangle permitted all the girlies to prove themselves, for if this order had never been instituted we would have missed Gloria Swanson. And I, for one, am right glad that I didn't miss her.

Gloria used to be tossed about by Chester Conklin and Ben Turpin and Mack Swain and other gentlemen of eccentric manner, but now she goes about "emoting" with the best of them. She certainly comes up to all expectations as a beauty, is possessed of a most appealing personality, and plays sincerely and to good effect. Her best picture to date is "Station Content," in which she plays the wife of a telegraph operator posted at one of the lonely stations on a Southwestern railway. She deserts him to seek a career on the stage, and it is not until she has seen much of the world and its ways that she realizes what the little station really held for her in the way of contentment.

Her second picture of the month, entitled "You Can't Believe Everything," is not to be compared with the first, and although Miss Swanson plays the heartless little débutante with charming ease, there was only one other decent character in the story.

Claire Anderson is another erstwhile Keystoner who shows ability in her work since she has been promoted from the ranks. She is distinctly appealing as she plays opposite Roy Stewart in "The Fly God," another one of those delightfully humorous and human Red Saunders stories, and she does excellently with a small part in "The Painted Lily," which features Alma Rubens. "The Painted Lily," I might say in passing, was painted too heavily.

On the other hand, Maud Wayne, still another graduate from the Keystone school, lacks personality when brought into the limelight as a featured player. She works opposite William Desmond in "Closin' In," a feature which, it must be confessed, gives small opportunity to any member of its cast.

But Miss Swanson has started climbing. She is not exactly balancing on the top rung of the ladder as yet, but she isn't stopping to rest at all. And when it is considered that many a big star of to-day had even a smaller beginning, her future looks rosy, and promises everything that a young lady could wish for. Creighton Hale, you know, was once an extra man, and Pearl White played around in those outrageous Crystal Comedies.

The Artcraft releases of the month, all but one, live well up to expectations. I always look to Artcraft for something extraordinary. The name and past performances imply the very best in the field. This month we have Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, and another production of Cecil De Mille's to look to.

And it is Miss Pickford's latest picture, "How Could You, Jean?" that is the disappointment. One is tempted to exclaim: "How could you, Mary!" I suppose that "Stella Maris" was still in my mind when I went to see her latest production. Certainly they are no more alike than night and day. If something nice must be said, I arise to state that no one can accuse Miss Pickford of sameness in her pictures. But a good part of the time that *Jean* was on the screen I thought that Miss Pickford had somehow strayed over to the Mack Sennett Studio and become involved in one of his wild concoctions. Can you imagine little Mary being taken unawares by that same ram that has often butted the Sennett comedians about, and being propelled like a shot over the cow pasture as a consequence? Far be it from me to be a prude—but really! It was rather out of place. When Charlie Chaplin comes

to my house I don't want him to throw a pie or a rock at the cook. Such things are so much more artistic when done where they can be done appropriately.

However, the ram cannot be blamed. And worst of all is the bald triteness of the plot. Young *Jean* loses her money; gets job as cook by posing as a Swede; falls in love with hired man who is rich and posing as a Swede also. Presto! Romance. It's all very simple, but too simple. There is comedy in it, to be sure, and no one is going to rave and demand his war tax back, but even in comedy one has a right to expect something a little substantial, especially if it is a vehicle for Miss Pickford.

Casson Ferguson, Larry Peyton, Herbert Standing, Spottiswoode Aitken, and Fanny Midgley constitute the star's main support. William D. Taylor was the director.

"Say, Young Fellow," is Douglas Fairbanks' contribution. And that is rather an obvious and superfluous remark. It couldn't very well be Mr. Hart's. Doug invades a newspaper office, secures work, and manages to confute a corrupt political ring and, by finding "the papers," saves a kindly old couple from financial ruin. But cold type never suffices to give Doug all the credit that is due him. There are stunts galore, chases and battle royals that make you want to cheer, and delightful, human romance with that adorable little person, Marjorie Daw, on the receiving end of Doug's ardor. Joseph Henaberry, who both wrote and directed the picture, deserves worlds of credit.

William S. Hart has discarded his cowboy outfit in "Shark Monroe."

Now for William S. Hart. A great change has come over him. He has discarded his cowboy outfit! A manager I know once wrote in words akin to these: "Some one ought to steal Hart's guns and sombrero, and then maybe he'd give us a change." That manager knew whereof he spoke. Personally I like Hart very well as a cowboy, but I like him just as well as the sea captain and prospector which he

Cecil De Mille's originality was never displayed to better advantage than in his production, "We Can't Have Everything."

is in "Shark Monroe." It is a big, vital picture, with the sea and the frozen wastes of Alaska as backgrounds. Katherine MacDonald is the lucky girl. I wonder which star she prefers. She has been with Fairbanks and Ray, as well as with Hart.

Mr. De Mille's picture which truthfully opines "We Can't Have Everything" is based on a novel by Rupert Hughes. Sometimes one gathers from the picture that it is Mr. Hughes' notion that the world of high society could not turn without the divorce court. And he may be right. But right or wrong, he is thoroughly interesting and amusing. He takes up the lives of a millionaire, a divorcee, a motion-picture actress, a British officer, and sundry other interesting types, and juggles them with skill. The various triangles, quadrangles, and the like are always entertaining, and Mr. De Mille's originality as a director was never exhibited to better advantage. Theodore Roberts gets in some great comedy as the *Sultan* in the picture which is shown in the production and Tully Marshall is seen as a somewhat bewildered director. It's a safe bet he didn't model his performance after any example set by Mr. De Mille. Elliott Dexter, Sylvia Breamer, Kathlyn Williams, Wanda Hawley, and Thurston Hall all have important rôles.

I have often wondered why the picture with the child player as star. For whom do the producers direct these pictures—the children or the adults? If for the children, why must they scatter in furious melodrama? If for the adults, why the tiresome play of the screen children? I suppose they aim to embrace all audiences in their appeal. I have seen very few pictures with child stars that I thoroughly en-

joy. Usually the other parts are intrusted to performers who lack polish. And they must constantly step out of the way to let the infant prodigy show his or her—the prodigy is usually a female—talents. I think the ideal place for these prodigies would be in rôles incidental to a story, the main characters of which are portrayed by grown-ups.

At least, after witnessing "The Voice of Destiny," Pathé's latest offering with Baby Marie Osborne, and "The Locked Heart," featuring Gloria Joy, a little girl secured by the Horkheimer brothers to follow in the footsteps of Baby Marie, I arrive at this conclusion. Neither one of these pictures is adequate in plot, although there is a considerable amount of comedy in each one.

The Lee children, Jane and Katherine, perform a lot of pranks again in "We Should Worry." If these little rascals joked with me as they do with the other characters, I'd call them fresh and feel like spanking them, but they are such clever little imps that I can't suppress a laugh when I see them.

"Tempered Steel" is just about the best thing Madame Petrova has done. George Middleton, a playwright of note, wrote it for her. The big situation hinges on an actress successfully making her début in a new play, all the while haunted by the thought of a man lying stone dead on the floor of her apartment. Here there is real suspense. In the end it develops that the actress did not kill the man, as she had thought, but that his death was caused by a bolt of lightning.

S. A. Franklin, the director who wrote and produced that strikingly powerful melodrama, "Confession," featuring Jewel Carmen, is now directing Norma Talmadge, and the first picture bearing his name is "The Safety Curtain." Given Miss Talmadge, to my mind the best actress on the screen to-day, a fine supporting cast headed by Eugene O'Brien and Anders Randolph, Mr. Franklin has turned out a highly dramatic offering, despite the fact that it is "the-woman-with-a-past" type of story. If you've never seen a real rainstorm, there is one of these in "The Safety Curtain" that is a corker.

"The Soap Girl," a Vitagraph picture featuring Gladys Leslie, brings this little star nearer to her own than she has been for some time. In the first place, her new director, Martin Justice, the former magazine illustrator, seems to know how to handle her. And in the second, the story adapted from one of Louis Allen Browne's, which is based on the "it-pays-to-advertise" idea, is a highly

Norma Talmadge appears in a highly dramatic offering, "The Safety Curtain."

satisfactory comedy drama. It is to be noted with a good deal of pleasure that the Vitagraph company has for the time being removed Miss Leslie from the mythical kingdom and the Emerald Isle. Romantic places —both of them—but we like to see our favorites travel about a bit on the screen.

The World pictures are gradually undergoing a change. They are brightening up. A few months ago every one of them dealt with marital unhappiness, complications brought about by a sly and sleek villain, and murders and what not. Now, however, we have a change for the brighter things of life, something a little humorous and something a little human.

"Tinsel," in which Kitty Gordon is featured, tells of a lady of title who sends for her daughter by a former husband to come and live with her, that she may learn of life. And daughter, who is played by Muriel Ostriche, certainly gets her schooling—but eventually comes out unharmed and returns to the arms of her former sweetheart.

"The Heart of a Girl," with Barbara Castleton and Irving Cummings, and "The Golden Wall," with Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley, are romantic dramas with snatches of comedy that give them a welcome touch. "The Heart of a Girl" is particularly refreshing. "A Woman of Redemption," the fourth World picture of the month, is a left-over from the old régime, and is not to be ranked with the other three. June Elvidge deserves vehicles of a much better type than this.

"The Soap Girl," featuring Gladys Leslie, is a highly satisfactory comedy

"The Venus Model"—and who, pray, other than Mabel Normand could be in a picture so entitled?—is about the best thing that the lively Goldwyn comedienne has yet done. She is seen as a sewing-machine girl. But no, it is nothing like the old melodrama. It takes a comedy turn. And the sewing-machine girl becomes the boss of a decayed establishment that makes feminine finery and succeeds in putting it and the good-for-nothing son of the owner on their respective feet.

Bluebird is another company that is possessed of a rising star. She is Carmel Myers. While "The City of Tears," her latest picture, does not show her at her best, it presents her in an appealing story. Miss Myers can play the light-hearted girl whose spirit is one of eternal youth quite to perfection. She is at her best as a

French or Italian lass—a rather mixed expression, but quite fitting—for she is of that Latin style of beauty, a type, but quite distinct and original.

Thomas H. Ince, through the medium of Paramount pictures, presents two war productions entitled "The Claws of the Hun" and "The Kaiser's Shadow." The former has that always pleasing juvenile, Charles Ray, in the chief rôle. He is an American youth who refrains from enlisting because of the frantic plea of his mother. Though he can not serve his country in khaki, he proceeds to round up a gang of German spies bent on securing valuable plans from his father, and after his mother's eyes are opened to the Hun menace she gladly lets him enlist. This number is crammed with thrills, and Ray gives one of those clever characterizations that have carved for him a place unique among photo players.

"The Kaiser's Shadow," with Dorothy Dalton as a member of the United States secret service masking as a member of the German secret service, much resembles an elongated Pathé serial. It has any number of trapdoors and mysterious passageways. And I don't think there was a door in the building used by the German spies that failed to open when a button was pressed. Suffice it to say that Dorothy gloriously succeeds in rounding up the spies, saving the "papers," and completing a romance. What more could any self-respecting heroine of a spy picture demand?

Quite the opposite is Mr. Ince's third picture of the month, "A Desert Wooing," which stars the dainty Enid Bennett. This reintroduces the old cave-man plot, only it is polished up considerably brighter than it ever has been before. The millionaire from the West marries Enid, believing she loves him. Enid, however, being shallow and deceptive, only takes the Westerner for his gold, planning all the while to carry on a clandestine affair with a villainous society doctor. But out in the big West she discov-

"The Venus Model" is about the best thing Mabel Normand has done.

ers that her husband is every inch the man, and the society doctor—well, he proves himself more a villain than ever, but doesn't get away with success.

Those of you who hanker after the Western play will find your heart's desire in "His Enemy, the Law," "Hell Bent," and "The Eagle." The first is a Triangle which takes up the story of two generations in an interesting and novel way, with Jack Richardson and Irene Hunt each playing dual rôles.

"Hell Bent"—I just read that some censor board had ordered the title changed because of the naughty word—is a fast and furious Western play, with Harry Carey and his sack of "Bull" holding down the honors. I don't know what Harry is going to do now that the army has taken all the "makin's." Perhaps he will show up with an elegantly rolled cigarette. But let us hope not. The Western atmosphere would vanish. Harry rides through "Hell Bent" in a way that makes you wonder what other title the Universal company *could* have selected. Jack Ford, brother of our old friend Francis, produced it. Jack seems to be after his brother's laurels in the way of staging fights and chases, and Francis had better step lively.

"The Eagle" has Monroe Salisbury in the title rôle. Here he is the bad man who wears a head-dress similar to the great American bird. The heroine's brother thinks there is an extensive field for bad men, and decides to become one, too, but, alas, gets pinched on his first job. The *Eagle* frees him, and then gives himself up for the love of the girl. Of course, he doesn't hang. The requirements of a movie plot would never allow that, but he does reform, and the heroine, played

"The City of Tears," in which Carmel Myers is starred, is an appealing story.

by none other than Ruth Clifford, goes to him in the final scene.

Constance Talmadge's latest Select picture, "Good Night, Paul," is taken from the stage success of the same name, and if one has never seen the plot in which one man borrows another's wife in order to claim an inheritance, it will pass as good, fast comedy. It is, however, rather old, and most of the situations are slightly threadbare, so to speak.

BOREDOM

By Harold Seton

CONSCRIPTION is a splendid thing!
That's evident to me!
It causes in each heart to spring
A true democracy!
There's no more jealousy or strife
One's happiness to mar:
When I was in civilian life
I was a movie star!

They featured me a hundred times
In pictures full of thrills:
My daring deeds or awful crimes
Caused fevers, shocks, and chills!
I thought I saw in war a chance
For an exciting game:
But now that I am here in France,
The life seems very tame!

For I have shot Niagara Falls,
From Brooklyn Bridge have jumped,
Climbed up the Woolworth Building walls,
In geysers have been dumped!
E'en as I write, a bursting shell
Close by calls forth my scorn:
The others rush around and yell,
But I—I simply yawn!

Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

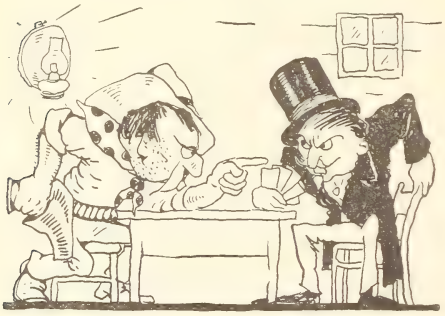
To show what wonderful creations the average movie plots are, we herewith present one of our tabloid dramas stripped to the essence of nothing but the subtitles—and only part of them.

Try it, with a little shivery music on your piano.

The Man With the Scar.

The Gaming Table.

"Curse you,—you're cheating!"



The Mysterious Shot!
Who Killed John Adams?
"Nell, won't You Listen To Me?"
"I Hate You!"
"You Killed My Father!"
"Before Heaven, I am Innocent!"
"Go!"
Hunted!
The Escape.
Years Pass.
The Desert.
A Dying Man.
"Water, For Pity's Sake, Water!"
The Man With The Scar!
"You Killed John Adams!"
The Written Confession.
The Death Of Crooked Cal.
Out Of The Jaws Of Death!
A Love That Lasted.
That Night!
"Nell!" ——:
"Jack!"
His Story.
The Papers.
"Jack!"
"Nell!" ——:
Huh?
What's That?
Oh, is t-h-a-t so!

Well, lemme tell you,—they make five-reelers out of worse than that!

Bright Thought For October:

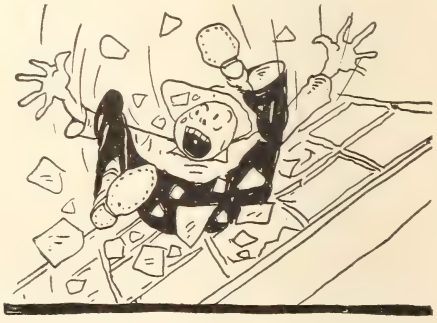
In order to baffle the bugs who persist in reading the subtitles aloud, it is here suggested that they be printed in German.

Fear of being pinched as a spy would keep 'em corked!

Proverbs For The Month:

"Man is the noblest work of God."—But the posing of certain leading men make us lose sight of this fact and feel around for a club.

"Actions speak louder than words."



—Probably refers to the slapstick comedy.

"Familiarity breeds contempt!"—That's what the fan mutters after he has seen the same plot twenty-seven times.

He Was An Old Rooster!

During preparations for a Fox film fairy tale an extra man was called upon to play a hen. He refused, on the grounds that he had never laid an egg in his life!

—o—

A Melody For The Month:

A foxy boy
Is Patsy Foy;
Once Patsy left the stage,
And in Keystones
He bruised his bones
When pies were all the rage!
"It isn't Art!"
Said Pat,—"to part
Your hair with custard pie!

I guess I'll quit,
I'm sick of it,—
Back to the stage I'll hie!"
So, back he went,
This injured gent;
Then, Mr. Hoover came
And said: "You must
Save pie and crust,
And stop a-throwing same!"
"Back to the screen
I'll go, serene!"
Said Patsy, then and thus.
He waited till
The pies were nil,—
Oh, he's a foxy cuss!

You Know How It Is!

A leading man we know snoozes in a circular bed so that he can't get out on the "wrong side in the morning."

Also, this endless, sideless contraption is mighty easy to flop into when one returns home late from a wet banquet!

Things we are willing to Hooverize on:

Runaway wives who unwittingly leave a clew to their destination in the form of a good-by letter on hubby's pillow.

"Squalor" as denoted by tenement surroundings, cracked teacups, broken chairs, and—diamonds worth several hundred thousands of dollars, with which the unfortunate lady refuses to part.

War plays.

Theda Bara has found a "novel" way in which to enrich the Red Cross. A friend of hers in the East recently said that she would give one hundred dollars to the cause every time she received a letter from that star. Theda is patriotically writing to her friend every day. We could do our little bit that way, too (Theda's way—not the friend's.)

In "A Successful Adventure" May Allison's success consists in her rival's photograph being sucked into the

vacuum cleaner that May, disguised as a maid, is wielding in the room of the man whom she wants to capture. This gives us an idea: Why not run a vacuum cleaner over about fifty per cent of the films before they are put on the market? It would save audiences from having to watch a silver-framed close-up of Him on her bureau, and likewise of Her on his desk.

Figure It Out!

A friend asked us if we knew all about the film folks. We foolishly told him that we did. Whereupon, he slipped us this: "If Lottie Pickford's daughter had been a boy, and had grown up and married Tom Moore's daughter; what relation would their children have been to Mary Pickford?" We worked a whole day over the blamed thing with-

out getting anywhere. 'Tis passed along to you, and may Heaven help you!

Joshy Jingle.

Mary Thurman is perfect; her lim's
Were developed, she says, by her swims!
When to sea goeth she
All the he's go to see,—
For she tickles the glims of the hims!

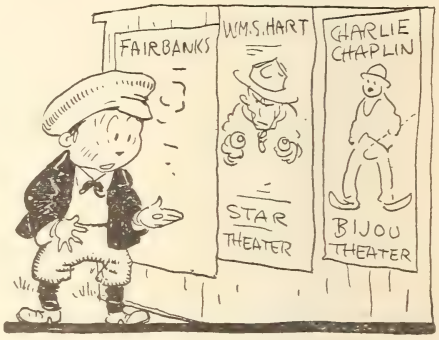
You Saw Them, Too!

Some directors are so superstitious that they will not start a picture on Friday.

We can name at least seven that should not have been started on ANY day!

A Rival For The Kaiser:

The meanest man in the world has been found. He gave his young son



ten cents to squander on the movies,—and Hart, Fairbanks and Chaplin all in town on the same day!

Aw,—Come On, Emmy!

Emmy Wehlen says one should take a long walk to be healthy.

We'll do just that little thing, Emmy,—if you take it with us!

Speaking of warm items from the press agent,—here's one of the best we've seen of late:

"Theda Bara is forced to wear smoked glasses while reading, in order to prevent her burning eyes from searing the paper!"

Madge Kennedy says: "Clothes should be chosen to fit one's personality." We don't know exactly what Madge means. If we did perhaps we could explain Fatty Arbuckle's pance!

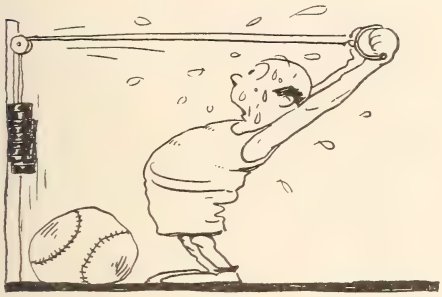
"Bang! Bang! Both Barrels!"

"I wish I Was A Vamp!" pants a poetess in a recent magazine. Gosh! wouldn't it be exciting if her wish were granted at the same time as ours! We wished for a shotgun!

Pearl White says one should go to a gymnasium to get oneself into shape.

S-A-Y!

If we thought by so doing we could



acquire a shape like Pearl's, why, doggone it, we'd LIVE in one!

—o—

Take This Before Eating.

No one will ever know how many lives Eugene O'Brien has saved!

He quit college and the study of medicine to be an actor.

BORES.

There are two pests; you'll find 'em
  In ev'ry studio,
I've often sat behind 'em
  And listened, full of woe!
The "extra," who is telling
  What he can do, my son,—
The "leading man" a-dwelling
  On things that he has done!

Violet Palmer ingenuously remarks that the first day she entered the films she was quite sure she was to take a starring part. It is quite a common feeling, although Miss Palmer is more frank about it than some.

* * *

The latest report from exchanged British prisoners is that Germany is making her prisoners work in the movies. Here's a tip for some of the fans who have written in asking how to break into the movies. The only drawback is that the films aren't likely to be shown in your home town afterward.

* * * *

Now comes the pampered dog of the movies, who insists on having a doubling rôle. Essanay states that this is the first time that a dog has been made to play dual parts successfully, but neglects to state just how the two dogs figure in the story. Are they, for instance, twins, who, separated in infancy, are brought together later in life by a turn of the wheel of fate? Or are they brothers, one of whom has prospered while the other has gone to the depths of degradation, who meet at their dying mother's bedside.

Monte M. Katterjohn's new country home in the Beverly Hills, of California, is reported to be a regular mansion, with running stairways, five bathrooms on the second floor, and two kinds of cold water.

In the last respect it has nothing on the apartment we lived in last winter.

Prudish censors need not worry hysterically over the length nor the de-

pravity of the film kiss. They are about as thrilling to kisser and kissee as gargling the throat.

—o—

Charlie Chaplin's salary is nearly as large as the Kaiser's. BUT:

There's a mighty good reason for paying Charlie hisen!

Friend Husband

By Fannie Kilbourne

The story of Dorothy Dean's exciting honeymoon on an island with the man she thought she hated. Adapted from the Goldwyn picture play by Lois Zellner.

DON MORTON stood stock-still in the wood path, staring in amazement at his little bride of two days through an opening in the trees. She was walking with another man, smiling mischievously, dropping her heavy lashes with deliberate coquetry. Two days before, she had taken the solemn "and - forsaking - all-others" vow; to-day, she was flirting—intentionally, brazenly—that is, the flirtation was as nearly brazen as anything connected with five feet of such adorable femininity could be. Don strode angrily along the path, reaching Dorothy just as a hail from the house summoned her young escort.

The little bride listened to her husband's stern remonstrances for several minutes in demure silence, then she smiled, half amused, half annoyed.

"Don't be foolish, Don," she advised him. "You're not — a

He picked her up and carried her to the car.

regular husband, you know, and I'm not going to have you behaving like one. So there!"

"No husband in this world has ever cared more for his—his wife than I care for you, Dolly," he replied, his voice shaking a little. "Why, do you suppose for one instant that I would have consented to go through this ridiculous business arrangement with you if I hadn't been so much in love with you that I was willing to do anything? Do you suppose that——"

"Do you suppose," Dolly interrupted, "that I would have married you if I had known that you were rich and—— Why, any young man that Judge Roan approved of would have done just as well. It was only to comply with the requirements of grandmother's will."

"But I am the young man that you *did* marry," Don reminded her.

"You understood perfectly well that the marriage was only a formality. You knew I didn't want to get married at all. I'm sure grandmother wouldn't have wanted me to if she *had known* how I feel about it. She just took it for granted that I would marry—that was all girls could do in her day—and so made the provision that I'd get her money only when I had married with the approval of my guardian. I'm sure she would never have fixed it so that I had to marry to get my inheritance, if she had known."

"But so long as you did have to and——"

"Why, I would a million times rather have had some poor young man who would have been only too glad to marry me for the ten thousand dollars I offered and——"

"I was only too glad to marry you."

"And who would have gone away," Dolly continued firmly, ignoring his interruption, "and never shown up except at times when it would be absolutely necessary for him to appear with me as my husband. You deliberately took advantage of the fact that I thought you came in answer to my advertisement."

"I know I did, Dolly, dear," he admitted contritely, "but I fell in love with you as soon as I saw you, so that I simply had to marry you on any terms. Besides, the judge didn't like that idea of yours, and he stood back of me. He'd always known me, and believed I'd make a good husband for you, and he thought you'd be reasonable and think so, too."

"No doubt you would make a very good husband, as husbands go," Dolly replied. "It's the idea of being married to anybody that I dislike. I believe in freedom for women. I believe in suffrage and feminism and—and everything like that," she finished vaguely. "Goodness knows a husband of any kind is the last thing on earth I wanted."

"Well," Don chuckled grimly, "a husband is what you've got. And you aren't going to—to smile at young men any more, the way you were smiling at that young jackanapes a few minutes ago, are you?"

"I most certainly am," Dolly declared, "if I happen to feel like it. I tell you that you mustn't act like a regular husband, and the sooner you begin right, the easier it will be for you."

"Regular husband or not," said Don firmly, "you're going to stop flirting with other men."

"I'm going to do just exactly as I please," said Dolly, drawing herself up

Cast of
"Friend Husband"

Dorothy Dean.....Madge Kennedy
Don.....Morton Rockcliffe Fellowes
Judge Roan.....George Bunny

to her full five feet and using her most feministic voice. "And we won't discuss the matter any further."

"Very well," retorted Don grimly. "I've said all I have to say on the subject. But remember—no more flirting. That's final."

Of course, any really good feminist is going to resent such a high-handed order as that, and Dolly determined that the sooner she took a firm stand, the better.

She had not the slightest inclination to flirt with the young man with whom she happened to be walking in the same bit of woodland the very next afternoon, but when she caught a glimpse of Don in the distance she decided that this was the time to teach him a lesson. Don had just stopped his car to look at a tire, when, glancing up, he saw a flutter of Dolly's dress through the trees. Leaving the car, he started down the path toward his wife. Dolly quickly determined to make the most of her opportunity.

"Dear me," she said, with an appealing little upward glance, "I've run a thorn in my finger!"

The young man was most solicitous.

"That's a shame," he said; "let me see if I can find it." He took her hand, playing his part admirably in a tender little picture.

Don came down the path, his face like a thundercloud. With his left hand he thrust his bride aside; with his right, he administered a cuff which sent the dumfounded youth tumbling over backward.

"I'll teach you to keep your hands off my wife!" he exclaimed hotly. "And if you know when you're well off, you'll keep your mouth shut about this."

Turning to the horrified Dolly, he picked her up like a child and carried her to the car. She screamed, but the solicitous youth was the only one near enough to hear, and he deemed it best not to intervene. Holding her in her place beside him, Don started the car. This was the time to put into practice the plan he had devised.

After an hour's hard driving, the wild ride ended at the shore of the lake. Don sprang out of the car, and opened the door of the tonneau.

"Will you please step down?" he asked.

"I want you to drive me back home at once!" she exclaimed, as she rose, her eyes flashing with anger.

"I see I've got to carry you again," he said coolly. "Well, it's only fair to tell you that you're going to accompany me over to the island, where we will spend our honeymoon in quiet seclusion—all by ourselves."

She looked at him, speechless with surprise and indignation. The next moment she was again struggling in his arms.

The island was a mile from shore. They reached it by means of a small rowboat. A short distance back, hidden among the trees, stood the rough hunting lodge, the only building on the uninhabited spot, where Don had spent many a happy vacation. Half carrying the silent, furious Dorothy, he opened the door.

"Here we are," he said, not unkindly. "I'll go back to get my stock of provisions and put away the car, and then we'll start our honeymoon."

It was a strange honeymoon. For the first time in the spoiled, adored life of Dorothy Dean Morton, she faced realities. Don did not attempt so much as to touch her hand, he was pleasant always, but firm. He sawed and split the wood, and did all the other heavy work, but Dolly had to do her share. If she refused to help prepare supper, she went supperless to bed. There was no chance to escape, for he kept the boat locked. And Dolly—sometimes she pouted, sometimes she wept, sometimes she lapsed into angry si-

lence, breaking it only to upbraid her husband.

"You're the sweetest little girl in the world," he told her on one of these times, "but you've been nicely spoiled."

"American women aren't slaves," she retorted angrily.

"No, but they are *women*—women who have stood by their men, helped found the nation, borne the children—worked and loved. You an American woman? No! But I'm going to make you one, little Dolly."

Slowly, as the days slipped by, Dorothy came, in a half-resigned, half-helpless way, to accept her situation. Hunger, sharpened by the fresh breezes that blew in over the water, drove her to more ambitious attempts at cooking. Don, the instant she showed the slightest willingness to help, came to her assistance, teaching her the age-old outdoor lore of the camp fire. Loneliness, too, was having its effect upon Dolly. There was nobody to talk to but Don, and so at times she talked to him in stilted, unwilling phrases. It was hard for anger to triumph long over sweet, fun-loving Dolly—occasionally Don caught her off her guard, looking at him with demure mischief in her eyes.

"You're going to accompany me to the island, where we'll spend our honeymoon all by ourselves."

Then, one evening, just at sunset, they poked at potatoes cooking in the coals of the camp fire in the nearest approach to

companionship that their married life had known. For the time, Dolly had forgotten her grievance, had been almost friendly. At the same instant the two bent over the fire, Dolly half lost her balance, and, falling toward Don, bumped her head sharply against his.

"Oh!" they both said. Then they both laughed.

The laughter was too much, the informal, friendly intimacy of it. Don forgot his restraint of the many days, forgot that he was not a "regular" husband. He caught Dolly in his arms, drew her close, covered her face, her hair, her neck with hungry kisses.

"My dear little girl," he whispered. "My dear little wife!"

But Dolly struggled in his arms, finally wrenching herself free. She faced him, white with anger.

"I hate you! I *hate* you! If I ever get away from here I'll get a divorce!"

Don's arms, which were still half about the girl, dropped suddenly.

"Go—go when you please," he said coldly. "I am through! I'll send the boat back for you. What a fool I was to think a woman's soul could live in the sawdust body of a doll!"

He turned and walked away through the woods.

After a few minutes, Dolly went slowly into the house. She felt strangely forlorn, alone. Somehow, she had not thought of Don's leaving her. All the outdoor-sharpened hunger had left her, the potatoes burned to ashes, and the last ember of the camp fire died out. From the second story of the cabin she saw Don rowing toward the mainland. She was still angry, she told herself. But, alone in the quiet cabin, darkness creeping over the lonely island, she missed the warm sense of Don's protection.

"I hate him! I *hate* him!" She kept whispering angrily as though to keep from forgetting it.

Suddenly, startling in the dark silence, she heard voices in the room below. Don had come back. A warm rush of relief came sweeping over Dolly, and she hurried to the head of the stairs.

But it was not Don. Four men were standing in the center of the living room, four men, dirty, unshaven, disreputable looking enough to have stepped out of a wild-West drama. They were too perfect specimens of their type to be true. After the first breath-taking bit of terror, Dolly realized that they were not real desperadoes—their make-up was carried a step too far for that. So this was Don's game, to frighten her into submission! Don was resourceful, she admitted with a half-guilty feeling of admiration. But she was too clever to be caught by such a ruse.

"Well, I'll be blowed!"

By the light of the flickering torches they had left outside the door, the four desperadoes saw a slim, big-eyed little girl smiling at them with mischievous welcome.

"It's awfully nice of you all to come," she said cordially. "W-won't you sit down?"

She would show Don that she could play the game!

"You here all by yourself?" queried the leader.

"Oh, yes," said Dolly, "quite alone—that is, I was until you came."

For several minutes amazement was the only emotion which the four visitors seemed capable of feeling. They stared open-mouthed at Dolly, her expensive embroidered dress, her dainty, gracious bearing. Mike, apparently the leader, was the first to recover.

"Holy smoke!" he ejaculated under his breath.

Dolly suddenly became uneasy. She wished they would not look at her. Don had chosen almost too good actors. The thought of Don braced her for fresh

efforts. So she watched them all cordially, smiling and dimpling as though she were in her own drawing-room.

"Who draws her?" one of the four asked.

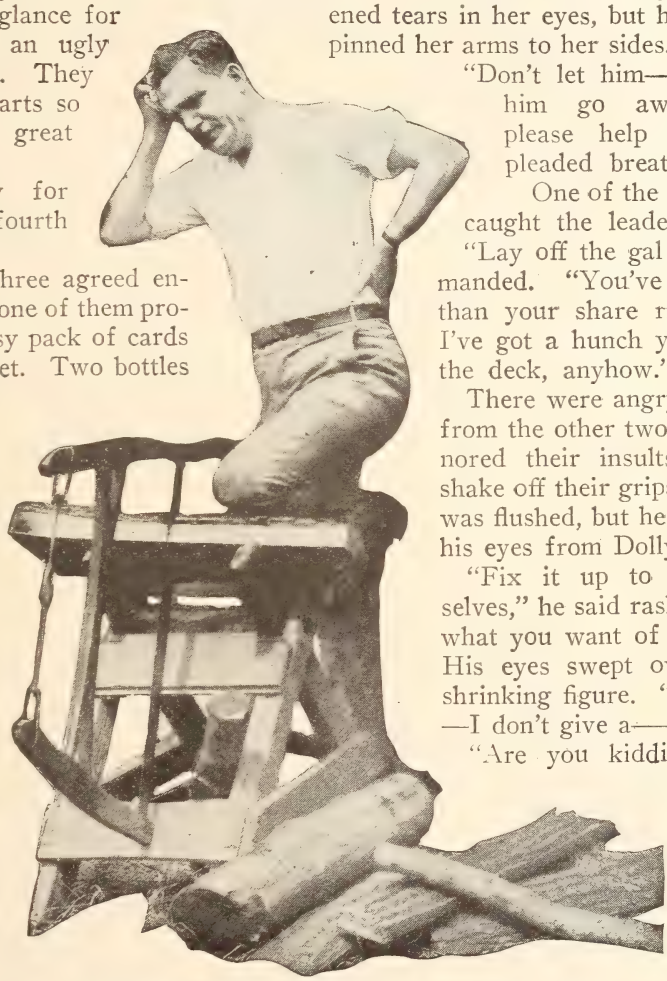
"I do," said Bill.

"Not much you do," said Mike, with a threatening glance for the trio and an ugly leer for Dolly. They played their parts so well—it was great sport.

"Let's play for her," said the fourth ruffian.

The other three agreed enthusiastically, one of them producing a greasy pack of cards from his pocket. Two bottles of beer appeared mysteriously, and the four gathered about the rough table. They played silently, looking up only to grin at Dolly. She answered the grins with roguish, coquettish little smiles. It was like playing in a melodrama. This was great fun!

Mike won. He rose, brushing the cards aside, and turned to Dolly. Something in his eyes, in the brutish face he bent so close to hers, suddenly took all the fun out of the game for Dolly. She shrank away from him.



Don sawed the wood and did the other heavy work.

But he caught her hands roughly and held her. She struggled, caught in a burning sense of shamed revulsion. Every delicate fiber quivered at the profanation of his touch. This was carrying the play acting too far. She tried to strike at him, angry, frightened tears in her eyes, but he leeringly pinned her arms to her sides.

"Don't let him—— Make him go away! Oh, please help me!" she pleaded breathlessly.

One of the other three caught the leader's arm.

"Lay off the gal!" he commanded. "You've had more than your share right along. I've got a hunch you stacked the deck, anyhow."

There were angry murmurs from the other two. Mike ignored their insults, tried to shake off their grips. His face was flushed, but he never took his eyes from Dolly.

"Fix it up to suit yourselves," he said rashly. "Take what you want of the swag." His eyes swept over Dolly's shrinking figure. "Take it all —I don't give a——"

"Are you kiddin', on the level?" Bill interrupted.

"Sure, I am. Take all the junk. Just let me alone and get out!"

The other two quickly rolled back a rug, dropped to the floor, and tugged at its boards. A square of the floor rose in their grip, and one dropped down through the trapdoor. Dolly watched him in amazed fascination. From the half cellar he passed up to

the others heavy pieces of silver, parts of a gold dinner service, watches, rings.

A dizziness swept over Dolly; the flaming torches that had been stuck in the ground outside the door seemed to blaze in one red, blinding glare, to sway. This was no play acting—it was real! They had been using the cabin as a hiding place for loot!

The three bent eagerly over the glittering pile, and for a brief moment even Mike turned to look at the heap of treasure. And in that brief moment Dolly seized her opportunity. The door to an adjoining room stood open. She ran through it, slammed it behind her, and, trembling, shot the heavy iron bolt in place.

Almost instantly there came blows on the other side, angry commands to open the door. For a moment, Dolly leaned against the wall, weak, helpless with terror. Her eyes fell upon an old-fashioned revolver—a monstrous weapon—which hung on the wall, and in the quick courage of desperation she took it down. She was almost as much afraid of the pistol as she was of the angry voices outside the door. "Gimme a chair," she heard the gruff command. "I'll smash in that door quick enough!"

Dolly pointed the pistol.

"I—I'll shoot," she threatened, her voice sounding weak and distant in her own ears. There was a shivering crash on the door.

Suddenly from the darkness outside came a whistle, a familiar, lilting whistle. Don had come! Dolly screamed again and again, then she closed both eyes and fired the pistol.

The blows on the door ceased abruptly. There were oaths, the sound of overturning chairs, of struggling. Dolly slid back the heavy bolt and opened the door. Silhouetted against the flaming torches, Don fought against overwhelming odds.

"G-get back into that r-room!" he gasped to Dolly.

But she stood still, helpless. She forgot herself, fascinated by the drama, the four brutes, her husband fighting like a madman for the woman he loved. All that was primitive in Dolly rose in a flaming impulse that blazed away the spoiled surface of her. Gone was the willful girl—she was a woman and her mate was in danger.

Fighting with all his strength, the odds were too many for Don. Locked in the grip of the two biggest men, he was forced to the floor. "Go back!" he gasped again.

She answered their grins with roguish smiles. It was like playing in a melodrama!

But Dolly rushed forward, to help her husband or to die beside him.

There was a sound outside, a sharp, commanding voice, a revolver was fired. The ruffians loosed their hold on Don. In the doorway stood the sheriff and a deputy.

A dizziness swept over Dolly. This was no play acting—it was real!

It was after the thieves had been securely handcuffed and taken away that Don and the deputy thought of explanations. Don, much bebandaged and a bit weak, was strong enough to hold his arm tight about his wife.

"I saw the four of them landing on the island," Don said, "just after I'd hit the mainland. And I hustled back, you bet. I knew that my—my wife was here alone."

"But how—how did *you* get here—and just in time, too?" Dolly asked the deputy in the tenderest, weakest, sweetest, most unfeministic voice in the world. She held fast to her husband's hand, drawing his arm still tighter around her.

"It was the torches," the deputy explained. "Every holdup that's been pulled off around here in weeks has been done by fellows carrying torches. So when the boss caught sight of the torches flickering around the island to-night, we just sa'ntered over to see what was going on."

"Well, I'm glad you blew in just when you did," Don said.

"It was just as well we did, I guess," the deputy admitted, "though you were putting up a pretty good fight. Your husband, madam," he said admiringly to Dolly, "is some scrapper."

Dolly only nestled closer in Don's arms.

When they were alone, he looked down at her unbelievingly.

"It—it seems almost too good to be true," he said, "that I've suddenly become a 'regular' husband, that you don't want to get away from the island, that you want to stay right on for a 'regular' honeymoon."

"I want to do whatever you want me to, always," said Dolly.

Don's smile was half amused, half tender.

"My, but that's a subservient speech for a little girl who believes in 'freedom for women and suffrage and feminism and—and everything like that,'" he quoted teasingly.

"I still believe in that," said Dolly, "only I was just a silly girl when I said it. Now, I'm—— Oh, Don, dearest, I'm going to try so hard to be a real American woman. I believe so much more in working and loving and—and everything like that."

The A B C of the Oracle

A—is for Agnes, and "Fatty" Arbuckle—
Ayres is her screen name, Roscoe does make me chuckle.

B—is for Bayne and "Bess" Barriscale—
Yes, Bessie and Beverly answer all mail.

C—is for Chaplin and Marguerite Clark—
No, Charlie's not crazy, and her eyes are dark.

D—is for Desmond, Duncan, and Drew—
The two Bills are married—"Sid's" near fifty-two.

E—is for Elvidge and Eltinge as well—
Hush! Neither Julian nor fair June will tell.

F—is for Fairbanks and Farnums all three—
Bill, "Dusty," and Franklyn—two lumps in Doug's tea.

G—is for Glaum and the pretty Gish girls—
Louise stars with Paralta--both wear their own curls.

H—is for Hyland and "two-gun" Bill Hart—
Peggy's birthplace was England—New York saw Bill start.

I—is for Ince with a capital I—
His screen stars outnumber the lights in the sky.

J—is for Joyce with the beautiful eyes—
Off duty, Alice now sings lullabies.

K—is for Kerrigan and Kings, one, two, three—
Henry, Molly, Anita no kin claim to be.

L—is for Lockwood and Lucas and Love—
What, breaking the rules? Read directions above!

M—is for Minter and the famous name, Moore-
Mary Miles still is fifteen (?)—of Moores there are four.

N—is for Normand, Nazimova, Nash—
Is funny—Russian—says she likes hash.

O—is for Owen, and famed Nance O'Neil—
Seena's married to Walsh—Nance's name isn't real.

P—for the Pickfords—Jack's now a "Jack Tar"—
Their real name is Smith; Mary drives her own car.

Q—is for Questions from Questina Qules—
Shame on you, Questina! Please follow the rules!

R—is for Reid and Ruth Roland and Ray—
The men are both married—no, her eyes are gray.

S—is for Storey and Stonehouse and Sweet—
"Your three favorite stars!"—well, your taste's hard to beat.

T—is for Tincher and Talmadges twain—
Fay stars in her stripes; no, the sisters aren't vain.

U—is for Ulric, our only Lenore—
Glad that you like her, and wish there were more.

V—for Valli Valli, also Wally Van—
No, we're not talking Chinese, it's "nuts" to a fan.

W—is for Washburn and Walthall of fame—
Bryant starred in that feature—it is Henry's real name.

X—is for "perfectly grand" Francis X—
Who says that he gets fan effusions by pecks.

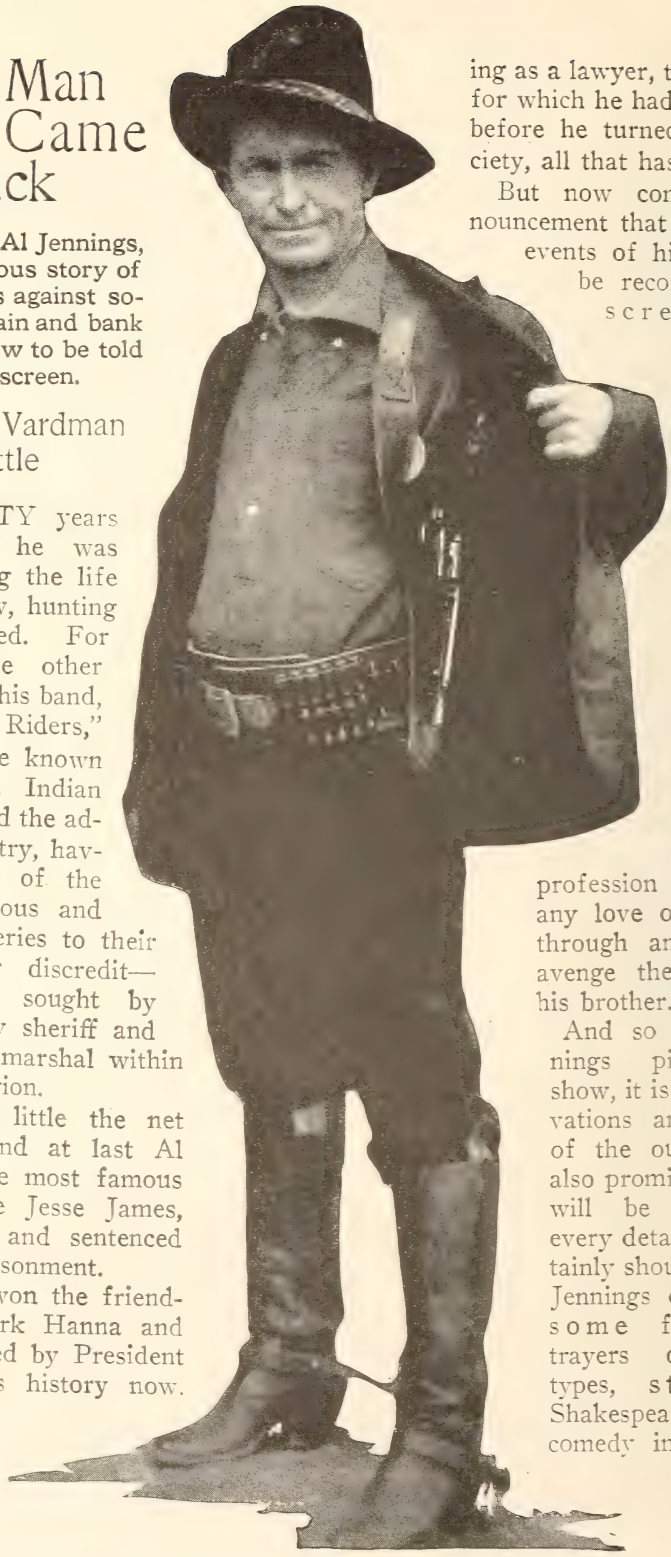
Y—is for beautiful Clara K. Young—
From a long line of actors and actresses sprung.

Z—is the zenith that all these stars reach,
By hard work and publicity—three cheers for each!

The Man Who Came Back

His name is Al Jennings, and the famous story of his struggles against society, as a train and bank robber, is now to be told on the screen.

By Hugo Vardman Battle



TWENTY years ago he was living the life of an outlaw, hunting—and hunted. For he and the other members of his band, "The Long Riders," as they were known through the Indian Territory and the adjoining country, having a score of the most audacious and daring robberies to their credit—or discredit—were being sought by every county sheriff and government marshal within that vast region.

Little by little the net tightened, and at last Al Jennings, the most famous outlaw since Jesse James, was caught and sentenced to life imprisonment.

How he won the friendship of Mark Hanna and was pardoned by President McKinley is history now. And his fight to get back and regain his standing as a lawyer, the profession for which he had been trained before he turned against society, all that has been told.

But now comes the announcement that the dramatic events of his life are to be recorded for the screen—not to idealize the life of the outlaw—for when Jennings "came back" he determined to make up for his mistakes. In fact, according to his history, his start in that outcast profession was not for any love of crime, but through an attempt to avenge the murder of his brother.

And so the Al Jennings pictures will show, it is said, the privations and hardships of the outlaw. It is also promised that they will be faithful in every detail. They certainly should be, for Al Jennings did not, like some famous portrayers of Western types, step from Shakespeare or musical comedy into the sombrero and .45 Colt stuff. He knows!

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

Tom Moore has become a star—all by his lonesome.

TOM MOORE is now a star all by his lonesome. Surely Tom has been a real twinkler for a long time, but during his recent Goldwyn engagement it has been Mabel Normand or Madge Kennedy or Mae Marsh "supported by Tom Moore." In the future it is Tom who is going to do his own starring, and the three Goldwyn feminine stars just mentioned will be found playing love scenes with other leading men. "Just For To-night," a story by Charles A. Logue, is the vehicle in which Tom makes his Goldwyn début as a star in his own right, and Charles Giblyn is the director who staged it. You'll be seeing it now in a little while.

Doing two pictures at once is quite a novelty for Mary Pickford, as well as for her director, William D. Taylor, but just to show that both of them could do anything they set out to do, they performed that little trick not so very long ago. It was during the shooting of the last scenes of Mary's current picture, "Captain Kidd, Jr.," that it happened. A wait of several days seemed necessary in order that some special stage settings might be prepared, and so Director Taylor and "Little Mary"

decided they'd put the time in to good advantage by getting a nice start on a new story. Accordingly, stage hands got busy, erected the first setting needed for "The Mobilization of Johanne," and the camera began to grind on Mary's forthcoming Artcraft feature, which is an adaptation of the novel of the same title by Rupert Hughes, who is rapidly becoming one of screendom's most popular contributors.

Dorothy Gish, recently in the limelight as *The Little Disturber,* in D. W. Griffith's stupendous "Hearts of the World" production, has signed a new contract, and will be starred in Paramount pictures, made by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. She is to be presented in seven features a year, and is already well along with the first of her new offerings. Miss Gish began her motion-picture career as a member of the Biograph Company when D. W. Griffith was winning his spurs as a director. Later she went with him to the Reliance-Majestic Company, and afterward, with her sister Lillian, became a Fine Arts star after Triangle Film Corporation was formed. She appeared in all three of the big Griffith spectacles, "The Birth of a Nation, "Intolerance," and "Hearts of the World," in the last undoubtedly winning greater fame than in any of her previous efforts.

Dorothy Gish makes her début as a Paramount star.

J. Searle Dawley, who, as a director, has superintended the screen marriages of countless motion-picture stars, has gone and done it himself. Mr. Dawley laid down his megaphone very quietly a few weeks ago and announced that he was going out to Denver, Colorado, to marry Miss Grace Given, with whom, when he was a very little boy, he used to go to Sunday school.

Irene Castle, widow of the aviator, Vernon Castle, and known to screen fans the world round, has completed her last picture work in America, and departed for "Somewhere in France," where she is to become an entertainer in the Y. M. C. A. huts, and will remain until the end of the war. Since the tragic death of her husband in an aëroplane accident, Mrs. Castle has been more determined than ever to contribute her services to the cause as a means of doing "her bit" in helping to defeat the Hun.

Of course, you remember reading Edna Ferber's famous series of stories about Mrs. Emma McChesney, which were later published in book form under the title, "Our Mrs. McChesney," and still later adapted for the speaking stage by George V. Hobart, to serve as a vehicle for Ethel Barrymore during a whole season on Broadway in New York, and later for a tour of the country. Then you will be interested to know that Metro has arranged for the return of Miss Barrymore to the screen in a new

series of Metro features, the first of which is to be a screen version of "Our Mrs. McChesney." Further interest is added to the subject by the fact that Ralph Ince, whom we mentioned last month as having plans for a big producing company of his own, has directed this one picture throughout. Miss Barrymore's appearance in "Our Mrs. McChesney" is in accordance with her plan to taboo for the present all heavy rôles, and display her abilities as a comedienne.

When Ethel Clayton makes her début as a Paramount star in "The Girl Who Came Back," under the direction of William C. De Mille, perhaps some of you will find the story reminiscent of another Paramount production you have seen. But don't blame Paramount for that, for they cheerfully admit it. "The Girl Who Came Back" is a new name for the famous play, "Leah Kleschna," picturized by Famous Players-Lasky some four years ago with another star interpreting the rôle of *Leah*. It seems so strange a thing to do—to give a world-famous play a new name—that it might be well to explain that the sole reason it was done is to prevent two Paramount pictures with the same title getting on the market. This made it necessary to give Ethel Clayton's vehicle a new name. She is also to do a film version of *Maggie Pepper*, a rôle that won Rose Stahl fame on the speaking stage, and for which Miss Clayton seems admirably suited.

"The Girl Who Came Back" is Ethel Clayton's new play.

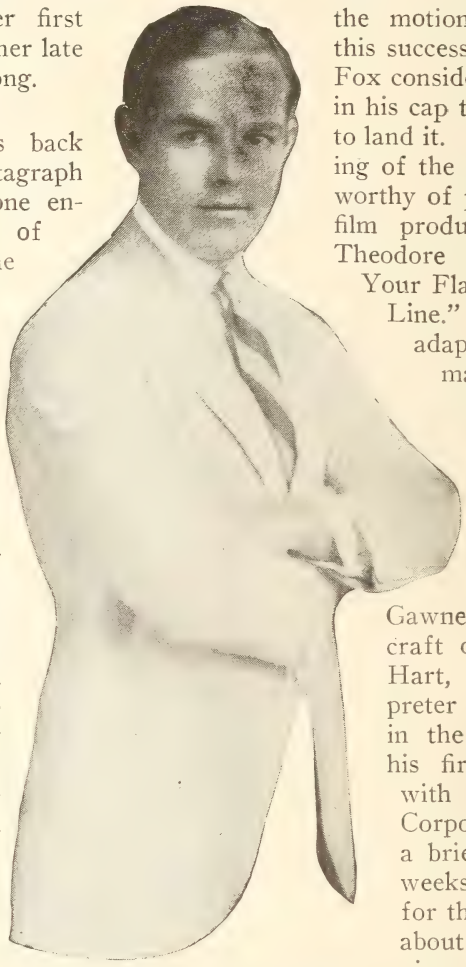
Two new stars will soon be twinkling in the Metro firmament. You have seen both of them in Metro pictures before, but not as stars. Hale Hamilton, who played leading rôles opposite Viola Dana and May Allison, and incidentally created a host of friends for himself at the same time, has been promoted to the rank of stardom, and is now putting the finishing touches on his first picture—"The Five Thousand Dollars an Hour," adapted from George Randolph Chester's story of that title. The other new Metro star is Olive Tell, who did such splendid work in the Metro superpicture, "To Hell With the Kaiser," released in July. Miss Tell has played leads in several film features, and supported more than one star, but in the future may look forward to starring continuously.

Marion Davies, whose "Cecilia of the Pink Roses" was one of the recent triumphs of the Select program, has completed "The Burden of Proof," a modernized screen version of a drama which has had successful stage production both in this country and abroad. John G. Adolfi superintended its production, supervised by Julius Steger, who directed "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," and Miss Davies is supported by such favorites as L. Roger Lytton, John Merkyl, Fred Hearn, Eloise Clement, and Mary Richards.

Catherine Calvert, who has won

many admirers in her first three pictures, "The Romance of the Underworld," by Paul Armstrong; "The Girl Problem," by E. Lloyd Sheldon, and "Marriage," by Guy Bolton, is now doing "The Girl With the Past," which, like her first picture, is the work of her late husband, Paul Armstrong.

Antonio Moreno is back once more in the Vitagraph fold. After playing one engagement as the hero of the Pathé serial, "The House of Hate," opposite Pearl White, "Tony" has moved back into the star's dressing room at the Vitagraph plant, and is now under contract to appear in at least two big serials during the coming twelve months. Every fan who ever saw Tony in the long series of features in which he starred opposite Edith Storey will be glad to know that he will soon be seen in a fifteen-part story opposite Carol Halloway. The new serial will be made in California, where Miss Halloway has but recently recovered from an accident that befell her during the filming of her last Vitagraph serial, "Vengeance—and the Woman."



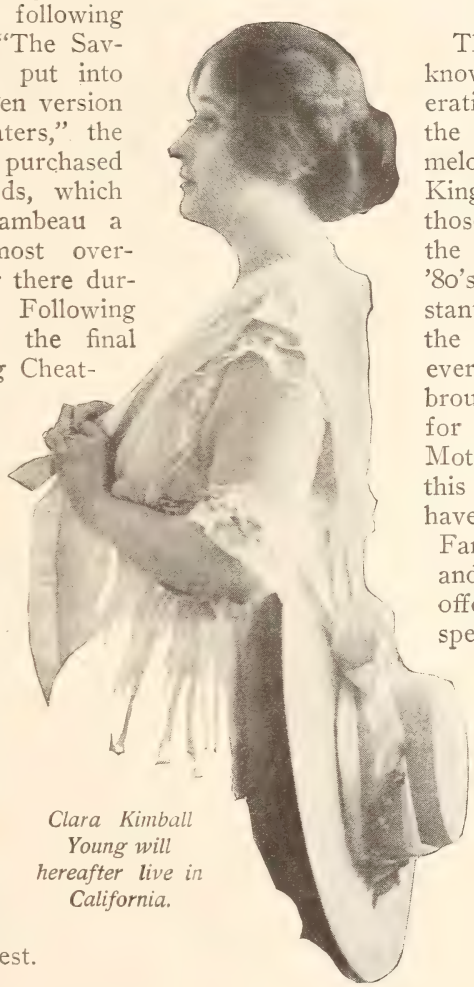
Antonio Moreno has returned to Vitagraph.

"The Strange Woman," the Klaw & Erlanger play dramatized by William J. Hurlburt from the book of Sidney McCall, and which served as a starring vehicle for Elsie Ferguson both on Broadway and on tour, has been secured by William Fox, and will soon be ready for the screen as a feature vehicle starring Gladys Brockwell. It is understood several big film organizations were in the market for the motion-picture rights to this successful stage play, and Fox considers it a real feather in his cap that he was the one to land it. Another Fox offering of the near future that is worthy of particular note is a film production based upon Theodore Roosevelt's "Put Your Flag Upon the Firing Line." Anthony Kelly adapted the Roosevelt manuscript for picture purposes, and Richard Stanton directed its production.

With the release of "Riddle Gawne," his current Artcraft drama, William S. Hart, foremost interpreter of Western rôles in the world, completed his first year's contract with the Artcraft Film Corporation. Following a brief vacation of two weeks—a vacation spent for the most part in and about the studio, planning and perfecting arrangements for his forthcoming production, Mr. Hart began work on the first of the pictures he is to produce during his second year. He begins with a story in which he will be clad in khaki instead of his usual Western attire, and though the plot will not be of the regular "war-story" variety, it is full of patriotism, and affords Mr. Hart ample opportunities for battles of the kind for

which he is famous—those in which two Colt revolvers and two Hart fists play the prominent parts.

Clara Kimball Young returned to the East immediately following the completion of "The Savage Woman," and put into production her screen version of "Cheating Cheaters," the famous stage play purchased from A. H. Woods, which made Marjorie Rambeau a Broadway hit almost overnight, and kept her there during the summer. Following the completion of the final scenes of "Cheating Cheaters," Miss Young expects to return to the Pacific coast, and announces her intention of either buying or erecting there a studio of her own. Her father and mother have purchased a beautiful home in Los Angeles, and expect to make that city their future home, so it is scarcely to be wondered at that the star prefers to remain in the West.



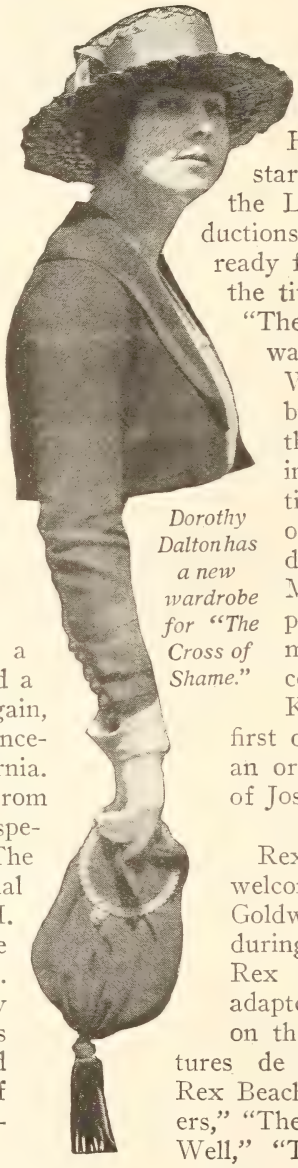
Clara Kimball Young will hereafter live in California.

Elaborate plans for the future Bert Lytell features have been made by Metro. Of course, by this time you have seen him in "Boston Blackie's Little Pal," in which Lytell is supported for the first time by Rhea Mitchell, a recent acquisition of Metro's. Immediately upon completing the final scenes of that feature, Lytell, Miss Mitchell, and a director began work on "Unexpected Places," a comedy drama adapted from the story of the same title by Frank R. Adams. When that is completed, he will undertake the filming of "Faith," a magazine story from the pen of Richard Washburn Child.

Though almost unknown to the present generation of theatergoers, the famous old English melodrama, "The Silver King," is well known to those who were attending the theater in the early '80's, and will be instantly recalled as one of the greatest successes ever staged abroad and brought to this country for similar triumphs. Motion-picture rights to this spectacular "thriller" have been secured by Famous Players-Lasky, and very soon it will be offered as one of the nine special big super-features to be offered during the year by Paramount - Artcraft. "The Silver King" was written by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman, and had its premier in London in November, 1882. Wilson Barrett was the star, and other players of note who appeared in the original cast include Miss Eastlake, E. S. Willard, George Barrett, and Neville Doone. As a picture it will be created by an all-star cast under one of the most capable Famous Players-Lasky directors.

Speaking of the nine big special features which Paramount-Artcraft is

to offer during the season beginning September 1st, mention should be made of the fact that Private Peat, one of the famous soldier-lecturers that has made a name for himself since the outbreak of the world war, both through his speaking engagements and as the author of a book, is under contract to appear himself in a film version of his book, titled "Private Peat." In this undertaking he is following the lead of Sergeant Guy Empey, whose "Over the Top" is one of the pronounced successes of the year. Private Peat, you will instantly recall, is the chap who was "two years in hell and came back with a smile," to quote his own description of his experiences with the Hun in the front-line trenches.



Dorothy Dalton has a new wardrobe for "The Cross of Shame."

Dorothy Dalton, following a brief vacation, which included a spin to New York and back again, is at work once more at the Ince-Paramount Studios in California. She brought back with her from New York a new wardrobe specially selected for wear in "The Cross of Shame," an original story from the pen of H. H. Van Loan, and for which the continuity was written by C. Gardner Sullivan. The story has to do with conditions brought about by the world war, and requires a number of new effects, which are now being perfected.

Mutual Film Corporation is setting out apparently to establish a few new records for itself under the guidance of its new president, James M. Sheldon, who is the same "Jimmy" Sheldon that once won fame on the football field, and then jumped into the picture-play world as the sponsor of "The Million Dollar Mystery," one of the most famous serials ever released. Within a week or two you will be seeing the first of the Mutual releases starring Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star who rose to fame under the Lasky banner. Two productions featuring Hayakawa are ready for the screen. They bear the titles, "His Birthright" and "The Temple of Dusk." One was directed by William Worthington, and the other by James Young. In future these directors will alternate in supervising the productions of Hayakawa. Another new series of star productions for release through Mutual are the Gail Kane pictures, which are being made by Miss Kane's own company, known as Gail Kane Productions. The first of these, "Love's Law," is an original story from the pen of Joseph Franklin Poland.

Rex Beach fans will surely welcome the announcement from Goldwyn Film Corporation that, during the coming year, six big Rex Beach stories will be adapted to the film and presented on the screen as Goldwyn pictures de luxe. Remembering such Rex Beach triumphs as "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "The Ne'er Do Well," "The Auction Block," and "Heart of the Sunset," it is easy to guess that a real treat is in store for all of us when Goldwyn presents such stories as "Laughing Bill Hyde," "The Crimson Gardenia," "The Net," "Go-

ing Some," "The Silver Hoard," and still other stories as yet unnamed.

Olga Grey, well remembered by motion-picture fans for her work in Triangle productions, is once more back on the Triangle lot. She was specially engaged for the first picture Director Christy Cabanne is staging there, which bears the working title of "The Mayor of Filbert," though a new name will doubtless be chosen for it before it is released. The story is an adaptation of the novel by Charles F. Stocking, and in addition to Miss Grey will feature Belle Bennett and Barney Sherry. Still another principal in this photo play will be Mary Niles, until recently a stenographer at the Triangle plant, whose beauty was noted by Harry Aitken, and won her a chance to play a not unimportant rôle in the picture.

Olga Grey returns to the screen via Triangle.

Taylor Holmes, instantly recalled as the star of the stage play, "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," and of the film features, "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," "Two-Bit Seats," "Fools for Luck," "Ruggles of Red Gap," and "A Pair of Sixes," is soon to be back on the screen, this time as the head of a Triangle series of plays. It is said to be Triangle's intention to present Mr. Holmes in a series of carefully selected features that will be much along the line of those which made Douglas Fairbanks famous when Triangle introduced this now world-famous star to the screen fans some three years ago.

J. Stuart Blackton, former president of Vitagraph, but more recently identified with Paramount as the producer of such features as "The Judgment House," "The World For Sale," "Wild Youth," and "Missing," has just finished another tremendous feature picture. It is an adaptation of the stage play, "Getting Together," which ran for a solid year in New York, and is the joint work of Major Beith, who has won fame as Ian Hay, author of "The First Hundred Thousand" and other stories; J. Hartley Manners, the playwright who gave us "Peg o' My Heart," "Out There," and "Happiness," and Percival Knight, the footlight favorite, who was featured in the stage version of the story with Blanche Bates and Holbrook Blinn. "Getting Together" was made by Commodore Blackton by permission of and in coöperation with

the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission. Many of the war scenes shown in the picture are from pictures supplied by the recruiting mission, and were actually taken by British official photographers at the front under fire.

Bryant Washburn is another who has been added to the Paramount list of film notables. He has signed up for three years. He is to make eight multiple-reel productions during the season of 1918-19, and has nearly completed his first, which is an adaptation of William Hurlburt's comedy, "Saturday to Monday." Mr. Washburn made his début on the speaking stage, and in 1911 went to Essanay as a juvenile leading man. He was starred in many productions, but really became nationally famous as the hero of the Skinner series of light comedies, all of which were adaptations of a series of stories by Henry Irving Dodge. His two greatest triumphs were "Skinner's Dress Suit" and "Skinner's Baby." Last season he appeared in several Pathé productions of merit, and added to his laurels as a player of light-comedy rôles.

Bryant Washburn has signed up with Paramount for the coming year.

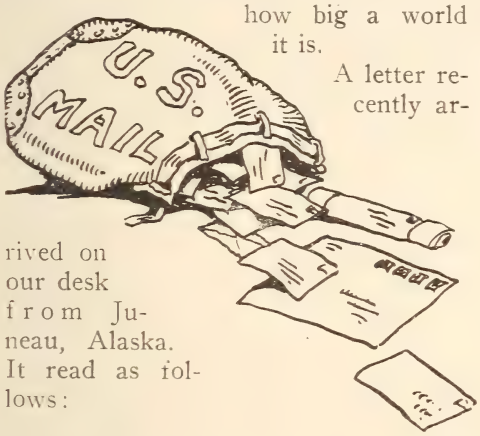
Vitagraph has outlined a policy of four serials a year. The first, now being shown, is "A Fight for Millions," starring William Duncan, Edith Johnson, and Joe Ryan. The second is the Moreno-Halloway serial, now in the making, the first chapter of which will be released about October 21st. The third will bring the Duncan-Johnson-Ryan trio back on the screen, and has not yet been named. It will first be shown about the end of next January. The fourth will again star Tony Moreno and Carol Halloway, and should be on the screen along next May. There—now you know what Santa Claus will bring.

John Barrymore, who signalized his return to the picture screen by starring in the former William Collier success, "On the Quiet," for Paramount, is just through with another comedy drama. The new picture, soon to be released, bears the title, "Something to Do," and is an adaptation of Maximilian Foster's popular story, which has a mystery-detective story as its main theme, spiced with comedy at frequent intervals.

Lovers of the Zane Grey stories will be delighted to know that the Fox star, William Farnum, is following his current success, "Riders of the Purple Sage," with a sequel to that story, entitled "The Rainbow Trail." Both pictures are directed by Frank Lloyd.

From the Day's Mail

WE like to get letters. Thanks to the postman, we are able to keep in touch with our readers of the outside world, and sometimes, after going through the day's mail, we have it brought home to us how big a world it is.



A letter recently arrived on our desk from Juneau, Alaska. It read as follows:

DEAR SIR: Kindly let me know by return mail in the inclosed envelope whether or not Fatty Arbuckle is still alive. This is to decide a fifty-dollar bet, which will not be paid until we hear from you.

And we fell to daydreaming, conjuring up scenes such as those in "Carmen of the Klondike" and other Alaskan plays we had seen, trying to picture the setting and the circumstances under which the discussion started which ended in this wager.

In the same mail was this note from a resident of Atlantic City:

Your article entitled "Reasons" in July PICTURE-PLAY certainly *did make me homesick* for the West. The greatest friendship I ever had shown me—when I needed friendship most—was shown me by just such men as you describe. No woman could have extended more whole-hearted kindness than those Western men did. . . . Somehow I have always felt that Bill Hart would be the same kind of a friend as those I made in the West. That's why I liked your "Reasons," and that's the reason I always go to see Bill's pictures.

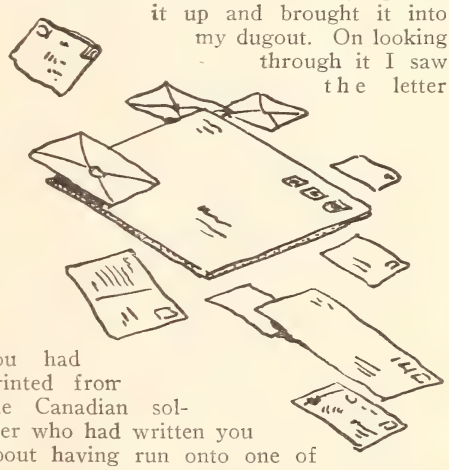
But the best letter we have received recently came from a soldier in France. Here it is in full:

Somewhere in France, June, 1918.
Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE,
79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

DEAR SIR: The history of one of your magazines might interest you and some of your readers.

While posting my men, on taking over this sector, I ran across your May, 1918, issue, lying on the fire step of one of our most advanced posts, some fifty yards beyond our front-line fire trench, in No Man's Land.

As magazines with a variety of subjects, such as yours, are somewhat scarce, I picked it up and brought it into my dugout. On looking through it I saw the letter you had printed from the Canadian soldier who had written you about having run onto one of your magazines in the same way over here, and the little article you ran with his letter, asking your readers to put a one-cent stamp on their copies and turn them in at the post offices so that they would reach some soldier.



Well, that's what some one had done with this copy I found—probably just because of your suggestion, and it sure was appreciated.

Your article on Empey was exceedingly interesting, and I would like very much to see his picture, "Over the Top."

It's almost midnight, and I've got to make the rounds of my posts, so I'll close, hoping that this short message will reach you, and that I'll run onto more copies of your magazine. Yours very truly,

NORMAN HOOD, Sgt., Co. I,
168th Inf., A. E. F.

We like to get letters. They're quite a help in the day's work.

Nell Takes a Dare

By Charles Carter

EVER take a dare? Some people don't, you know—but Nell Shipman does.

It was noon hour on the Vitagraph lot in Los Angeles, California. Nell was sitting on the side of the big artificial lake where they shoot some of the water close-ups, and scenes that they can't do out in the ocean. A big place, with lots of scenery built all around. Across the way towered the snow-covered peaks of the Alps; farther along, the crags of the Irish coast jutted into the water; and 'round the next bend, Nell knew, was a quiet little Italian bay.

"What you doing, Nell?" said some one, and Nell turned to see a wet head bobbing in the water.

"Seeing Europe in twenty minutes," she laughed, settling back to her lunch.

"Oh, come in and get cooled off—I dare you!"

Nell's answer was a lightning change

into a bathing suit, a graceful leap off the diving plank, and a *splash!* Pretty soon a green rubber cap bobbed to the surface, Nell shook the water out of her eyes, and instituted a swimming race. And, by the way, Nell Shipman is an expert swimmer, besides being a clever screen actress and a scenario writer. Her friends boast that—except for Annette Kellermann—she holds the record among screen favorites for proficiency in swimming, and there are several clever exhibitions of her versatility in the water in "Baree, Son of Kazan," a recent picture.

However that may be, here's photographic proof of her ability to dive and keep afloat in water over her head. Mountain climbing may also be a favorite sport with her, but Nell probably never dreamed of some day seeing a picture of herself, like the one on the left, trying to scrape whitewash "snow" off the top of Mont Blanc, or do a swan dive off the Pyrenees, as she seems to be on the right.

As for asking Nell herself about it, when last seen she was swimming with strong, steady strokes—toward Europe!

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

LILY OF THE VALLEY'S BROTHER.—It all depends on circumstances as to the time it takes for a writer to hear from a company regarding a story. If the story interests a scenario reader, he is likely to hold it for further consideration, until the editor has a chance to look it over and pass the final judgment. But listen! Any scenario questions that you have should be addressed to the scenario editor of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. I'm not supposed to answer them. There is no charge of any kind to the reader for the scenario editor's service. Send twenty-five cents in stamps for a picture of Billie Rhodes. Address her in care of the Christie Studio, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. No, I haven't had a line from your brother, "Hard Boiled," as yet, but I will be on the lookout for one, now that you have warned me.

"INTIMATE."—Write to the Mutual Film Corporation, Consumer's Building, Chicago, Illinois, regarding obtaining a photo of the late Eric Campbell, who used to play opposite Charles Chaplin in his Mutual comedies. They may have some of them left, and if they have I am sure that you could arrange to buy one of them.

ANNA BELKO.—William Russell is now working on a new picture called, "All the World to Nothing." He was laid up for ten days with a wrenched knee that he received when he fell from his horse in his last picture, but is all right again. I think that Russell answers letters from film fans. Write him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Don't know who the players are that are to come to St. Louis to sell Thrift Stamps as yet. Pearl White's last serial was the "House of Hate." She will start another one very shortly.

J. M. B.—You can't go wrong when you address me, "Dear Answer Man or Woman," as you have. Yes, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Shirley's correct name is Leonie Flugrath, but I like Shirley Mason much better, don't you? No, Mabel Normand does not play in slapstick comedies any more. She is being starred in polite comedy by the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. "The Venus Model" is her latest film to be released, and a very good one, too. Clarence Badger, who used to direct for Mack Sennett when Mabel Normand was there, directed it. "The Revolt" is correct.

BETTY K.—Mabel Normand has dark-brown hair, almost black.

AIKRDEEDRF SQUIRG.—What kind of language do you call that? It is Wanda Hawley now, and not Wanda Petit. You can address her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. The films are features with the exception that they are colored in natural colors. There are sixteen pictures to the foot, and each one has to be colored separately. When you consider that a feature runs about five thousand feet, you will realize that it is some job to turn them out. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902, making the little lady just sixteen years old.

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Name.....

Address.....

Une Noisette.—Marshall Neilan was the man you refer to who played opposite Mary Pickford in "Madame Butterfly" several years ago. He recently directed Mary in several of her Artcraft pictures, but is now directing Marguerite Clark. Francelia Billington and Eugene O'Brien are still playing before the camera. William Parke, junior, has been playing in films for several years. He started with the Famous Players, and then played in several Thanhouser productions released by Pathé. Hazel Dawn is not playing before the camera at present, but will probably return in the near future. George Fisher is still on the film map. He is with the Paralta forces. Address Gladys Hulette in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Shirley Mason is being co-starred with Ernest Truex in Paramount pictures. Elsie Ferguson is indeed a very clever actress. Why should I pardon you? It isn't considered wrong at all to write the Oracle a lot of questions to be answered.

Hilma L.—Looks as if you were preparing to buy a quantity of postage stamps. Gladys Leslie gets all of her mail at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Enid Bennett's letters arrive at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Anna Q. Nilsson, Kathleen Clifford, Winifred Kingston, and Myrtle Gonzales should be addressed in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. The same goes for Jackie Saunders, too. Gladys Brockwell is still with the Fox Film Corporation, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, where any kind of mail will reach her. Marion Davies' letters should be sent her in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Mabel Normand receives hers at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Lina Cavalieri finds her mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. George Larkin gets his many letters at the Diando Studios, Glendale, California. Don't mention it.

Lieut. J. F. W.—Juliet Shelby is the correct name of Mary Miles Minter. Yes, it is true that Vernon Castle is dead. He was killed in an aëroplane flight in Texas. Beverly Bayne has been Francis X. Bushman's screen opposite for several years. Tom Forman is the correct name of the young man. He is now an officer in Uncle Sam's army. You can reach him by letter in care of the Lasky Studio, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, as they forward all of his mail to him. Thought you were a real lieutenant until I saw that signature—Myrtle—so I guess you're not, as I haven't ever heard of one with that name. Elsie Janis has not played in a picture for a long, long time. The stage seems to claim her all for its own now.

Raymond le Cates.—No, May Allison will not play opposite Harold Lockwood again. She is being starred alone in Metro films. Most of the artists charge twenty-five cents for their photographs, as it costs them more than that to send them out to their friends. If you want to get about two hundred and fifty photos, as you say, it will cost you a nice piece of change. Ella Hall and Grace Cunard still play in pictures, but Bob Leonard hasn't appeared on the screen for several years. He is kept busy directing Mae Murray in her productions for the Universal Film Company.

Hazel Eyes.—I haven't heard of any demand for girls to go into pictures. There is quite an abundance of them already in the swim. The men are more in demand now, since the war has taken a goodly portion of them away to fight for their country. Yes, I get many letters every day asking me how to get into the film game, but I'm sorry to say that I don't know of any other way than by starting in on the extra list. The first article in this number of Picture-Play Magazine will tell you about how not to get in.

Little School Teacher.—You must have overlooked it. Picture-Play Magazine has the notice printed on it by Postmaster Burleson, saying to put a one-cent stamp on the magazine, and it will be delivered to the boys who are fighting for you and Uncle Sam. Yes, Vernon Castle is dead. Write as many questions as you wish.

Doug Fairbanks Forever.—Douglas Fairbanks has a Mercer car; George Walsh a Packard, and Wallace Reid a McFarlan. Yes, Jack Pickford was on the stage with his two sisters Mary and Lottie. They supported Chauncey Olcott at first. "A New York Hat" was Mary Pickford's first Biograph picture. Paul Willis is not working in any picture at the present time. Douglas Fairbanks has been in pictures about three years. Mary has been in the films about nine years, and brother Jack has been on and off the screen for about the same period. William S. Hart has seen about four years of the films.

Alberta.—What made you think that your letter would go to the wastebasket? Shame on you for having such thoughts about the Oracle. May Allison was born in Georgia; 1895 was the year. Marguerite Clark is the lady's name. Mary Pickford's eyes are blue. June Caprice's eyes are very nice, indeed. Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., in 1886.

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SEVENTEEN.—No, you started your letter to the wrong person. I am not the editor of this magazine, and I wouldn't want to be, because I have all I can do to attend to my own work, without taking on anything else. However, any salutation with a lot of questions following will be sure to be handed over to me, so you were perfectly safe, no matter how you addressed me. Yes, Vernon Castle is dead. I am sure that Mollie King would send you one of her photographs. Write to her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Donna Drew is about twenty-two. Some rhyme, eh? No, I haven't heard that Marguerite Clark will desert the screen for the stage. She is still making features for the Paramount program. I guess Mollie King will continue with her screen work all right. Mary Miles Minter's latest feature on the Mutual program will be "The Eyes of Julia Deep." I don't know whether I'm as popular as some movie stars or not, but I get more letters, if that's what you mean. Of course, you may write again. I'm always glad to hear from the new as well as my veteran readers.

O. W. S.—The complete releases are published in *The Exhibitor's Trade Review, Motography, Exhibitor's Herald, Motion Picture News, Moving Picture World,* and *Wid's.*

U. S. HARDSHIP.—You forgot to inclose the stamp that you mentioned in your letter. Mary Thurman gets all of her mail at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, California. Mollie King will get any letter you may write to her if addressed in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

VITAGRAPHER.—No, Earle Williams does not have the same people in his casts all the time. His leading woman, Grace Darmond, is the only one who appears in his pictures regularly. The episodes have all been named for the "A Fight for Millions" serial, but they have not all been photographed as yet. The names are: "The Snare," "Flames of Peril," "The Secret Stockade," "The Precipice of Horror," "The Path of Thrills," "The Spell of Evil," "The Gorge of Destruction," "In the Clutches," "The Escape," "The Secret Tunnel," "The Noose of Death," "The Tide of Disaster," "The Engine of Terror," "The Decoy," and the "Sealed Envelope." There seems to be a great deal of horror, terror, and destruction in this serial, if names mean anything. "The Man from Brodney's" is the latest Earle Williams feature, from the pen of George Barr McCutcheon. Grace Darmond, Al Ray, Kathleen Kirkham, Lieutenant Leslie Stuart, Robert Bolder, and Hector Sarno are the other members of the cast. Alfred Whitman is not working in any feature right now, as he has been given a short vacation. His latest Vitagraph release is "A Gentleman's Agreement." You can reach him by letter at the Vitagraph Studio, Hollywood, California. George Holt has left the Vitagraph after several years at this studio.

CUCKO.—Goodness! Another letter from you, and right on top of the other one. That's more like the old Cuckoo. Olga Petrova was born in Poland. Don't ask me anything like that matrimonial question, because I wouldn't know how to answer it. You had better ask some one who is familiar with the situation.

S. J. F.—Signe Auen is the correct name of Seena Owen. Anita Stewart is that lady's correct screen name. Juliet Shelby is what it says on Mary Miles Minter's birth certificate, while Shirley Mason's reads Leonie Flugrath. Charles Spencer Chaplin is the only name that the famous comedian ever had. Gladys Smith wouldn't draw a very big house if it was placed in electric lights out in front of a theater, but it would be the correct name of Mary Pickford. Alice Brady is her right name; the same goes for Norma Talmadge. William Farnum's name was never different. Juanita Horton is Bessie Love's correct name. Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lockwood, Beverly Bayne, and Francis X. Bushman are all the real names of those noted screen folk. Bill Hart never had any other name, either. William Leach is Bill Russell's correct name.

CUCKO.—Well, well, well. I haven't heard from you for some time. Where have you been hiding out lately? You used to write me about once a week. I thought that something had happened to you. Theda Bara's "Cleopatra" was in ten long reels. A little too long. You should write as often as "Cleo," and then you would see your answers in every issue.

R. U. DEAF.—Not in the least. Marjorie Daw is with the Lasky Company, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Al Roscoe will be seen in the new Theda Bara picturization of "Salome." He is now doing a picture with Mae Murray at the Universal. Universal City, California, will reach him. Ann Pennington and Ethel Clayton are playing right along. Ethel is now with the Lasky Company, while Ann is still making pictures every once in a while for the Famous Players. They had Louise Huff working in another picture when Tom Sawyer was produced. Alice Lake is Roscoe Arbuckle's leading woman. Pauline Frederick has just joined the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. "The Service Star" is Madge Kennedy's latest offering.

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Are you looking ahead of your job? Are you using your spare time in getting ready for something better? If not, now is the time to begin. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Lincoln said to himself, "I will study and get ready and sometime my chance will come." It did. Your chance will come, too. Be ready for it. Study. Train yourself. You can do it at home, in spare time, through the I. C. S., just as more than 100,000 men are doing right now. You have every chance they have. You needn't sacrifice an hour or a dollar from your present work. Simply use your spare moments.

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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
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- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
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L. K. A. W.—The Epoch Film Company is handling "The Birth of a Nation," which was produced by D. W. Griffith. Thanks, very much, for all the nice things you have to say about PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. We appreciate it very much. We always like to hear the opinions of our readers as to what they think of the magazine. You know we publish it for the benefit of the film fans, and naturally like to know what they think of our efforts. What do you mean by a proof? A test? Ford Sterling plays in Mack Sennett Comedies. You are thinking of Jimmie Aubrey and Walter Kendig, the "Heinie and Louie" of the Starlight Comedies. Aubrey is now playing in Tom Bret Comedies. Walter Kendig was killed several years ago in a motor-cycle accident.

H. A. D.—It is always best to go and see the people at the studios regarding a position, for they pay little or no attention to written applications, as they receive numerous letters such as these every day in the week. You will learn more about this if you read "Filed for Reference," in this number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Send six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of the leading film studios in the United States.

CLEO.—So you received the letter I forwarded to you, and answered the sailor boy? Good for you. No, I haven't heard that Roscoe Arbuckle is trying to reduce. He relies on his avoirdupois as well as his ability to bring home the bacon, so why should he want to lose an asset? Yes, it has been reported that S. Rankin Drew has been killed, but let us hope that the report is not correct. He was in the aviation service in France.

MARIE E.—The Market Booklet has been sent to you as per your request and the six cents in stamps.

JOSEPHINE H.—Your letters addressed to William S. Hart, in care of us, has been forwarded to that noteworthy person, and you have probably received an answer from him by this time.

INFORMATION SEEKER.—Allan Sears is playing in pictures on the coast. He is with the Universal Company. A letter written to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, will reach him in quick time.

SYLVIA.—Some one must have been kidding you about William S. Hart being half Indian. There is no truth to the statement whatsoever. He is an American through and through. He has been playing in pictures for a little over three years. No, I haven't heard anything about Maurice Costello coming back to the screen again. The last thing he did was in the "Crimson Stain" serial, with Ethel Grandin playing opposite him. Harry Fox is not a brother of William Fox, the producer. Robert Gordon is the name of the young man who played *Huckleberry Finn* in "Huck and Tom." Address Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. William S. Hart should be addressed at the William S. Hart Studios, Hollywood, California. Marguerite Clark gets all of her mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Norma Talmadge finds her mail at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Charles Chaplin gets his mail at his own studios, the Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Alice Joyce has her own private mail box at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

BOY SCOUT MOVIE FAN.—No, Francis McDonald is not a motion-picture star. A star is a person whose name is featured in the productions in which he appears. You can reach him by letter at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. The Greater Vitagraph have two studios, one in Brooklyn, New York, and the other in Hollywood, California. Francis McDonald was born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1891. He has black hair and brown eyes.

KIOWA KANSAS.—I'm sorry, my friend, but if you will read the rules at the head of the Oracle Department you will note that it is against the rules of the said Oracle to answer matrimonial questions of any kind whatsoever. You refer to Roland Bottomley in "The Neglected Wife," with Ruth Roland. Address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Edward Langford has gone to war. Address Arthur Ashley, Montague Love, Carlyle Blackwell, June Elvidge, John Bowers, and Muriel Ostriche in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Herbert Rawlinson gets all of his mail at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey, where he is playing opposite Geraldine Farrar in her first production for that concern. Alice Brady gets her letters at the offices of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ruth Roland should be written to in care of Willis & Inglis, while Ralph Kellerd gets his daily mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Come again when you have some spare time.

GEORGICE.—Thanks very much for your letter. A copy of the Market Booklet has been sent to you by the editor, in return for the six cents in stamps.

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"I was bald and never could find anything to bring the hair back until I used Koskott."—**Esther Arnett,** Wallace Co., Ky.

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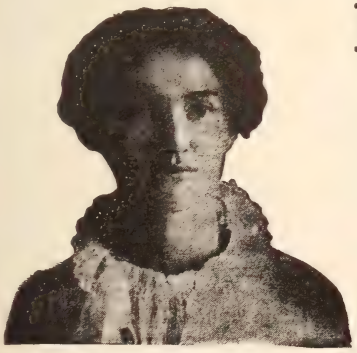

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Charles Ray's Admirer.—Charlie is twenty-five years old. He gets his mail at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Sorry, but you know it is against the rules to answer matrimonial questions. It is Zoe Rae, and not Ray. She is no relation to him whatsoever. Zoe Rae Bech is her real name. Marvel Rea's real name is McCrea. Al Ray is a cousin of his, and not a brother. "A Nine O'clock Town" is his latest feature to be released by the Paramount. "A Son of the Snows" will probably follow it. Yes, I liked him very much indeed in "The Hired Man" and "Playing the Game." He rode the horse himself. I am sure that he would send you one of his pictures were you to write for it.

Jack F.—You are thinking of Mae Murray in "The Plow Girl" and "On Record." "The Big Little Person" is her latest release on the Universal program. Pauline Frederick has left the Paramount program and signed up with Goldwyn, who will release her pictures regularly. Montague Love was the featured person in "The Cross Bearer." June Elvidge was the girl. Clara Kimball Young's latest feature is "Cheating Cheaters," which was taken from the famous stage play of that name by Max Marcin.

Lotta Nerve.—I think it'll take a lot more patience than nerve to write to the list of movie stars that you have mapped out in your letter as the ones you intend to drop a few lines to if I will supply the whereabouts for you. Well, if you have the pluck to write letters to all of them I'll furnish their locations, so here goes: Charlie Ray can be reached by the mailman at the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. C. Gardner Sullivan will also get a letter if addressed to him in care of the same place. Marjorie Daw, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Fred Stone all receive their mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. There is no more Selig Company, the bunch having disbanded several months ago. Tom Santchi should be addressed in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California; also Frank Keenan, Gloria Hope, Grace Cunard, Helen Holmes, Alfred Whitman, Blanche Sweet, and Julian Eltinge. Earle Williams and Grace Darmond are at the Western Vitagraph Studios, and receive their mail there, too, as well as Antonio Moreno and William Duncan. Address this quartet at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. Bobby Harron and Dorothy Gish will be sure to receive any letters you may write to them if addressed in care of the D. W. Griffith Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Bobby's latest picture is "The Great Love," in which Lillian Gish, Henry Walthall, George Fawcett, Gloria Hope, George Seigman, Robert Anderson, and Rosemary Theby have leading rôles. It will certainly seem like old times to see Walthall back working with Griffith again. Lloyd Hamilton is the real name of "Ham," if you would write to him, although plain "Ham" would reach him just as well, I guess, as he is known all over the world wherever pictures are shown. Address him in care of the Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. William Farnum's address for mail is the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Bill Hart receives his mail at his own studios, in Hollywood, California. The same goes for Charlie Chaplin. Clara Kimball Young and Dustin Farnum should both be addressed in care of Willis & Inglis, as they keep moving about from one studio to another to make the features for their own companies. "The Light of Western Stars" is the latest Dustin Farnum feature, and incidentally is the first picture at the head of his own company, which was recently formed in Los Angeles by Harry Sherman. Roxana McGowan is the girl you refer to in Mack Sennett's comedy, "Her Screen Idol." A letter addressed to her at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Allesandro Street, will be sure to reach her. I am sure that she will send you one of her autographed photos. Louise Fazenda can also be reached at the same studio. Monroe Salisbury's address is the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Alice Joyce gets her letters in her private mail box at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Carlyle Blackwell always receives a good-sized bundle of letters daily at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Write Norma Talmadge at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Theda Bara's latest feature is "Under the Yoke." It was made after her "Salome" feature for the Fox Film Corporation, which has as yet not made its appearance on the market. It is expected to be released for special showings in the near future. I agree with you that Madge Kennedy is one of the greatest comediennes on the screen to-day, if not the greatest. She has made a tremendous hit in the short space of time that she has been in the films. I am looking forward with great anticipation to her next release, which Clarence Badger directed. Badger understands her type of comedy, and should put over a winner with her. She can be reached by Uncle Sam's postmen at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Send six cents in stamps to the editor of Picture-Play Magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of all the motion-picture studios in the United States, and what kind of stories they are in the market for. I think that it will take up a great deal of your time, however, to try and write a letter to each star whose address you requested.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Miss Tommy Atkins.—No, I answer questions for the Picture-Play Magazine alone. Where do you think I would get the time to answer any others? "The Petticoat Pilot" is one of the latest Vivian Martin photo plays. It was announced that Harold Lockwood and May Allison would play opposite each other again, but the Metro Company must have changed its mind, because it is featuring both of these players alone now in separate productions. Harold Lockwood, Jack Pickford, Sessue Hayakawa, Francis X. Bushman, Owen Moore, and Douglas Fairbanks are still appearing before the camera. Yes, there is an actress named Vola Vale. She was with the Balboa for a time, and then played in "The Son of His Father," with Charles Ray, and "Wolves of the Rail," with William S. Hart. She is very attractive. I'll tell the editor what you said.

Pal Movie Fans.—Louisville, Kentucky, is the city my mother was born in. Of course you are welcome. Marjorie Daw is a protégée of Geraldine Farrar. Yes, I think that Billie Burke will send you one of her photographs. Address her in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. You should have read the rules before you wrote your letter of questions to me. It would have saved you a lot of bother. The child you refer to is the daughter of Charlie Ray's sister, and not his own. Write to the editor and tell him what you would like to see in the gallery of Picture-Play. Your writing was very legible.

C. M. S.—You should address all your questions to the scenario editor of Picture-Play Magazine, and not to me, as he looks after all the questions that pertain to the story end of the photo play. Inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your letter, and he will gladly write and tell you anything that he thinks may be of some help to you in your work. If there is anything you want to know about the players of various pictures, then sit down and write your questions to me. You should send six cents in stamps to the editor of the magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the complete list of all the film manufacturers, and what they are in the market for in the line of scenarios.

Gladie.—None of the actresses you mention are appearing on the screen at the present time. Mary Miles Minter is five feet two inches tall, while George Fischer is exactly six feet.

V. L.—The Market Booklet is being sent to you by the editor. It will give you the names and addresses of all the studios, as well as lots of other useful information.

Raleigh, N. C.—Your friend Betty went back to Sweden some time ago.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Miss J. M. D.—A letter to Julian Eltinge will reach the star if addressed to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel D. R.—It is very hard to get on either the stage or screen if you have had no previous experience. Of course, one always has to have a start, but one is generally picked out by some one in the business as an excellent type, and started at the bottom to work up and acquire the necessary experience. There is no special salary that a beginner receives. It all depends on the individual.

Leo F.—It is not necessary to know the editor's name to send him a letter. Just address it to the Editor of the Picture-Play Magazine, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City, and it will reach him all right. I gave him your letter with the six cents in stamps, and you have most likely received your copy of the Market Booklet by this time.

Where Is June Caprice?—June Caprice's pictures are still being released by the Fox Film Corporation. Yes, I think that she would send you one of her autographed photos. Address her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Paul Willis is seventeen. Address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Alma Rubens should be written to in care of the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Gladys Smith is the correct name of Mary Pickford. No, not all of the actors and actresses change their names when they go on the stage or screen by any means. When they do, it is because they think the name more suitable than their own for professional use. Olive Thomas and Roy Stewart should be addressed at the Triangle Studios. Mary Thurman gets her letters at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, California. Pauline Frederick's address is in care of the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Charles Ray receives his mail at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Mabel Normand will get letters at the same address a. Pauline Frederick. Anita Stewart still receives ners at the Vitagraph Studios, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Helen Holmes and Grace Cunard call for their mail at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Grace Cunard is twenty-six; Charles Ray, twenty-five; Pauline Frederick, twenty-nine; Olive Thomas, twenty, and Mary Thurman twenty-four. Address Margarita Fisher in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Ed. A. R.—Billie Rhodes is making comedies for the Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California, where a letter will reach her. Maybe you two are some relation, at that. You never can tell what is liable to happen in this little world of ours.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Rosamond and Holland.—Antonio Moreno is now back with the Vitagraph Company, and is making a new serial at their California Studios. You can reach him by letter at the Vitagraph Studios, Talmadge Street, Hollywood, California. Douglas Fairbanks and Wallace Reid get all their mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Sessue Hayakawa has his mail addressed to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Edward Earle still receives his paper missives at the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Drop Earle Foxe a line at the Screen Club, New York City.

M. E. S.—Yes, Lottie Pickford plays in pictures occasionally. Her last appearance was with her brother Jack in the Lasky feature, "Mile-a-Minute Kendall." Owen Moore has not played in a motion picture for some time. He is in Chicago at the present time. You are thinking of Thomas Holding, who used to appear opposite Pauline Frederick so often. He is still playing in pictures. You can reach him by letter in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Mary Pickford's address is in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. No trouble at all. You can ask just as many questions as you have in mind.

G. S.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin all went to Washington during the Third Liberty Loan to speak in behalf of the bonds, but have not been to that city since, as they all have been busy making features since their return from the tour. A great deal can happen in two years, G. S. You will probably change your mind about being a motion-picture actress when the time comes, but even if you don't I wish you the best of luck.

Comedy Fan.—Charlie Chaplin hasn't finished another comedy since his "A Dog's Life," although he has been working on one for some time, and is expected to finish it soon. It is a war-story comedy, and children figure very prominently in it. The fans will see something a little out of the ordinary, and I am sure that it will make a tremendous hit as well. Yes, that was "Ham" in the Fox comedy, "A Waiter's Wasted Life." You probably didn't believe it because you have been so used to seeing him with Bud in Kalem Comedies, and thought he was still with that concern. He has been making comedies for the Fox-Sunshine Company for a little over a year now. His latest comedy is "A Milkmaid's Tight Squeeze." He will appear even different in this one to you, as he appears without his famous mustache for the first time in five years. Yes, he answers his mail, and sends out autographed photos. A letter will reach him at the Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

R. H.—Pauline Frederick has gone over to the Goldwyn Studios, and Willard Mack will probably be her director in the future. Yes, the May issue went to press before Vernon Castle died. About the only addresses she didn't request were those of Venus, Mars, and Saturn. Maybe she knows those without asking? Florence Lawrence deserted the screen some time back, and Arthur Johnson has been dead for several years. Too bad, as he was an excellent actor. Yes, the Edgar Jones I mentioned as a director is the same Edgar who used to play opposite Louise Huff at the Lubin Studios. Can't give you Herbert Brenon's address at the present time, as he is in England, making a propaganda picture for the British government. No, he did not start work on "Kismet."

CURIOUS ME.—Mollie King has left the movies temporarily. Mollie is the correct way to spell it. It was meant that Mrs. Vernon Castle is working in pictures still, and not Vernon Castle. He was killed by a fall in his aëroplane in Texas, as you know.

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Mary Pickford, you must remember, was on her Liberty Loan tour for the United States government about the time you sent her your letter, so it is no wonder that you haven't heard from her yet. Just think, Mary gets about a hundred letters a day from film fans wanting answers. She was away about five weeks from the studio, which means that when she returned she found three thousand five hundred letters from impatient film fans waiting for her to send them a reply. That's a fine outlook for a tired little lady such as Mary was when she returned after a strenuous campaign for Uncle Sam, isn't it? However, you will undoubtedly hear from her just as soon as she can get down to attending to her correspondence. Mary Pickford's mother lives in California with Mary. Her hair is naturally curly. Jack is in the navy. Of course you may write again.

MRS. I. L.— The Market Booklet will tell you all about the wants of the various film companies in the scenario line.

WILLIAM S. HART'S ADMIRER.—William is still making features for the Artcraft program. You can reach him by letter at his studio, the W. S. Hart Studio, Hollywood, California, any time. He is directing himself. Yes, he accepts stories from outside writers providing he can find one that is written in a way that satisfies his desire for the kind of story he wants. "Selfish Yates" is the name of the picture that followed his "The Tiger Man." He has no permanent leading woman, preferring to cast them according to the type wanted in the scenario, which is a very wise idea, I think. No, Clara Williams has not appeared opposite Hart since she did his first big five-reel feature, "The Bargain," several years ago. It is a reissue, so that is why you must have thought it was a late release.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

ALICE BRADY THE SECOND.—So you were named for Alice Brady? I am sure that she would only be too glad to give her namesake a likeness of herself. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Alice is five feet six inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She has dark complexion, hair, and eyes. Any mail will reach her in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. She was educated in a convent in New Jersey, and studied in Boston for grand opera.

E. Z. MARK.—Well, where on earth have you been keeping yourself for all these months? It seems like ages since I looked down on a sheet of writing confessed to be your own. I agree with you when you say your writing has improved. I brought forth your last letter, written several months ago, and compared the two. Now, E. Z., it is impossible to keep track of the extra people that work in the different films, and pick out of a crowd of fifty or a hundred one whose identity you would like to learn. They don't even know at the studio where they made the pictures. I tried recently to find out who a certain girl in a theater scene was, because of an inquiry I received, but they merely said "some extra girl," and hadn't the faintest idea what her name was or anything about her; so how on earth do you expect me to know when the studio managers, themselves, don't know? Alfred Whitman had the leading rôle in "The Home Trail" for Vitagraph. Yes, Mary Pickford has had added activities heaped upon her since she has become godmother to so many regiments. Antonio Moreno and Pearl White in "The House of Hate." It should have been shown already at your theater if the theater is going to show it at all, because it has been released for a long time. Still, if they are advertising its coming, I guess they must intend to show it, all right. Jack Mulhall and Claire du Brey had the leading rôles in the Universal feature, "Madame Spy." Jack is still working at Universal, while Claire has just completed two pictures at the American Film Company in Santa Barbara, California. You can reach Claire by letter at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, and Jack at Universal City, California.

TRUE BLUE.—No, I didn't hear that your company band was on its way to New York, but now that I know, I shall have to find time somehow to hear it play. Vernon Castle was killed in a fall from his plane on an aviation field in Texas. "Over the Top" has been released for several months now. H. B. Warner is an Englishman. He is not playing in pictures at present, but I certainly wish he were, as he is a dandy actor, and a credit to the profession. Harold Lockwood has a light complexion. You can reach him by letter at the Yorke-Metro Studios, Gordon Street, Hollywood, California.

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

Mr. M. T. Face.—"Fatty" Arbuckle works for his own company at the present time, and his two-reel comedies are released by the Paramount Pictures Corporation. It is hard to say which of his comedies is the best, as he has made so many good ones. His real name is Roscoe Arbuckle. He has been producing all his recent comedies at the Balboa Studios in Long Beach, California, where he has leased stage space. Roscoe has the entire studio to himself now, as the Balboa Company has ceased operation for the time being. His latest two-reel comedy is "Moonshine," and he will release another one within a few weeks, the name of which has not as yet been given out. Write to him in care of the Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California.

Mrs. H. W. R.—Yes, it is true that Joseph Kaufman is dead. Ethel Clayton can be reached by letter at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Kathryn M.—Harrison Ford receives his mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Conway Tearle will get any letter you may address to him in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Marguerite R.—Address Ruth Stonehouse in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. She is not playing in any picture at the present time. Harry Carey will receive letters addressed to him at Universal City, California. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Jack Mulhall is still playing with Universal in a new serial, but Ruth Stonehouse is not his leading lady, and hasn't been for many months. Write to Claire McDowell in care of Willis & Inglis. The matrimonial questions bar me from answering your other inquiries regarding Ruth Stonehouse, Jack Mulhall, Harry Carey, and Dorothy Phillips.

Lillian R.—Your friend is quite correct. Mae Marsh played Henry Walthall's little sister in "The Birth of a Nation." There was no one person starred in the picture. It was a D. W. Griffith all-star production. Henry Walthall, Lillian Gish, Bobby Harron, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Ralph Lewis, Mary Alden, Jenny Lee, George Seigman, Spottiswoode Aitken, and Josephine Crowell had the leading rôles. Charles Chaplin is working on the second picture for the Exhibitors' Circuit. Charlie Ray is twenty-five years old. "A Nine O'clock Town" is his latest story. It has a rube title, but he does not play the part of a rube. He is first seen as a country boy who has become a city "slicker." Jack Pickford is twenty-two years of old age.

Mary D.—Ethel Clayton is now with the Paramount Pictures Corporation, and receives all her mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

MINNIE S.—Well, well, well! It seems that every one is after a copy of the Market Booklet this month. All right, Minnie, you must have received your copy by this time. Francis X. Bushman is no longer with the Metro Pictures Corporation.

AUSTIN F.—As per your request I am sending you a copy of the February issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

GRACE S.—I don't remember your letter, but I will try to trace it up for you. I am having the editor send you a copy of the Market Booklet as per your request.

JUNEBUG.—Carlyle Blackwell gets all of his mail at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. You're flying rather late this year, aren't you?

PATTIE.—Cullen Landis played opposite Kathleen Clifford in the Balboa-Paramount serial, "Who is Number One?" Address Marie Walcamp at Universal City, California. Her latest serial is "The Lion's Claws," which they say is very interesting and highly thrilling at times. Yes, it is true that Olga Petrova has auburn hair, but it photographs dark. I must say that I wouldn't like to look the way you picture me.

PAULINE C.—The Market Booklet, for which you sent the six cents in stamps, is being sent to you by the editor. I am sure you will find it very valuable.

HARRY W.—Write to William Duncan and Carol Halloway in care of the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. They will be able to tell you where you can secure the photographs of themselves in the size you mention.

WONDERMENT.—It's just lots of fun reading what my different readers think I look like. It adds spice to the job, so that is one reason why I remain so mysterious. Am sorry to disillusion you, but I don't own a poll parrot that swears. In fact, I don't even own one that doesn't swear. As to the kitten and the poodle dog, there are no such animals around me. It would be a crime for me to have them, because I am so busy that I would never get the time to feed them, and being very fond of pets I would hate to know that they were starving to death. I don't wear glasses, and I very seldom drink coffee. The reason why we request the name and address of those who write to me is merely for reference. You were so busy asking questions about myself, "Wonderment," that you forgot to inquire about any of your favorite films or players.

A. W. B.—William Desmond is still making features for Triangle, and should be written to in care of the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. "Old Hartwell's Cub" is one of his latest releases, and a very good one, too.

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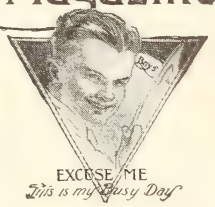

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

F. R. M.—Haven't received that letter you mentioned in your last. Better send me in those questions again.

Miss Spectacle.—I am sure I don't know when Griffith's "Hearts of the World" will get to Toledo. It ought to be along almost any time now. The cast includes Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron, Ben Alexander, George Fawcett, Robert Anderson, George Nicols, and Josephine Crowell. Griffith has just finished his first Artcraft feature in which he will present Henry Walthall, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, Gloria Hope, Rosemary Theby, George Fawcett, Robert Anderson, and Josephine Crowell. This is absolutely the greatest cast of players that has ever been assembled for one feature since "The Birth of a Nation." It certainly will seem great to see Walthall back with Griffith again.

Louise R.—Ralph Kellard is the man to whom you refer in the Pathé serial, "Pearl of the Army." Write to him in care of the Pathé Exchange.

Box 132.—A copy of the famous Market Booklet has been sent to your highness.

Fat Ima.—Cullen Landis is the name of the young man who played opposite Jackie Saunders. You can reach him by letter at the Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Pearl White Admirer.—Your friend Pearl was born in 1889. Yes, she has auburn hair. It is a blond wig that she wears in her serials. It's most becoming, too. Certainly it would be all right for you to send her a letter. Write her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Fannie Ward gets her mail in care of the Astra Company, Universal City, California. Fannie Ward has auburn hair. No, she is not playing opposite Jack Dean now. Blanche Sweet's hair is blond, and not white. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. Ruth Roland is now working in another serial for the Pathé Company, called "Hands Up." George Chesebro is her leading man. Drop her a line in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Marie Walcamp just finished a serial called "The Lion's Claws" for the Universal.

A. C. W.—Address Pearl White and Warner Oland at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Anna Q. Nilsson and Tom Moore get their mail at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Ethel Clayton and Julian Eltinge should be addressed at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, while Marguerite Clark finds her mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Bessie Barriscale calls for her letters and post cards at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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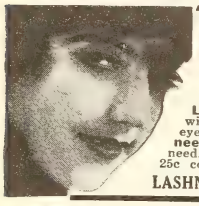

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

A NEW BEGINNER.—Write to Harry Hilliard in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Viola Dana gets all her letters at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Charles Clary finds his mail at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California. George Walsh should be addressed the same as Harry Hilliard. Write to Tom Santchi in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. They will all send you their autographed photos. Inclose twenty-five cents in stamps with your request. Yes, I saw Theda Bara in "Du Barry." I liked the film, too.

RUTH W.—Norma Talmadge has two sisters. One is Constance Talmadge, who is just as well known as her popular sister, while the other is Natalie, private secretary to Roscoe Arbuckle, the rotund and jolly comedian.

MARY J. G.—Yes, it is customary for a gentleman to remove his hat in the presence of ladies, but the man to whom you refer was not supposed to be a gentleman, so he was not supposed to know better.

DOROTHY M. C.—It was Wallace Reid, and not William Desmond, who played opposite Dorothy Gish in "Old Heidelberg." Write to William Desmond regarding that poem at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California.

A. W.—Constance Talmadge gets all her mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, where she is making her features for the Select Pictures Corporation under the direction of Walter Edwards. Yes, I am sure that she would send you a photo of herself if you should request one. "A Pair of Silk Stockings" is her latest effort to entertain.

KATHRYN T.—Anita Stewart and Blanche Sweet have both returned to the screen. Anita is back with the Vitagraph again, and Blanche Sweet has just completed work starring in "The Hushed Hour," which will probably be released through the open market. Blanche looks better than ever, and the film fans will certainly be glad to have her back on the screen once again. "How Could You, Jean?" "M'liss," "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley," "Stella Maris," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" are the late Mary Pickford releases. "The House of Hate," "Pearl of the Army," and "The Iron Claw" are the recent Pearl White successes in the serial line. Charles Chaplin is well into his second comedy for the Exhibitor's Circuit after his return from a most successful Liberty Loan tour for the United States government. "De Luxe Annie" is the latest Norma Talmadge feature to be released by the Select Pictures Corporation. I hate to refuse a lady, but I can't answer your matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department, which are more than a mere scrap of paper.

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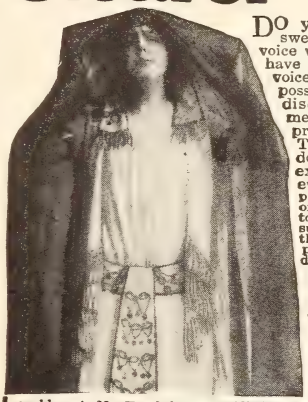

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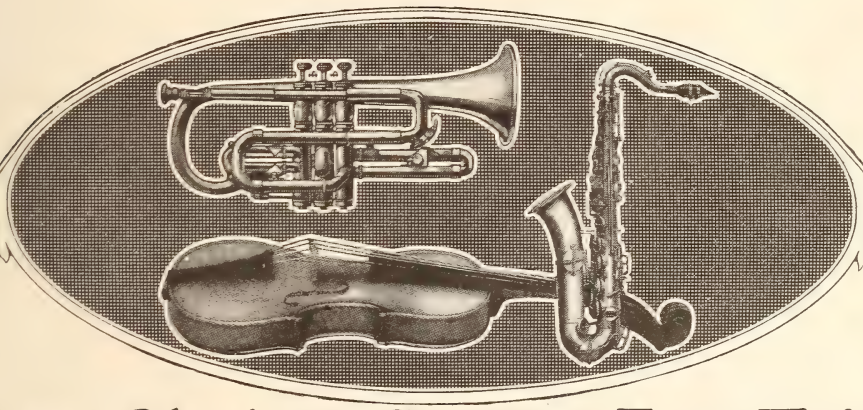

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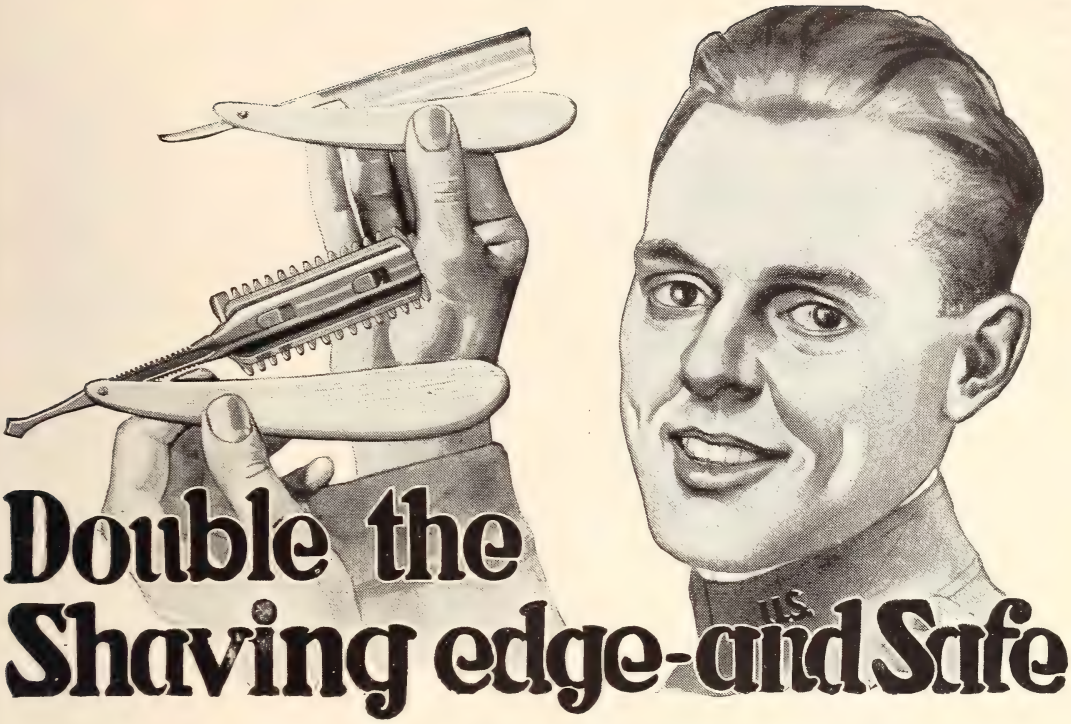

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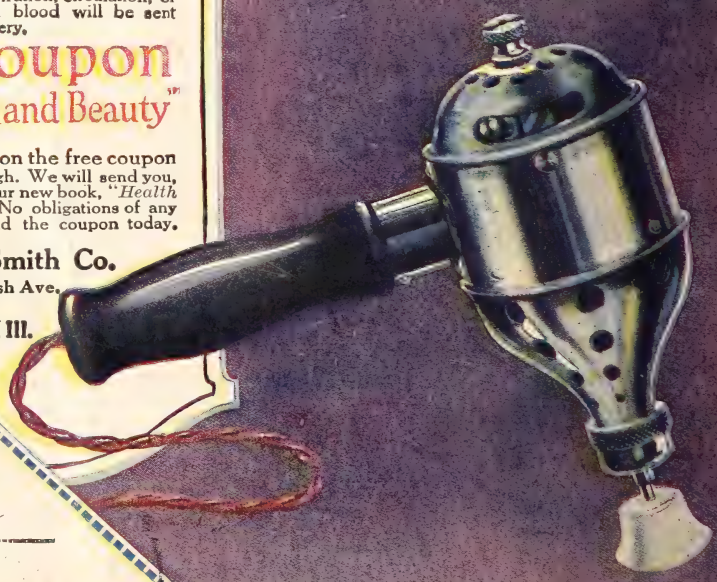

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NOV. 1918

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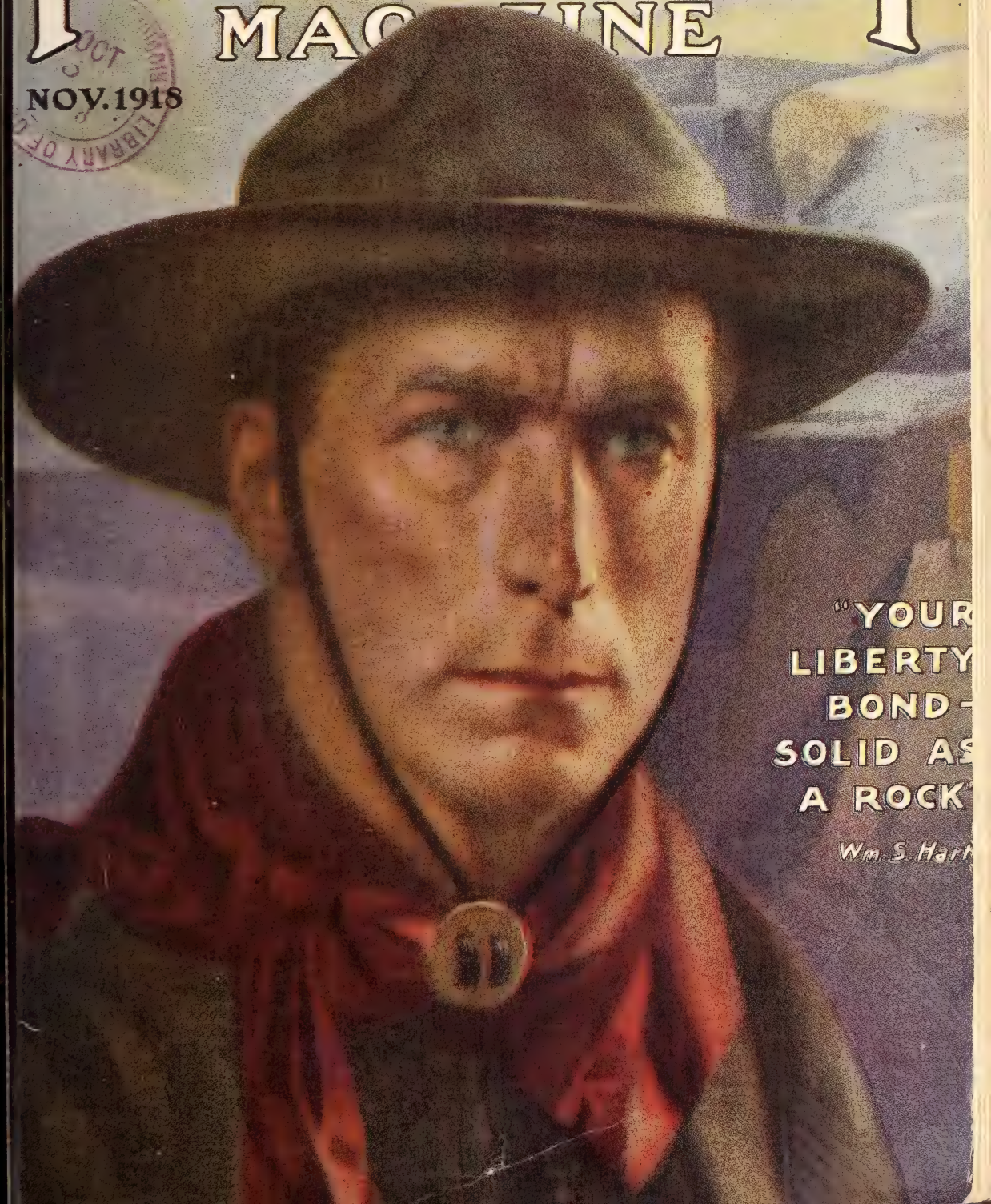

You Can Help Win the War!

The War Industries Bureau at Washington has undertaken the conservation of news-print paper for two reasons: To conserve the chemicals which are used in paper making, and secondly, to save some of the coal that is now being used by paper mills. It takes a ton of coal to produce a ton of paper, so there is a vital need for conservation.

We urge you most earnestly, therefore, to place a standing order for this magazine with a convenient news dealer. We ask this because the habit of the American reader in buying a magazine wherever he happens to be makes it necessary for dealers generally to carry large stocks. If you purchase a magazine from John Doe this month and from Richard Roe next month, both John and Dick consider you a regular customer and both will order a copy to supply YOU. Of course you buy only ONE. The result is that one of these copies is wasted. This waste grows in proportion to the number of dealers you have been in the habit of patronizing sporadically.

Therefore, won't you please deal with a single news dealer regularly and help save paper, coal, and, incidentally, to win the war? Thank you.

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The New Way Saves You $51

The New Way

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The Old Way: **It cost $51 to sell you a typewriter. Rents of offices in many cities, salaries, commissions and other costly practices—each demanded its share.**

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These Facts Will Save You Money

NOTE that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. It is not the advertisement of a concern offering second-hand or rebuilt Olivers of an earlier model. The Oliver Typewriter Company makes only new machines. The entire facilities of its factory are devoted to this one purpose. And our new way of selling has caused us to build new additions to this factory.

The old way, as explained above, was wasteful and wrong. So people have welcomed our new economical plan and our output has multiplied.

We offer for $49 the exact machine which formerly sold at $100. This is our Model Nine, the finest typewriter we ever built. It has the universal keyboard, so any stenographer may turn to it without the slightest hesitation and do better work more easily.

And it has dozens of superiorities not found elsewhere. For instance, it has far fewer parts. This means longer wear, and naturally few or no repairs.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this splendid model.

It is the same machine preferred by great concerns such as United States Steel Corporation, Baldwin Locomotive Works, National City Bank of New York, Pennsylvania Railroad, Otis Elevator Company and hosts of others. Such concerns demand the best. Yet they are not wasteful.

FREE TRIAL

Merely clip the coupon below, asking us to send a free trial Oliver. We do not ask a penny down. When the Oliver arrives, try it out. Put it to every test. Compare its workmanship.

Then, when you are convinced that the Oliver Nine is all we claim, and you prefer it, pay us at the rate of $3 per month.

During the free trial, you are not under the slightest obligation to buy. If you wish to return it, we even refund the transportation charges.

Used typewriters accepted in exchange at a fair valuation.

Or, if you would rather know more about our plans before ordering a free-trial Oliver, check the coupon for our amazing book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." We accompany it with our beautifully illustrated catalog describing the Oliver Nine.

Cut out the coupon now and check it instead of waiting until later.

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Chicago, Ill.
Act Quickly—While This Price Lasts

Mail Today

Was $100

Now $49

Canadian Price, $62.65

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1258 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is .....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

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Street Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

"What do we see tonight?"

ALL right, pile in! Plenty of room for five in the good old bus, so pile in, all seven of you! What do we see tonight? We don't know yet. But the best theatres in town are showing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures.

And after ten minutes or so you are still John H. Everyman of No. 19 Henry Street, in the same suit of clothes,—only you don't know it.

According to your friends and relatives, there you are in your chair. But as far as you yourself are concerned, you are somebody else entirely; and somewhere else altogether. One minute you are helping the unfortunate comedian run a little faster, and the next you are slamming the door in his face.

You, and at your time of life! Full-grown and sophisticated and everything—and look at you! Yes, and you can be envied! You have proved that you are not so fire-proof blasé as you might be.

Unconsciously you have proved another thing, too; the vital *difference* between *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures and run-of-the-ruck "movies."

If you recall *which* motion pictures were notable in the stories they were built upon, masterly in the way the scenes were built on those stories, supreme in the fame and talent of the stars who played them and in the genius of the directors who staged them, and clean throughout—you will also recall that "Paramount" and "Artcraft" were the names under which they were featured.

That is why you tell yourself your two hours have been well worth while, as you pack all seven of them back into the machine. Let 'em jabber, back there in the tonneau! It's a good old world!

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Three Ways to Know *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

one—by seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two—by seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three—by seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

OCT 2 1918
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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You, too, are Called to the Colors

The Government calls upon you to prepare for War Service, offers you the opportunity to fight for liberty and freedom side by side with the men of the nation.

The Service to which you are summoned is not easy in any way—it requires endurance, singleness of purpose, devotion and utter disregard of personal desires and pursuits.

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Women who enroll in the United States Student Nurse Reserve will be assigned to schools as vacancies occur. The term of training varies from two to three years. No course takes less than two years nor more than three.

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For further information or for enrollment apply at the nearest Recruiting Station established by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. If you do not know address of your local Recruiting Station, write for information to Council of National Defense, Woman's Committee, Washington, D. C.

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Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense

H. P. Davison, Chairman
War Council, American Red Cross

W. C. Gorgas
Surgeon General U. S. Army

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United States Student Nurse Reserve

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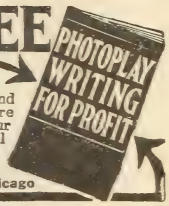

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OCT -2 1918

Favorite Picture Players

BETTY BLYTHE

may be a villainess of the deepest dye in her recent picture, "The King of Diamonds," in which she is leading woman for Harry Morey, but after seeing this photograph we believe that the world needs more of them. No, this is not a snapshot indicating how Miss Blythe spends an occasional evening at home. Miss Blythe wishes it distinctly understood that it is a posed picture taken during the filming of "The Green God."

BEBE DANIELS

who insists that, despite her success in the Rolin Comedies with Harold Lloyd, she is anxious to go in for emotional drama. Although she is only a seventeen-year-old kid—with apologies—she is a veteran in her art, having played on the stage from a child of five, when she went on under Belasco until she went into the movies three years ago. "Bees in His Bonnet" is one of her recent comedy successes.

GERALDINE FARRAR

a pioneer among grand-opera stars on the silver field, and since followed there by Cavalieri, Caruso, and other singers of note, has completed half a dozen films for Goldwyn "between seasons." "Gerry" is one of the most efficient geniuses imaginable, and last summer installed a sewing machine in her dressing room, on which she accomplished many hours of war sewing between sets.

RUTH ROLAND

is the young lady who has been keeping film fans laughing and thrilling and guessing through several episodes of "Hands Up," the latest Pathé serial, and now it is very likely that she will appear in another serial, the name of which has not been divulged. Her former experience ranged through many stunts, comedies, and thrillers for Kalem and Balboa until she joined the Pathé forces.

MARGARET SHELBY

is following the lead of her meteoric young sister, Mary Miles Minter, into the limelight—or, rather, the rays of the Cooper-Hewitts. She has appeared in minor rôles with her sister from time to time while studying for an operatic career, and has now become ambitious to appear in pictures "on her own." Her first important appearance will be in American productions released by Pathé.

CORINNE GRIFFITH

is sure to have success in "The Clutch of Circumstance," her latest picture, which presents her in a somewhat more serious rôle than the light parts which she has heretofore played. How do we know? Because Miss Griffith is the proud possessor of Nenette and Rintintin, the lucky charms which are worn in Paris to-day, and which were sent to her by a French soldier who had seen and admired her in "Who Goes There!"

JEAN PAIGE

was a pretty little dairy maid on her father's farm in Illinois when fortune unexpectedly smiled on her. One brief year ago she took the butter-and-egg money that she had saved, and came to New York to visit an aunt. An engagement with Vitagraph followed, and already her signal success as the ingénue in several O. Henry pictures and other features indicates that stardom is not far away.

ELIZABETH RISDON

divides her time between stage and screen, enjoying enviable success in both fields of dramatic art. Fortunately for film fans, she has found time to star in the screen version of "The Hypocrites," which had such a stage success, before starting on this season's engagement with Otis Skinner. "The Hypocrites" was directed by George Loane Tucker, who, by the bye, is her husband.

OLGA PETROVA

who represents a unique school in the field of the silent drama, presents another example of the "restrained emotional acting" of which she is an advocate, in her latest release, "The Panther Woman." Madame Petrova has been devoting her energies largely of late to the cause of patriotism, and, in the recent W. S. S. campaign, made a tour of the country, collecting four hundred thousand dollars in forty days.

MILDRED HARRIS

is the charming young subject soon to appear in a Lois Weber production which has for its working title "Orange Blossoms." As a youngster of ten her ability to "stick to a horse" without the help of a saddle won for her a brief engagement with Vitagraph. After that she had no trouble at all in sticking to the films, and counts it part of her good luck that she was once a pupil of D. W. Griffith.

EDNA GOODRICH

according to her own confession, likes jade earrings, indigestible suppers, and weird backgrounds. She is also noted for her bizarre costumes, which are as costly as they are beautiful. Her gowns for "Reputation" cost a pretty penny—twenty thousand dollars, to be exact, it is said, and "Treason," her most recent picture, upholds her previous reputation in the clothes line. Miss Goodrich was formerly the wife of Nat Goodwin.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS——

and mere man never seems to grasp—are the pitfalls, ten-to-one chances, and delicious thrills attendant upon buying a new hat. Frank Mayo is introduced to the system of having them sent home for approval, and is trying to help June Elvidge select her fall millinery. (N. B.—It's an even bet she won't take his advice, at that.)

Putting the Punch in Publicity

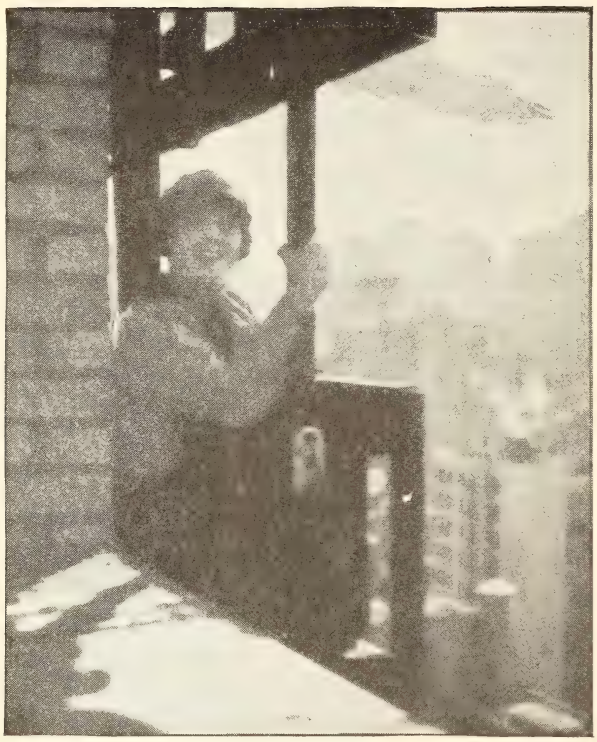
A few inside facts about the genial press agent.

By R. W. Baremore

THE powers that be, in one of the big producing companies, were seated in conference, discussing what they had planned by way of helping one of the earlier Liberty Loan drives, just as the campaign was starting.

"It would have been a great stunt to have sent Fairbanks on a cross-country trip," remarked one of the magnates. "We could

Publicity methods have helped sell many Liberty Bonds. Here is Viola Dana doing her bit.



Pearl White got a great deal of free advertising when she painted a sign on a New York skyscraper.

have put it up to him to raise a million, and I believe his fans would have seen to it that he made good."

"It *would* have been a good stunt? It *will* be, you mean. We'll do it!" another exclaimed.

"But we haven't got time—the drive starts——"

"With a good press agent we don't need time" was the rejoinder, as the speaker seized a telephone receiver and called for the publicity department.

A few hours later Fairbanks was speeding Westward. In the Pullman compartment with him was a youngster known as Pete Schmid, a one hundred per cent American, despite his name, who, for a few days, didn't get much sleep, but who managed—en route—to make all the arrangements for Fairbanks' appearance in thirty cities, and—what is more important—who saw to it that in each of these cities the papers heralded Doug's approach with front-page articles and photographs, that he was met with committees and bands—in short, that the trip was a success. Needless to say, the million-dollar mark was passed.

No big enterprise in which the public's interest is essential is ever put over nowadays without the aid of a press agent. Every big industry has one—or more.

Did you ever notice what a lot of space has been given to the United States marines in the newspapers and magazines since we entered the war? The reason is that the marines organized, at the very outset, a publicity department of their own, for they wanted the country to know that the marines were a hand-picked lot of men, and that they wanted the best of the volunteers. And they've been getting them, thanks to their publicity drives. Even the national government engaged a press agent and a large staff of assistants to keep the country informed on what is being done in war work. The work of the press agent has become quite an essential and dignified occupation.

But it wasn't always so. Dear, dear, no!

Not so many years ago the press agent was like the old-fashioned drummer, a more or less pestiferous person who disposed of his wares through salesmanship based on a willingness to purchase drinks and relate indelicately humorous stories. The old-time press agent was a sort of sublimated amusement-park barker, shouting at you through newspaper columns instead of

a megaphone, but with a voice no less raucous. He was first cousin to the fellow in black face, with the banjo and sleight-of-hand tricks, who used to hold our attention until the Indian doctor had hypnotized us into buying a bottle of "the famous Rubber Neck liniment, guaranteed to cure any ill, internal or external."

This older school of press agents was created by a famous showman named P. T. Barnum, and he discovered that the public seemed to relish being fooled.

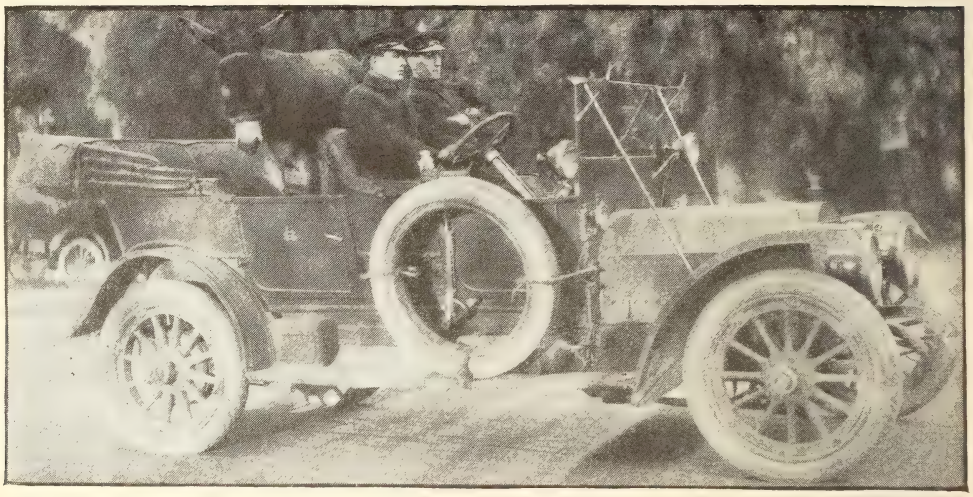
Barnum had a big imitation of a huge human figure made, and then suddenly proclaimed that it was a petrified prehistoric man. People fought to see this wonderful discovery, and Barnum made a fortune out of the Cardiff giant, as he called it. After a while, the truth of the matter leaked out, but people flocked to see the faked freak just the same.

Bushman Day at the Panama-Pacific Exposition was a publicity affair—and a record-breaking attraction.

Some years later a bright press agent invented the tale about Anna Held taking milk baths for her complexion. All the papers published the yarn. The public laughed—but from that time they packed every theater in which Anna appeared. The story became a press-agent classic.

Then some one started the story of how some actress was robbed of her jewels. The first time it worked beautifully. But so many press agents adopted it and worked it to death, that I doubt if it could be gotten over today even if it were true.

Nowadays it is very difficult to get any of these wildly sensational or improbable yarns printed. The better class of publications don't care to use them, for they make the publication appear ridiculous. Editors have become trained to detect faked yarns, and they would rather run down and expose one of them than to pretend to swallow it. Then, too, there has been a great tendency of late years for business concerns of all kinds to deal more and more honestly with the public, and the press agent has become more and more conservative. So, generally speaking, you can believe what is written in the better class of publications about persons in public life, though some of the more sensational showmen still manage occasionally to slip over a wild yarn now and then. If, for instance, you should see an announcement of a wonderful new star who's about to be launched, and for whom it is claimed that she was the daughter of a Scandinavian mother and a Greek father, born on the plains of Tibet, educated in a con-



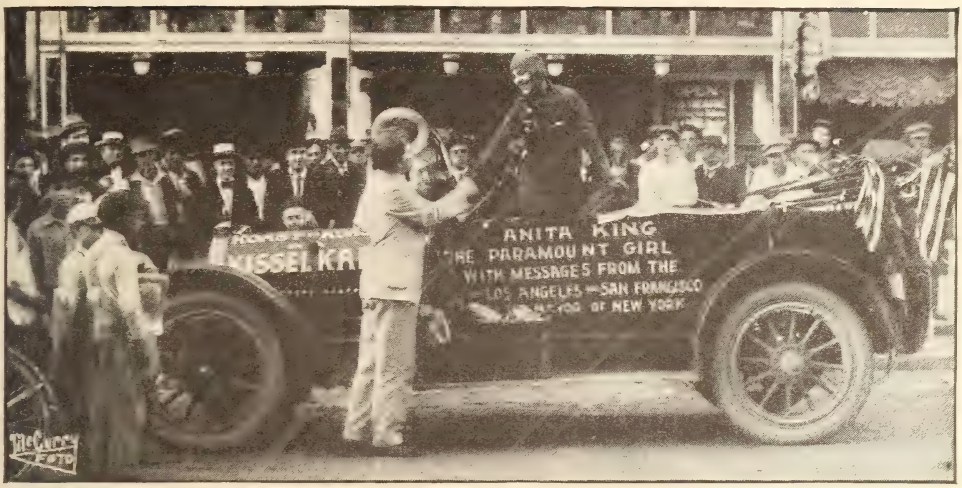
"Ramona," one of the Lasky stars, has often been used for publicity purposes.

vent in China, and after being implicated in a plot to execute the late Czar of Russia, fled on foot through the war zone disguised as a Red Cross nurse, reached the United States, and was discovered as she sat penniless and supperless on a bench in Union Square, New York City, by a famous wizard of a director who recognized her latent genius by the look of suffering on her face—if you *should* read such a story as that, I repeat—well, my advice is to take it with a grain or two of salt.

But there are many highly interesting and quite legitimate methods of obtaining publicity. There is the obvious method of sending out interesting stories about the stars, at work and at play, and that is the one generally used. The really clever press agent, however, is the one who devises some way of creating a story which the papers will be eager to print on their front pages as news, and which will, incidentally, call attention to his company. Here are some examples of this sort of publicity work. Each one of these anecdotes is true in every particular, and they illustrate the new tendency of publicity in getting away from faking. Every one of these stories had some basis of fact as a foundation.

When "The Birth of a Nation" was in New York during its first engagement, there were several riots at the Liberty Theater when negroes created disturbances. One night some gentlemen of color threw eggs at the screen from the balcony. They were arrested, and the next day all the New York papers carried accounts of the affair. It is said on good authority, for which I will not vouch, that the men were planted, hired, and bailed out by the press agent. If so, he can lay claim to the blue ribbon for putting over one of the best bits of publicity in recent years.

Many of you probably attended "Bushman Day" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Did you know that it was a publicity stunt pure and simple? It was. And the credit for putting it over goes to Harry Reichenbach, at that time connected with the Metro Company. He arranged the proceedings with the coöperation of the exposition officials, and it turned out to be one of the record-breaking days in



The first coast-to-coast motor-car trip undertaken by a girl was made by Anita King, for Paramount.

point of attendance and popularity of the entire fair.

The first coast-to-coast motor-car trip made by a girl was undertaken by Anita King in the interest of Paramount, and in charge of John Flinn, the company's advertising and publicity director. Stop-overs and personal appearances were arranged in all the cities en route. In every town the papers carried interviews, while in New York the much-heralded Paramount Girl was met by a delegation of newspaper reporters in automobiles, and a real parade down the Great White Way set the city talking. The same company had its trade-mark projected on the white front of the Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue one clear night a year ago last summer. This caused a howl of indignation, and Paramount officials were sure there had been some mistake. But the company's name had been played up in all the papers. The desired results had been accomplished. Was the press man fired? He was not; he was given a boost in salary.

Many good stunts have been put over by P. A. Parsons, advertising manager for Pathé, during his five years in that position. None attracted more attention than the one with Pearl White, when the "fearless, peerless" lady painted a sign on the side of a skyscraper.

This feat attracted attention because of its daring and novelty. The story was played up at length on the front pages of five metropolitan newspapers, and was carried by all, the event being covered by the papers' own reporters. In addition the story was sent out of town over the wires, and appeared in more than two hundred of the more prominent newspapers of the country. This one instance proved its "news value." That the stunt was dangerous was proved when two days later an electrician, who was repairing the electric sign over which Miss White had to climb, fell and was killed.

Eighteen stories up, clinging to the electrician, who was repairing the electric sign. Miss White had to crawl over this sign, descend step by step to a point where she could slide down some twenty feet to a flimsy scaffolding, from which she did her painting. Large crowds gathered on the streets of the vicinity to watch the girl, and the

No one has assisted in more publicity stunts than Douglas Fairbanks.

tops of near-by buildings were black with people.

Nat S. Stronge, short of stature but long on ideas, formerly of Vitagraph, but now doing special publicity for some government films, is credited with "throwing a monkey wrench" into the machinery of the recruiting department of the army. He is the man who made "Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation," famous from coast to coast. How did he do it? By writing a simple little note to Secretary of War Baker. And, so far as I know, "Womanhood" was the first and last motion picture to obtain the indorsement of the secretary.

"Fortunately for me," says Nat, "the photo play was released at the proper time—the day the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Immediately after seeing the picture I wrote a letter to the secretary of war, giving him a brief summary of the scenes and suggesting that it would make a wonderful recruiting medium. I suggested that recruiting officers be stationed in the lobby of every theater during the run of the feature. By return mail I received a letter from Mr. Baker, informing me that he had turned my letter over to the adjutant general, with the recommendation that soldiers be assigned to the theaters. This was done. As a result of this apparently harmless little letter, which brought about not only the secretary's indorsement, but threw a monkey wrench into the machinery of the recruiting department of the army, soldiers were stationed at more than eleven hundred picture theaters in the United States during the run of 'Womanhood.'"

And so it goes. In this manner stars and plays are brought to your attention and you should be thankful that such is the case; for, if it weren't so, your curiosity would not be aroused, and you'd have no desire to go to the movies—and what a dull life it would be without them! So here's to the publicity men!

To Beat the Band——

IT takes only two accomplished musicians—Eddie Earle at the cymbals and drum, and Agnes Ayres on the cornet. The studio hands drop their work and run for cover, and even the houses stand on edge—and if you don't believe it, look at the vine-clad cottage on the piece of scenery in the background.

Dorothy Gish—Her Story

Told as it could be only by a friend and admirer.

By Marguerite Sheridan

THIS is Dorothy Gish's own story. But if, perchance, Lillian and mother Gish should occasionally pop in, you will know that it could not be otherwise. Dorothy wouldn't let me write a story about her if I didn't include the other members of her adored family.

The Gish sisters had always been fortunate in having contracts with the same motion-picture companies until the early spring of 1917, when Lillian went overseas to take part in "Hearts of the World." Then arose the question as to whether mother Gish should go with Lillian or remain with her youngest daughter in New York. Dorothy unselfishly decided that Lillian needed mother most, and that she would stay. But it was a very sad little girl that bade them fare-

Dorothy makes me think of apple blossoms in the spring.

When Lillian and Dorothy both wore curls.

well. Imagine her joy a few weeks later, when Mr. Griffith came to the conclusion that he needed some one to play *"la petite gamine"* of the Paris streets—*The Little Disturber*—and, with his unerring judgment, instantly visioned Dorothy Gish, plus a short, curly black wig, in this piquant rôle!

I shuddered when I heard the Gish girls had gone to Europe. I hated to think of their golden heads as possible targets for the Boche's bad humor as evidenced by frequent air raids on London, and I held up my thumbs for them against all "tin devilfish" and *mal de mer.*

Back in America, this little war veteran sometimes rubs her eyes and wonders if this European trip was not only a dream—if she ever went through air raids and submarine perils, and other unpleasant things. Los Angeles had never seemed quite so good before.

It was a little more than six years ago that Lillian and Dorothy Gish, then students in a Virginia boarding school, went up to New York to spend Easter vacation with their mother. Some one told them that Mary Pickford—they had known her since childhood—was playing in the then almost unheard of branch of art—motion pictures—so they called to see her one day at the old Biograph Studio. Mary was not there, but they were shown around the studio and introduced to D. W. Griffith. He evinced an interest in the pretty, blond girls, and when Mrs. Gish told him that they had had stage experience, offered to use them in a new picture he was commencing. Mrs. Gish consented for Lillian, but firmly

Dorothy has grown up since the time her mother took her to the Biograph Studios——

insisted that Dorothy must return to school.

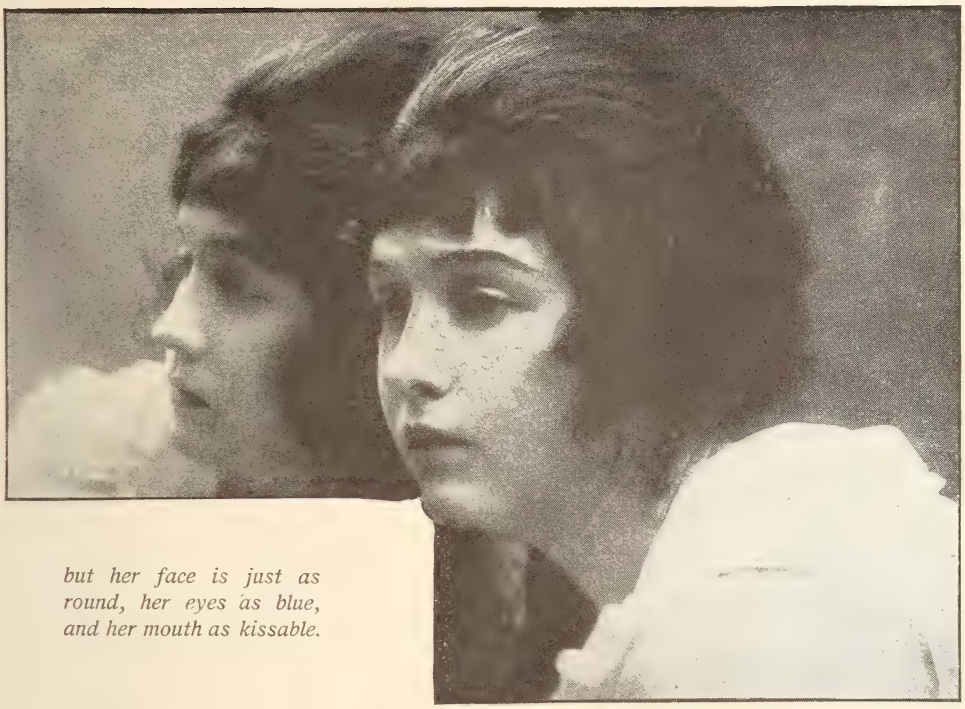
Then and there *The Little Disturber* proved that she was a young person of much mettle. There were stormy tears and persuasions, and the controversy ended by the two Gish girls being listed on the Biograph pay roll.

The identity of the Biograph players was shrouded in mystery in those days. Their names were never given to the public, and I have a vivid recollection of four "Biograph blondes," as we called them. One had long curls and a delicious pout—that was Mary Pickford. Another had smooth, fair hair, heavy-lidded eyes, and wonderful dramatic ability—that was Blanche Sweet. Then there was an exquisitely beautiful girl with a face like a Madonna and the sweetest expression I have even seen—Lillian Gish; and the fourth, a dear, chubby, round-faced child, with large, curious eyes, who proved to be her sister Dorothy.

Dorothy has grown up since then, but her face is just as round, her eyes as large and blue, and her little mouth just as kissable, as the day when mother and Lillian took her to the Biograph Studio. She makes me think of apple blossoms in spring—all pink and white and fragrant. She brushes her golden hair back from her forehead with the same inimitable gesture you have seen so often on the screen, and when she smiles she puts one finger tip to her mouth in the roguish manner that is Dorothy Gish's own.

"When we were with Biograph, Mr. Griffith made 'Judith of Bethulia,' his first feature," reminisced Dorothy. "It was in four reels, and took just nine days to make. We thought it was wonderful, and I was very proud when Mr. Griffith gave me a small part as a dancer in the king's court. We all loved Blanche Sweet's *Judith.*

"We came to California with Mr. Griffith when he opened the Majestic-



but her face is just as round, her eyes as blue, and her mouth as kissable.

Reliance Studio, and we've been here ever since."

Fine Arts gave Dorothy Gish star rôles in numerous five-reelers. She was featured in "Betty of Graystones," "Little Meena's Romance," "Gretchen, the Greenhorn," "The Little Schoolteacher," "Jordan's a Hard Road," and was an adorable *Little Katje* with Wallace Reid in "Old Heidelberg."

The Little Disturber was the golden opportunity of her life, and she realized it. Very often the characters in Griffith photo plays seem to mirror the master director in every word and action, with small chance for showing their own individuality, but in the case of *The Little Disturber,* the original Dorothy Gish vivacity and tireless energy came to the surface every foot of the film.

When not working at the studio, Lillian and Dorothy seek characteristic amusements. Perhaps Lillian will adorn her ivory-and-blue brocade chaise-longue, while she reads. No chaise-longue for Miss Dorothy. It's a linen skirt and smock, large shady hat and canvas shoes, and several vigorous games of tennis with some of her athletic friends on her own court, which adjoins the beautiful white stucco Gish home on Serrano Avenue.

The Fine Arts Studio, where the girls are now working, is five miles from their home. Lillian walked it one day, and Dorothy says she will take her word for the distance. So, instead of lunching at home, they cruise across Sunset Boulevard to a now famous little lunch stand, forever glorified in the D. Gish eyes by the never-failing supply of lemon cream pies. Every time I see a pie of that persuasion, I think of Dorothy Gish. It's her greatest weakness in the gastronomic line, and she has been known to lunch exclusively on this delicacy for many days in succession.

It is a real joy in this "common or

garden variety" world to come across such a refreshing and original character as Dorothy Gish. She is a regular girl, without the slightest doubt, and abhors anything the least bit "stagy."

"If any one ever calls me 'Wistful' again, I'll retire!" she said, with as much vehemence possible in one so absolutely "gishy." "I loathe the word!"

No, I should never call Dorothy Gish "wistful."

She has a very positive character, doing nothing by halves. When she likes a person, she does it thoroughly, and I imagine she can dislike just as whole-heartedly. I love her well-developed sense of humor. It has come to her rescue in many distressing moments.

For instance, on her twentieth birthday, Mrs. Gish planned a party for her. Dinner was to be served at seven.

At eight-thirty, the little hostess arrived home, too tired to move, and covered with the grime of an especially trying day's work. A lump came into her throat when she thought of the dainty dinner gown made for this gala night—she felt like crying, and crying hard. But she didn't. With a gay little jest, she sat down at the table, radiant with spring blossoms and Cluny lace, wearing her old studio clothes, and immediately became the life of the party.

"It was quite the nicest birthday I ever had," she announced afterward.

Dorothy is to appear in a number of five-reel Paramount productions this season, which is as it should be. Griffith features take many months to make, and we need frequent, very frequent appearances of Dorothy Gish to make our shadow world complete.

Dorothy and Lillian as they appeared in "Hearts of the World."

Beyond the Veil

A HAREM beauty, perhaps, seeing that wonder of wonders, the American motion picture, for the first time, within the Oriental splendor of the court where she is held captive until her youth and loveliness fade? Not exactly. But who would guess that the lady is our own Mae Marsh, garbed as an Egyptian fortune teller?

Wresting Art Treasures

A scramble with my movie camera in search of some new shots for

By Robert

THERE'S nothing I like better than planning a new trip into the wilds for films, unless it is taking the trip. And when I have come back with a load of film, I like to drop into one of the movie houses where it is being shown and overhear some one say: "Ain't nature grand?" They don't mean it the way it

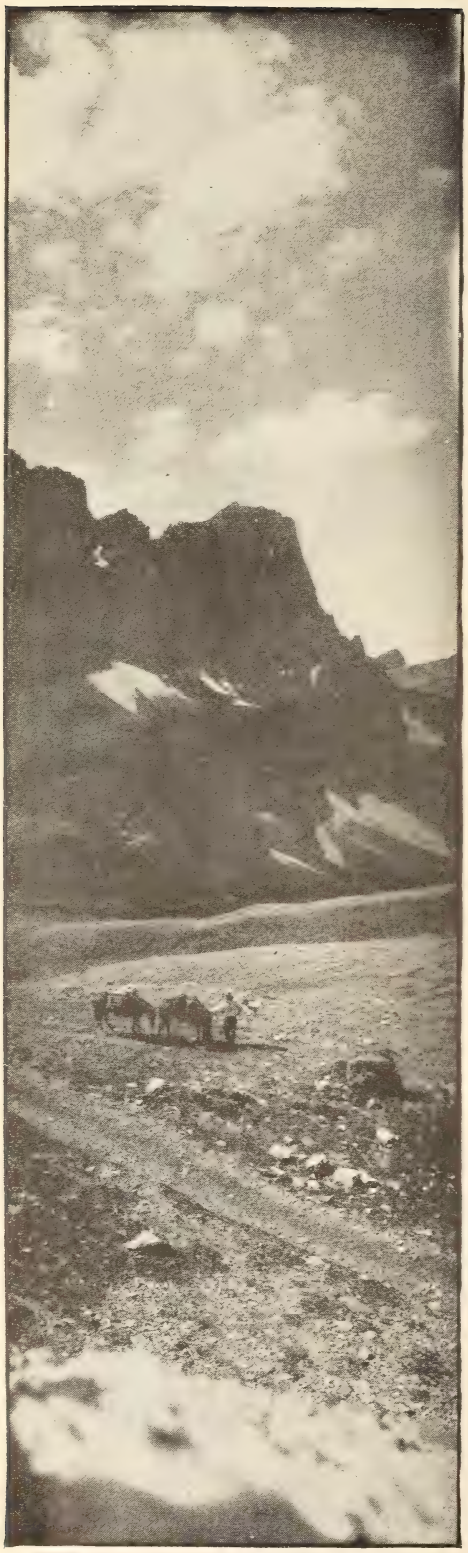
from the Silent Hills

and old Buddy over the mountains the Educational Film Corporation.

C. Bruce

sounds—for to most of those who sit at the films and gasp at the dizzy, snow-clad peaks, or marvel at the rush of a mountain torrent, while the orchestra supplies the *swish* of the water, this little film trip into the mountain wilds is the only way they ever travel there.

In planning the trip I have a lot to do by way



of preparation before I get a pack train together, two cameras, and a couple of helpers, and set out for the mountains with my dog Buddy tagging at our heels. First of all I make out a careful itinerary of my route, and I nearly always stick to it within a few days. Then I plan to have supplies at intervals along the road. And I've learned to look ahead for nearly every kind of fate that's apt to overtake a man far from human habitations, and to plan how to meet it.

For weeks, sometimes, we ride through uncharted wilds, looking for points of beauty and interest to bring back to the dwellers in the cities and towns, without ever meeting another human being. We spend days making a dangerous ascent, leaving our horses behind, to get some coveted long-distance shot of a fir-lined gully that looks like thick green plush from the height to which we have climbed. For what the thriller is to the film athlete in the way of an achievement, the rolling up of some difficult and beautiful bit on a few feet of film is to me.

The dogs add a personal touch in the pictures—something that brings the mountains and the still valleys home to the onlooker. For even in the pictures,

people tell me, they get the same feeling of loneliness, almost of fear, from the canvas sheet that they have felt out in the mountains alone, unless there is a touch of life. My last new character was a film man whom I picked up in San Francisco, and who came along with me and posed as the tenderfoot, visiting some of the world's wonders.

But nature has the stellar rôle in my pictures, and the dogs, wild animals, and human beings that I use in them are only extras, or at the most minor characters who can only help bring the audience in touch with the star. At first it was thought that this couldn't be done; it was looked upon by the men with whom I talked over the project as a wild dream to film Nature as such. For before this she had been made to play a subordinate rôle for animate actors. Now they are being shown at the first-run theaters in all the large cities in the country.

Sometimes I'll spend weeks within a few miles' radius when I think the scenery warrants it, and then again I get around in a new State every two weeks on an average for almost a year. The scenics shown here were shot in Glacier National Park, Montana, in the Puget Sound country, and in Alaska.

The Cruise of the Make-Believes

By Selma Howe

It was terribly hard in those early days, scrubbing and scrimping and saving.

The *Make-Believe* was only a ship of dreams, but in a strange way it became real and sailed into a sea of golden sunlight.

I DON'T know when I began to care for Gilbert—at least, in *that way*. Sometimes I

think it was the afternoon that poor old dad told me about coming into all his money unexpectedly. I went out into the yard and spread the tea things out on the deck of the good ship *Make-Believe,* and then crawled through the hole in the fence to tell Gilbert—"Bye," I used to call him—about our fortune, only to find him gone.

Gone without saying good-by! The hurt I felt must have been written on my face, I think, for I can recall even now the glance of meaningful curiosity to which his landlady treated me as she told me that Mr. Byfield was out of town on business "for a spell." I couldn't believe my ears.

Then I fled back to my own side of the fence, feeling for the first time that the good ship, where we'd played and dreamed, was only a few old boards instead of a cruising yacht, and the smokestack a dented ash can, and the luxurious awnings in reality an old quilt, far too dilapidated to be used even in the three-dollar rooms on the top floor. I felt a wave of resentment toward Bye. Of course, there was really no reason why he shouldn't go away without telling me, if he wanted to. Only, we had shared all our plans and secrets, and somehow I had held the notion that we would go right on telling each other about our hopes and our disappointments and everything.

Then, suddenly, it all occurred to me why he had hurried away. Probably he had sold the story that he had been working on so hard for the last few days that he had scarcely had time for tea in the afternoons. The publishers had sent for him, of course, and he couldn't even stop to say good-by, but he was going to be famous right away. Already my mind was spinning ahead, planning how dad's money would set Bye free to write, with never a thought in my childish little head of how it was all to be accomplished. I laugh now when I think how ingenuously I believed everything that he told me about his work.

Still, I was disappointed not to be able to tell him about dad's success first. You see, Bye didn't believe in daddy, dear, at all, though just why I never could quite make out—while all the time I felt sure that he would make good, if he only had his chance. And at last that chance had come. That afternoon daddy had come home with money—just lots and lots of it. There was more where that came from, and he and brother and I were to go away for two glorious months in the country, and after that—well, goodness only knew! And, of course, we weren't to keep lodgers any more. Daddy was far too proud for that, and I knew it had always troubled him terribly that I had to do it. Perhaps it was the thought of that that made him keep going to that miserable place round the corner and drink, drink, drink! Just think, all the scrubbing and saving and scrimping was at an end!

It was awfully exciting getting ready to go. Everybody on Arcadia Street wanted to know all about it, and I promised them that as soon as we were settled we'd have them out to visit us. I don't think they half believed in our new fortune at first. But if they started

"The Cruise of the Make-Believes"

Adapted from the picture in which Lila Lee makes her first appearance as a Paramount star

CAST OF THE PLAY

Bessie Meggison	Lila Lee
Gilbert Byfield	Harrison Ford
Daniel Meggison	Raymond Hatton
Aubrey Meggison	William Brunton
Simon Quarle	Spottiswoode Aitken

with doubts, these must have been dispelled very soon by one look at the house, even before they got inside. It thrills me now to remember how enchanted I was with it all.

But there were lots of things to be done before we could go. The first thing was to get rid of the lodgers. How they stared when I told them that they needn't pay a cent of back rent. Some of them owed for weeks and weeks, and old Mr. Quarle took me to one side and said that I was a poor business woman not to make something out of them. But I just laughed at him. I loved to see the look of relief on their faces when I told them.

But I liked Mr. Quarle, even if he was gruff, and, besides, he was the only lodger we had who paid regularly every Saturday. I don't know what we should have done without him. And looking back on all that happened afterward, I think he must have liked me, too, to take care of me the way he did —when the crash came. But I shouldn't say anything about that so soon.

Of course I shopped. No girl going away to boarding school, no bride selecting her trousseau, could have reveled more in the boxes of dainty things that kept arriving at her door than I did in the few simple gowns and muslins that became my very own.

Sometimes in the bustle and excitement of leaving I would actually forget to wonder when Bye would be coming home again. And then, with a deeper poignancy of feeling because I had let other things fill my mind for the moment, a tenderness for him and our happy hours of make-believe together would come to me as I leaned upon the steering wheel of the good ship during those last few days in Arcadia Street.

Leaning on the steering wheel of the good ship, I pictured a rosy future.

Finally the day of departure came. There was a big black-and-white "To Let" sign nailed across the door where less than a week before my little hand-painted shingle labeled "Furnished apartments for rent" had been. We had made over what furniture there was in the house in payment for back rent to Mr. Brook, the landlord, and were sitting on the steps with my little bag all marked "B. M.," for Bessie Meggison, beside me. I waited my chance and took the opportunity to slip out into the back yard when every one was listening to daddy. I shall never forget that last good-by to the dear old make-believe yacht, and everything that reminded me of Bye. It was no time to sit down and cry, though I felt like it—any one might come along any moment—so I reached down into my new little hand bag and drew out the letter I had written to my old playmate the night before. Then I pulled out the battered bread tin in which we had kept the ship's biscuit and dropped it in. I felt that some-

how, some time, Gilbert would come back to look for me, and that he would find it there surely. Then, suddenly, some woman intuition came to me, and I bent swiftly and covered the little fold of white paper with kisses.

A moment later I turned to see Mr. Quarle standing there regarding me with a light, partly indulgent, partly pitying, in his kindly brown eyes. I was covered with confusion and blushes, for I had no idea how much he had seen, and was just about to run away when he put out a detaining hand.

"Bessie, my dear," he said, "you aren't getting sentimental about Gilbert Byfield, are you? It's all wrong—his deceiving you this way, and some day you'll agree with me."

"Mr. Quarle," I gasped, clinging to his arm, "you don't know where Gilbert is, do you? What makes you think he is deceiving me? About what?" I poured forth a torrent of questions, suddenly conscious that Bye's departure had some deeper significance that I had not even guessed. But Mr. Quarle shook his head.

"I wish I did know where he had gone," he said rather sternly. "I'd bring him back here——"

There was no time for anything more, for my brother appeared at the door to tell me that the taxi was waiting outside, and I had to hurry away without finishing the conversation.

"When you do hear from him——" I managed to whisper as Mr. Quarle helped me into the taxi, and the old man nodded his understanding gravely, and all the way out to the country my keen anticipation of the happiness to come was marred by the memory of Quarle's vague words of warning.

Dream Valley was a delightful old country house, set back from the road and surrounded by well-groomed grounds. It was just a sort of combination rose-covered cottage and fairy palace to me, with rather terrifying gentlemen standing around, all dressed in suits to match, who helped us with our bags, and were most obliging.

At first daddy didn't seem to know what to make of it any more than I did. Aubrey—he was my brother—

Daddy came home that afternoon with his pockets full of money.

went up to the gentleman who was holding open the carriage door and slapped him on the back rather roughly and said, "Anything to drink around here, old sport?" The gentleman, whom I afterward discovered was one of daddy's servants, looked quite surprised, but he spoke very politely and said, "What shall it be, sir?"

Dad, I remember, seemed more at ease after the drinks were served, but every now and then for days afterward he would stare around as if he couldn't believe it was true. He had not been used to having his own place for so long, poor dear, that it took him a little time to get accustomed to it. Then he would suddenly remember that he was master of the house, and order the servants all over the place. Sometimes I wished he wouldn't do it so much, and once Briggs, the butler, who pleased me immensely by calling me "missy" from the very first day, said that he was afraid they wouldn't stay if things went on that way.

I explained to Briggs how it was, that we had been quite poor and that now daddy was on his feet again, and that he wasn't quite used to it yet.

"Just so, missy," said Briggs. But instead of looking sympathetic about it, I thought that he tried not to smile.

But there were oh, so many nice things to do in those first days that I soon forgot these little troubles. I had two darling pink-and-white rooms of my very own up on the second floor of the house overlooking the lawn.

Then there was the whole big house to roam over, and the garden to pick flowers in, and the puppies to romp around with. And when I went to daddy and thanked him for it all, and put my arms round his neck and told him how proud I was of him, he just treated it as the merest trifle.

But of all the delightful things there were to see and do, I believe the thing that gave me the greatest pleasure was to go into the big library and curl up on the soft brown sofa and count the books. There were ever and ever so many of them, and I couldn't see why Bye should want to write any more. In fact, I didn't see how, if one read all the time, one could finish all the books there already were. But I knew he would love the library, and I wished with all my heart that he could come and live with us and read them all.

As time went on, instead of forgetting him, I grew to miss him more and more. Everything around the place suggested things that Bye would be interested in, or that I had heard him talk about. Then, somehow, I grew tired of the big house with no one in it but daddy and me, and we began having some of our old neighbors in Arcadia Street out to visit us.

The one shadow over that happy summer was that Bye wasn't there, too, to share in it all. I asked every one who came to see us from Arcadia Street, but they all said that he had never come back.

Then one day I had a sudden surprise. I was beginning to think that Bye had forgotten all about me, and I had almost put him completely out of my mind. It was after breakfast and I was in the garden getting some flowers for the house when I heard familiar voices coming up the walk. I don't know how it happened, but all of a sudden I was running like mad down toward the gate, and the next minute I found myself breathless with haste confronting Bye and Mr. Quarle.

I was so glad to see them that my first impulse was to throw my arms around them both. But I hesitated for a moment or two, and then suddenly I felt embarrassed and confused. For one thing, Bye was so changed. All the little fine lines that came around his eyes from writing a great deal were gone, and he was tanned to a dark brown. I shook hands rather lamely

with them both, and we turned toward the house, all talking excitedly. But somewhere, away down inside, I was bitterly disappointed. It wasn't in the least the way I had dreamed of meeting Bye again.

But in the course of the morning, making a tour of the grounds and seeing all the things of interest about our new home, some of the old spirit of comradeship seemed to come back. Bye told me that he had gone off suddenly on a real cruise, and that that was why he had not had time to say good-by to me. He asked if I had minded his going like that, and when I told him how much I had missed him, he seemed surprised and happy.

I felt that old Mr. Quarle was the only person who really understood.

He asked if I had been really happy at Dream Valley, and I am sure that I convinced him that it had been the most perfect vacation I had ever known. And then suddenly I found myself telling him about dad's drinking and how it worried me. I felt the old comforting sense that it used to give me to tell my troubles to Bye back in the days of poverty in the city, and I knew that he would understand.

Dad was entertaining some of his old cronies that day, and Bye met them when we went in to luncheon. I think they must have had a lot to drink already, because they were getting hilarious. Still, Bye had a way of inspiring respect that I had always admired. Daddy was just giving a toast when we came in. He stopped short on seeing Gilbert as if he had seen a ghost, and though I could think of no possible reason for it, those were the last drinks served for the rest of Bye's visit. The servants had been rather offish about our other Arcadia Street friends, but the new guest seemed to impress them far more favorably. Once or twice I thought I caught a little look of understanding between Briggs and

I tried to make Bye understand, subtly, that my fortune didn't make any difference in my feeling for him.

Gilbert, but on second thoughts I knew that was silly and that the glances they exchanged must have been due to some joke that I didn't understand.

Mr. Quarle seemed to be the only person there whose opinions Bye felt any interest for. After luncheon they walked out into the garden arm in arm talking very earnestly, and I could see that the older man was urging Bye to do something that he hesitated about. What it was all about I wondered. My thoughts went back to the last talk I had had with old Quarle on the deck of the *Make-Believe,* when he had seemed so disapproving of my neighbor, and I wondered if that bore any relation to the discussion they seemed to be having now. At any rate, I determined to ask Mr. Quarle about it the very first chance I had.

We had some of the Arcadia Street kiddies that day out to visit us, and I was taking them to see the ponies in the stable when Bye joined us. And little by little, as we roamed over the estate, the old-comrade feeling came back and I found myself putting into words for the first time a suggestion of the plans I had been making ever since we came to Dream Valley.

I explained to him that I understood very well that young authors had to struggle very hard before they could succeed, and that we had so much that would help him if he would let us, and that it made me unhappy to feel that he was so terribly poor and that I was so terribly rich and all that—and wouldn't he just please move his things out to the country?—and I'd tell dad, and of course it would be all right.

There was a tender look in Gilbert's eyes that I had never seen before. I felt that in some way he understood what I had been trying to say—that the difference in our fortunes would never make any difference in the way I loved him.

But just then we were interrupted by Briggs who took Gilbert aside and told him that there was some one at the house to see him. With hasty apologies he hurried off, seeming for the time almost to forget my existence. A few minutes later I passed the door of the music room on the way to my own little room, where I wanted to go and think things out. Suddenly I heard the words, "She's a brazen hussy, and if you want to waste your time and money with such a girl, we give you up as hopeless."

I was suddenly rooted to the spot. I didn't want to hear any more, but I couldn't seem to move a step. There was the steady harangue of an older woman, occasionally broken by the voice of a young girl in rather sarcastic tones, and now and again an explanation on the part of Gilbert.

Just then I caught sight of Quarle, who was coming in search of me.

"What does all this about Gilbert Byfield mean?" I cried, seizing him by the arm and fairly dragging him into the library, for I felt that anything was better than being in doubt about the man I loved any longer.

"Simply that Byfield has been deceiving you," said the older man. "He isn't visiting here at all. It is really his home and you and your family are his guests." And then, in as few words as possible, he told me how Bye had arranged with daddy to pretend that he had come into a lot of money and had rented the place for the summer. Mr. Quarle had begged Bye to tell me about it all, and said it was unfair for him to fool me in this way, and when he found that Gilbert had not, he determined to do it himself.

"Then Bye isn't a struggling author at all?" I asked, unable to believe the situation in its new light.

"He's an author, and a pretty good one at that, but he could hardly be called struggling. His chief struggle is to know what to do with all his money."

"Then I am really a pauper without a single cent, and daddy has no money at all, and we've both been living on Mr. Byfield, and making a big splurge —and—and everything?" I finished up, as the full realization burst upon me. And then because the kindly old man who had once been my lodger in the good old days when, even if we were poor, we were self-supporting, seemed the only real friend I had in the world, I put my head down on his shoulder and sobbed heartbrokenly. Out in the hallway the muffled voice of Bye saying good-by to his visitors came to me.

"Mr. Quarle," I said, sitting up suddenly, "do you think you could take care of me for a few days—until I find something to do?" The old man nodded gravely. Then I jumped up and ran into the hall. I hated Gilbert as much at that moment as I had cared for him in all the previous weeks. I ran upstairs to my room, and halfway up the stairs I looked down and saw Bye and daddy in the hall below.

"I'm going away," I called down to them. "You've deceived me, both of you. I haven't any money at all. I'm just twice as poor as I was before and twice as unhappy. And I'm going to run away where you'll never find me," and then I dashed madly into my room and slammed the door.

Our old house had been taken over by some one else, who was letting rooms. It looked more forlorn than ever in the dim glare of the arc light as we approached it, but I was to stay there until Mr. Quarle could find me another place.

And late that night, I stole out through the back door and found the place still unchanged. It seemed strange to me that I had found so much pleasure in making believe and pretending—for that was all it had been, I thought bitterly. I hated Bye so for all the unhappiness that the rude awakening had cost me that I couldn't even cry. I went over our happy moments we had spent there together, thinking how much they had meant to me, and how little to him. Then suddenly I remembered the note I had left in the ship's chest, and I wandered aimlessly over to see if it was still there.

I reached into the box, and as I found the bit of paper, a warm, strong hand closed over mine. I turned to find Gilbert beside me.

The memory of that meeting is still infinitely dear. Bye's argument was just the same one that I had made to him that afternoon, which now seemed so far away—if we really loved each other, what real difference did it make if I had more money than he, or he was rich and I was poor.

"I didn't really know how much I cared for you," he confessed, "until this afternoon when Mrs. Crane and her daughter Edith, who had heard about what I was doing, dropped in on me. The old lady has always hoped that I might take a fancy to Edith, I think. She's all right, in her way, but you, bless you!"—Bye's arms went round my shoulders—"you're the only girl!"

"But—but you went away without saying good-by to me, Bye," I said weakly, raising the first possible objection that came to my mind.

"I know," said Bye, in a voice that shook with tenderness, as he looked at me in that direct way of his, "but I never could have explained the way I arranged things if I hadn't gone that way. Besides, I was on a cruise. I was trying out the real yacht *Make-Believe*. Don't you think you can be ready to start cruising to-morrow?"

He was holding out his arms, and —well, the next thing I knew, they were clasped about me.

"Am I to be the first mate?" I whispered.

"The first and only one—till the end of the voyage," he said.

"When Three Is Company"

A peep into the private life of an ideal American family.

By Adam Hull Shirk

THE first time I met the Washburns in their new Western home, I knew that I had encountered an ideal—an American ideal, if you choose. For Mrs. Washburn was just the sort of a wife you'd expect Bryant Washburn to have—devoted to her husband, a charming hostess, attractive—and as for the boy, a regular chip off the old block! But to begin at the beginning—here's the story.

Eight months ago, the young star whose smile has become familiar to thousands of screen followers along with his art and enthusiasm in his work, came West, emulating the advice of Horace Greeley, who, were he living today, would be a picture fan.

With him, from the Windy City, came his wife and their young hopeful, Bryant IV. They looked about Hollywood, that Mecca of the motion-

picture fraternity, for a home, and at last found one—just across the way from George Beban's, and only a few doors from Jeanie Macpherson's. So Mr. Washburn bought it outright and transferred his smile with the rest of

his accouterments to the charming location. Young Bryant was riding around with the vegetable Chinaman and the milkman before the week was out and had every street laborer in the district "buffaloed."

A few months went by and the an-

nouncement was made that Bryant Washburn was to appear in Paramount pictures. In his first picture, "Till I Come Back to You," a love story of the Great War, which has already been released, Washburn plays the leading male rôle, and in "The Gypsy Trail," which will soon be on the screen, he appears as a full-fledged Paramount star. Of course, one cannot imagine Bryant Washburn, who immortalized the "Skinner" series, playing in a picture which did not give him a chance to pack all his troubles in some kind of a kit bag and come up with a smile.

Therefore it was with considerable interest in the little woman who keeps Bryant's radiant smile intact that I went to the Washburn home, and met Mrs. Washburn. She is delightfully domestic, and told me that she firmly believed that three-quarters of her duty is to make home so pleasant and

comfortable that her husband will never lose that famous smile of his—either on the screen or around the house. And the other quarter of her attention is centered on Bryant Fourth, whom she wants to make into just the man his daddy is.

That shouldn't be difficult from what I saw of the fine, sturdy little fellow. He smiled continuously except for one brief instant when he was recalled from a velocipedic expedition to be photographed with his proud parents.

He is two and a half years old, and already he is evidencing signs of future greatness. He can stand rigidly while his father lifts him skyward in one hand, or remain unruffled when swung around by the heels like a windmill. The megaphone is his chief toy—was ever a child more truly to the manner born? He'll be a director if he isn't a star.

"Happy?" exclaimed Bryant Washburn as he sat on his cool stone porch in the noon hour of a broiling day and looked across the smooth lawn at the palm-lined street and the azure sky. "I'd be an imbecile if I were not. This is the life"—his gaze drifted to his auburn-haired wife and the baby in her arms—"the only life worth while. Anyway, the café life and the primrose path have never held any attractions for me."

The White Lie

By
Fannie Kilbourne

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

Monday.

ALREADY I am beginning to pay for having lied to my husband. I am paying in continual fear. I look in the glass and try to convince myself that there is no look of anxiety in my eyes—but it is no use. I may be able to hide it from others, but I cannot conceal it from myself.

It is a terrible thing to be always afraid. I had thought deceiving would be easy, the kinder way. Perhaps it is kind, but it is not easy. Just this morning, when Gordon pulled the baby's dark mop of hair and spoke of how strange it was that Mary Jane should have dark hair when we are both so light, the fear that is ever at my side clutched at my heart, and I trembled

lest my face should betray me. Yet that was such a casual little remark. What cowards a guilty conscience makes of us all! If I wince like this at a trifle, suppose some time I should have to face real suspicion!

Wednesday.

Frank was here again to-day. I asked him not to come. He telephoned me first, but in an hour he was here.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," he said, "without seeing my baby."

Mary Jane came in just then, and he turned to her with such hungry eyes that they hurt me.

"How's my little girl to-day?" he asked, as though just calling her "his" helped a little.

Mary Jane looked at him with wide, dark eyes.

"I'm not your little girl," she said. "I'm daddy's little girl."

It was what she always said when Gordon's friends teasingly called her theirs. Frank winced as from a blow. When she had gone, he turned to me.

"Dorothy," he said, "I love you. If we should tell your husband the truth——"

"Don't!" I cried. "Please don't even speak that way. I love Gordon—I love him better than all the world—I——"

He has gone now, but the fright of his visit has stayed. Between me and the page I am writing I can see his weak, handsome face. Suppose some day the weakness should triumph and he should tell Gordon. Gordon is strong and fine and honorable. And I am afraid he would be unforgiving. He hates treachery and deceit—would he forgive me for having deceived him these three years? He loves Mary Jane so much—if he should learn that he was not her father——

Thursday.

I am more afraid of telling Gordon, myself, than I am of Frank's telling him. We sat to-night, looking over architects' plans, getting ideas for our new country home, and as I leaned my cheek against his hair, and twined my fingers through his curly locks, I felt so happy that I forgot all about my anxiety. Then, suddenly, it came back. A sudden, choking longing swept over me. If we could only have been sitting like that, with nothing between us! For a moment, confession trembled on my lips, but I choked it back. If he should turn from me, should hate me for having deceived him, if he should go away——I could not do it. I love him too much, and it has made me afraid.

Adapted from the Paralta picture play

"The White Lie"

which was produced with the following cast:

Dorothy Kingsley	Bessie Barriscale
Gordon Kingsley	Edward Coxen
Frank Mason	Charles Gunn
Mary Jane	Mary Jane Irving
"Bull" McDevitt	James Farley
"Red" Mike	David Kirby

Sunday.

Gordon has gone to San Francisco on business, and Mary Jane and I are alone with the servants. I am glad that Frank is not at home in San Francisco. It is fortunate that business should have called him here to Los Angeles just as it called Gordon to San Francisco. I am glad. I dislike to have them even in the same city.

Tuesday.

It has come! Something has made Gordon suspicious. I thought he seemed strange when he first came back. At dinner, he told me of the trip.

"There was a convention in town,"

he said, "and at first I thought I'd have to sleep in the park. Every hotel was full to the eaves. I was lucky, though, in getting the room of a man who was out of town for a few days. The hotel clerk took a chance and rented me the room."

"Where did you stop?" I asked idly.

"At the Kingsley," he said.

My heart lost a beat, for a moment everything seemed unreal, far away. The Kingsley was Frank Mason's hotel. I could not meet Gordon's eyes. When at last I did, I knew there was something wrong. He said nothing, but there was a strange look on his face—it was the look of suspicion.

I cannot imagine what can have happened in San Francisco. But something has. All of the evening, we tried to pretend that everything was all right. But Gordon watched me strangely, closely.

Wednesday.

To-day Gordon said that he had engaged a San Francisco architect to design our new country home.

"He happens to be in Los Angeles now, so I told his firm to hold him here till I could see him."

"Wh-who is he?" I asked tremblingly.

"His name is Mason, Frank Mason," said my husband.

His tone was casual, too casual. He suspects something.

Friday.

I saw Frank to-day. He has not seen my husband yet. He is inclined to think Gordon's selecting him as an architect is merely a coincidence. He says that I am imagining the suspicion. I hope to Heaven that he is right.

"A strange thing happened to me to-day," he said, when we had stopped talking of my husband. "I had taken

Gordon spoke of how strange it was that the baby should have dark hair when we are both so light.

some rooms at the Westcourt, and I was nearly knocked over to find that Red is the porter there."

"Red?" I asked.

"Red Mike," he said. "One of the old gang."

I knew then. Red belonged in a part of Frank's life that, for Mary Jane's sake, I was trying to forget.

"I told him that I was glad to see that he had reformed, too," Frank went on, "but he assured me that I was wrong. He and another fellow are planning the biggest deal of all. They have dug a tunnel between the Westcourt and the cellar of the jewelry store next door. They are going to pull off the robbery Monday night, and he asked me to go in on it with them. I told him that there was nothing doing. Red is scared to death that I'll 'squeal' on them, now that I've become a law-abiding citizen. I told him I hadn't reached the stage of respectability where I could go back on an old pal. I'm hoping I'll be able to talk him out of it before the time comes."

Monday.

Gordon knows something.

Frank is wrong, it is not coincidence. To-day when I was putting away Gordon's suit case, lying flat on the bottom was a picture of Mary Jane and me. It was an older picture than the one he usually carries with him. Mary Jane was just a baby. I glanced at it curiously, wondering why he should have chosen that one. On the edge of the picture were the marks of a baby's tiny, sticky hand.

I turned it over, dumfounded, unbelieving. It was the picture that I had given to Frank Mason.

There was no mistaking it. Frank had said he loved it because his baby's finger prints were on it.

Can it be possible that Gordon was given Frank's room at the Kingsley Hotel? That he saw the picture there? Could fate play so cruel a prank as that?

I felt so happy that I forgot all about my anxiety.

Gordon has just telephoned that he is bringing Mr. Mason, the architect, home to dinner with him. How much does Gordon know? I am wondering if I can go through the ordeal.

Tuesday.

The last few hours have seemed a lifetime in length and like a dream, horrible, unreal, like the melodrama of a nightmare.

All afternoon I had been steeling myself for the test. Gordon came home at six o'clock, and with him Frank Mason. I stood waiting for them at the front door, resolved to play my part. My husband introduced me to Frank; Frank, whom I have known all my life, introduced me to Mary Jane's father. And I spoke to him as to a new acquaintance. At seven we all went in to dinner.

It was a terrible dinner, like some grim comedy. Both Frank and I played our parts, and Gordon sat at the head of the table, leading the conversation always toward dangerous subjects. He spoke of a recent book by a Russian.

"He declares," Gordon said, "that conscience is an inhuman jailer from whom no guilty person can escape. Do you believe that, Mason?"

And when Frank had made some miserable, incoherent answer, my husband turned to me.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I—I don't know—I think so——" I faltered.

I dared not meet my husband's eyes, I dared not face Frank. I was sure now that Gordon knew, that he was wantonly, cruelly torturing us both. For a moment I hated my husband for this skillful, hideous brutality. But as he turned away for a moment, I caught a glimpse of his face. And I pitied him, instead. Never have I seen suffering so intensely marked as it was upon Gordon's pale, haggard face. Instead of hating him, I wanted to put my arms around him and comfort him—he seemed just a boy, a hurt, bewildered boy.

I stood waiting for them at the front door, resolved to play my part.

At last it was time for Frank to go. I was eager to have him away, not for my sake any longer, but for my husband's. I was afraid of what Gordon might do. It was partly my own guilty conscience, partly the mother feeling that had sprung up within me at the sight of Gordon's wretched face—I felt responsible. Gordon was desperate, I must stand between the two, I must not let anything happen.

Mary Jane was brought home from mother's, where I had sent her for the evening, just as Frank was leaving. Suppose she should recognize Frank,

should say that she was not "his little girl," her invariable greeting to him! She was asleep, she did not awake as I carried her away, her soft, warm little body lying relaxed in my arms, her dusky hair blowing against my cheek. The dear, innocent little cause of so many heartaches.

I watched Frank drive away, relief sweeping over me. Gordon was safe for to-night.

When I returned to the library, my husband was not there. He was not in the bedroom, either, nor the dining room. Fear, panic came back in a rush. I went from one room to the other, calling his name. He was not in the house. And then I knew. He had followed Frank!

Snatching up my evening coat, I went down to the street. As a person walking through the horrors of a nightmare, I called a taxicab, gave the driver Frank's address. Rash, imprudent—what did I care for indiscretion—what did reputation matter now? I must save Gordon.

When I entered the lobby of the Westcourt Apartments, I was vaguely conscious that there were many people about, two men were talking in undertones. I asked to be shown to Mr. Mason's rooms. The look of surprise on the faces I could see was greater than I had feared. No objection was made, however, and I entered the elevator.

As we started up, I had a strange shadowy feeling of presentiment, a feeling—I cannot describe it—as though I were stepping into a trap.

I heard voices as I walked along the corridor, but outside Frank's door, they were suddenly silent. I rapped, then pushed open the door. It was very still. On the floor in the middle of the room, Frank Mason was lying dead.

I did not cry out—I could not seem to move. I do not know how long I stood there. Then I heard voices all about me, there were many men in the room.

I could not answer their questions, I could not seem to understand what they were saying—all I could hear was the terrible shouting in my own ears—my husband had killed Frank Mason. Suddenly in the clatter of voices around me I heard my husband's name spoken, and it brought me sharply back to reality.

"Could Gordon Kingsley know anything of this?" some one was asking.

"No! No!" I cried wildly. "My husband knows nothing of this."

"Your husband?" the voice went on. "You are Mrs. Gordon Kingsley?"

"He knows nothing of this!" I pleaded. "Nothing—nothing."

I could see by the skeptical smile that he did not believe me, that suspicion had already caught my husband. Suddenly I turned to the men.

"I killed Frank Mason," I said. "I shot him."

It was the only thing to do.

Out of the sea of faces about me, I saw one pair of eyes that were not cold, accusing—in the clatter of voices, came one which sounded human, as though it might be understanding.

"Mrs. Kingsley," it asked, "will you tell us, please, why you shot Frank Mason?"

"Because I was afraid he would tell my husband——" I said.

"What could he tell your husband?"

Because the eyes were so friendly, the voice so understanding, I decided suddenly to tell the truth. I knew that his sympathy was with me, this stranger with the kindly eyes and voice, and in the presence of the dead man I poured out the story I had been hiding for so long.

"It is because of our baby," I said. "Mary Jane is not our own child." I looked about at the sea of faces, then caught the sympathetic eyes. "My husband always wanted children, and so

did I, but none ever came to us. It was a great sorrow to us both. Then one year, when he was away——" I faltered.

"Tell us everything," urged the kindly voice.

"Our home was burglarized," I went on. "And when I faced the burglar, I knew him. He was——" I looked down at the man lying so still at my feet. "He was Frank Mason, an old schoolmate. Faced with capture, he threw himself upon my mercy. His wife was ill, their baby was expected, they were very poor. I—I forgot for the moment that he was a burglar, and remembered only that he was an old friend. So I helped him and his wife. I did all that I could. But his wife died, and the baby was left."

I forgot for the moment that he was a burglar.

I paused a moment.

"Their baby was little Mary Jane, the child my husband thinks is ours. Frank could not keep her, he knew I would love her and give her everything that he could not. So he—he gave her to me. I told Gordon that she was our child."

"And you have deceived your husband, successfully, all this time?" the detective asked.

"Until very lately," I said. "Frank Mason gave up his old life, made a fresh start, and—well, you know that he had become a fairly successful architect. He often wished to see the baby—it was becoming harder every day to keep up the deception—my husband loved her so much—I hated myself for deceiving him. I was afraid to tell him, afraid of losing the only thing in life that mattered—my husband's love. Then, a week or so ago, my husband became suspicious. He met Frank Mason, invited him to our house to-night for dinner, and——"

Suddenly I came back to Gordon's peril.

"And I came here to-night and shot Frank Mason!" I finished wildly.

Suddenly all the understanding, the sympathy died out of the friendly eyes. In their stead came a strange look, one of grim amusement.

"Then, Mrs. Kingsley," he said, "you are some shot!"

More familiar with the presence of death, he turned the body at his feet so that I could see. Frank Mason had been killed by a knife thrust.

There were new voices in the hall outside, the door was thrust open, other men came in, officers, detectives. The jewelry store next door had been burglarized.

"One of the fellows got away," one policeman explained, "but we finished the other all right—Red Mike, a guy we've been after for years."

"He's dead, you mean?" some one asked.

The officer nodded.

"It's just as well that he is," he said. "He'd have been up for murder. Just before he cashed in, he confessed that he knifed Frank Mason. It seems that Mason knew about their scheme for to-night, and something made Red suspicious. He thought Mason had squealed. So he just put Mason out of the running for good and——"

I decided to tell my husband everything. I could not go on any longer with deceit between us. But when I tried to tell him, he stopped me.

"Don't, dear," he said; "I know."

"You know?" I echoed.

"I was in the next room at Mason's apartments when you came. Detectives had taken me in there and gagged me, hoping to get some new clew from you."

"Wh-what were you doing there?"

He faced me, shame in his eyes.

"I was mad with suspicion and jealousy. I—I think I had gone to kill Mason."

"And you found him dead?"

"I found him just as you did. I was staring at him when the detectives came in."

"And they thought you had killed him?"

"Yes."

We faced each other for a moment in silence.

"And you—you would have given your life to save mine!" There was a choke in his voice.

Just then, Mary Jane came running into the room. Gordon opened his arms and drew us to him.

"Oh, my dearest," he said huskily, "I love you both so much!"

So we stood, as I had so often dreamed we might stand, with no deceit, no fear between his love and mine.

"JUST THE SWEETEST THING"

I WANT," declared the ingénue, "to
have a little fling;
I'm tired of hearing people say: 'She's
just the sweetest thing!'
I want to be a villainess—remorseless,
bold, untrue;
Instead of saving heroes' lives I want
to end a few."
So they produced for her a part where
wickedness held sway,
And strife ran rife, with villainy the order
of the day.
But everybody said 'twas grand, and
loud her praise did sing;
They said the way she killed a man
"was just the sweetest thing."

VARA MACBETH JONES.

"Stage-Struck"

How one girl fought her way up through the ranks to stardom.

THE other day, Mrs. Spencer, a dear neighbor in my old home town, asked me to talk to Mollie. Mollie was her pretty niece who was visiting there, and Mrs. Spencer was very much worried about her. Mollie, Mrs. Spencer told me in the tones of one speaking of the hopelessly lost, was "stage-struck."

"Oh, she'll get over that," I prophesied lightly. "Nearly every girl is stage-struck when she's around fifteen or sixteen."

"But Mollie is nearly nineteen," Mrs. Spencer said, "and she's so terribly serious about it."

"What do you want me to say to her?" I asked.

"She'll get over that," I said. "Nearly every girl is stage-struck when she's around fifteen or sixteen."

"Oh, tell her about the hardships, the disillusionments, the temptations. Make her see"—Mrs. Spencer paused, groping for the right expression, recalled it at last from something she had read—"make her see the whole tinsel sham of it. She'd take it from you because she'd know that you knew."

And it is just because Mrs. Spencer's Mollie and all the other Mollies who want to be "in the pictures" would believe me that I cannot tell them anything but the truth. It is true that I can tell a great deal about the hardships, the disillusionments, the temptations. I have seen them all, and experienced some of them. And, in fact, I did tell Mollie about them. But there is another side, a brighter one, that I also told her about, on which I can speak with much more interest. Perhaps I have been exceptionally fortunate—sometimes I'm inclined to think so —— But you can judge for yourself.

I was an ignorant little girl when I left my home town five years ago, and I was "stage-struck," too. This ex-

pression was quite fair in speaking of me, but I think it is not always used fairly. If a girl really has ability for this kind of life, is willing to work and study and sacrifice for her success, it seems to me that the expression is quite as unfair as to say that a young man is "lawyer-struck" or "doctor-struck."

I had always been considered pretty, and it was quite by accident I discovered that I photographed well. A large milling concern had advertised for photographs to use on their yearly calendar, and my mother sent mine. To our great surprise, mine was chosen.

A little later, this same firm wrote me that they were getting out a cook-book to advertise their flour, and would like to have me pose for the illustrations. Mother and I were very poor, the money they offered to pay me would shingle the house and pay for all my fall clothes. So, attired in cooking cap and apron, breaking eggs and measuring flour, I made my professional bow to the public.

A friend of the photographer's, a motion-picture man, happened into the studio one day when I was posing. I was very proud of myself, and was simpering and smiling for the benefit of the two men. An unexpected success like the little one I had just made is apt to go a bit to one's head, and I really believed that I was a newly discovered beauty, standing on the threshold of success. I was changing my dress behind the screen when I overheard the two men discussing me.

"She's a peach," the photographer was saying enthusiastically. "Why don't you try to get her some extra work to do for your people?"

A brazen eavesdropper, I listened breathlessly for the other's reply.

"Look at the way she walks," the film man advised indifferently. He paused a moment, then added: "Nobody home."

Never as long as I live shall I forget the shock his words gave me; never shall I cease to be grateful for his careless, indifferent verdict.

Of course, I was highly indignant, and I flounced out past the offender with my head in the air. As I passed the large glass window in Hartman's store, I watched my reflection closely. I could see nothing wrong with the way I walked. The next day, while I was posing, the photographer spoke to me about getting some movie work to do. He explained what "extra" work was, playing parts in the crowd scenes. He told me that this work paid five dollars a day. I was almost incredulous. I knew good stenographers, excellent bookkeepers, who were earning only ten or fifteen dollars a week. During the next few days, I thought of nothing else. Could I really get work of that kind to do? I could not forget the film man's scornful comment.

As I was leaving the photographer's a few days later, I saw him walking down the street ahead of me. The very sight of him brought a quick, angry blush to my face, but I was thinking pretty hard about the new work, and what it would mean to mother and myself. Acting on a sudden impulse, I gathered my courage, hurriedly overtook him.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but will you please tell me what's wrong with the way I walk?"

He looked down in surprise.

"I—I overheard you and Mr. Flynn talking about me," I confessed, feeling myself growing hot to the very roots of my hair. "Would you mind telling me?"

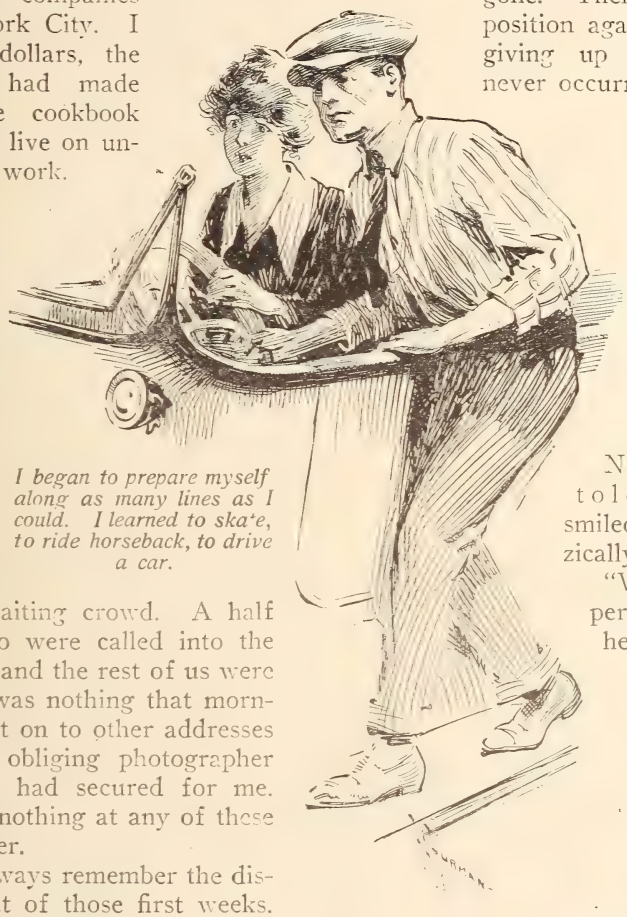
"Not at all," he said bluntly. "You move your shoulders too much and you toe in."

Toe in! I stifled a gasp. I was not used to honest criticism. I consider that day as the beginning of whatever success I may have won. Because after I had gotten over feeling wounded, half

insulted by the criticism for which I had asked, I made a deep resolve. I would face sincere criticism squarely, and whatever I did not know I would learn. That resolve, particularly the last half, is a pretty large order.

Two weeks later, I presented myself at the studio of one of the large motion-picture companies in New York City. I had fifty dollars, the money I had made from the cookbook pictures, to live on until I found work.

I found the outer office full of girls, some pretty, and some—not so pretty. A man came out and casually ran his eye over the waiting crowd. A half dozen or so were called into the inner office and the rest of us were told there was nothing that morning. I went on to other addresses which the obliging photographer from home had secured for me. There was nothing at any of these places, either.



I began to prepare myself along as many lines as I could. I learned to skate, to ride horseback, to drive a car.

I shall always remember the discouragement of those first weeks. My fifty dollars melted like a cake of ice on a hot pavement. I went faithfully from one office to another; always there were many other girls there, too, many of whom were smartly dressed, and who knew some one inside for whom to inquire. Each day I grew more apprehensive. I found a cheaper room, ate the most surprisingly cheap meals in a cheap restaurant.

Finally, my money was gone. I searched the want-ad columns and found a position doing clerical work. It paid nine dollars a week. By the most rigid economy, I saved a little of that. When I had enough, I would stop work and make the rounds of the studios again until my savings were gone. Then I would get a position again. The idea of giving up hope for good never occurred to me. As I was leaving the office at five one afternoon, I met the motion-picture man whom I had seen at home. He remembered me and asked me what I was doing in New York. I told him. He smiled at me quizzically.

"Walking like a perfect lady now?" he asked.

I was. His criticism had been on my mind almost constantly for the last three months.

"Come over to Jersey to-morrow morning," he advised. "They're starting a new picture, and they'll need a raft of people. If I get a chance, I'll look you up."

That was the beginning of my success. True to his promise, David Dunn "looked me up." He was a camera man then, and a very good one. He must have put in a good word for me with the director, because I was one

of the extras chosen. The work lasted for two weeks. Before it was over, I was offered a tiny part in the next picture. I had work right along after that, sometimes in other studios, usually in David Dunn's company.

At first thought, it seems luck, pure and simple, that gave me my beginning. If I had not met Mr. Dunn on the street that day, I do not know when, if ever, I should have found the opening. But I honestly believe that there is a driving force back of luck. In my case, it was my determination, my eagerness to learn. Without the first, I should not have been in New York so long; without the second, I should never have asked the camera man what was wrong with the way I walked.

I consider knowing David Dunn the most valuable part of my life, not because, since he has been made a director, he has taken a great interest in my work and made one success after another possible to me, until now I am playing leads and expect soon to be a star, but because all along the line his criticism has opened new vistas to me; it has always been as frank as it was friendly.

I was more ignorant probably than most girls who undertake work of this kind. I had the vague idea that, once one was in the pictures, she was "in" them, and that that ended the matter. I soon learned that there is no such definite line drawn. A girl may be playing extras for weeks at a time, then find herself out of a job. As a steady employment, extra work is precarious.

"Can you swim?" Mr. Dunn surprised me by asking one day. I shook my head.

"Better learn," he advised. "They're going to use a girl about your size in the next picture, but she'll have to dive and swim."

I had three weeks to learn, and nobody who has never been deathly afraid of water can appreciate what I went through in that time. I took a lesson every day—I shall never forget the sick terror of learning to dive. But when the cast came to be made up for the new picture, I had the part I wanted.

The little incident opened my eyes to a truth which is quite as true in the picture-playing game as in any other phase of life. The more positions we are prepared to fill, the more opportunities will come our way. I deliberately began to prepare myself along as many lines as I could. I learned to skate, to ride horseback, to drive a car.

I was having steady work then, and with all my outside work was kept very busy. Besides, I had met Steven Willis, a handsome leading man who was taking me about a great deal, and this meant very late hours several times a week. One afternoon, David Dunn walked over to the car with me after we had finished work. He regarded the dark circles under my eyes with professional frankness.

"Better slow down," he advised. "You look all in."

"I'm working hard," I said. I knew that he knew about Steven Willis. "Besides," I added defensively, "a girl has to have a little fun."

"Sure," he agreed. He paused a moment, then added: "Of course, it's none of my business, but a man who's interested in a girl in the right way doesn't keep her doing things that are bad for her."

I was inclined to resent his frankness, but I remembered his words afterward, and used them as a test for many a Steven Willis. This particular one liked to do the things which kept us both out so late; his work was such that he could do them, and although he knew that my work was different, he made no allowances. He liked to take me about; he was proud of me, and although I explained to him why I must take better care of myself, he was con-

tinually urging me to do something which he knew I should not. His liking for me was purely selfish. The day that I fainted away during a long scene, from sheer overdoing, I decided that my health was too dear a price to pay for the kind of pleasure Steven Willis brought me.

This is not the kind of temptation, of course, that Mrs. Spencer meant, but it is one of the most common kind. A girl with youth and good looks, who is making a start as an actress, is continually surrounded by temptations to dissipate her strength, and play ducks and drakes with her health, that most precious of her assets.

David Dunn was very different. He had begun taking me about a bit, but his invitations were all of the safe and early kind. We would drive home from location in his car, stopping somewhere for dinner. Usually, I was home a little after nine. One evening as we were driving home, he spoke about

At the studio I have made the acquaintance of some of the keenest writers.

the changes that had come to the picture-making methods.

"Every year it's getting farther from the slapstick comedy, the obvious romance," he said. "The day is past when the only type of actress who has any chance is the doll-face baby with a vacuum under her curls. Brains are going to count in the movies just as they do everywhere else. There's going to be a future for the star who can get across with the subtle, psychological sort of thing."

Then he told me that he was to be made director in the fall, and that he was going to give me my chance.

I set to work harder than ever along new lines. I dropped the athletic part of development which had paid me so well. Many an unexpected bit of work I have obtained simply because I could do some one thing which other girls, in many ways better fitted for the part, could not do. Of course, I kept up with enough physical training to keep me in good health, but my main interest was turned along other lines.

I began lessons with one of the best dramatic instructors in New York. He was a wonderful teacher, and under his instruction I learned not only the definite ways of expressing thoughts and emotions by expression of the face, pose of the body, but also the fundamental truths which lay beneath these ways; learned, for example, that certain parts of the head stand for different human phases, the forehead for intellect, the cheek for emotion, the chin for will. His teaching has given me the raw material to work with. In developing a character, I am no longer forced to depend upon any preconceived set of motions, expressions. I can create my own, making them distinctly individual, yet keeping them true to the big, underlying rules of face and body expression.

This study has led me far afield. The little excursions into literature which it demanded has created a curiosity, a taste for more reading, an interest in poets and novelists whom I did not even know existed.

I sometimes smile at the life I lead, the contrast it presents to the life which I used to think belonged to an actress, a life full of beautiful clothes, admirers, midnight suppers, dances. I have some beautiful clothes—they are part of my stock in trade—but so little time to wear them. I work from six to eight hours a day, study two or three, I train like an athlete, am in bed nearly every night by half past nine.

And yet my life looks very full and happy to me. I am to be starred this fall. Before that, I am to be married to David Dunn. I asked him the other evening if he remembered his first comment on the lady who is to be his wife. He did not, and I repeated it. "Look at the way she walks. Nobody home."

He denies the last part, but it was absolutely true. It is in contrast with this vain, ignorant, simpering little goose, the girl I used to be, that I can realize most clearly all my work has brought me. Besides its purely financial returns, it has given me travel and the broadening that comes with travel, a body trained to its most graceful, efficient possibilities, a mind trained to think, create, study. It has given me a set of standards for judging people, won through my experience in working with all kinds, from Steven Willis to David Dunn.

At the studio I have made the acquaintance, through our publicity department, of some of the keenest newspaper and magazine writers. Through David I have met many of the big men of the motion-picture world. What fame my work has brought me, I count lightly. To be honest, I am human enough to get a little fun out of it, but it is trifling compared with the poise, the broadening that knowing all these people has brought me, people whom I

should never have met if I had not been an actress; compared with the pleasure of feeling myself a part of a world which, save for my work, I should not even have known existed.

Then, too, I have found the cleverest, most honest, finest man in the world for a husband. Together, we are looking forward to a home, to all the things for which, the ignorant claim, a stage career unfits one.

It is because my film life has brought me so much that I cannot tell Mrs. Spencer's Mollie and all the other Mollies in the world the things she asked me to. Although I have been more fortunate than many other girls who have made the same attempts, I believe that I see very clearly the difficulties all along the way They are tremendous; the discouragements, disappointments are manifold. They always are in anything which fosters such keen competition. But back of the glitter, causing all the competition, is the fact that all these rewards are there for those who have the talent and are willing to pay the price.

I could write books about the difficulties and hardships, could tell of some disillusionments, shifted ideas. But about the temptations, the "whole tinsel sham of it"—I'd rather leave those for some one else to tell. They may all be there—perhaps I have been merely too busy to find them.

REEL HUMOR

A BUDDING young author, ambitious and bright,
With funny ideas in his bean,
Once asked a director to help him to write
Them into a play for the screen.
But the man of the megaphone waggled his head,
Then to the author he sadly said:

"I'd rather you wouldn't, but now, if you must,
Here's the way to make celluloid smiles.
Begin with a chase amid whirlwinds of dust,
And continue for miles and for miles.
Throw in plenty of whitewash and knocks on the head,
And bulbous-nosed characters tumbling from bed.

"You shouldn't be clever, or witty a jot,
Not even, my friend, if you could.
The knockabout stunt must prevail, with a lot
Of kicks—where they do the most good.
There's nothing I know that will cause greater gloom or
Depression than most two-reel comedy 'humor.'"

RONALD OLIPHANT.

Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

Show Us!

Every now and then comes the announcement of a new star—some fresh young beauty who has never before appeared on the screen, but who, we are assured, will, within a few weeks, make all America sit up and take notice. Two or three such have been heralded of late.

We hope the prediction of their enthusiastic backers will prove true. We fondly and emphatically trow so.

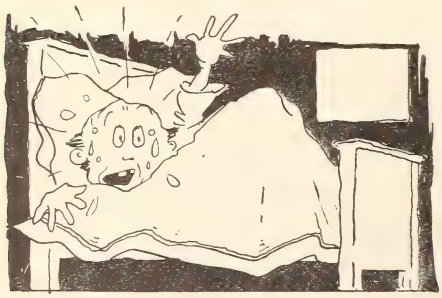
Meanwhile, we will gloomily glump along viewing the screen doings of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark. This pair may not be "sixteen and full of talent," but, gosh, how they have made us s. u. a. t. n.!

It will hurt us deeply to see these two stars eclipsed, but who are we to attempt to avert this catastrophe?

However, we are detaining our tears until the new stars' pictures are shown in St. Louis, and we hear from our Missouri friends.

—o—

Carmel Myers, in Bluebird's "Why Not," portrays a girl who spends her



legacy in making the dreams of her friends come true.

Keep offen us, Carmel. We'd spend our last cent to prevent some of our dreams coming true!

—o—

A film company which possesses a vigorous belief in the yielding habits of that species of fish made famous by P. T. Barnum, is paying Caruso $300,000 to appear in two pictures.

Many persons will not be interested in this.

And we presume that a lot of people who have heard Caruso's warbles from

a revolving black disk will be very eager to see him.

Personally, our idea of the matter is that to watch a tenor voice on the silver screen would be about as satisfying as listening to a sunset.

If the two pictures make a hit, Caruso opines he'll make more.

We'll wait for his fourth one.

—o—

An Economical Location.

Apparently Paramount has solved the high-cost-of-production problem.

Their publicity department asserts: "William S. Hart and company of thirty-five spent three weeks in the Santa Monica Mountains near Los Angeles, making 'Riddle Gawne.'"

That being all that any one *can* spend in the Santa Monica Mountains,—may we assume that for once, here is a production that is not cashfully sumptuous?

—o—

Exploding a Popular Belief.

William Fox, the producer of Theda Bara's "Salome," says Theda's costumes in that picture are worth a king's ransom.

So, after all, a king's ransom amounts to but a few nickels!

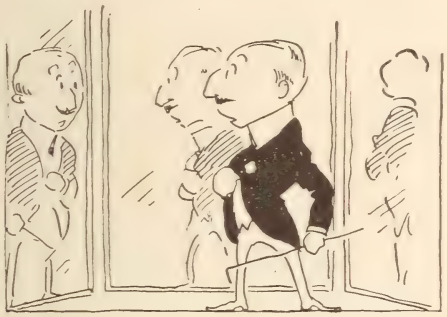
—o—

As soon as Charlie Ray finished "A Nine O'Clock Town" he took a trip to Chicago.

Probably wished to see just how a village like that appeared in reality.

—o—

Margarita Fisher studies her parts, we're informed, in a room walled and roofed with French mirrors.



'Twould be well if some of our poseful leading men adopt this system.

Perchance they'd be liable to see what we are forced to see.

—o—

Incident to her portrayal of an Arabian dancing girl in "L'Occident," Nazimova wears a costume consisting of a string of amber beads.

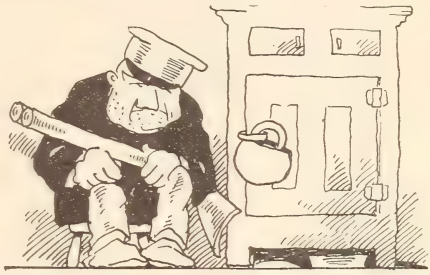
What's that?

No, you can NOT see through amber! For Heaven's sake, what DO you want?

—o—

Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, fearing the fans are being five-reeled to a fearful finish, proposes to release a lot of two-reelers he has been saving.

Having viewed some other Universal two-reelers, we tearfully beg Carl to retain them in his ice box.



There's suffering enough now in the world.

—o—

We applaud Metro's "To —— With the Kaiser," but we cannot help adding:

Who wishes to go to —— with the kaiser?

When he arrives, Hades' fame as a winter resort will be utterly ruined, and we predict that an immediate exodus of the inmates would follow.

Send him somewhere else and make Hades safe for the ordinarily wicked.

—o—

Explaining to Baby Marie:

"Sunny Sammy," the small Afro-American, who plays with Baby Marie Osborne in her pictures, broke out with the measles. Baby Marie wanted to know how they could tell.

Now, if Henry King, her director, had been present he would have explained that, owing to the peculiar pigmentary characteristics of the Senegambian epidermis, the customary vermilion discolorations are white.

In other words, "Sunny Sammy's" map would somewhat resemble the six-spot on an ebony dice.

But Henry wasn't there, so Baby Marie will never know until she reads this.

Mary Miles Minter's play, "The Ghost of Rosy Taylor," is based on a kiss bestowed by mistake.

If we ever bestow a kiss upon Mary it will not be by mistake.

It would be premeditated, planned, and muchly on purpose.

—o—

Madge Kennedy, so we're told, owns a rose jar, and every time she receives a bouquet she drops a rose into the jar.

In the excitement of the moment, our informer failed to mention the size of the jar. However, knowing the popularity of Madge, it surely must be as large as a pickle barrel.

—o—

In Answer to a Query:

No, Beatrice, that was a mistake of the printer's. They are "Capitol,"—NOT "Capital," comedies.

—o—

A BIG JOB!

We had an awful dream the other night.

Fairbanks, George Walsh, William Russell, and Bill Farnum were enjoying a four-cornered fight, and——

We tried to separate 'em!

Gosh!

—o—

Why, You Pronounce It "Thais!"

A whole lot more people would have seen "Thais" if they had known how to pronounce it.

No use seeing a picture if you can't discuss it afterward.

And when you try to tell your friends about it you feel like a boob if you cannot pronounce the title.

You know how it is!

—o—

Ay Tank Dis Bane Bum Yoke!

Beverly Bayne was born in Minneapolis.

A bud from the City of Flours, as it were!

—o—

A Cross to Bear!

Ben Turpin never eats in a picture.

His eyes won't let him.

He'd shovel all the grub into his ear!

—o—

Goldwyn's publicity department orates thusly: "Conflict and circumstances are going to make this a sad world for a time. We must not allow this sadness to creep into our pictures. We must make them happy and cheerful!"

Then they proceed to boost Mae Marsh's "Money Mad," in which "the heroine tracks down the murderer of a man slain in her own home,—how she does it makes a thrilling melodramatic

tale filled with action from beginning to end."

If Goldwyn regards murder a "happy and cheerful" event, may we not assume, that to the Goldwyn mind, the big war must appear as a sort of hilarious riot?

—o—

Harold Lockwood had a birthday party out at his studio recently. The *Motion Picture News* commented upon

it by saying, "he was so surprised that he admitted that for the first time in his life he was completely overwhelmed." From which we gather that Harold didn't expect the party.

—o—

Goldwyn has coined the word *mabelescent,* which is defined as something merry and madwaggish, warm-hearted and tender, in fact, Mabel Normand.

Why not carry the idea further? For instance, Daltonique, i. e., suffering and tearful, décolleté and dance hallish, otherwise Dorothy Dalton.

—o—

A Prophecy You Can Bet On!

If an actress is born in January she will take an interest in dress.

If she is born in February, she will delight in wearing fine gowns.

If she is born in March, she will take an interest in attractive garments.

If she is born in April, she will delight in wearing handsome attire.

If she is born in May, she——

Ah, you can guess the rest!

—o—

Theda Bara prescribes screen comedy as an antidote for the present cares of the public, and announces her intention of turning to that form of acting.

Seems to us that Theda's past and present attempts of diverting the public mind has been quite successful, as one might say.

This department being a feast of reason and a flow of wit, it occurs to us that no feast is complete without a few nuts—toward the end.

Here, therefore, is a handful:

The Geek Nut, that leans forward from his seat behind you and reads aloud into your unwilling ear the subtitles and cast of characters.

The Rum Nut, better known as "The Lop-sided Lush," who occupies the seat

to your left and insists upon using your anatomy for a couch.

The Boob Nut, who sits at your right and all through the first reel enlightens you upon the occurrences in the fifth reel.

The Wahoo Nut, who sits in front of you and brushes back his pompadour just as the big fight scene begins.

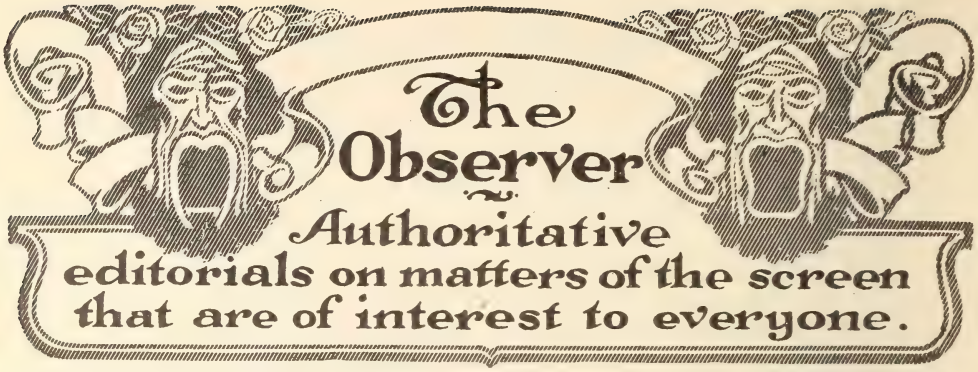
The Woogy Nuts, that sit all over the theater and stamp on the floor when the machine slips a cog and shows us feet where heads should be.

And, say—if you ever get a chance at these nuts—CRACK 'EM!

—o—

DON'T LAUGH!

Our language is a wonder,
It's full of twists and kinks,
So, poets oft may blunder
In writing out their thinks!
I call your close attention
To this; so please forbear
From smiling, when I mention:
"A WELL-DONE PLAY IS RARE!"



A Necessary Industry

THE motion picture has made good. The theaters, the actors, the producers, the distributors, the millions of fans—everybody connected in any way with the industry—form a class as important a factor in the winning of the war as the treasury department itself.

We couldn't win the war without machine guns; we couldn't win it without newspapers, and we couldn't win it without motion pictures.

"I believe in the motion picture just as I believe in the press," writes George Creel, chairman of the committee on public information, "and in my work it plays just as powerful a part in the production and stimulation of an aroused and enlightened war sentiment."

Mr. Creel speaks for his committee, the other members of which are the secretary of state, the secretary of war, and the secretary of the navy—a committee created by the president, and working with his unqualified support.

"The motion-picture industry as a whole," Mr. Creel adds, "has put itself squarely behind the government and at the disposal of the government, and I cannot speak too highly of the importance and effectiveness of its service."

When the motion picture has something to say, it says it in unmistakable language, and the audience has to stay and absorb it.

An editor can write a resounding editorial about the Liberty Loan, but there is no guarantee that each person who buys a paper will read it, even if he sees it.

But when Douglas Fairbanks, on the motion-picture screen, starts an argument for Liberty Bonds, he gets one hundred per cent attention. His message goes home, his arguments, presented vastly better than any printed page can present them, strike the mind and stick there.

Back of the Liberty Loan

IF you stop to think of it, you will realize that the strongest arguments you have received in the Liberty Loan campaigns have been delivered in motion-picture theaters. In trailers, in special pictures, in slides, and in talks by four-minute men the Liberty Bond message is being put over.

In seventeen thousand five hundred theaters from one to five times a day throughout each campaign the selling argument is sent crashing across.

How many persons these arguments reach nobody knows. The people they do not reach are those who never go to motion-picture theaters. If you stop to think how many of your acquaintances are in the latter class you can figure the percentage.

For ourselves, we know only one adult who *never* goes to picture shows. He's a blind man.

The motion picture is the greatest advertising medium on earth, when it wants to be—and it wants to be that for the Liberty Loan.

Suppose you were selling soap or toothbrushes or some such staple which every adult in America ought to buy. Suppose you had the choice of only one medium—the newspapers, the billboards, street-corner speakers, house-to-house salesmen, or a motion-picture campaign such as is given to the Liberty Loan. Which would you choose?

Would you rather have a twenty-four-sheet poster down at the corner, or would you rather have a three-hundred-foot picture and a four-minute man in a theater? Would you choose a page advertisement in a newspaper, or Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin in a personal appearance selling your soap or your toothbrushes?

There's no comparison. Through the motion picture, Secretary McAdoo has a personal talk with millions of persons every day. By using the films he is seventeen thousand different persons at the same time, speaking as directly to these millions as if he had each one of them individually in his office in Washington.

A soap manufacturer, of course, could not buy this service. It's only for America and for Americans. If the president of a corporation wanted it, one day's service would cost the total of the Liberty Loan, for he couldn't get it unless he rented all the theaters and gave the show for nothing. Even then he couldn't get the people to come in.

A Few Figures

IN the Third Liberty Loan the motion-picture industry and allied trades bought approximately $25,000,000 worth of bonds, according to a brief submitted to Washington by the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry. From the public, through the efforts of motion-picture theaters, stars, and four-minute men in motion-picture theaters, $100,000,000 was collected for the loan, according to the same brief.

The motion picture was responsible for the collection of $26,000,000 for the Red Cross. In New York in one week the Allied Theatrical and Motion Picture Team raised $1,150,000.

As this is being written, the motion-picture industry is launching its drive for the Fourth Liberty Loan. Forty stars have made special films, each about three hundred feet long, which argue with great strength for the Fourth Liberty Loan. These are being distributed by all the large companies free. Every theater in America will run several of these pictures as they ran the Douglas Fairbanks "Swat the Kaiser" film in the Third Liberty Loan and "The Spirit of the Red Cross" in the Red Cross campaign.

The motion picture's Fourth Loan campaign is to be bigger than any other. There will be plenty of pictures for every theater, every day during the campaign. And they'll be good pictures, too.

And Think of This

IN comparing mediums of advertising the Fourth Liberty Loan, as you watch the selling of bonds progress, remember this:

The theaters give their screens free for the projection of Liberty Loan films;

They give their stages free for the use of four-minute speakers;

They stop their shows and turn over their theaters free for the selling of Liberty Bonds.

While the newspaper advertising space and the billboard space is paid for; not by the government, 'tis true, but by patriotic citizens.

Millions of dollars have gone to newspapers to pay for Liberty Loan advertising. The motion-picture theaters don't ask to be paid for helping their country.

The Italian War Records

WHEN the war is ended, the country that probably will have the finest record of just how battles were fought will be Italy.

Italy believes that the methods of warfare should be faithfully recorded—how barrages are laid down, how men go over the top, the formation of attacks, every detail of trench warfare, from aëroplanes to dugout.

So Italy has handed to her men gyroscopic motion-picture cameras—the kind that always are steady—and has sent them into battle.

Italy believes a man who gives his life to get accurate motion pictures of an infantry attack has given his life for as great a cause as if he had died fighting.

When a wave goes over the top, among the men are several photographers, armed with guns as well as with cameras. They fight as well as photograph, but for them the taking of moving pictures is more important than the killing of Germans.

Some photographers have been killed. Most of them have come back with the stuff. Which is what Italy wants. These pictures help save lives, for through them the commanders can devise more effective methods of fighting.

Few of these pictures will reach the public in war time. But when the war is over, some may be released. Then will the whole world charge a German trench just as our brave men charged. Then will we really appreciate the tremendous tasks that our armies have accomplished.

The National Amusement

SEVERAL months ago we commented on the fact that baseball no longer was the national amusement—that it had failed to realize that we are at war—and that the motion picture had taken its place.

Baseball is dead now. It has been declared nonessential. And it is a bad loser. In dying, it sneers and yells "Favoritism!" pointing to motion pictures, which live.

Baseball was not needed as an amusement. It is an afternoon sport, drawing the idlers, the men who could get away from work.

Motion pictures furnish amusement and relaxation for the entire family, not just for the men. You don't have to neglect your work to see them.

In helping in the war, baseball has done almost nothing. It raised some forty thousand dollars to furnish baseball equipment for the soldiers. Otherwise it has shown no organized activity.

Many newspapers are now supporting motion pictures more than ever before; recognizing that the public wants motion-picture news.

Much of the space left vacant by the demise of baseball will be given to motion-picture fans. If newspapers only knew it, where one person reads baseball news, twenty-five read about motion pictures.

Bacon or Films

THE British are liberal in their attitude toward American motion pictures. They were the first to realize the necessity of clean amusement during the war, and their exhibitors buy millions of feet of American film.

Some one, however, started an agitation against the importation of American films, arguing that the space taken for films was needed to carry food.

Sounds as if it might be reasonable—doesn't it?—especially when you learn that England imported 12,000,000 feet of American film in the last nine months.

Well, the motion-picture men in England have investigated the situation. They find that in the corresponding nine months in the year before, the importation was 23,000,000 feet. Proving, by the cut of 11,000,000 feet, that certainly not much more film than is necessary is going abroad.

Now, 12,000,000 feet of film weigh less than twenty tons. A year's importation would be only about twenty-three tons!

Twenty-three tons of bacon, English film men say, would give each person in England one-fiftieth of an ounce.

In other words, which would the Englishman rather have—one-fiftieth of an ounce of bacon, or a year of motion pictures?

Times Do Change

IT wasn't many months ago that theaters advertised proudly that the film they were showing was "Not a war picture!" And we went in, for all of us felt that we had had enough of war.

That was before we had sons and husbands and brothers and sweethearts fighting in France!

Now, what a change!

The theaters we go to are the ones that have the most war pictures.

Whether it's an actual battle picture or a drama that doesn't take us to the firing line, it's our dish!

We like these frank melodramas about the war. But we must admit we are going to rise up and yell a protest some day against the very good pictures that are about ordinary people, but which drag in the war by its heels.

Some directors are showing a tendency to run splendidly through a picture until almost the end, when they suddenly discover there is nothing in the picture about the war. Probably nothing about the war belongs there. It would be a first-class picture just as it stands. But the director has a fit and runs around the studio and finds some uniforms, makes soldiers and Red Cross nurses out of his characters, and turns his good love story into a bad war drama.

If this condition continues, theaters will be forced to advertise: "This is a war drama, and it was meant to be all the time."

The Girl Who Can't Make Love

And in this respect Edith Storey resembles another screen favorite.

By Jean Francis

QUICK on the draw and slow at making love—that's Edith Storey. Sort of a feminine Bill Hart—if both stars will pardon the comparison. Not that the similarity—for there is a striking one—is derogatory to either. But screen etiquette forbids making comparisons—and, in a way, the screen is right.

Curious, isn't it, that these players should both be so successful in pictures, despite their inability to make love? For Bill Hart is certainly one of the most popular and beloved figures on the screen. And it is even more curious in the case of Miss Storey, for feminine stars especially, nine times out of ten, depend for their success on their ability to linger artistically in a fade-out embrace, or else on their claim to great beauty. But Edith Storey depends on neither of these gifts for her popularity.

"I'm specializing more or less in pictures with a lot of action, because I think there is an increasing demand for that kind," began Miss Storey, in a secluded corner of the New York City studio in which she was working. She had come East a few weeks before to be near her brother, who is in the coast-patrol service, but she had evidently brought Western atmosphere along with her, for near by was the set of a cozy mountain cabin, and my hostess looked her part in a flannel shirt, soft, fringed skin skirt, rough boots, and the inevitable wild rose tucked over her left ear.

"I love the West," she went on, "and all its traditions of wildness. Some day, just as soon as I've made enough money to settle down and live, I'm going to buy a ranch and stay on it."

"A fruit ranch?" I asked.

"I should say *not!*" emphatically. "A regular stock ranch, with cattle and horses and everything a real ranch should have. I'd like not to have to put on a party dress from one year's end to the other, and have a standing order for an Easter hat of broad-brimmed felt to be delivered each spring. But the ranch of my dreams is still far off, I am afraid."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the interim"—Miss Storey's green eyes slowly traveled back from the Western ranch of which she had been speaking—"I think we are all pretty busy doing what we can to help in the war. My particular pet hobby is supplying fresh vegetables from my garden to the boys in the coast patrol. That's a small way to help, but it appeals to me because my brother is in that branch of the service.

"We call our little place out on Long Island 'the farm,' although the garden is

only a six-by-nine-foot plot. I get on my old things and weed the garden, and after that I take a plunge into the ocean before dinner. Only the water is so much colder than it is out in California. Just about two quick dips, and I am ready to come out. Swimming is splendid exercise," she interpolated, clenching a fist and doubling her wiry arm unconsciously as she did so.

In fact, there was a quiet strength to Miss Storey's whole personality that impressed me, and so I was not surprised when she told me that she was soon to qualify as an expert flyer, and to offer herself for government service, should that branch be opened to women.

When she rose and crossed the room to speak to her director, I noted the Indian straightness with which she held her shoulders, and the Indian grace with which she moved. She is of average size and well built, and wiry rather than muscular. She has large green-gray eyes, a

brunet rather than a fair complexion, and a wealth of curly, bronze-red hair. Offhand one would be puzzled to determine her nationality by a mere casual meeting.

"Frankly, people whom I have met have attributed almost every nationality to me," said Miss Storey, with an amused smile. "They have guessed that I was Indian, Italian, Spanish—even Russian. In the 'Legion of Death,' in which I took the part of a Russian girl, I admit that even I was struck with the Russian possibilities of my countenance. But scarcely any one guesses that I am American, and of English ancestry, which is the real truth. Perhaps it is the fact that I have taken so many different parts that has made me into a sort of screen cosmopolite. I was on the stage at ten, and since going into pictures I have played many different rôles, but I think I have found the ideal one for me at last in these pictures of the West and Northwest life."

Preserving Europe's Monuments from Air Raids

By J. B. Waye

IF a party of tourists—Cook or un-Cooked—were to visit Europe today they would meet with a severe disappointment. For buried under row upon row of sandbags as protection against the bombing raids and the long-range guns of the enemy are the buildings, monuments, gateways, and shrines of historic interest that sightseers have, for so many years, eagerly visited.

Some day these protections will be removed, and Europe will once more be the happy hunting ground of the American tourist. The entrance to San Marco in Venice, pic-

tured in the upper left-hand corner, will be revisited as of yore. The guides will again point out the palace at one end of the Bridge of Sighs and the prison at the other. The Grand Canal will once more throng with gondolas.

But before the Great War the ubiquitous movie men with their cameras visited the City of the Islands, making records of the places and objects of interest. The accompanying illustrations are reproduced from the Dwight L. Elmendorf Pictures, now being released by the Educational Film Corporation, and what has been done to preserve these monuments has been done all over Europe. So that even if the guns should do their worst, and these objects of art be wiped out, the world would still have a complete record of the builders of old to hand down to posterity—immutably written in celluloid.

The Stuff that Dreams Are Made of

By Nathan Barlow

THE oddest performance I ever saw at the movies happened not very long ago at a neighborhood picture house. It seems that the small son of the manager had slipped into the operator's room unnoticed, and, having seen the operator at work scores of times, started to entertain the audience on his own account.

It lacked ten minutes of seven and the house was nearly full. The operator hadn't yet come, so, of course, Johnnie had free rein. Switching on the big arc lamp behind the camera, he grabbed the handle of the machine and started to crank as hard and as fast as his short arms could move.

Now it happened that the film in the machine, just received that day for its first run, through some error on the part of the distributors, had been sent out reversed on the spool, so that it started unwinding wrong end first. The result, needless to say, was a weird and spectacular performance!

It opened with a pair of lovers in a beautiful embrace, from which they separated and backed out of the picture coyly. Swiftly following this came a mountain-trail scene, a long, winding road, at the farther end of which appeared a cloud of dust. This, approaching rapidly, materialized into a man on horseback. As he dashed into the picture, I gasped in astonishment, for the horse, threshing his tail furiously, was galloping *backward* at breakneck speed!

Then came a fight between two men, with a frightened girl watching from a little distance. To describe this is to describe a weird blur. Every impact between the two men was exactly reversed. The villain ran into the picture backward and lay down hastily. In a moment he jerked himself to a sitting position and then rose, without movement of arms or legs, to an upright position, only to be drawn like a flash into a violent collision with the heavy fist of the hero.

It was the strangest "fight" I ever witnessed, with the two men continually leaping away from each other backward. The hero then recovered his coat, which spontaneously rose from the ground to his back. After this he backed out of the scene while the girl and the villain, the one protesting and the other arguing, sauntered backward until they disappeared from sight.

The audience by this time, of course, was in a state of delirium. The instant the spectacle began it brought a laugh, and moment by moment the laugh grew into an uproar of amusement and delight, while horses galloped backward, skirmishes between cowboys and Indians unraveled with amazing and absurd results, love scenes began with a kiss and ended with a haughty stare.

The manager, coming in during the festival of mirth, promptly rushed up to the operator's room and seized Johnnie. But the sudden stopping of the picture only brought increased demonstrations from the crowd, who demanded that the extravaganza be continued, and there was nothing the management could do but comply.

The Girl He Left Behind Him

Other soldiers *may* have said good-by to littler girls, they *may* have left sweeter and smarter girls at home, but no soldier has probably left a better combination of all three than "Mac" did when he said farewell to Baby Marie Osborne.

By Justin Harris

FOR weeks Baby Marie had been in the greatest state of excitement—and so, consequently, had the whole studio. For "Mac" was going to war. Mac was Harry F. MacPherson, the assistant director, whose business in life seemed to be assisting little Baby Marie out of more mischievous scrapes than most children get into in an entire lifetime. So it was no wonder that the baby mouth drooped ominously, and the weather forecast was uncertain whenever his departure was mentioned.

Finally the day of leave-taking came, and Baby Marie, with half the treasures of her playroom to give to Mac as last parting mementos, drove down to the station. Good-by scenes have become quite the ordinary thing in these days of war, but there was a pathos about the little girl standing on a truck, with her arms around the neck of the young man in the khaki uniform that made passers-by turn to look again.

"You see," she explained, when we had turned homeward, and Baby Marie "had used up her last teary hanky," as she expressed it, "Mac's going over there to get the kaiser for me."

"Well, don't you suppose that there are lots of little girls who are

sending soldiers over on the same errand?" I asked. If looks could kill, I should not be alive to tell the story. Baby Marie drew her little shoulders up stiffly, and her eyes flashed.

"O' course!" she replied disgustedly. "But they aren't sending Mac over—are they?" Mac evidently being the last word in messengers to Garcia. I said something about her offering all her toys to her departed soldier.

"Those don't begin to be all my toys!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Come upstairs to my playroom and I'll show you my dollies. Only, we must go on tippytoes, because Gloria Eleanor is sleeping."

"Goodness, you haven't a new baby in the house, have you?" I asked, in surprise.

"No! Not a *new* baby. Gloria is quite an old one now—sixteen months old."

There was a tiny bed in the pink-and-white playroom where she entertained me, and I, manlike, blundered and stumbled along, asking questions.

"Is that bed for your dollies?" I inquired.

Peals of childish laughter greeted this, and I looked on, embarrassed, until the mirth had subsided.

"My doll's bed!" More laughter. "No, that bed is *my* bed. Do you think we have beds like that for dolly?"

Turning, she ran to the other side of the room and brought forth from amid its draperies a doll bed.

"This is my doll's bed—does it look anything like that one?"

I confessed it was different; but deep in my mind there was very little difference. She seemed perfectly satisfied with my apologies, and then, to make sure that the hatchet was buried, I dug into my pockets and brought forth a box of chocolates with which I fortified myself for what I had thought was to be an ordeal.

The little girl thanked me with the graciousness of a young princess who is in the habit of receiving a pearl necklace or two every day, and proceeded to feed the candy to her dolls. She seated them at a miniature table and placed a piece before each

of the three dolls in sight. Then from everywhere, hidden away in trunks and boxes and drawers, came forth dolls and more dolls. There were American dolls, of course, with flaxen curls and blue eyes, French dolls, and English dolls. There was a Japanese doll, a little clay Indian idol, and a harem beauty from Turkey, dressed in the many-hued veils of that country, all in miniature, and dolls from many other lands. So many, in fact, that the last of the family to arrive at the feast had to watch the others consuming it, because the candy ran out before they had all been treated. Baby Marie's mother takes a lot of pride in this collection of dolls, which is really quite unusual, and represents many lands and nationalities.

Very evidently Baby Marie felt that I must be entertained, and suggested that I might like to see her new automobile. Having visions of a car of beauty, boasting a horse power away up in the nineties, I declined the invitation. But she was already on her way to get it. And what do you suppose she showed me? A toy automobile—one of those contraptions that run when you pedal it. To Marie, whom I afterward learned owned two large cars—a coupé and a roadster for three—this toy was worth all the others. She ran it around, backed it up, and performed all sorts of stunts with it to prove what a thoroughgoing wonder of a car it really was.

My enthusiasm over her little red car invoked an invitation to go and pay a call on Dobbins, who proved to be a shaggy Shetland pony. And of course I had to see the little basket carriage in which Baby Marie goes driving and takes the baby sister, "When she is very, very good," Marie added gravely in telling me about it, as if she was repeating something some one had said to her.

Then her face broke into dimples, followed in quick succession by a winning smile. There were other pets, too—dogs, ducks, puppies, and kittens and other things that move to delight a red-blooded baby. For that is just what the little girl is—a natural, happy child, with none of the affectations that I had always supposed inevitable to a child of the screen, and none of the boredom. Now and again she would burst out into enthusiasm over some little thing that I had not even noticed, and as she led me around showing me this and that possession, she

chattered about the things that made up her little universe.

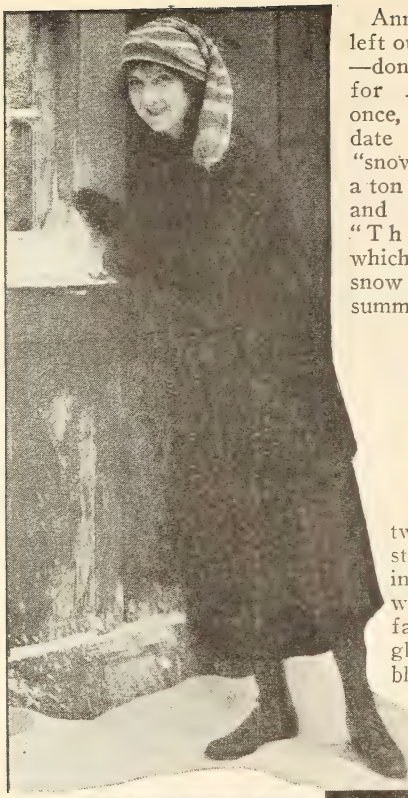
She told me all about her lessons, and how the governess gave them to her out on the porch or in the garden, and how sometimes, when they were doing a picture that took a long time, the governess went with her to the studio and taught her there between scenes. Baby Marie did confess, though, that she would much rather "act and play" than study. She never once in the conversation referred to her picture work as "work"—she always called it "acting" or "playing."

That is because her mother has a theory that for every one in the world there is some work that can be made so congenial that it is really a diversion—just play—and that is the way she is bringing up her little daughters to feel. Yes, the baby, too. For Gloria is very soon to have her first experience before the camera.

There is no professional jealousy in the Osborne home—not a bit of it. But when I asked what the baby would do in pictures, Marie, who up to this time didn't have much to say about her own acting, started in and told me from start to finish about "Winning Grandma," her latest picture, and how "Smiling Sammy," the small colored boy in the picture, fell downstairs by accident. Of course it is too early to predict, but I wonder whether Baby Marie, with a true professional sense, is not looking to her laurels. For in such a talented family—there's no telling.

Snapped Without Warning

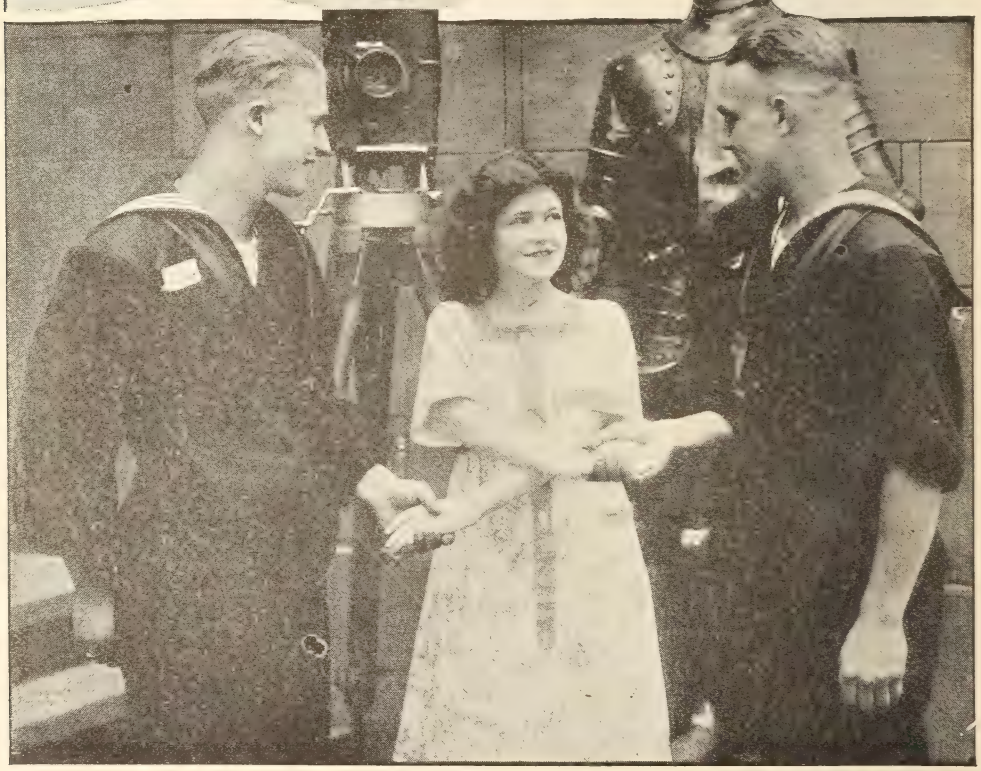
"Yoo-hoo! Picture fans! Here I am again!" shouts vivacious little Mabel Normand from her stump in the mountains of West Virginia. "It's 'Back to the Woods' for fair this time," she chuckles. "Don't look at me as if I were a bump on a log, even if I do have to sit up here like one until they finish the scene."

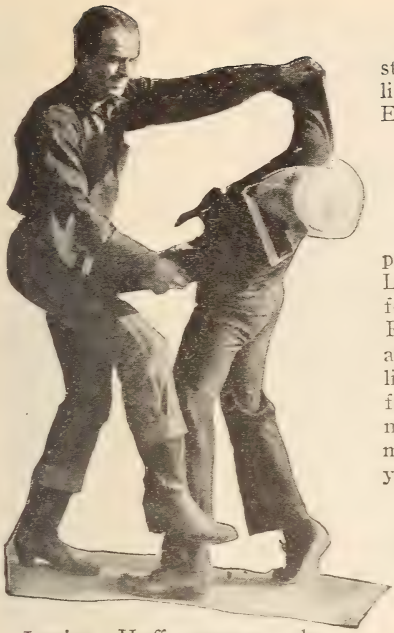


Ann Little gets left out in the cold—don't all rush for Alaska at once, boys. The date is July—the "snow" only half—a ton or so of salt, and the picture, "The Source," which called for snow sets in midsummer.

No, this is no Jumping Jupiter—only Frank Glendon and Hedda Nova "at play" in the Vitagraph Studio.

Marguerite kills two birds with one stone—or, speaking more literally, wins two new fans with a single glance and a double handshake.





Douglas takes steps to learn a little jujutsu from Eddie O'Hara.

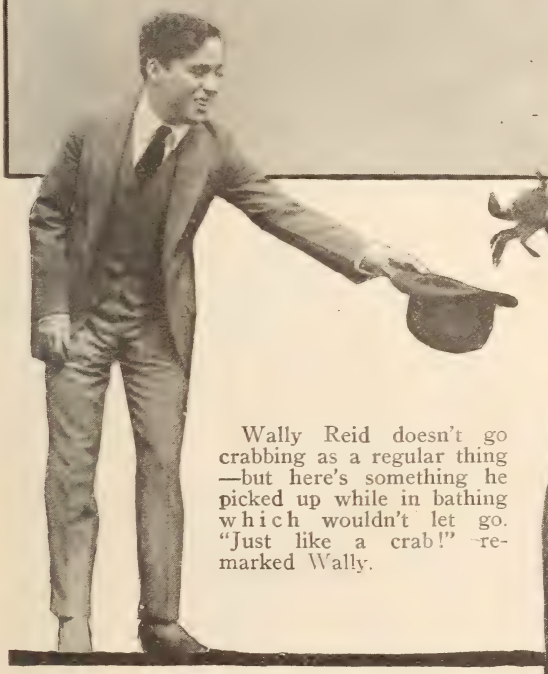
In the swim in picture circles in Los Angeles, California, is pretty Roxana McGowan. She leads the life of a starfish for the Mack Sennett Comedies almost the whole year 'round.

Louise Huff surveys the sock she has finished with a critical air, but each soldier boy visiting the studio wonders if he will be the lucky recipient. The other young lady, traveling in disguise for the nonce, is Dorothy Green.

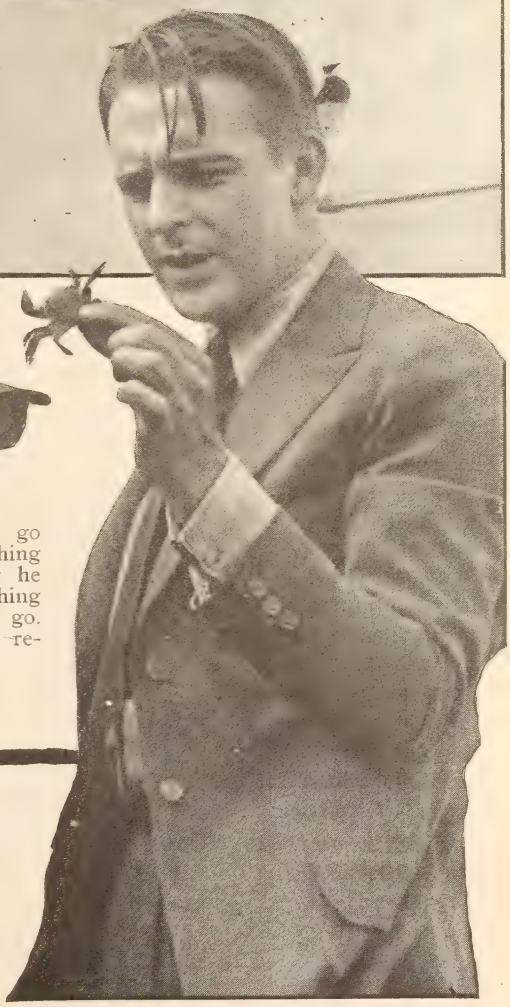
Madge Kennedy rises to the occasion in "Friend Husband," as she always does in her clever plays.

Enid Bennett warns her pet turtle not to nibble-O. But if you were the pet turtle, and Enid pointed that pretty finger at you—what would you do? Oh, Man!

This is not a flight of fancy—but a snapshot made as C. B. De Mille was about to leave earth in his new biplane. Mr. De Mille says that he never asks an actor to do anything that he can't do himself, and that he thinks it time he added flying to his own list of accomplishments.



Wally Reid doesn't go crabbing as a regular thing—but here's something he picked up while in bathing which wouldn't let go. "Just like a crab!" remarked Wally.



Charlie Chaplin has started the collection out of his own pocket, and is now passing his immortal derby for Liberty Loan subscriptions. No, he doesn't expect the crab to fall for it—and as a matter of fact these two pictures were taken a thousand or so miles apart.

Meet Two Heroes

of the Marne—General Pershing on the left and General Haig on the right. These two soldiers have taken part in the war from its beginning four years ago, and have received so many wounds that they have been invalided and retired from the service.

Both dogs wear medals for their deeds of bravery, and have been sent to this country to stimulate subscriptions to the numerous societies which train the dog soldiers and care for them when they are wounded on the battlefield. General Pershing has an especially enviable record. He has saved the lives of many wounded soldiers, some of them Americans, by dragging them from No Man's Land to places of safety.

The dogs are guests of Miss Louise Glaum, who is an enthusiastic speaker for their cause.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By William Lord Wright

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts and we do not make reports as to the standing or reliability of individual companies. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Watching the Market

Mrs. Sylvanus Tubbs, of Pleasant Grove, writes in and gently chides the scenario market for being changeable. You understand, of course, that Mrs. S. Tubbs is the personification of perhaps half a hundred real and near writers who do not understand the art of marketing stories. There is more to marketing, you know, than going to market with the well-known and capacious basket over the left arm. Marketing is an art—whether you buy or sell foodstuffs, or photo-play plots. Mrs. Tubbs rarely looked through the pages of a movie trade journal or PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and consequently she misguidedly believes the producers are buying the same class of material for the same class of stars they did six months ago. Mrs. Tubbs does not appreciate that market conditions very frequently change overnight, and that what one producer was crying for yesterday is turned down with a sardonic "Ha! ha!" to-day. The photo-play market is as variable as a weather vane. Stars come and go; the public shows an inclination for some particular type of comedy or drama; the exchanges are flooded with society drama, and the manufacturer stops producing society drama almost without notice. The only way to keep up with market conditions is to study the movie trade journals carefully—particularly those printing the stories of the plays released by the various companies; to attend the movie theaters regularly in order to note just what kind of plays are being used for certain stars, and what such and such a producer seems inclined to fancy. You will find, perhaps to your dismay, that the producer seems to be specializing in adapting magazine stories and novels. There is a reason for the amplification of magazine stories. The producer wishes a play in a hurry suitable for some particular star. There is nothing just right on his shelves. Then, perhaps, the star, or the director, or somebody has "read a yarn" that would be just the thing for Hector McGish or Henrietta Moon, as the case may be. There is a scramble to read the story. It is purchased and scenarioized. Or the scenario editor may turn to one of the various agencies and request a story for some star. Half a dozen are submitted from which a selection is made. The hardest kind of material to secure is stuff fitted for juvenile stars such as are exploited by the Fox and Pathé Companies. The plots must carry a story in which a child takes the leading rôle, yet the plot must be interesting and full of action. There are but five or six writers in this country that are successful in writing "child stuff," so called.

It is a pity that writers do not study the market more carefully. There isn't a scenario editor in the business whose desk is not flooded with more or less passable material, which cannot be considered at all, because, while it might fill the needs of some other concern, it is unavailable for the company to which it was sent. Material that might interest Mary Pickford should not be sent for consideration for Baby Marie Osborne, and plots that might please Douglas Fairbanks would not do at all for Montagu Love. And yet each gets the other fellow's stuff simply for the reason that the writers are not conversant with marketing conditions—do not study the market. It is an art to write a pleasing plot for the screen. We sometimes think it is almost as great an art to know how to market a plot after it has been written!

What Are Stories Worth?

Recent announcement by a film manufacturer that he was ready to pay as high as twenty-five thousand dollars for a motion-picture story worth that much, raises the interesting speculation as to how much stories are really worth, writes Epes W. Sargent in the *Moving Picture World*. It is safe to say there will be few, if any, stories valued at that top price, though another "Birth of a Nation" would be cheap at that figure. Yet the story was not in itself the secret of the success of that production. It was not until it had been wonderfully done for the screen that its value as a screen play became apparent. As a play, or as a novel, it probably would not have carried similar appeal. It is to be presumed that if twenty-five thousand dollars is ever paid for a single story for the screen, it will be for a widely advertised play or book right, and four-fifths of the value will be in advertising rather than in the story. Twenty-five thousand dollars would represent a fair return for the average best seller, and not many best sellers are worth that sum as film material, for few will transfer to the screen the elements which made the printed story so successful. Indeed, many stories which have given pleasure on the screen have been but indifferent fiction material, for the very reason that they were better suited to photo-play presentation. It is only logical to assume that the best photo-play story is the one written with the film medium in mind, rather than one first written as fiction, because fiction commands better prices, and then made over into a film play. But few direct-for-the-screen plays would be worth the top price, and few authors capable of writing material worth these prices will care to bother with the uncertainties of film production. For the author knows that a poorly produced story will detract from his reputation, and he has found that his stories do not translate well to the screen, largely, perhaps, because he has not made a sufficient study of the new medium. A photo play is not a matter of story alone, though the story is the foundation of success. It is a good story, plus sympathetic production, plus intelligent acting and adequate mounting. The director, the player, the scene painter, and the property man are alike factors in the success or failure of a story, along with the author, and authors capable of writing direct film plays worth twenty-five thousand dollars will not bother to study the new medium until they are more positively assured of intelligent coöperation all along the line. They cannot afford to place their reputations as writers into the hands of so many others whose interest and ability are untried factors. It will be a long time before the twenty-five-thousand-dollar film play will be reached. But meantime, just what should be the top price for an original play? We may add that literary

reputation counts for as much in filmland as elsewhere. Rudyard Kipling was paid an immense sum for the movie rights to "The Naulahka;" Joseph Louis Vance cashed in with his story of "The False Faces," while it is doubtful if the men and women who picturized these stories received more than one thousand dollars for their task, which necessitated both knowledge and artistic labor. One often overlooked item, in my estimation, contributed largely to the success of that phenomenal picture, "The Birth of a Nation." This was not the story, nor the direction—*but the publicity.* "The Birth of a Nation" carries a suggestion of the race question. In many communities, notably in Ohio and Illinois, objections were made by the negro element, and these were freely voiced in the public press. All this wonderful publicity redounded to the benefit of the picture by keeping it in the public eye. In Ohio a Republican governor barred the film. Later, another administration came into power, and the picture was released in the Buckeye State with much financial success to all concerned. And then the South went strong for the production. So you see it is not always the story, or the direction, or the money spent in production—there may be some other important element that may make a picture a financial success.

A Plea for Clean Pictures

We publish the text of a letter written to us by Charles Beahan, from a small town in Pennsylvania. We consider it interesting, for it shows the attitude of the public regarding clean motion-picture plays. This little city is typical of thousands that dot the landscape of Uncle Sam's domain. We have repeatedly urged the manufacturers to accept nothing but clean stories, and have urged authors to write nothing but clean, wholesome plays. A story does not have to be unclean to carry thrills. It is true that risqué stuff will win commercially in some instances. But, in the end, it is likely to make trouble for the producer. Had pictures been consistently clean, the many and various boards of censors in cities and States would never have been formed. But to the letter: "I would like to tell you," writes Mr. Beahan, "of the moving-picture situation in our town. Most of the people are prejudiced against pictures. They believe many pictures corrupt good morals, et cetera, and a few persons like myself in our town dare not say anything. All these troubles are the same in hundreds of other small towns. Hark back to the producer who makes pictures of a low sort, and if something were done to prevent the production of his wares, the motion-picture industry would stand much stronger with all classes. Let the producers stand for good, clean pictures—epoch-making pictures—and do something to remedy this deplorable situation."

"The Play's the Thing"

Mr. Paul Brunet, vice president and general manager of the Pathé Exchange, in a recent interview revealed the ideas of Mr. Pathé regarding the motion-picture scenario. Mr. Brunet said in part: "The remarkable business system of the French Pathé Company is evidence that it is an opportunity and a privilege for us to follow the policies outlined by Mr. Pathé, properly adjusted to American conditions. His experience in the motion-picture business has been great, as every one knows. It is his opinion that, contrary to what is true in

most industries, the motion picture does not lend itself to a combination of the elements that compose it. The manufacture and distribution of pictures can be compared to the manufacture and distribution of other commodities. But the production end is entirely different. By 'production' I mean the work of the scenario writer and the director who, at least, must retain to some extent their own individualities. Only with difficulty is art commercialized. Fancy and originality are the foundations of the motion-picture industry, and those who would think the contrary are wrong, especially if they also believe that it will suffice for them simply to obtain contracts with celebrated artists in order to attain success and prosperity in their business. Whatever his or her fame, no star is worth a great sum if the scenario is only mediocre. Therefore the scenario, *which is the main thing,* is the brain substance of individuals, who, only with difficulty, can be procured and associated, and whose output cannot be forced and increased at will, even with much money. Each scenario writer associated with his producer, and perhaps with the star, will always find a distributing concern to release interesting and meritorious productions. The play's the thing, as much so to-day as when Shakespeare wrote that famous line. One may have an all-star cast, beautiful sets, the best of directors, and wonderful publicity, but if the story—the plot—is weak and uninteresting, the entire superstructure will totter and fall."

The Kind of Plays

"What kind of plays are in the greatest demand?" asks a reader. If I knew this secret, believe me, I wouldn't divulge it, but would commercialize it! The amusement business is a game of hazard. No one knows what kind of plays audiences demand. One can only guess. The success of "My Four Years in Germany" was a complete surprise. This production, just after being made, could have been purchased reasonably. After its showing in a Broadway theater, and its instantaneous hit with the public, the film-rights prices went soaring. It is said that one of the producers sold his interest for a fortune. You never can tell. "The Birth of a Nation," "The Spoilers," and "Tarzan of the Apes" are other film plays that made fortunes which were not foreseen. It is the uncertainty of the game that fascinates. Only one film in a thousand "cleans up," but it is good profit when it does come. Nine times out of ten when a film does achieve success it is as surprising to the producer as to others.. One never knows just what will capture the public's fancy.

Three Questions

Here are three questions propounded by many of our correspondents: Are there any positions in the moving-picture studio available to women of education, tact, taste, and general artistic and literary ability besides acting, stenography, and bookkeeping? Yes; we know one woman who arose by her own efforts to charge of the film-editing department of a large film company; we know of several who have succeeded as film title writers; several others we know of are acting as private secretaries of department managers. A woman with the qualifications mentioned above, and who applies them, should not long remain a stenographer. What are the requirements of a feature play? A feature play is just

what the name implies. It is five or more reels in length, and usually presents an important story exploiting a popular star. By what methods are reels measured in writing scenarios? This is a hard question to answer. The number of scenes in a reel of film depends on the length of the scenes. "Pop" Hoadley, when editor of the Universal scenario department, used to answer this question by asking another one: "How many potatoes are there in a bushel? Depends on the size of the potatoes!" After a picture is made, it nearly always runs over the required footage, and has to be trimmed down in the film-editing department. Because of war tax, et cetera, a five-reel feature often runs about four thousand eight hundred feet in length. But the number of scenes in a film need not bother the writer. That is a matter only for the continuity writer and the director.

Writing Subtitles

Call the lines in the film play "subtitles," "captions," "leaders"—whatsoever you will—the fact remains that few can write 'em acceptably. In this day and age when careful attention is being paid to sets, story, acting, direction, et cetera, the subtitles continue to suffer—grammatically and otherwise. It appears to the initiated that after due care has been taken with the production in every other way, editing included, that some one just sits down and slaps off the subtitles without rhyme or reason. A title is needed there to "cover a jump," and one is needed here to "make the situation clear," and they are dashed off and inserted, and deuce take the final summing-up! Most of the titles written in film plays of to-day are too flowery or else too long. Another weakness of the subtitle writer is his desire to show what an extensive vocabulary he possesses. He'll use long adjectives that are understandable to perhaps one-fifth of the movie audience. He forgets that at least half of every motion-picture audience is composed of those who are not highly educated, who seek the movies because the entertainment is within their limited means. There is certainly room in the profession for the writer of subtitles. There are but two or three who know their business. The art of brevity is greatly to be desired, for the snappier and the shorter the subtitle, the greater its strength. More experienced writers of editorial paragraphs should enter the field of writing subtitles for movie plays.

A Few "Dont's"

Don't write "costume stuff" so called. There is a prejudice against this material on the part of the producers—and the directors do not like to produce costume plays because of the very careful attention essential to correct historical detail. There is an accepted myth in movieland to the effect that "costume plays are not desired by the public." This in the face of the enormous successes financially and artistically achieved by George Kleine's pictures, "Quo Vadis," "Cabiria," and others. The producing concerns are supersensitive on the matter of costume plays, even shying from the least suggestion of plays of this sort. We predict, one of these days some one will come to bat with a corking good costume play and cash in. Historical novels are always popular. Witness the very large sales of Stanley Weyman's novels of old France, the novel "To Have and to Hold," and all the others. But don't write plots of the days of

Louis XVI. at present. Hold off until some producer "discovers" costume dramas, and all the rest make a concerted rush to go and do likewise.

Don't submit your plots and plays written in longhand. Sad as it is to tell it, scripts written in longhand are rarely read. They "look bad," are difficult to decipher, and take long to peruse.

Do not trouble yourself about "State-rights" pictures. Your story only has one chance in a thousand, and the State-rights play is practically always turned out on order. The idea is discussed, and some one summoned to develop it. A State-rights production is sold on the territorial-rights system, and is not so lucrative a game to-day as it was two and three years ago.

Where to Reach Them

A number of our readers wish to get in touch with the various boards of censors, and here is where you can reach the most important of these bodies: Ohio State Board of Motion Picture Censors, Columbus, Ohio. National Board of Movie Censors, New York, N. Y. State Board of Movie Censors, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Board of Movie Censors Department, Chicago, Illinois. Many of these boards have booklets which will inform the writer what details are objectionable in the films, and it is well to have this material.

Exalted Ideas

A few authors still have exalted ideas of what their stuff is worth. One well-known writer of popular novels was approached recently by a scenario editor and asked what he wanted for the movie rights to a novel. Now, this novel carried a plot that was suitable to only one certain star. The plot of the novel was all that was desired, and more money would necessarily be paid to a continuity writer to introduce new business around the idea. In order words, the novelist furnished the idea, his name, and the characters of the story. He first said he didn't care to sell the story. Then he said he might sell the story. Then he said he would set no price, but would consider an offer. He was offered three thousand dollars spot cash for an *idea* and a book title for the screen. He refused it and demanded ten thousand dollars! This author will not sell that particular book, and he missed one chance in a thousand to make three thousand dollars, and cash in on thousands of dollars' worth of screen and poster advertising. But he imagined that everything the movies wanted was unusually valuable, that the producers stood to make a fortune, and he acted foolishly. When will some authors learn good business sense?

Wants No Stories

Announcement is made by the Al Jennings Production Company that Mr. Jennings will not consider the purchase of any story material. The Culver City offices of the company have been deluged with manuscripts. Mr. Jennings wishes it understood that all the Jennings features will be based upon the many dramatically interesting events in his own life as an outlaw, and that no material whatever will be purchased from outside sources.

Concerning Continuity

And other forms of writing for the screen. Taken from a lecture delivered at Columbia University

By John Emerson

I WAS asked a few weeks ago by a dramatic magazine to write a reply to an author who had complained bitterly at the lack of cooperation between producing companies and authors.

There is no better-known director than John Emerson. At present he is producing for Paramount comedies in which Shirley Mason is being starred.

Though I felt justified in defending the producers, I had to admit that, theoretically at least, the man was right. No one should be allowed to mutilate another person's work—*provided* that the work has been done correctly, by a person who knows how.

When an author submits a play to a theatrical producer, he has prepared it just as he intends it to be presented to the audience. And if his work has the slightest chance of being accepted, the author must have studied the art of the playwright very thoroughly, for there is nothing that requires more technical knowledge than the writing of a play.

Now there is as distinct a technique in writing continuity for a picture as there is in constructing a play. But there are not enough writers who understand this technique to originate anywhere near the number of picture plays which the producers are constantly demanding for the present enormous output of films. For the writing of a continuity is a matter of science—of experience—of training—which can be acquired only through a knowledge of studio conditions.

But since a continuity can be written from any piece of literature which can be adapted for the screen—a play, a novel, a short story, or even a brief synopsis—the producers are constantly searching everything that has been, or is being written, to get the stories they need. And a large number of the stories they purchase are bought from writers who, though they have no tech-

nical knowledge of the screen, have a sense of form, a sense of story-telling, and a dramatic sense. For a person with these gifts, the writing of a synopsis is not at all difficult. And when one of his stories is purchased, the scenario editor has only to turn it over to a trained continuity writer to have it put into form for the director. I am sure the producers would be quite willing and glad to have the original authors write the continuity, if the authors only knew how to do so. But they don't. I have hardly ever seen a continuity from an outside author that could be used. And so, out of this condition has grown up this coöperation—or lack of co-operation, as the disgruntled author called it.

In a way it is, I admit, unfortunate. For, of necessity, the author's original idea is almost sure to be at least somewhat altered, if not unrecognizable, by the time the picture is ready to be shown. Not only will the story be changed by the continuity writer, but it may be utterly ruined by a bad director. If you are rehearsing a stage play you can see what is being done to it, but not so with a picture. There is no check on the director. He has the whole thing in his hands. He alone knows what progress is being made. Incidentally, I know of no profession in which the demand so exceeds the supply as that of motion-picture directing. I know of no work which commands a remuneration so far in excess of what it should be. I do not think that any of us are worth anywhere near what we are getting. But while directors are greatly in demand, good stories are, also. And the pay for screen stories is as excessive, in comparison to prices which publishers can offer, as is the pay of directors. And so that gets us back to our subject of the creative author.

Now, since the outside author's work will be gone over, if accepted, by a trained script writer, it must be evident to you that there need be no set form, either as to style or length, for the original version. Generally speaking, I believe it is better to submit a short synopsis at first. If the scenario editor sees possibilities in the short version he will send it back to be expanded. I have in mind a recent case in which a man sent in a story written on three pages of paper. It was returned to him to be expanded, and for his second version he was paid five hundred dollars.

But companies differ. Some like to work in that way, and others prefer to receive a long, fully developed synopsis at first.

I think for any one who is going in for this work seriously, the best way is to write to the scenario editors of the companies you are aiming at, asking what form they prefer. You can then work more intelligently.

Writing a synopsis, as I have said, is not a difficult matter for a person with any creative talent for story-telling. Compared with play writing it is a simple matter. Even the writing of a continuity is not one-tenth the work of writing a play. A play for the stage is confined to a few limited settings—four or five at the most—and the action must be so skillfully arranged that the characters will meet at the same time in these settings and work out the story. With a picture you can have as many locations as you wish. Again, in a stage play, many of the events which are supposed to have transpired before the play begins, or between the acts, have to be related by some character. And to make that appear interesting and natural is no easy matter. You do not have that limitation on the screen, nor the problem of keeping your cast down to a minimum.

Now, by way of general advice, I would suggest that you forget about the camera when you write your story.

Remember that the more the audience can forget the camera, and the more they are carried away by the naturalness of the illusion—the more pleased they will be. It doesn't interest an audience to see double exposure, or any other camera trick. What they want is a human story.

In writing a story, it is well to establish, as early as possible, two contemporary lines of action, so that, at any time, the director can cut from one to the other, to give variety.

Retrospects are, generally speaking, objectionable. Sometimes they are necessary, but, unless very essential, should be avoided, because they make the audience conscious that they are seeing a motion picture. Like the asides and soliloquies in the speaking play, retrospects are out of date.

Always look for situations that will have humor, particularly at the close of the story. If you can have a humorous ending that will send your audience away smiling, it will do much toward having them carry home a favorable impression.

And remember that although there is a tendency on the part of most producers to demand stories along the line of melodrama—thus limiting the scope of the writer—that limitation is not so much in force as is generally believed. There are some persons in the studios, at least, who are looking for a different kind of material.

While I was directing Douglas Fairbanks' pictures I was once in search of a new story, and I was having a hard time finding it. I went through about everything on hand, and finally I came across a story that pleased me.

"Why didn't you show me this?" I asked the scenario editor.

"Oh, that stuff won't get across," he said. "It reads fine, but there isn't enough action. It's too quiet. It's satire, and you can't build satire on the screen."

"Have you ever tried it?" I asked.

"Yes, and it's never succeeded."

"Well, I'm going to talk to Mr. Fairbanks about this story," I said. So, with his consent, I took the manuscript. I had never met the author, whose name, by the way, happened to be Miss Anita Loos. But I believed in that story, and so did Fairbanks. We gritted our teeth, went to work, and, in the face of all the opposition, we put it over.

The title of it was, "His Picture in the Papers," and it was the picture which gave Fairbanks his big boost.

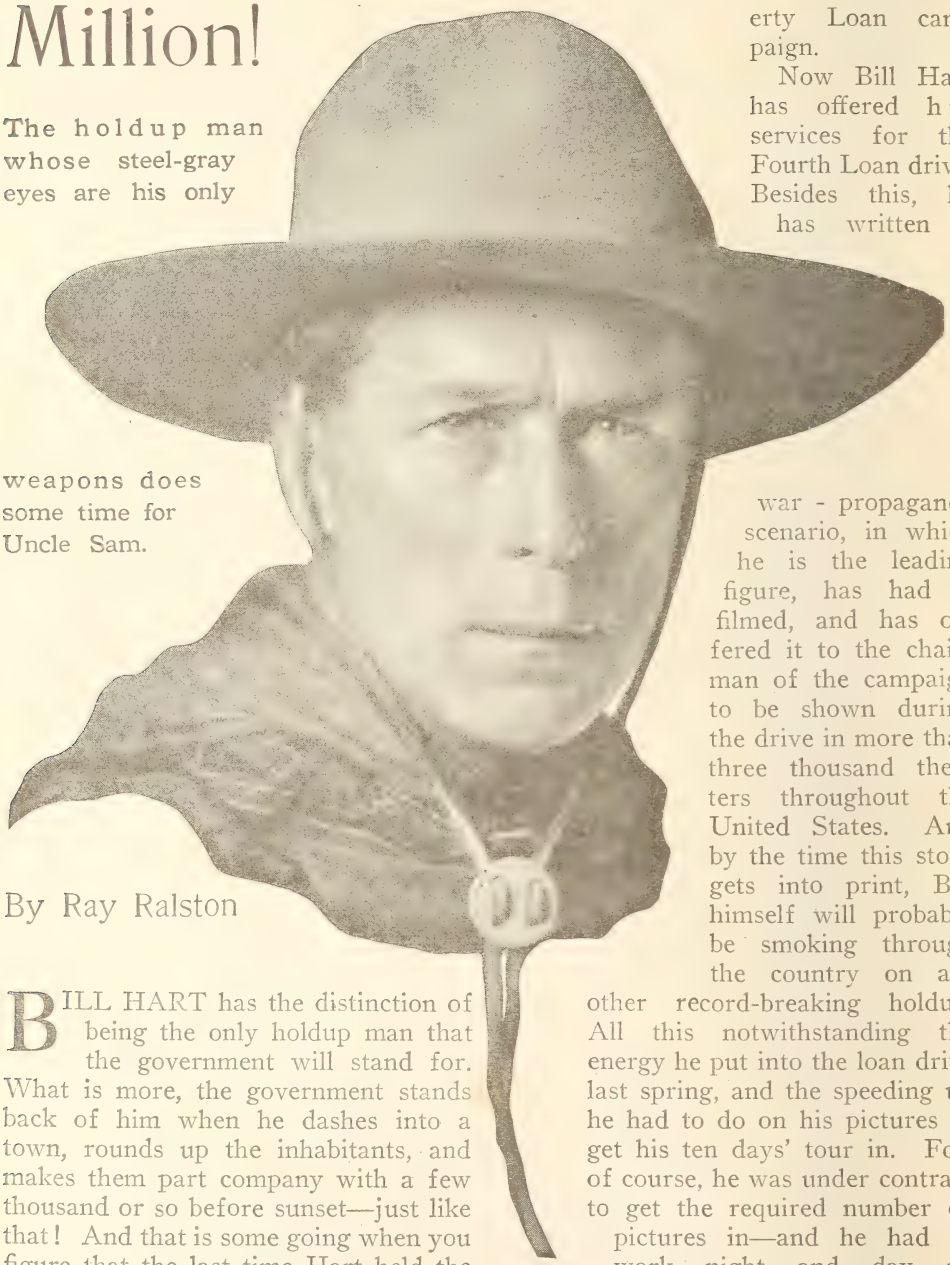
If you have the real stuff, sooner or later some one is going to discover it and put it across.

THE DIRECTOR'S COMPLAINT

WHEN she was a baby she cried for the moon
That glimmered and gleamed from afar,
Later in life as an "extra," she soon
Let 'em know that she wanted to star!
Now she's a star, and the habit's still there
Where it's been since the day of her birth—
That's why I'm losing my temper and hair—
For now, all she wants is the EARTH!

H. J. YELLAMS.

Hands Up—and a Cool Two Million!



The holdup man whose steel-gray eyes are his only weapons does some time for Uncle Sam.

By Ray Ralston

BILL HART has the distinction of being the only holdup man that the government will stand for. What is more, the government stands back of him when he dashes into a town, rounds up the inhabitants, and makes them part company with a few thousand or so before sunset—just like that! And that is some going when you figure that the last time Hart held the public up, last spring, he did it for the little sum of two million one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. For that was the total that Hart rolled up for Uncle Sam in the Third Liberty Loan campaign.

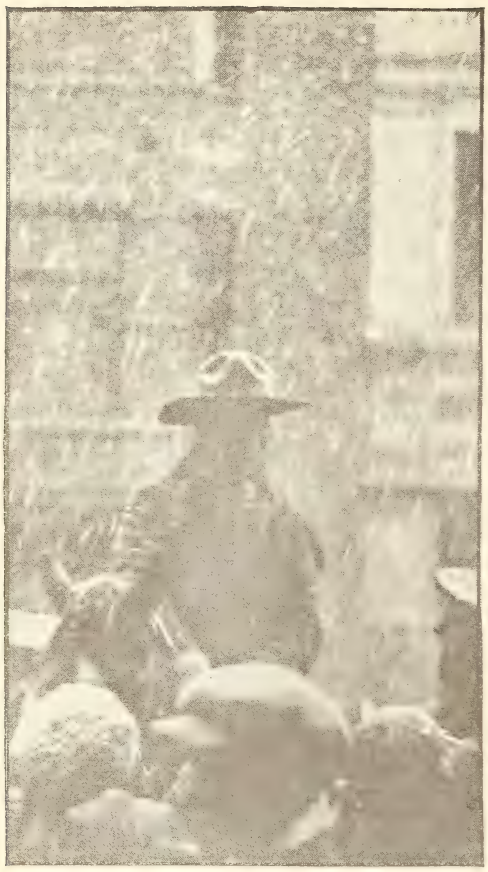
Now Bill Hart has offered his services for the Fourth Loan drive. Besides this, he has written a war - propaganda scenario, in which he is the leading figure, has had it filmed, and has offered it to the chairman of the campaign to be shown during the drive in more than three thousand theaters throughout the United States. And by the time this story gets into print, Bill himself will probably be smoking through the country on another record-breaking holdup. All this notwithstanding the energy he put into the loan drive last spring, and the speeding up he had to do on his pictures to get his ten days' tour in. For, of course, he was under contract to get the required number of pictures in—and he had to work night and day on "Shark Monroe," which was then being filmed, in order to do it.

Well, that's the sort of a guy Bill Hart is. He never does things by halves—and he's far more likely to do

things by twos—witness his nickname, "Two-gun Hart." Perhaps he was speaking in your town last April—it's a cinch you heard him if he was. Or he may be in your town right now. Anyway, you've seen him on the screen, and you could tell from just looking at that long, lean, do-it-or-die jaw of his that when Bill starts out to get anything or to boost anything he sees it well over the fence. And here's the way the champion kale getter—for that's just what he is—does it.

Speaking for the loan is *his call* to the colors. Bill says he'd rather change his plaid shirt for an olive-drab blouse any day. But he can't. And this is his job—straight from his Uncle Sam—to go out and talk to the people—his people—and bring in the dollars to back the boys at the front.

So Bill Hart shoots out one long, steel-muscled arm and shoves every petty detail out of sight. For the time being the campaign is not only the most



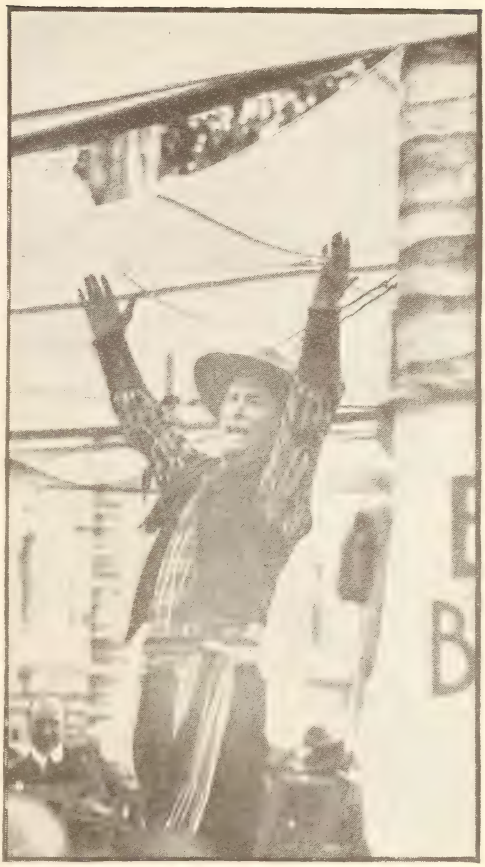
important thing to him—it is the *only* thing. He makes out an itinerary to cover the most territory in the shortest time, while congratulatory mail piles up on his desk and runs over into the wastebasket, "where," he once remarked with a "kidding" smile, "some of it belongs." Then he finds out everything that he can about the loan, and he gets ready a matter of some half a hundred speeches. Incidentally, he made fifty-one of them within ten days on his last tour, not counting the ones he made one Sunday at Camp Lewis, where he had a regiment of godsons, and a whole company of younger brothers. Some record, eh? But Bill didn't think so. His only kick was that he couldn't have done more.

Well, Bill makes up the speeches—and doesn't use them. He gets right up on the box, or the saddle horse, or whatever there is for him to use as a platform—and he gives you one big talk straight from the heart that beats under his cowboy togs. Formula: unlimited, compressed two-gun energy, one hundred and ninety pounds of deadly explosive, six feet one of poisonous gas

—that is, poisonous to the kaiser and his military coterie—warranted made in the U. S. A.

Instead of finding yourself looking into the steel-gray muzzles of a couple of Colts, you find yourself facing two of the keenest steel-gray eyes that you ever saw. And if, when he gets through telling you why you can thank your lucky skin that you are one hundred per cent American, and then draws his hand across his eyes as though he were pushing the brown hair back from his tanned forehead, so as to give you a chance to dig down into your jeans, and bring up some cash—if you don't come across with the money to buy a bond or two—well, there's something lacking —and probably it's cash.

Just to show you how in earnest Bill is in the matter, every now and then he'll put up a thousand or so of his own pile to start the ball rolling. When he got through the drive he had subscribed one hundred and five thousand dollars—the last dollar he possessed, as he himself attested. Every cent he had, except for eight hundred and twenty-four dollars in War Savings Certifi-

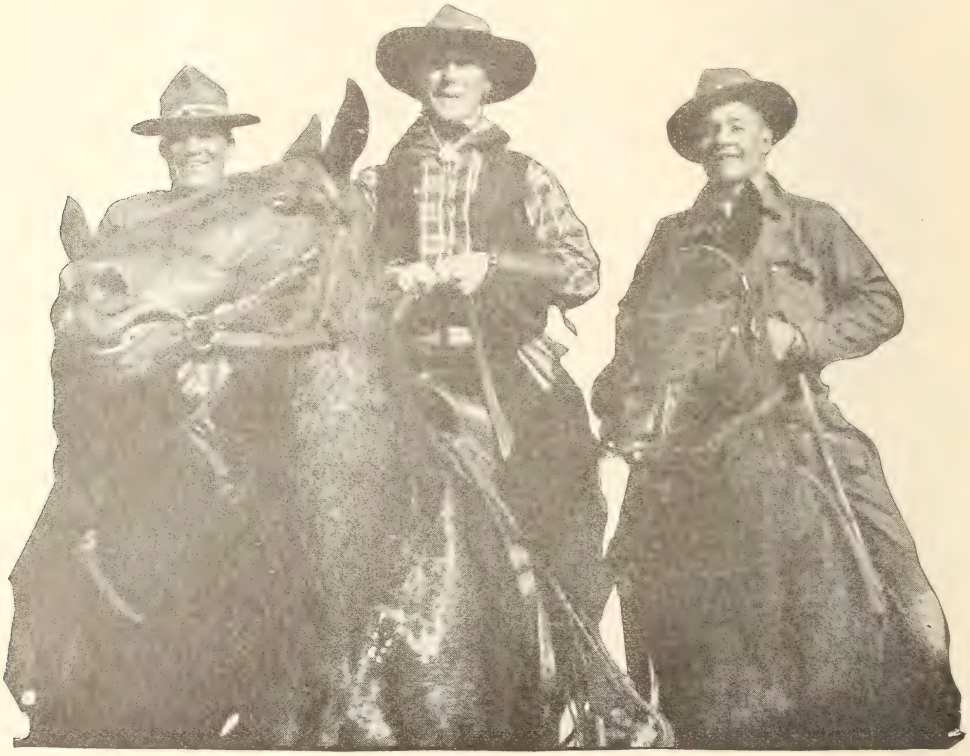


cates, was in Liberty Bonds, making, with the bonds he had bought in other drives, nearly half a million.

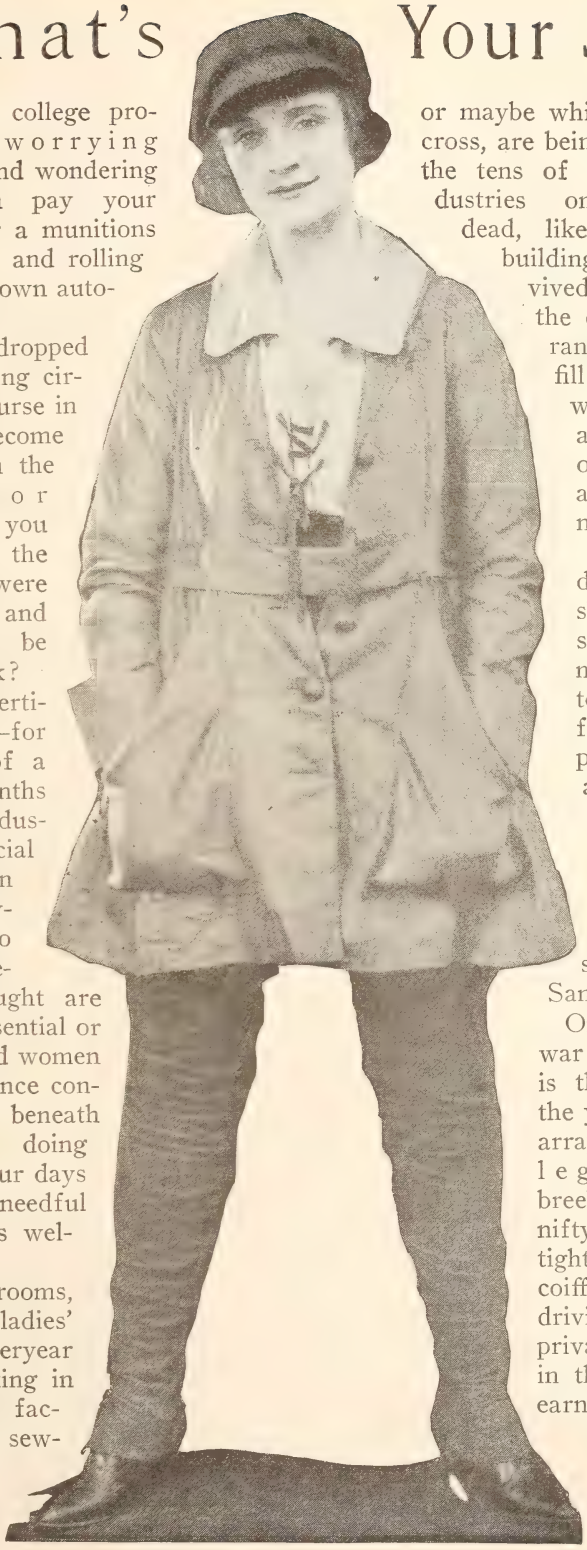
The day that Bill Hart enjoyed most was the Sunday spent with his godsons and little brothers at Camp Lewis. It was a rest to him after the violent reception that he had met with all along the line. Not that the "Bill Hart Two-Gun Regiment" of the 159th Infantry and Company C of the 115th Field Signal battalion didn't do him proud —they did. But Bill is a shy, sensitive fellow for all his six feet one and tanned exterior—especially shy on women. And no wonder. For in many places his fair admirers fairly mobbed him. They tore buttons off his clothing, his red handkerchief, which he had worn for years and held sacred as a mascot, was split into ribbons for souvenirs, and frequently the police had to rescue him. So, no wonder he was glad to get off with the men in uniform and eat "chuck" quietly with the boys who called him "godpop" and "big brother Bill" and smoked the tobacco he has been sending them weekly ever since he adopted them along last winter.

The reason why Hart was the ideal man for the job aside from the fact that he well may boast as large a circle of friends as any man alive to-day, is that Hart is a product of the West and he was to talk to Westerners. He had spent much of his boyhood on Western ranches, and he could talk Sioux as well as he could talk English.

Perhaps it isn't well known that Hart started his theatrical career in London in a Shakesperean rôle. Just the same it's a fact. Later he returned to New York, his native State—for he was born in Newburg and made his initial hit in the rôle of *Cash Hawkins* in "The Squaw Man." It was while at the height of his stage popularity that Bill went into the movies.



What's Your Job?



ARE you a college professor worrying along and wondering how you can pay your grocer's bill, or a munitions factory worker, and rolling around in your own automobile?

Have you dropped the village sewing circle to take a course in nursing, or to become a chauffeuse in the Girls' Motor Corps? Are you still working at the same job you were at last week, and what will you be doing next week?

All very pertinent questions—for in the space of a few short months the business, industrial, and social world has been turned topsy-turvy. Jobs to which we scarcely gave a thought are now rated as essential or nonessential, and women and girls who once considered work beneath them are now doing regular eight-hour days at something needful to the country's welfare.

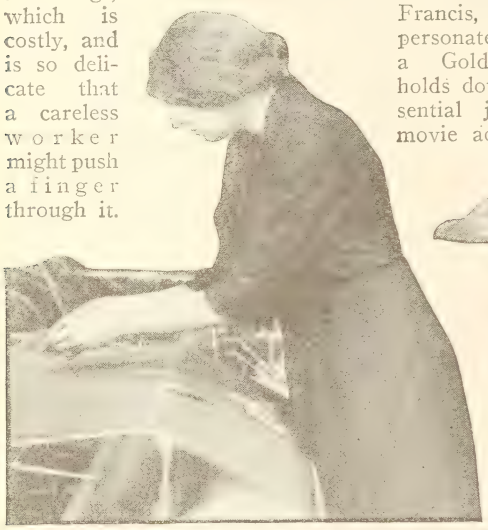
The butlers, grooms, lackeys, and ladies' maids of yesteryear are gone—working in the mines and factories and the sewing rooms where uniforms, khaki, or maybe white with the red cross, are being turned out by the tens of thousands. Industries once considered dead, like wooden shipbuilding, have been revived, and, despite the depletion of the ranks of workers to fill the ranks of war, the factories and workshops of the country are humming as never before.

Meanwhile individual jobs are shifting constantly, and the man who used to tend bar at your favorite lounging place six months ago is the same fellow who gives you the twice over when you go to offer your services to Uncle Sam.

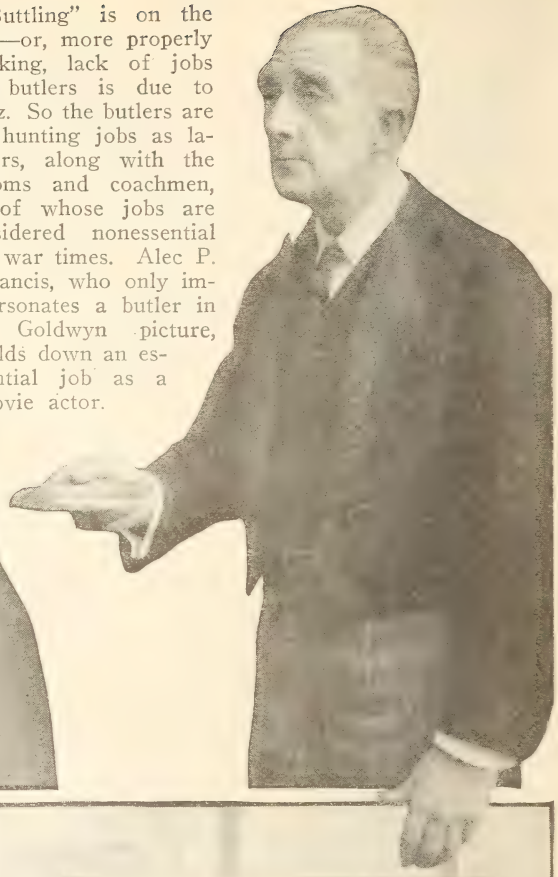
One thing that the war has brought us is the chauffeuse—the young lady who, arrayed in leather leggin's, natty breeks and coat, and nifty little cap fitted tightly over her coiffure, is already driving most of the privately owned cars in the country, and earning gold pin money, too.

Such a one is adorable Billie Burke.

In England the women do practically all the work connected with airplane manufacture, and in this country they are already engaged in the finer parts of the work. They are said to be more apt than men in handling the linen for the wings, which is costly, and is so delicate that a careless worker might push a finger through it.



"Buttling" is on the fritz—or, more properly speaking, lack of jobs for butlers is due to Fritz. So the butlers are out hunting jobs as laborers, along with the grooms and coachmen, all of whose jobs are considered nonessential in war times. Alec P. Francis, who only impersonates a butler in a Goldwyn picture, holds down an essential job as a movie actor.



Americans are taking up flying as a sport to some extent, and many women are training to enter this branch of the service when Uncle Sam calls them out. Gail Kane, shown here in the picture, and Edith Storey, Olive Tell, and Pearl White are only a few of the movie favorites who have gone in for flying.

Before the war is over scores of our young women may be acting as mechanical and electrical workers. At the present time, however, Gladys Brockwell must be regarded distinctly as a pioneer in this work.

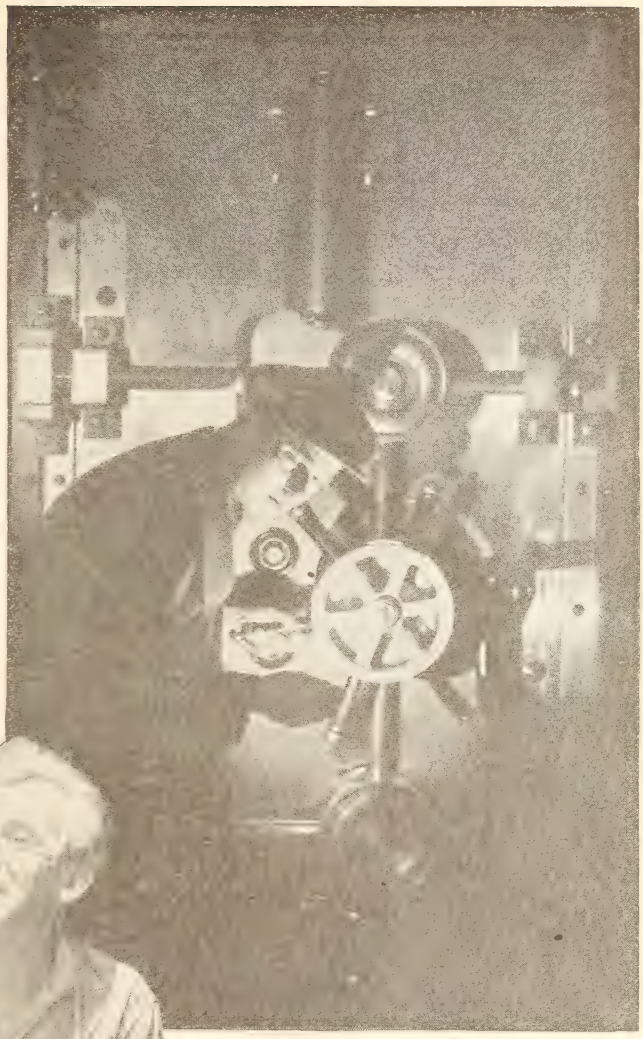
Scrubbing is receiving bigger emolument than ever before. An average wage over the country is two dollars and sixty cents per eight-hour day for such work in private families, and in office and public buildings women are rapidly taking over the work of the men "night scrubbers."

Nursing is the war occupation *par excellence* for women, but it's a long, long step from the Florence Nightingale type of work to the sort Bess Barriscale is represented as doing in "Patriotism."

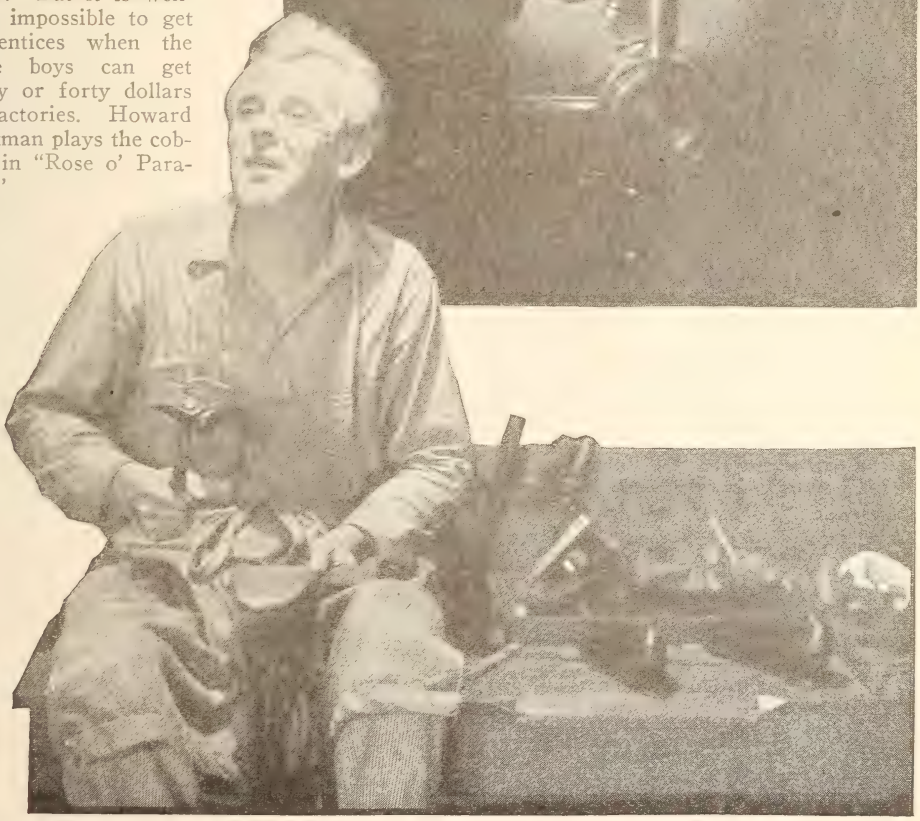
And good cooks—these days—aren't to be had in many parts of the country for love or money. In New York City the lowest standard price for any kind of a house servant is eight dollars a week with maintenance—which is a fair average of conditions in the rest of the country—and expert cooks usually demand from five to seven dollars more. This is in private families, mind you—cooks in restaurants and hotels are probably laying aside modest fortunes from their earnings. Perhaps May Allison figures that under these conditions it pays even a movie star to get dinner once in a while.

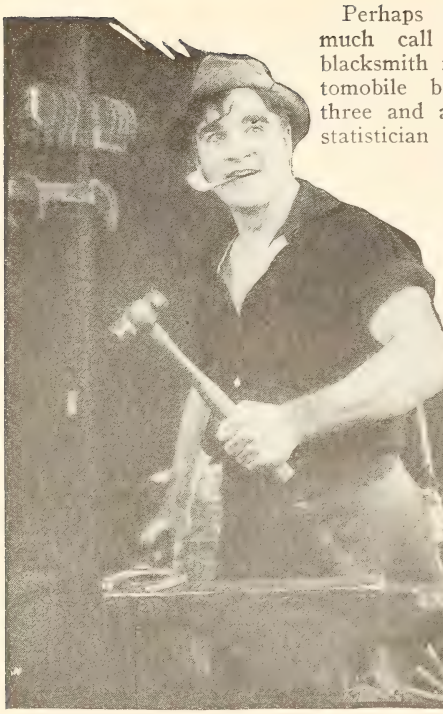
Machine sewers earn anywhere from fifteen to twenty-two dollars a week for just running the material under the presser foot seven hours a day—more if they work overtime. Most of the material is not the lacy stuff that Mary Miles Minter is working on, but the olive drab of countless uniforms.

Herbert Rawlinson, in "Come Through," has chosen a poor profession. Although a precarious one, burgling used to offer handsome profits to the successful professional, but since the "work or fight" law went into effect it has been exceedingly unpopular.



Shoemakers can't and won't promise to have your boots tapped by a certain day and hour any more. The business is booming, for many folks are economizing by having shoes mended that a few years ago they would have thrown away. But it is well-nigh impossible to get apprentices when the same boys can get thirty or forty dollars in factories. Howard Hickman plays the cobbler in "Rose o' Paradise."



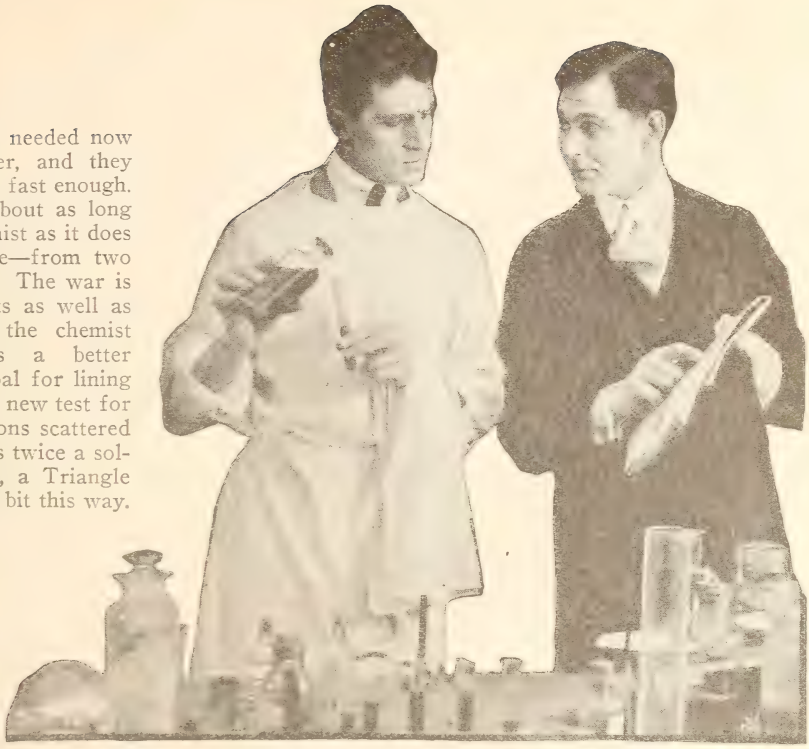


Perhaps you think there's not much call for the old-fashioned blacksmith in 1918, with a new automobile being turned out every three and a half minutes, as some statistician has reckoned, and that William Desmond might have learned a more profitable trade in "The Sudden Gentleman." But there is a call for them—they're needed in the army for the cavalry.

Washing must still be done—even if half the world *is* clothed in dust-proof khaki—but the problem is where are we going to get the workers to do it? Women can earn more at lighter work and shorter hours in the factories, where labor is at a premium, and they seem to like it better—so there you are, housekeepers.

One occupation that is coming into its own this year is farming—and there is no lack of farm laborers, reversing the situation of other years. Labor experts lay this to the extensive use of the farmerettes for all the lighter work which sets more than enough men free for the heavier tasks. Charlie Chaplin, though, would be a liability to any farmer. He'd make the "hands" laugh so hard they could not do any work.

Chemists are needed now more than ever, and they can't be trained fast enough. It takes just about as long to make a chemist as it does a trained nurse—from two to three years. The war is a battle of wits as well as bayonets—and the chemist who discovers a better form of charcoal for lining gas masks, or a new test for the deadly poisons scattered by the enemy, is twice a soldier. Lee Hill, a Triangle player, does his bit this way.



Four years ago Bessie Love would have earned four dollars a week working night and day at making artificial flowers. To-day—if she weren't a movie actress—she could earn six times that in a munitions factory. As for flowers—they aren't being made.

Barbers have managed to simplify their work and so get in more customers per hour by the use of clippers. Talkative barbers are as old as the trade, if we believe this story from Plutarch. A prating barber, he says, asked a Roman notable how he would be trimmed. "In silence," replied the Roman.

My Cousin—Caruso

An impression of the great singer during the filming of the picture in which he makes his bow on the screen.

By Charles Gatchell

With sketches by Oscar Frederick Howard

CLANG—clang—clang! went the gong.

"Will you please, *please, ple-e-e-ease* stop that noise?"

It was Edward Jose who was speaking, and though his remarks were not directed toward me, but at the carpenters who were making the big, barn-like studio of the Famous Players sound like a busy day in a wooden shipyard, I instinctively dropped into the nearest chair to wait until the forthcoming scene should be taken.

To all appearances I was seated at a table in one of those New York Italian restaurants where, among other things, they dispense minestra, salame, spaghetti, Bohemianism, and dark, red table wine of questionable origin, all for sixty cents. That is, it used to be sixty cents in the day of O. Henry. Prices have risen somewhat since then.

"Did you hear about the check his secretary handed him this morning?" I heard some one behind me saying in a low voice. "Seventy thousand bucks—just for royalties from a few records! . . . Sure it's on the level. One of the guys saw the check. Why, they say he'll clean up a quarter of a million out of these three or four pictures. He's——"

I was about to turn and make inquiries on this interesting subject when Jose began again, this time in French. He already had called for lights and camera.

"Très bien! Debout vite!"

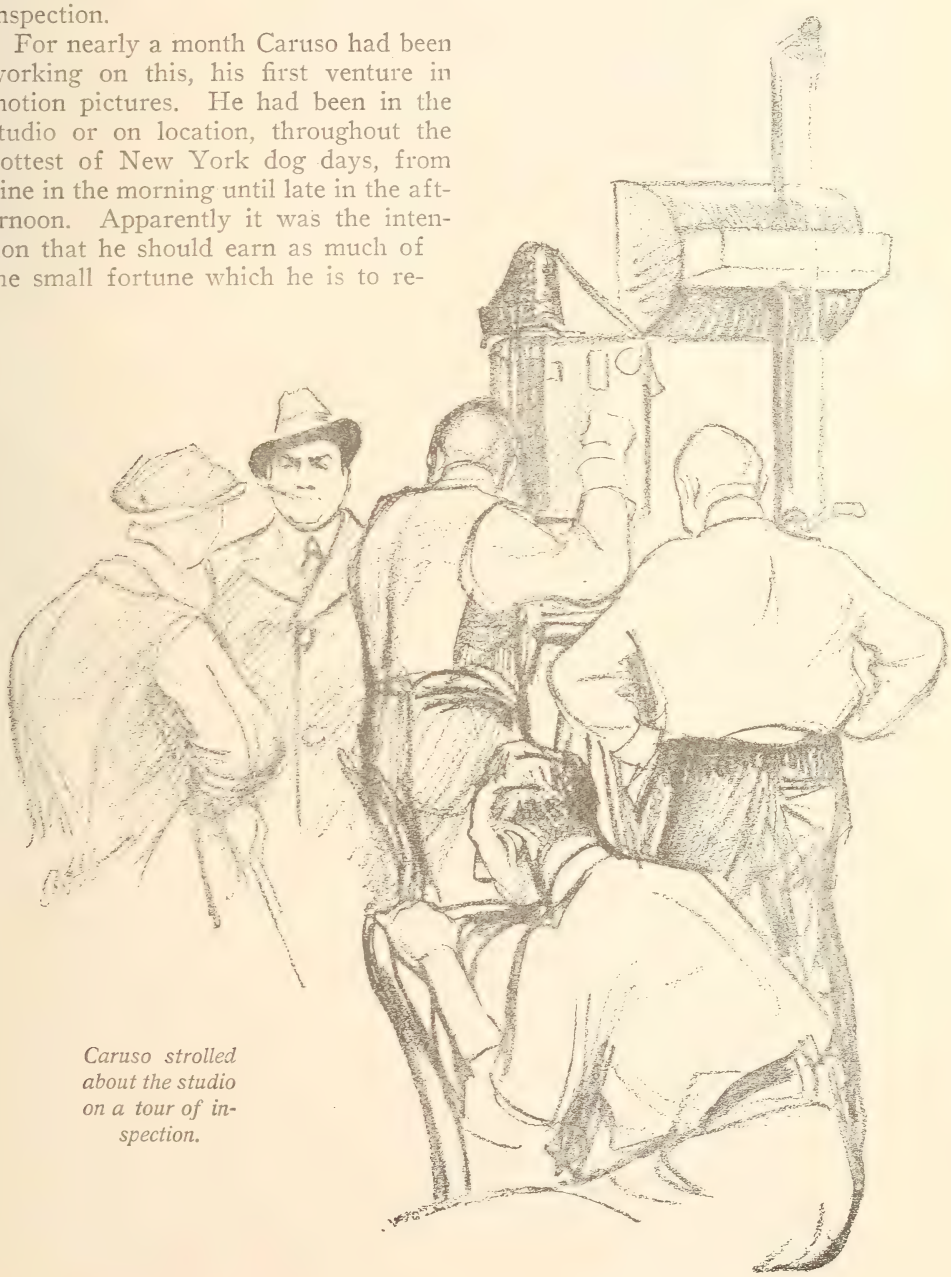
And then, like a jack-in-the-box, up popped Caruso's head above the low partition in front of the camera, behind which he had been hidden from my view.

"C'est ca! Soyez animé!" commanded Jose, and across the famous singer's face there appeared a sudden grimace of surprise. After which he disappeared again.

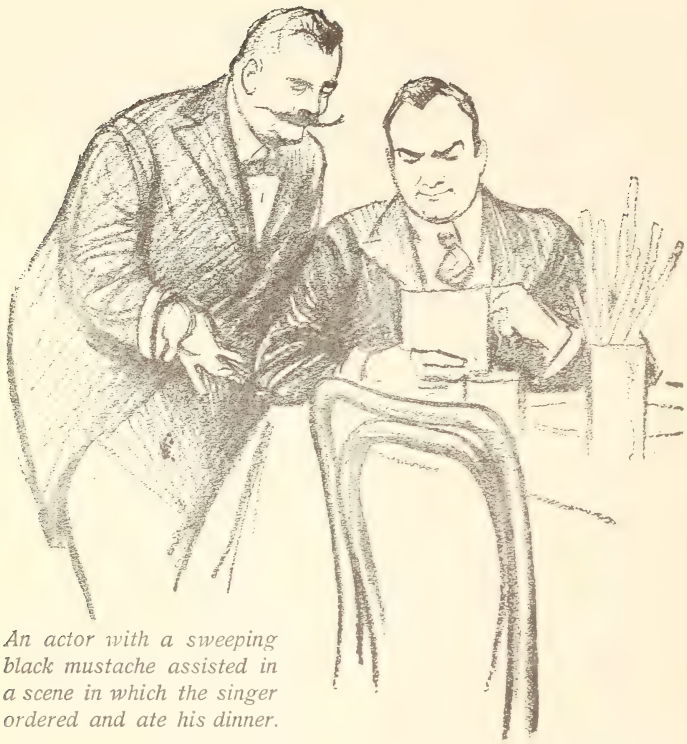
That was all there was to the scene, and a moment later Caruso's valet came

hurrying up to strike a match for the great singer's cigarette, while his secretary looked anxiously to see if his services were required for anything. Then, attired in his coat and hat, which the next scene called for, the star strolled about the studio on a tour of inspection.

For nearly a month Caruso had been working on this, his first venture in motion pictures. He had been in the studio or on location, throughout the hottest of New York dog days, from nine in the morning until late in the afternoon. Apparently it was the intention that he should earn as much of the small fortune which he is to receive for this first picture as he could be made to earn, for in it he appears in two rôles, as Caruso, the world-famous singer, and also as a poor Italian image maker, dweller of the East Side, and—here comes the romance—in love with



Caruso strolled about the studio on a tour of inspection.



An actor with a sweeping black mustache assisted in a scene in which the singer ordered and ate his dinner.

a beautiful Neapolitan girl, a part which is played by the dusky-eyed Carolina White. All of which shows good foresight on the part of Paramount, for is there any one to whom the romance of Little Italy—its street scenes and restaurant life—makes no appeal? And of the countless thousands who have been thrilled by Caruso's golden voice, imperishably preserved in black rubber disks, there are few who have not dreamed, at least, of some day seeing him as he appears before the golden horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House. This, at last, has been made possible. The picture, at this writing, is to be called "My Cousin," a name suggested by the title of a once popular song, "My Cousin Caruse." And that, I am told, *may* be the name of the picture by the time of its release. But to get back to the studio.

Again the gong clanged. The hammering, which had started up, was once more stopped, and an actor with a sweeping black mustache assisted in a scene in which the singer ordered and ate his dinner. Stage dinners, these days, are usually composed of imitation food, as you know. But they put one over on Mr. Hoover this time, for, it being one o'clock, real food was used, and the luncheon which had been ordered served in Caruso's dressing room was eaten by him in the next scene—an incident which may be interesting for you to remember and relate to the person with whom you go to see this picture.

Jose stopped for a moment, as he was about to go out for a bite of luncheon.

"Ah, he is one very fine man to work with," he said, in reply to my question. "Of course," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "we directors always say that about every star—how could we get along with them at all if we did not? But in this case you can see for yourself how amiable, how enthusiastic he is. Also, you will have noticed for yourself that he is a real actor. I do not need to tell you."

Caruso, meanwhile, accompanied by his valet, secretary, and a couple of other retainers, was preparing to retire to his dressing room, to don the make-up of the image maker.

In his dressing room I was presented —formally and with due ceremony. Caruso, however, was not at all formal.

He was most affable, though he wasted no time from the business in hand—that of making his change.

"How do I like pictures?" he asked. "Ah, it is ver' interesting—lots of fun, and sometimes—ver' hard work."

Having delivered this profound observation, he turned to his dressing table.

"I have worked so hard I am losing flesh," he added with a ponderous sigh, as he patted his fat sides, grinning a little at his joke. "But I take it all on again," he added, "for now I must go down and eat spaghetti for the camera to watch me. It is a hard life—still, I do not mind. To-morrow we take the scenes from 'Pagliacci'—there I am more at home. You will see it?"

Nothing would have induced me to miss it, and the next morning after the usual argument with the doorkeeper at the stage entrance, I managed to get inside the opera house.

It was a curious and interesting sight. The stage was fully set. On it was assembled the Metropolitan chorus—no extras these—but the singers who knew all the "business" of the opera.

There were extra people, though, hundreds of them—young girls who looked as though they had come from homes on Fifth Avenue, and men who might easily pass for clubmen—the very aristocracy of New York's extra people. And well they should have been, for they were to represent the audience at the opera on a gala night.

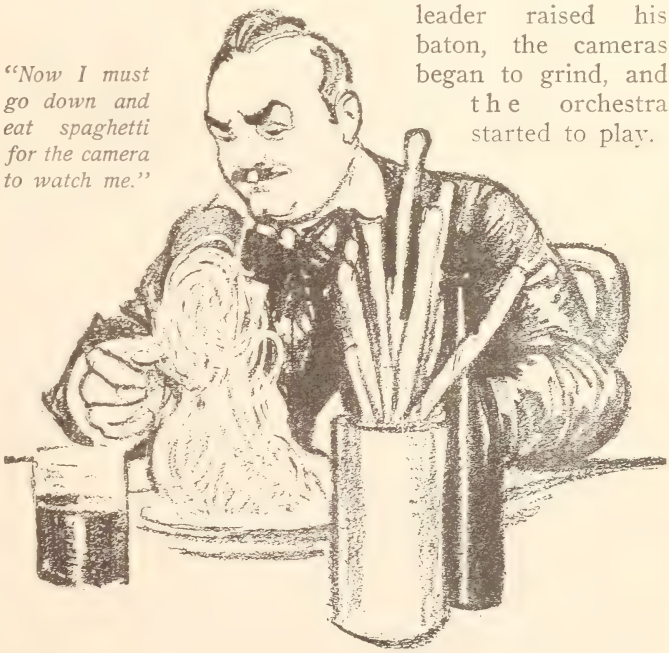
One elderly dowager, wearing a magnificent gown, was so carried away by her part that she swept up to Jose, demanding that she be given a seat in a box.

"Do you think I am going to sit in an ordinary orchestra chair?" she inquired icily.

And not without some difficulty did Jose succeed in convincing her that the boxes would not show in the scene he was about to take, and that if she wanted to appear in the picture she would have to take an orchestra chair.

Suddenly Caruso appeared on the stage, resplendent in the dazzling Pierrot costume which he wears in that exquisite opera, "I Pagliacci," his face plastered with the white clown make-up. Caruso off duty is like a big boy. He stood, joking and laughing with the other actors, and when Jose appeared in the orchestra pit, he sat down on the edge of the stage to talk with the director.

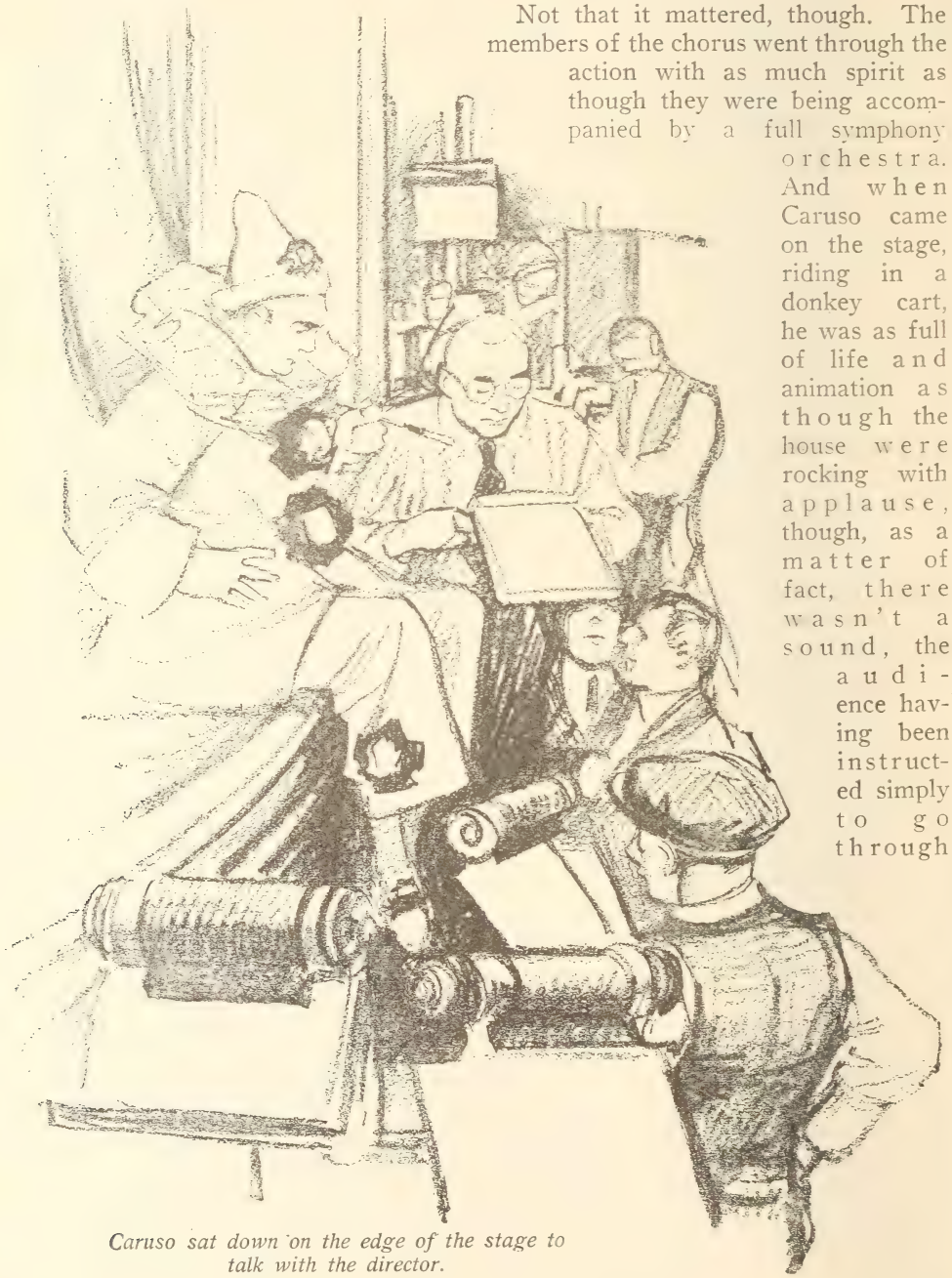
At last all was ready. Jose came back and joined the camera men at the rear of the audience. The chorus took their places. The leader raised his baton, the cameras began to grind, and the orchestra started to play.



"Now I must go down and eat spaghetti for the camera to watch me."

There are some amusing and incongruous features about the greatest of picture productions. This orchestra was an example. As the musicians were not visible to the eye of the camera, there was no need of a full orchestra for this scene. There were, therefore, only six or eight musicians—just enough to give the cues for the action—and their caterwauling was nothing short of atrocious.

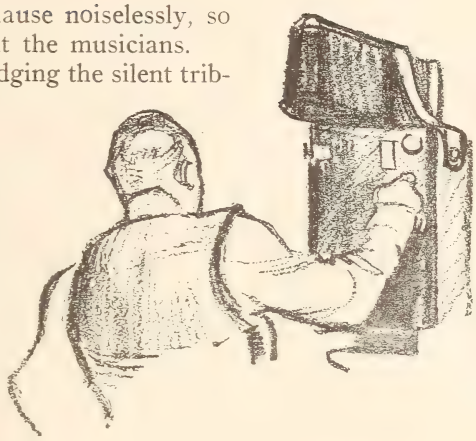
Not that it mattered, though. The members of the chorus went through the action with as much spirit as though they were being accompanied by a full symphony orchestra. And when Caruso came on the stage, riding in a donkey cart, he was as full of life and animation as though the house were rocking with applause, though, as a matter of fact, there wasn't a sound, the audience having been instructed simply to go through



Caruso sat down on the edge of the stage to talk with the director.

the motions of applause noiselessly, so as not to drown out the musicians.

Caruso, acknowledging the silent tribute, bowed, and began to sing. Across his clown face one expression after another fled, as he sang to the villagers who were crowded around the cart. Finally he ended up with his customary bang! on the big bass drum which he carried, and at last Caruso, the great singer, had been recorded, as he appears in one of his greatest rôles, not only for our eyes, but perhaps for the eyes of future generations. For a really great singer's fame outlives his voice. There are many persons to-day who would give much to be able to hear a reproduction of the voice of Jenny Lind, or to see her as she appeared at Castle Garden, a half century or more ago.



So, you who have heard reproduced the golden tones of the great Caruso, who is still in the height of his fame—you, who have dreamed of some day seeing him back of the footlights, get ready your dime or quarter. For your opportunity is at hand.

FAVORITE PROVERBS FOR MOVIE STARS

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: The apparel oft proclaims the man.
Mabel Normand: My face is my fortune.
Douglas Fairbanks: Faint heart never won fair lady.
Clara Kimball Young: A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
Roscoe Arbuckle: Laugh and grow fat.
Theda Bara: The devil is not as black as he is painted.
William S. Hart: None but the brave deserve the fair.
Marie Dressler: Laugh, and the world laughs with you.
Wallace Reid: Handsome is as handsome does.
Annette Kellermann: Beauty unadorned is adorned the most.
Julian Eltinge: A man's a man for a' that.
Marguerite Clark: Good goods come in small packages.
Francis X. Bushman: Where there's a will there's a way.
Mary Pickford: Kind hearts are more than coronets.
Olga Petrova: Divinely tall and most divinely fair.
Norma Talmadge: Beauty is its own excuse for being.
Alice Brady: Like father, like daughter.
Fanny Ward: Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.
William Farnum: To the victor belong the spoils.
Mae Marsh: The eyes are the windows of the soul.
Jane and Katherine Lee: The buds of to-day will be the full-blown flowers of to-morrow.
Bessie Love: Love will find a way.

HAROLD SETON.

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

THERE was a flutter throughout filmland when Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, heralded as the ideal screen lovers since the early Essanay days, recently became man and wife in real life. The last week in July Mr. Bushman and Mrs. Josephine H. Bushman were divorced, and three days later Mr. Bushman was united in marriage to Miss Bayne, who has played the heroines to his heroes for several years. The two scored one of their

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne of the "Romeo and Juliet" idyl were recently married

greatest hits in the respective rôles of *Romeo* and *Juliet* about a year ago. Mr. Bushman and his wife spent their honeymoon at Bush Manor, Riderwood, Maryland, and are now back at the studio, enacting the love scenes of a new romance shortly to be released. Mr. Bushman's wife is credited with being ten years his junior, as in biographies supplied by the film company by which they are employed Miss Bayne's birthplace is given as Minneapolis, and the year 1895, while Mr. Bushman is reported to have been born at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1885.

Speaking of the love affairs of screen celebrities, here is a good place to record Marguerite Clark's engagement to Lieutenant H. Palmerson Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams, of New Orleans. The engagement was formally announced recently by Miss Cora Clark, elder sister of Marguerite, and it is barely possible the marriage will have occurred ere these lines get into type, as the date for the wedding is wholly dependent upon the assignment Lieutenant Williams may receive from his Uncle Sam. Lieutenant Williams met Miss Clark first during the third Liberty Loan drive, when the fair Paramount star sold Liberty Bonds in New Orleans, and aided her in breaking all local records for the sale of the bonds. Later he was transferred to Washington, D. C., and there he and his fiancée saw a great deal of each other, as Miss Clark spent a vacation of several weeks in the capital, and the lieutenant was able to secure leave from his duties with the purchasing department of the engineers' division of the army. Miss Clark announces that her wedding will in no way interfere with her picture work, as she firmly believes that it is every woman's duty to work during war time. Lieutenant Williams was in private life the head of the Williams Lumber Company, with offices in Paterson, Louisiana, and other points in the South, and will undoubtedly resume his position at the end of the war. Lieutenant Williams' parents have recently visited Washington to meet their son's bride to be, and it is said she charmed them as she has every one else who knows her.

Olive Tell, who made her Metro début in the Screen Classics play, "To Hell With the Kaiser," is surrounded by an unusual cast in "Secret Strings." Miss Tell, in the rôle of an American girl, appears opposite William J. Kelly, a newcomer to Metro, who enacts the part of the polished, smooth, and brainy crook interpreted in the stage version of the play by Lou Tellegen. Other members of Miss Tell's company who will be recalled by film fans are Marie Wainwright, who, when a child, created the rôle of *Josephine* in the old Gilbert & Sullivan opera, "Pinafore," and Hugh Jeffrey, who has appeared in such Metro successes as "The Wager," "The End of the Tour," and "The Price of Malice." Hugh Thompson and John Smylie are also to be seen in prominent rôles. The play is directed by John Ince, assisted by Louis R. Wolheim, who wrote Metro's patriotic play, "The Greatest Power."

"The Heart of Wetona," the Belasco play in which Lenore Ulric made such a hit, has been purchased for Norma Talmadge, and will be one of her forthcoming Select productions. The way in which Miss Talmadge is producing George Scarsborough plays would seem to bear out the old adage to the effect that plays, stage and screen, run in cycles. First it was "What Might Have Been;" that was followed by the purchase of a Scarsborough Chinese play, and now comes the announcement that Miss Talmadge is to do "The Heart of Wetona." Incidentally, it may be said that all of these brain children of

Scarsborough seem to furnish the Select star with especially fit vehicles.

Henry B. Walthall has been loaned by Director Griffith to Thomas H. Ince, and will play the feature part in an adaptation of the Louis Joseph Vance story, "False Faces," which is to be staged by Mr. Ince and later issued as a special attraction on either the Paramount or Artcraft program. The story of "False Faces" depicts another episode in the life of *Lone Wolf*, the character made famous by this author. The film version has been prepared by J. G. Hawks, and abounds in thrills and sensational incidents. Director Herbert Brenon had once hoped to "do" this subject with Bert Lytell in the leading rôle, but his call to England to make a film for the British government put an end to the plan.

Henry B. Walthall will shortly appear in "False Faces."

William Russell, popular American star, now the head of his own company —William Russell Productions—has a new subject all ready for the screen. It is entitled "Hobbs In a Hurry," and is crammed with Western action and thrills galore. During its unfolding, Russell appears as a wealthy New York society man, son of a Wall Street broker, in chaps and sombrero, and for nearly a whole reel as a Pullman porter. Winifred Westover is his leading lady, and Hayward Mack, admired by thousands of film fans, does an English lord and his twin brother in a most convincing fashion. This is the first of the Russell productions which American is selling direct to exhibitors through the Pathé system of exchanges, American having stopped the release of its new subjects through the Mutual Film Corporation.

More honors have fallen to Billie Rhodes, erstwhile star of the Strand Mutual Comedies. Following the expiration of her Strand contract, vivacious little Miss Rhodes went over to the studios of the National Film Corporation as leading woman for "Smiling Billy" Parsons in the series of Capitol Comedies he has been making for release through Goldwyn. These were all two-reel subjects. Now Miss Billie finds that she is to be leading woman in a series of eight five-reel comedy-dramas which National is to produce immediately. From star in two-reel comedies to star in five-reelers is some jump, but Miss Rhodes, despite her small stature, seems fully equal to making it.

The Anita Stewart suit is settled at last. Vitagraph has relinquished all claim to Miss Stewart's services, and she has entered into a contract to produce big features for Louis B. Mayer, of Boston, who will shortly announce his releasing plans. Miss Stewart is already at work on the first picture, and you will probably first see it within a few weeks after this copy of PICTURE-PLAY gets into your hands. It was a year ago last September that Vitagraph brought suit against Miss Stewart to restrain her from leaving the company and breaking her contract. Mr.

Mayer and others were named as defendants with her, and Vitagraph alleged that it was suing solely to protect its own interests and to test a star's contractural obligations to a producer. Justice Mullen, of the New York supreme court, granted Vitagraph a temporary restraining order, and in April of this year Miss Stewart was ordered to finish her contract with Vitagraph before entering into any other arrangements. Miss Stewart only had been at work a few days under the direction of Wilfred North when she was injured in an automobile accident. The loss of time thus caused made it well-nigh impossible for Vitagraph to hope to complete the feature starring Miss Stewart, as her contract had only to September 3d to run. Accordingly, Mr. Mayer and the Vitagraph attorneys had a conference, and when it was all over Miss Stewart was again a free agent, and Vitagraph accepted the payment of a certain sum of money to cancel its contract with the little star at that date. Miss Stewart's first picture under the new management is to be "Virtuous Wives."

Anita King is to star in the new Plaza productions.

Anita King, who has been seen in many productions of note from various producing organizations in the past, is back again on the screen as the star of the first of the new Plaza pictures, "Petticoats and Politics," which are being distributed by the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, which also marketed the Paralta subjects. Her second Plaza offering will be entitled "Whatever the Cost," and is from the pen of Captain Leslie Peacocke, scenario writer of note. Miss King, having successfully screened the first two of her Plaza productions, is now at work on her third release, the title of which will soon be announced.

"Bill" Hart is one star who will certainly never fall in love with his leading woman. He doesn't have time, for he changes them so frequently. Since he started his own company, Bill has had six different leading ladies—all of them pretty—all of them talented—but none of whom lasted over two or three pictures. Wanda Hawley, whom you saw in the Famous Players-Lasky subjects, "Old Wives for New" and "We Can't Have Everything," is the sixth of the ladies to support Hart, and you will see her opposite him in "The Border Wireless," his latest Western subject—a war story without any battle scenes. Incidentally, let it be here recorded that the reason for Hart's many changes in leading ladies lies solely in the fact that Bill insists that his feminine lead fit exactly the character which she is to interpret—and since his stories differ so widely in character, he naturally has to use several leading women.

House Peters, who has been absent from the screen for a long period, is back once more. Perhaps you have already seen him in the film version of Ridgewell Cullum's story, "The Forfeit," in which he appears with Jane Miller, Hector V. Sarno, and a strong cast. This is the first offering of Sunset Pictures, a brand-new film-producing organization, of which Frank

Powell, who made "Heart of the Sunset" for Rex Beach, is vice president and director general. The studios are located at the Harlandale Hot Sulphur Wells property, on the outskirts of San Antonio, Texas, and most of the features are to be stories with a Texan locale. The second picture to be undertaken is Bertha M. Bower's "Good Indian," which was published not so very long ago as a serial in *Popular Magazine,* and has sold by the hundreds of thousands as a book.

Mrs. Irene Castle has concluded her work for Pathé with the picture, "The Girl From Bohemia," and is already on her way to France, where she will remain until the end of the war, helping to entertain the soldier boys at the front. Mrs. Castle is said to have made the decision to devote herself to this sort of patriotic work when her husband, Vernon Castle, who had previously been flying for the Allied cause, was killed in flight in this country.

Mrs. Irene Castle and Antonio Moreno in "The First Law."

Antonio Moreno, who appeared with Mrs. Castle in "The First Law" for Pathé, is now back in the Vitagraph camp, and will shortly be seen in a fifteen-episode serial entitled "The Iron Test," in which he and Carol Holloway are costarred.

If you saw Julian Eltinge during his recent vaudeville tour of the country, you may recall that in the curtain speech with which he responded to the applause, when he ripped off his wig and revealed the black Eltinge locks beneath the blond curls of his "beautiful lady" make-up, he invariably mentioned that he was going out to California soon and resume once more the making of film features. He didn't say for whom he was going to do these pictures, of course, and a lot of you assumed that it meant a continuation of his Famous Players-Lasky contract. Now the truth is out. Fred J. Balshofer, who created the original Quality plays for Metro release, in which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were seen, has just formally announced that Mr. Eltinge has con-

tracted with him to do several big feature-film productions during the coming year. Mr. Balshofer has most carefully selected several famous stories adapted to Mr. Eltinge's peculiar talents, and before many weeks have passed you may expect to see Julian back on the screen in even more fascinating rôles than usual.

"Little Mary," whose last feature made for Paramount, "Captain Kidd, junior," is still to be released, announces that she intends to take a long rest from the arduous work of appearing before the screen. Just what Miss Pickford will do when she does come back to the screen has not been divulged. There is, however, a chance that she will not renew her contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Miss Pickford says that she wants to try herself out in more emotional rôles than she has yet been allowed to do, and that her generous yearly income is sufficient to free her from the financial necessity of sticking to the type of play that has been tried and found to be a money coiner. Under the circumstances, who can blame her?

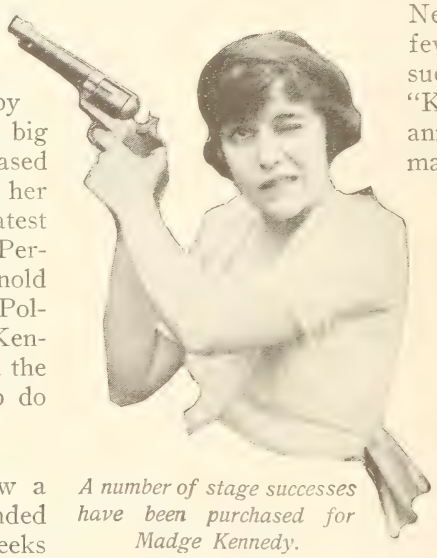
"Little Mary," who says she is going to take a long rest from pictures.

While Eltinge is going from the stage to the screen, Eugene O'Brien, who has been seen opposite Norma Talmadge in many of her screen successes, is going from the screen back to the speaking stage; so if you miss his handsome face at your favorite movie theater, you may look for him in real life under the Dillingham management. O'Brien, whose last stage appearance was as leading man with Alexandria Carlisle in "The Country Cousins," which played for an entire season at the Astor Theater, in New York City, is cast in a bully rôle in a new comedy-farce drama, scheduled to open on Broadway, in the same city, within a week or two. And just for your comfort let it be said that, even during the rehearsals of his stage play, O'Brien continued to play opposite Miss Talmadge, so you may see him in at least two more pictures yet to be issued.

Frank Campeau, the villain in the Fairbanks productions, has a most pretentious plan under way for presenting a number of your particular favorites in real life on the stage. He plans to take a company of screen players, including himself, Douglas Fairbanks, Dustin Farnum, Winifred Kingston, George Fawcett, Ruth Allen, and Tully Marshall, across country in a speaking-stage version of "The Virginian," the play in which Campeau created the rôle of *Trampus,* and in which several of the others have also appeared in the past. The plan is conceived as a good one to raise money for a patriotic war charity, and every one of the players will donate his services in order that all of the funds may be devoted to the war

charity itself. It is the intention of the troupe to play one-night stands at every stop, crossing the country, with the exception of Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York, in which cities a week's engagement will be played. Some attraction! Guess we film fans won't be there with bells on! Eh, what?

Madge Kennedy, who has broken all existing records for a meteoric rise to fame, is being rewarded by Goldwyn by having a number of big stage successes purchased as vehicles to exploit her charms. Among the latest to be secured is "The Perfect Lady," by Rennold Wolf and Channing Pollock, and little Miss Kennedy is delighted with the chance offered her to do this play.



A number of stage successes have been purchased for Madge Kennedy.

Bessie Love is now a Vitagraph star. She ended her contract some weeks ago with Pathé, you will recall, and a week or two later entered into a new contract with Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, by which she is to head a feature company at Vitagraph's Hollywood Studios. David Smith is to direct Miss Love, and stories peculiarly suited to her personality will be chosen, as it is President Smith's belief that with the right sort of vehicles Miss Love can easily become one of America's best-loved stars. The productions will, when completed, be released as Blue Ribbon specials, and it is expected that Bret Harte's "Sue," the first one, will be ready for public presentation the latter part of October or early in November. The cast chosen to surround her in her first picture seems to indicate that every rôle will be assigned to a player of note, and that no details will be overlooked in making each production as nearly perfect as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, popular favorites since the old Vitagraph days, but more beloved than ever during their recent series of Metro-Drew comedies, are coming back once more to the screen. They arrived on Broadway, New York City, only a few weeks ago, with their successful stage play, "Keep Her Smiling," and announcement was then made that they have entered into a contract with A. J. van Buren, a prominent figure in the billposting world, and a man of considerable wealth, by which they agree to produce twelve two-reel comedies a year for release through a system of exchanges yet to be announced.

Several new producing companies are about ready to launch their initial production on the market. Matzene Picture Company, Inc., is staging multiple-reel features in which Madame Yorska, a protégée of Sarah Bernhardt, and admittedly a French actress of note, will be starred. Zane Grey, the novelist, has formed the Zane Grey Pictures Corporation, and will immediately begin the making of "The U. P. Trail," with W. Lawson Butt, famous English leading man, enacting the rôle of the hero. He plans to follow this subject with seven of his other stories. A third new production organization is the Helen Keller Corporation, recently organized in New York, which has for its purpose the exploitation of the famous deaf, dumb, and blind Helen Keller.

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on recent releases, by one of New York's leading authorities on matters pertaining to the screen.

By Peter Milne

AS the German kaiser and some of his generals know, promises are often difficult to live up to. When a picture-producing company comes out with the flat statement that its product is going to improve on such and such a date, the critic has a perfect right to curl his lip—if he be actor enough to accomplish such a difficult feat. Picture companies have so often made such rash statements only to have them boomerang back in their faces. However, when such a statement is made—and at the set date made good—the achievement deserves a bit of recognition.

To come down to cases, the World Film Corporation announced a few months since that it was going to start on a career of "better pictures." And in its new product it has shown us some "better pictures." The old ones keep popping up now and then, but let's give them a chance. The World Company has made good its promise so far in the main, and there is no reason why the good work should not be continued.

The company's latest offering, "The Beloved Blackmailer," is a fine comedy drama, and as comedy dramas are difficult to locate in these days, this is giving a lot of praise in a few words. In a modern "health farm," the author, Harry O. Hoyt, hit upon a most fertile field on which to lay his story. Furthermore, this field has not been plowed as many times as have most of the comedy-drama plots, and the pictured results are, of a consequence, as refreshing as strawberries in January. The film which shows the experiences of one *Bobby Briggs* on this farm, and which introduces a love story and a small sum of rare old melodrama, has been carefully directed by Dell Henderson, a man who never permits the possibility for a comedy situation to escape his eye. One of the best things he ever did was to cast a certain "Kid" Broad in the rôle of the ex-prize fighter-trainer of the farm. If in New York,

"The Beloved Blackmailer" is a fine comedy drama.

There are some beautiful scenes in "Bound in Morocco."

"Bound in Morocco" is Douglas Fairbanks' latest comedy, and, considering the exceptionally high standard that Doug sets for himself, it leaves a rather poor impression. The penalty of being great is that one must keep on being great. Something just a little bit better than the average does not suffice. And "Bound in Morocco" is something just a little bit better than the average. Doug invades Morocco, gets caught by the natives in trying to rescue the American heroine from the villain's harem, but eventually makes good his escape, and of course the heroine is with him. There are innumerable flashes of the desert with horsemen riding and fighting. They are beautiful. But do we care whether Doug's pictures are beautiful or not? No. We want his comedy, his stunts, his personality.

you are likely to see the Kid pacing Broadway and turning his elegantly cauliflowered ears to the sun that the passing multitude may get the full benefit of them. The Kid is, in reality, an ex-prize fighter, and, unless known to one personally, looks like a regular denizen of a picture underworld. Before playing in "The Beloved Blackmailer" his charge for picture work was fifteen dollars a day. They tell me now, though, that the Kid is insisting on twenty-five. At any rate, he gives us a full twenty-five dollars' worth of comedy in this picture. I presume that Bull Montana, of the Fairbanks troupe, is insanely jealous.

Carlyle Blackwell is the star of "The Beloved Blackmailer," and for feminine interest there is Evelyn Greeley, a pretty but rather chilling individual.

A Universal picture may not always possess universal appeal. There are times when we see productions that are better than the Paramounts. Famous Players films do not always contain celebrated actors and actresses, and there have been some Artcraft pictures in which there was a lack of both the art and the craft. There is one company, however, that carries a name that retains its meaning when its product passes in review. Select is this company. Its product is, of a fact, select. It has recently offered two productions widely diverse in make-up, but each

presenting thoroughly high-class entertainment. There is the comedy, "A Pair of Silk Stockings," with Constance Talmadge, and the drama, "The Death Dance," with Alice Brady.

The first of these was, in reality, a successful play by Cyril Harcourt. A young couple are divorced over a misunderstanding and are brought under the same roof again at a house party. Before the young wife arrives amateur theatricals are the order of the day and hubby is dressed as a tramp. Here the plot becomes fast and furious. There are plenty of genuinely funny complications. It naturally swings around to a happy ending, but not until the onlooker has been amused to such an extent that he feels like walking up to the manager and giving him the price of another admission. The youthful Miss Talmadge is delightful, and so is every one else in the excellent cast.

In "The Death Dance" Alice Brady is rescued at the last minute.

Miss Brady's work, of course, runs in more serious channels. "The Death Dance" shows her as a dancer beloved by a man and hated by a woman. The woman threatens to expose her past, which is innocent but compromising; but the dancer retorts with another threat of a like nature. At odds, the woman preys on her dancing partner's jealousy, and as a result he agrees to kill her in their dance, but the hero is quick enough to sense the plot and rescues his beloved at the last minute.

Better productions have made Miss Brady greater than she was a year ago. She was always the sincere and emotionally effective actress on the screen. She can bring the greatest suffering to her eyes and fairly draw out the spectator's heart in sympathetic interest, and she can be light and gay-hearted, sparkling with joy and fun besides. In "The Death Dance" she renders an extremely difficult dance in expert style, for she studied it week after week—this dance. It is to that extent that Miss Brady's sincerity of purpose in giving only her best carries her in her efforts to entertain.

For the past year a company by the name of W. H. Productions—quite an unromantic and inartistic name—has been sitting on its hind legs and shouting "Mickey, Mickey, Mickey," at

the top of its leather lungs. The trade papers have reaped a fortune out of this one company advertising this one picture. And at last it has been seen. Here is another case where great promises and enthusiastic expectations have been fulfilled. "Mickey" is tremendously humorous and human and thrilling.

A combination of talent long since separated is responsible for "Mickey." Mabel Normand is the star, and her director was none other than Mack Sennett. I am sure that the sportive Mabel never did anything better than "Mickey." She has a tomboy, hoydenish rôle, which she plays for all that's in it. She is a great comedienne, especially under Sennett's masterly direction, and gets many and many a laugh during her run through these seven reels. The story is of the "Peg o' My Heart" type, showing, as it does, an awkward, uneducated girl, but withal good at heart, being set down in the midst of a staid, fashionable household.

It contains comedy thrills and sensational thrills. It has a horse race that will even go well in Kentucky, a big fight, and a thrilling climax, the details of which would spoil it all for any spectator, so I will mention none of them. Wheeler Oakman is Mabel's hero, and that handsome Lou Cody is the villain, while another in the cast is Minnie Ha Ha, an ancient Indian, who, I believe, was one of the first persons to ever step before a camera.

A striking contrast to "Mickey" is Mabel Normand's recent Goldwyn picture, "Back to the Woods," which is supposed to be a comedy, but which is a tiresome and aggravating affair that, in truth, drifts all over the back of the woods, but which never comes out in the open with any semblance of plot. I was going to say the plot was lost in the woods, but on second thought it occurs to me that there never was any plot to lose.

Constance Talmadge is delightful in "A Pair of Silk Stockings."

Triangle appears to have been bent on dramatizing the underworld in its two productions entitled "Hell's End" and "Marked Cards." "Hell's End" introduces William Desmond as the boss of an underworld establishment. He remains in his glory until he again encounters a playmate of his childhood days, *Mary Flynn,* whose father, in the meanwhile, has made a fortune. And thereupon the smiling, fighting hero reforms. There is some of the old comedy of contrast when the ex-underworlder dons an ill-fitting dress suit and trips over the trains of grand dames in the ballroom.

As for "Marked Cards," it has the Irish lass as heroine. She loves a worthless scion of society who eventually is accused of murder. The Irish lass is able to cause his acquittal by putting herself in an apparently compromising position before the whole court, which she does unhesitatingly and so wins the love of the boy's mother, who previously despised her. Could anything be sweeter?

Margery Wilson, a most interesting young lady, is the Irish lass. A certain Henri D'Elba directed the picture, and I think he was responsible for the impossible society. I hope a member of the four hundred hands Henri a bid to

a reception before he attempts another picture dealing with the chosen rich.

Irene Castle's picture work is becoming synonymous with mystery. Pathé evidently believes that she must do mystery pictures. She might be a striking success in something else, but they don't give her a chance. "The First Law," her latest effort, is possessed of so much mystery that it becomes mystifying—a very serious fault. It is well enough to present mystery, but when it hangs on a lot of unknown facts it becomes a mystifying muddle altogether difficult and sometimes impossible to follow. Mrs. Castle deserves something a little better than "The First Law." Serial devotees will perhaps believe they are witnessing a condensation of three or four episodes of their favorite yarn.

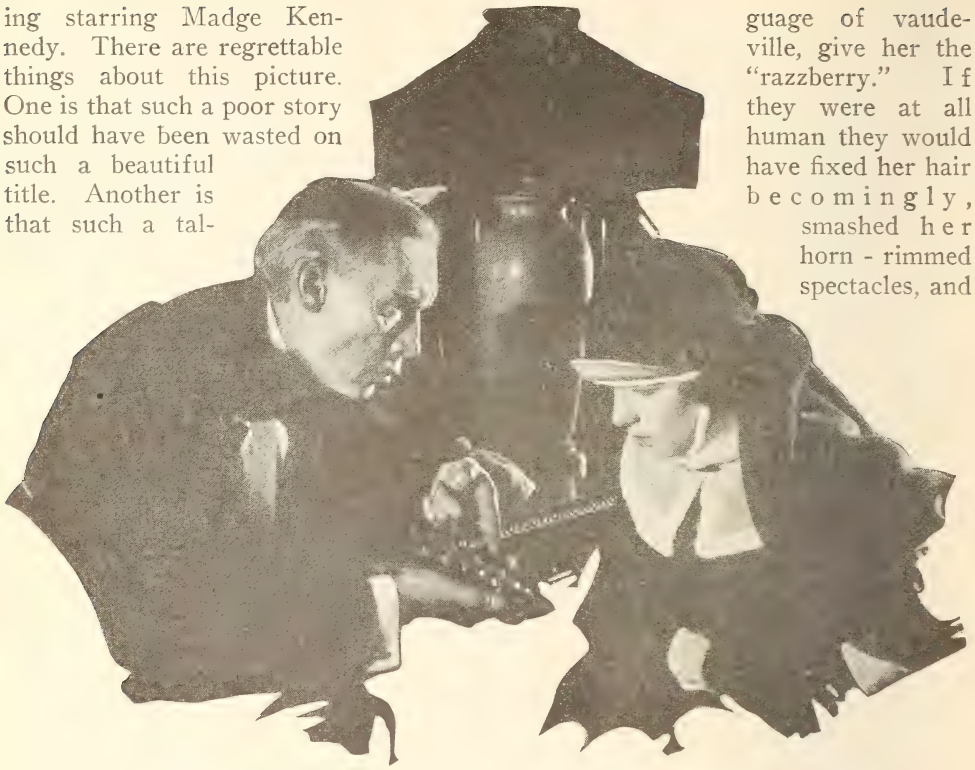
"The City of Dim Faces" is the last of Paramount's series of Hayakawa pictures.

Frances Marion, one of the best-known scenario writers who has done many of the Mary Pickford pictures, has kissed the United States good-by for the present and is in France on government work. Before she went, however, she left behind her the script for "The City of Dim Faces," the last of Paramount's series of Hayakawa pictures. And in so doing she left an excellent memento. Of all the Hayakawa pictures I have seen, I think this the best, except possibly "The Cheat," and in that Hayakawa was not starred alone. Miss Marion is well acquainted with the customs of the Chinese, the people she deals with in this story, and this has been a valuable asset to her knowledge of the drama. For certainly "The City of Dim Faces" is drama of the best sort. It is a tragedy, which I suppose people who refuse to skimp on sugar these days will dislike. But must we leave the theater tasting something sticky and sweet all the time? Tragedy is real. The screen is to mirror reality. Hence an obvious conclusion. But at any rate the story of *Jang Lung's* feelings toward a white woman and the manner in which he eventually redeems himself for having betrayed her trust in him make a powerful picture. Doris Pawn is stunning as the girl.

"Fedora," based on the play and opera, marks Pauline Frederick's latest appearance. Here was another tragedy, but for some reason, probably because of our liking for sweetmeats, the producers saved the heroine from tossing off her poison and left her happy in the arms of the hero. "Fedora" is a direct result of the star system of the present day. The picture is handed to Miss Frederick in every scene. This, translated from studio parlance, means that all the other characters, even the important ones, are subordinated to Miss Frederick's *Fedora*. Hence much of the dramatic force of the original play by Victorien Sardou is absent. To lovers of Miss Frederick's art, "Fedora" presents it in abundance. Jere Austin is a good-looking but unnatural hero.

Only one war picture has appeared in the month just passed at this writing, aside from Metro's "To Hell With the Kaiser," which damns this ungentlemanly fellow roundly. That one is "The Service Star," a Goldwyn offer-

ing starring Madge Kennedy. There are regrettable things about this picture. One is that such a poor story should have been wasted on such a beautiful title. Another is that such a talented star of farce as is Miss Kennedy should be thrust in such a story and in such a rôle as Mr. Logue, the author, provided her here.



"The First Law" is so full of mystery that it is mystifying.

I like to see Miss Kennedy romp about in a farcical situation and get the most from it, as she always does, with that fine skill that is her valued possession. I certainly don't like to see her as a girl who insists on pulling her hair back tightly over her head and then wonders why no man pays attention to her. There isn't a girl in the world who would attempt to catch a man with an unbecoming hair dress. In "The Service Star," too, there is some more false society. All the Washington society girls have soldier sweethearts at the front, and consequently when Madge puts in an appearance without boasting of her boy in France, the society girlies, speaking in the language of vaudeville, give her the "razzberry." If they were at all human they would have fixed her hair becomingly, smashed her horn - rimmed spectacles, and sent her flying into the game of love. But in the picture this attempt to draw sympathy for Miss Kennedy when she is seen in an impossible rôle falls quite flat. In "Friend Husband," however, Miss Kennedy is seen in a piece worthy of her talents.

And speaking of something light, here's Wallace Reid in "Less Than Kin," a fine, rollicking comedy. The title suggests another Hayakawa picture, but titles are small bother. Wally, as one *Vickers,* is sojourning in South America because he stopped a drunken husband from beating his wife, and, merely incidentally, killed him. Wally, as one *Lee,* is sojourning in South America attempting to kill himself with drink, and his aims along this line are shortly successful. So Wally, as *Vickers,* masquerades as *Lee* and returns to the hearthstone. And what does

he find there? A loving father, to be sure, and a pretty cousin. But—debts, the accusation of absconding with bank funds, a slattern wife and three brawling brats, companions of the underworld, and—about everything he wouldn't wish for. Alice Duer Miller, a prominent magazine writer, is author of "Less Than Kin," and she certainly provided Wally and his company with a fine piece of comedy.

Bryant Washburn does the prodigal son again in "The Ghost of the Rancho," and after getting into a brawl in a café speeds out to a Mexican desert, proceeds to fall in love with the telegraph operator and capture the villain, who besides having attacked the heroine at least three times is guilty of attempting to smuggle arms across the border. Bryant dresses as a ghost and says boo at the bandit, and that gentleman's goose is thereupon neatly cooked. Rhea Mitchell is the heroine, versatile indeed, for she is a hat-check girl, a dancer, and a telegraph operator at one time or another.

A story of the "easiest-way" type, by Gouvernuer Morris, is offered by William Fox in "The Fallen Angel." It was called "You Can't Get Away With It" on the printed page, but evidently Mr. Fox's penchant for short titles resulted in the change. Jewel Carmen, one of the prettiest girls on the screen, has the title rôle. Here is a young shopgirl who sells herself that her sisters may have the luxuries to which they are accustomed. And then she finds herself an outcast. She contemplates marriage later, but the best man turns out to be the son of the man with whom she once lived, and so she faces the world alone.

"A Nine O'Clock Town," with Charles Ray. Such a line suffices to awaken great expectations within the rabid movie fan's breast. Thoughts of Charlie whistling "Turkey in the Straw," et cetera, and driving home the lowing kine. Well, it is somewhat disappointing, although it has its spots of comedy, the majority of which are provided by the star's ability. He is the son of the keeper of a general store who saves the business from ruin by sheer bluff. This trait is all that we see in Ray's character—which is a pity.

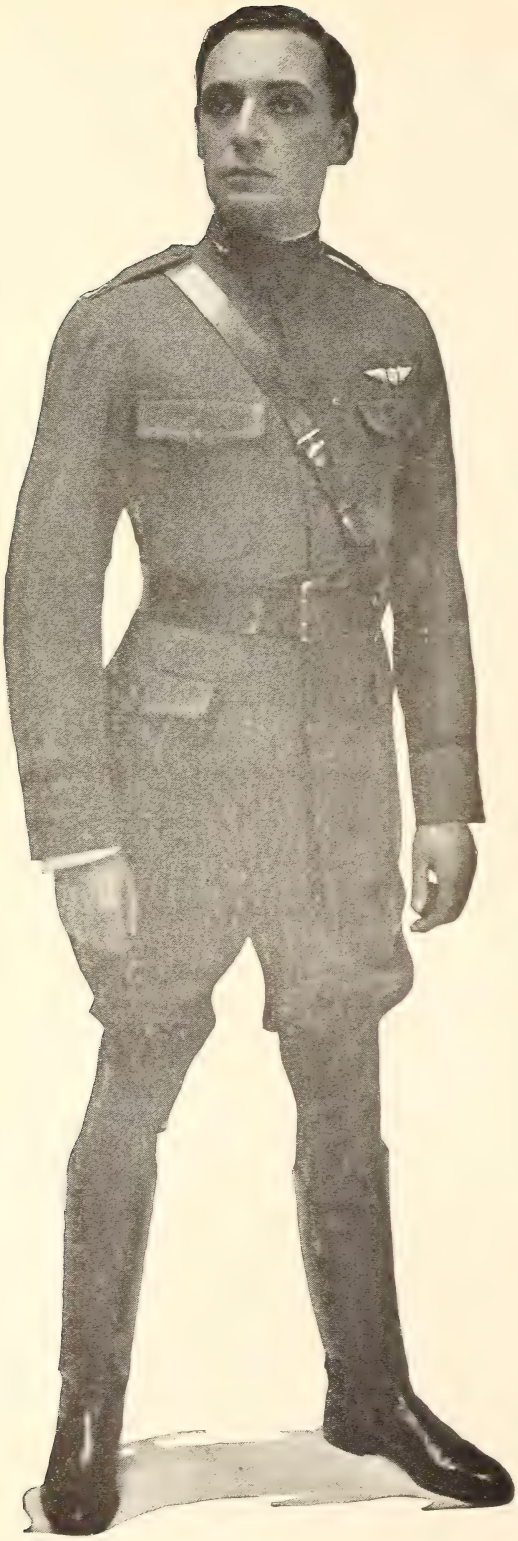
"The Vamp," another Ince feature, shows Enid Bennett so desperate that she has to resort to the tactics of the vampire to win a husband. And later she again performs a Theda Bara on a German agitator, saves a mining camp from being blown up, and uncovers a dire plot. Enid vamps very sweetly.

Universal has three enjoyable features in "A Woman's Fool," "Winner Takes All," and "The Dream Lady." The first was written by Owen Wister, author of "The Virginian," who called it "Lin McLean." It is a Western drama of an original type, with Harry Carey in the rôle of *Lin*. It has an amount of gruff humor that is typical of Wister and a credit to Director Jack Ford, in that he has brought it out so well.

"Winner Takes All" stars Monroe Salisbury. This is also a Western picture, centering on the battles of the cattle barons and the independent landowners. It is a very well produced, exciting story. Helen Jerome Eddy, formerly with George Beban, is the girl.

The most attractive Carmel Myers is the star in "The Dream Lady"—a very pretty little story of a girl who wanted to make others happy and did —one man in particular. Miss Myers' eyes sparkle irresistibly.

Melodrama and comedy are combined in Alice Joyce's "To the Highest Bidder," in which she puts herself on the auction block for lack of funds, stipulating that she is a good cook and a good governess, besides possessing intelligence. The situation is well treated and will bring offense to none, as the right man finally gets her.



Rousing the

And something about the two

By Justin

SPRAWLED along the Atlantic seaboard lies a sleeping giant, his great back lying inert among the ridges of the Allegheny Mountains. If he can be awakened and set to work he will help the Allies to win the war. It is because the help of this giant is so all-important, and because in order to rouse him the American people must know about him, that the government has been lending first aid to the Educational Film Corporation in filming their patriotic feature, "When the Giant Wakes." The giant is the great black vein of coal which must be dug up and harnessed to the machines and engines in this country and in Europe to help man in his fight for civilization.

The young man who has the leading rôle in this allegorical picture is an invalided Belgian who took an active part in the defense of his country at the time of the German invasion in 1914.

Of course, John Sunderland, the name by which he goes in the films, is not his real name. He is a son of a member of the Brussels nobility, who, by the way, is held as a hostage by the German invaders. Under another name Sunderland appeared before the camera for the Gaumont, Pathé, and Eclair film companies in Europe prior to the outbreak of the war.

When war came he was summoned with his comrades of the Brussels National Guard to resist the invasion of Belgium, his principal work being that of aviator observer, for he had received some training in flying. Later he fought for a time on the Belgian front in King Albert's little army that was forced to the very edge of Flanders. Before the war he had served in a military capacity in the Kongo Free State, and later, at the invitation of some British friends, enlisted with the British South African force that helped expel the Germans from East Africa. There he received wounds which resulted in his being retired with full honors. As motion-picture acting had been his principal business before the war, and as opportunities for such work no longer existed in France and Belgium, Mr. Sunderland came to this country, where his experience in mili-

Sleeping Giant

young people who are doing it.

Harris

tary affairs has proved of real assistance to him in impersonating military characters. He believes earnestly in the sort of patriotic film which he is engaged in making, and its real value in helping to win the Allied cause.

And now for the heroine in this story which has to do with the national resources. As would be expected for such a rôle, she is a type of brave American womanhood, the sort who is prepared to stand shoulder to shoulder with the fighting man, and lend her strength to his in the fight for American ideals.

Ethel Grey Terry is a generously proportioned, able daughter of the West. Born in Oakland, California, she spent her early years in the Far West, where the side saddle is looked down upon with scorn and all the girls ride astride. Her mother saw to it that she spent considerable time on a Western ranch, where she learned how to handle a horse as skillfully as most girls handle a powder puff. On one occasion this daring horsewoman made a seventy-five-mile journey on horseback unattended from the ranch to meet her much-astonished mother at a railway terminal.

The young actress is the daughter of Lillian Lawrence, well known as an actress to a former generation of theatergoers. Under her mother's tuition, she played a round of juvenile Shakespearean parts and modern child rôles also, getting the free life of the ranches of the West during the summer and vacation periods.

Her important appearances in the early part of her career were as one of Clyde Fitch's "Girls," in the play by that name, and in the title rôle of "The Lily" for Belasco. Miss Terry made her début in pictures with William Farnum in "The Sign of the Cross," and has more recently appeared in support of Norma Talmadge in "The Secret of the Storm Country."

In "When the Giant Wakes" Miss Terry plays the part of *Anne Blair,* the granddaughter of an old army officer, who wants to perform some big patriotic service for her country. *Anne Blair* is just the type of American girl who is doing her part in the war now. And of course there is a pretty little romance between the gallant young lieutenant and the daughter of old Virginia.

Pals First

The strange romance of two partners of the road and of the good fortune that befell them in a "deserted" house by the wayside, and the girl they found there—well, read the story.

By Harry H. Poppe

"We don't make a get-away yet," said Danny. "Don't get cold feet, Dominie."

DARKNESS was coming on. An artist would have reveled in the mellow sunset glow that tinged the low hills of Tennessee. But for the two bedraggled figures who trudged wearily along a footpath which disappeared among the hills, the scene held little charm.

The men presented a curious appearance in their tattered, dust-stained clothes. One was tall, lithe, and young, with fine features which not even a week's growth of beard could hide. The other was middle-aged and generously proportioned—evidently a gentleman, if his worn garments did belie his station. They walked slowly, the younger man several steps in advance of his plodding companion. Suddenly the other stopped, and limped to a bowlder at the side of the road.

"Buck up, Dominie, old pal," said the younger man encouragingly. "This road may lead to a dinner."

"Liabilities are all I can see, Danny," said the other grimly. "Here we are—you, a forger, a dip, a safe cracker, owing two years to San Quentin; and I—a tramp and a social outcast."

"Well, look at our assets," suggested Danny optimistically. "Seven cents between us, both of us college-bred chaps

and you an ordained clergyman. Buck up, we're climbing the last hill now."

Unsteadily Dominie rose to his feet, and his hand met Danny's in a clasp of understanding, as he braced himself to resume his painful trudge.

Had he known that Winnicrest Hall lay just over the hill's crest, Dominie would have taken heart instanter. For it was a large, well-kept mansion which, since the departure of Richard Fentress Castleman, the young owner, had been occupied only by two old darky servants.

There were few visitors at the Hall. Jean Logan, the daughter of Judge Logan, the nearest neighbor to Winnicrest Hall, came daily to leave a bouquet of flowers in Dick's room, stubbornly refusing to believe the rumor that he had died at sea while en route to Australia in search of health. A cousin of Dick's, Doctor Harry Chilton, also made repeated visits, but these were frowned upon by the old servitors, for had he not tried to convince Jean that Dick was dead and that she was now free to marry him?

The twilight had deepened into darkness before the wanderers reached the crest of the hill.

"Dominie," shouted Danny, who was walking a little in advance, "a house, and it looks deserted! Let's try it." They advanced, and when they were ten feet from the gate, which Danny recognized as the rear entrance to the spacious grounds surrounding the house, they caught sight of a light moving among the bushes.

"Hello! Hello in there!" Danny cried.

"Who's dar?" a voice questioned.

The light moved near, and Danny could make out that it came from a lantern carried by an old darky.

"I beg your pardon," Danny said politely. "We've both lost our way."

The speaker's voice seemed to have recalled something to the old servant, for his face lighted with recognition. Then, as if satisfied that his guess was aright, he exclaimed joyfully, shuffled nearer, and held the lantern high above his head to let the light shine fully in Danny's face.

"Mr. Dick," he cried in ecstasy, "yo' done come back—yo' done come back home." He dropped his lantern and fell on his knees, chattering happily.

A reception such as this was beyond their wildest dreams, and the wanderers gazed at one another in perplexity.

"You-all can't fool me," the old darky said gleefully. "Uncle Alex done know yo' in spite of yo' masqueradin'."

Quick-witted Danny plucked at the opportunity circumstances offered. "You're quite right, Uncle Alex," he said. "I tried to fool you, but I see I can't."

From the direction of the house came the sound of a woman's voice.

"Dat's Aunt Caroline calling me," he explained. "She sho' will be surprised to hear yo' is back again. I 'speck I better have her fix yo' some supper."

"Yes, Uncle Alex, Doctor Blair and I are hungry," Danny returned.

"There are only two answers, Danny lad," Dominie commented when Uncle Alex was gone. "Either you bear a remarkable resemblance to the master of the house, or Uncle Alex is off his bean. Whatever it is, I don't like the lay of the land. Let's pass it up."

"Don't get cold feet," Danny reassured him. "We'll get some clothes, a good supper, and a real rest, and in the morning we'll be on our way."

From the window Uncle Alex signaled that a room was ready, and the two adventurers entered the house almost furtively.

The long hall was brilliantly illuminated, and as if in fear of detection, they crossed it in silence. At the foot of the great stairway Dominie looked up, stopped suddenly, and

emitted a soft cry. Danny, turning, followed his pal's gaze and saw an oil painting of a young man in a naval cadet's uniform. On the bottom of its frame was a brass plate with the engraved inscription: "Richard Fentress Castleman, Annapolis, 1915."

"The resemblance is remarkable," Dominie admitted in a delighted whisper. "Uncle Alex is not off his bean."

If their arrival had been expected, the pals could not have had better luck, for in Dick's room they found every sort of garment that fills the masculine want. Bathed, shaved, newly clothed and shod, Danny stood before the dresser mirror, surveying himself when his gaze rested on a framed picture of a girl at his elbow. A soft whistle escaped his lips. She was an uncommonly pretty girl. An envelope, marked "For Dick," was tucked in the frame of the mirror. Danny opened it and read the note it contained, passing it on to Dominie.

"Love is a great thing," Dominie admitted.

"Jean Logan must be a great girl," said Danny, "if that's her picture, too."

"Mr. Dick, ma honey chil', you-all done come back!" cried Aunt Caroline joyfully when Danny entered the dining room, his arm in Dominie's. Danny winked slyly to his pal. So Aunt Caroline was fooled, too.

Assured of their ground, the two men confidently assumed their places at the table. Danny poured out wine and raised the glass to his lips, when a gasp of amazement escaped the old darkies.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded.

"Lawd, Mr. Dick," Aunt Caroline answered, "yo' shore have changed. Yo' never teched a drop of liquor in yo' life before yo' went away."

Dominie came to the rescue of the floundering Danny. "Quite right," he conceded. "You see, as his physician, I have prescribed a light wine as a constitutional."

The supper—a banquet for the two wanderers—finally over, the old servants garrulously imparted all the information the two men needed to go on with the deception.

"Yassah, I done 'speck yo' cousin, Docta' Chilton, was mighty glad to hear yo's dead, kase he all de time is preachin' about how he is gwine to be de boss," Uncle Alex confided.

"And I 'speck you-all better look after Miss Jean, too," Aunt Caroline remarked. "Doctor Chilton done set his cap fo' her fo' sho'."

"I've got a nice sociable little cousin, haven't I, Doctor Blair?" commented Danny to Dominie.

The telephone bell jangled. "It's Judge Logan, Mr. Dick," Uncle Alex reported. "He wants to speak to yo'."

Consternation seized the pals. In a moment, however, Danny had braced himself for another ordeal, and was speaking cautiously to his caller at the other end of the wire. Dominie, leaning over his pal's shoulder, recovered some of his poise when their safety seemed assured, only to lose it again when Danny suddenly clapped his hand over the mouthpiece and whispered:

"He wants to come here to-night. He says he has a thousand dollars of mine that he wants to put in the safe."

At Dominie's suggestion, Danny ven-

"Pals First"

Written from Metro's screen production based on the novel by Francis Perry Elliott.

CAST.

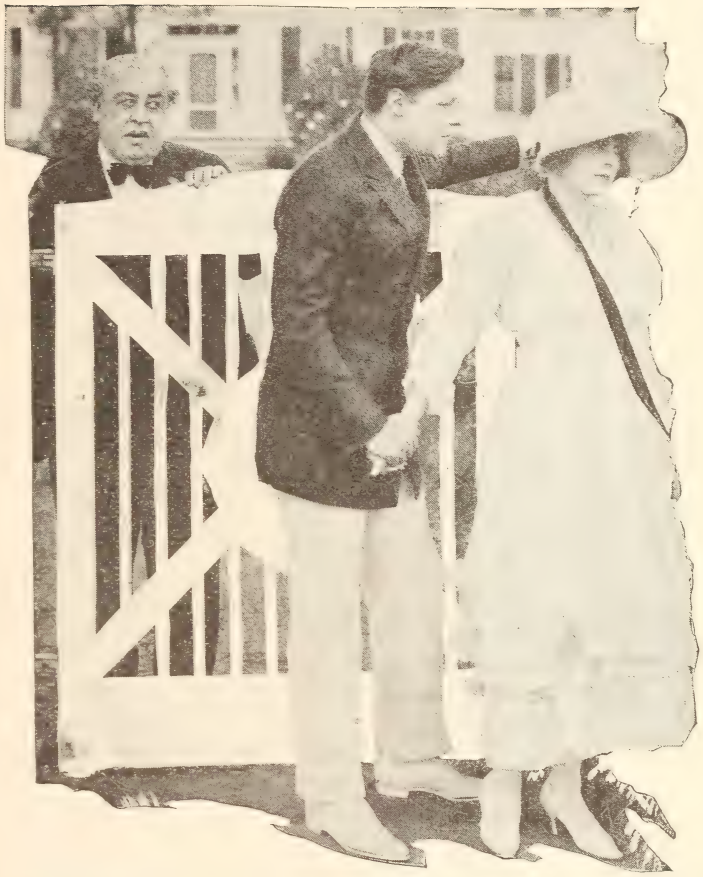
Danny Rowland	Harold Lockwood
Dominie	James Lackaye
Jean Logan	Ruby de Remer
Judge Logan	Frank de Vernon
Doctor Harry Chilton	Richard R. Neill
Uncle Alex	Anthony Byrd
Aunt Caroline	Pauline Dempsey
The Squirrel	Rollo Lloyd
The Sheriff	Walter P. Lewis

tured to object on account of the lateness of the hour, but Judge Logan answered that the idea was absurd—he was coming over anyway.

"We'll have to find the safe and open it, Dominie," Danny said, when he hung up the receiver. "If we don't, the jig is up. Dick wouldn't forget where he kept his valuables."

They found the safe—a little slot in the wall—and while Dominie stood guard, Danny opened it.

"Gee, Danny, that's the first time I ever saw you work," his pal exclaimed admiringly. "I believe you could open that gopher by singing to it."



One thing gnawed at his conscience whenever Dominie saw him with the girl.

They brought nothing more valuable to light than an envelope inscribed, "My last will and testament. Richard Fentress Castleman," in which Dick Castleman had left everything to Jean Logan.

Further conversation was precluded by the arrival at the door of Judge Logan. Hastily Dominie dimmed the lights in the library. The judge's greeting to Dominie was warm, and he welcomed Dominie, introduced as Doctor Blair, with sincere cordiality. Then, moving across the room, he deliberately pressed a button in the wall, flooding the room with light.

"You are not the Dick I knew," he commented. "The Dick I knew was pale and worn and ill, and you are stout and strong." Danny laughed.

"A year of travel sometimes causes a great change," he answered.

From his pocket, the judge took a roll of bills.

"Here is the money, Dick. One of your tenants paid his note this afternoon," he explained, handing the money to Danny. The latter carelessly passed it to Dominie, who dropped it into the table drawer. His business finished, the judge fell to talking on another subject.

"Jean will be here in a few minutes, Dick," he said, with a knowing smile. "She was simply wild with joy when I told her of your arrival."

Just then the great hall door was closed with a hurried slam, and

Jean stood framed in the archway before them.

"Dick, Dick, you *have* come back!" she cried happily, and ran forward into his arms, as the judge whispered into Dominie's ear, and the two quietly withdrew.

"You never kissed me like that before, Dick," she said bashfully.

Danny shook off the embarrassment and confusion that seized him, and replied with a laugh: "If you like it, let's do it again."

"Oh, Dick, you don't know how glad I am!" she cried ecstatically. "I've waited so long for you, and when Cousin Harry said you were dead I couldn't believe him."

Their hour together had been an entrancing one, Danny reflected, when the girl was gone—an hour entirely too brief. Dominie woke him from his reverie with a reference to the money.

"We can divide the swag and make a get-away," he suggested.

Danny shook his head. "I can't rob a girl like that—not her," he explained. "The will says everything belongs to her. Can't you understand?"

Rage seized Dominie. "You're getting soft," he sneered. For several moments he paced the floor, and when he turned to his companion his face was set determinedly.

"Pals first, Danny, pals first!" he hissed into the younger man's ear, and, drawing himself up, he drew his right hand across his heart in the position of a salute—the fateful sign of the underworld. If Danny returned the salute they would remain pals; if not, all was over between them. Danny stiffened, his jaw set. His hands were clenched, and his eyes stared ahead, seeing nothing.

A sudden noise outside the door startled them, and as they slid behind the curtains, a man cautiously entered the room from the opposite side. Danny and Dominie watched him breathlessly as he took the will and money from the table drawer, calmly set a match to the will, and threw the blazing paper into the fireplace, and then started to count the roll of bills.

Danny switched on the lights. The intruder started in alarm, dropping the money to the floor.

"Dick, Dick, I—I——" he gasped on seeing Danny, and, staggering backward, he tripped over a chair and fell heavily.

"For de good Lawd sakes, Mr. Dick, what's done happened to Doctor Chilton?" inquired Uncle Alex, who had hurried to the room when he heard the sound of the fall.

Danny looked at Dominie and nodded significantly. So this was Doctor Chilton, who had been trying to force his attentions upon Jean! A bit of brandy, supplied by Uncle Alex, revived him.

"Why, Dick, I—I—thought you were dead," he stammered, and, jumping to his feet, and with many rather incoherent apologies, he seized his hat and left hastily.

Dominie picked up the money Chilton had dropped and resumed his argument that they ought to make a get-away.

"You're wrong," Danny objected. "We are not going—not to-night. We have fooled them all, and I've decided to stay for the week-end. The girl needs me."

The days thtat followed were pleasant ones for the wayfarers. Danny was happy with Jean, and Dominie, the fear of detection entirely gone, lolled in a peaceful comfort which brought back recollections of his happy pastorate days in England, before the disaster which caused him to be banished from his beloved flock and made an outcast.

Only one thing gnawed at his conscience—the realization that his pal was winning the heart of an innocent girl by a deception.

Doctor Chilton had not reappeared

at Winnicrest Hall since the night of Danny's arrival, but he meant to get even with the man who had balked his plans. He had it on good authority that Dick was dead, and he planned to get further proof which would expose the young impostor who so confidently usurped a place at the head of the Castleman household.

So he sent long letters and telegrams, and when the answers he received were of such a nature that he was certain the time to strike had arrived, he started for Winnicrest Hall.

Dominie and Danny were chatting in the library one evening when from the hall came a voice, "Evenin', old pals." The curtains parted, and before them slipped a frowsy, unkempt individual.

"My God, the Squirrel!" Danny exclaimed, a trace of fear in his voice. "What do you want?" he asked, controlling himself.

The man known as the Squirrel came nearer. "Say, you guys can't kid me. I've been wise to you babies for three days, and I only been laying low to give youse a chance to get the kale."

At this moment, Doctor Chilton, arriving on his spiteful errand, admitted himself to Winnicrest Hall, and, hearing voices, stationed himself within earshot in the hall. He parted the curtains slightly, but closed them again as he realized the import of the business between the three men.

"Say, you guys can't kid me. I've been wise to you babies for three days."

Danny turned upon his visitor combatively. "You'll have none of the money that's here," he said with finality.

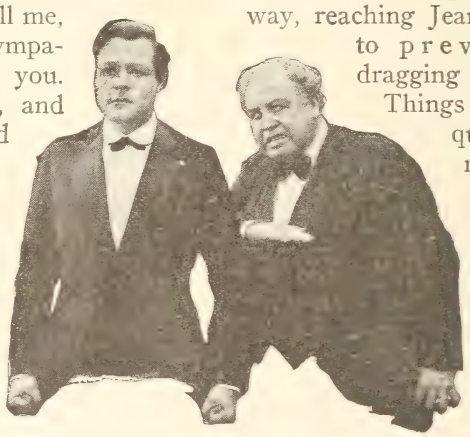
A threat escaped the Squirrel's lips, and in a flash he was lying flat on the floor from a blow dealt by Danny's fist.

"It's me mother, Danny—in Vermont—she's dying." The Squirrel broke into a whine from the floor. "I got a letter to-night. That's what's drivin' me crazy."

"Why didn't you tell me, kid?" Danny was sympathetic. "I'll help you. Here's two hundred, and I'll give you some glad rags, too."

The library curtains suddenly parted, and Doctor Chilton appeared.

"You damned impostor," he sneered. "I've got enough on you now to lock you up for life. Read that."



He drew his hand across his heart in the fatal salute of the underworld.

"Shall I croak him, Danny?" the Squirrel inquired eagerly.

Danny shook his head and took the telegram Doctor Chilton handed him. It was a brief statement from a physician in Detroit, who said that he himself had been present at the death and burial at sea of Richard Castleman.

Danny maintained a calm exterior. "Suppose I *am* an impostor—you won't dare to say a word! Would you care to have Judge Logan and the girl know that you burned the will?" Danny inquired meaningly. "Think it over, Cousin Harry—think it over."

So for the time being life at the Hall resumed its former pleasant, easy trend. But the call of the heart is not easily resisted. One morning at the end of their ride, Danny pleaded, "Just say the word, Jean. Make it next Sunday and I'll get Dominie to tie the knot."

Jean shyly nodded her head in assent.

Danny's happiness was complete as he turned his mount back to Winnicrest. But he had scarcely reached the turn in the road, before one scream after another reached his ears, sending the blood coursing through his veins. He turned and spurred back along the way, reaching Jean's side just in time to prevent Chilton from dragging her from her horse. Things happened pretty quick from that moment, and Jean, standing aghast at the roadside, could only murmur over and over to herself a simple little prayer for Danny's success. Only on the way back to the Hall, when Chilton had been thoroughly whipped, did Danny learn the details of the struggle. Chilton, overhearing the plans for their marriage, had waylaid Jean to expose Danny's true identity. When she had refused to listen to him, he had become excited and tried to drag her from her mount.

"I just had a little conversation with Cousin Harry," Danny soberly told Dominie as he entered the house in mud-bespattered clothes with Jean. "You talk with Jean while I run and change into decent clothes."

Dominie was Danny's pal, so Jean eagerly began to tell him of the event set for the following Sunday. "And you're to perform the ceremony," she concluded.

A look of pain, which did not escape the girl, overspread Dominie's face.

"You don't seem to be glad at all," she remarked, laughing a little. "Perhaps you'd rather say it to Danny."

A few minutes later Danny, completing his change, was startled by the glimpse he caught of Dominie's haggard face in the mirror.

"Danny boy, you're not going through with it—you're not going to marry the girl." He spoke almost pleadingly.

"Of course, I am—why not?" was the response. "Haven't I fooled them all?"

"You are not going to break this girl's heart," Dominie said, with slow determination. "You are going away to-night."

The young man laughed easily. "What's the matter, Mr. Soft Heart?" he tantalized. "You can't weaken now. Pals first, Dominie!" Danny hissed.

Despite the accusations of the others her heart told her he was innocent.

His head bowed, Dominie fought within himself. For the first time in years Dominie battled with himself over the question of right and wrong. Only a few weeks before he would have chosen the line of least resistance without the slightest compunction.

"Pals first," Danny hissed the third time, crossing his heart with his right hand.

But Dominie did not answer the signal. The battle in him was over—and the right had won. Then he went in search of Jean, and found her on the veranda.

"What's the matter, Doctor Blair?" she inquired, anxiously noting his troubled look.

"I have something to tell you," Dominie answered slowly. "The man you know as Dick is not Dick at all, but Danny Rowland, a pickpocket, a forger, a safe cracker, one of the most notorious criminals in the country, at this very moment owing two years to San Quentin prison. He is an impostor, and you must not marry him."

"It can't be true," she cried.

"It is true," Dominie answered doggedly.

Through Jean's mind flittered a kaleidoscopic picture of all that had happened since Dick's return. Countless instances of a changed manner in the man she recognized as Dick came to her mind. She remembered Doctor Chilton's protestations that the fellow was an impostor, and the telegram he had shown her as supporting evidence. And now came a confession from the man's pal.

Then Danny, with his carefree smile, stepped into the tableau. Jean eyed him scornfully.

"You contemptible impostor!" she broke forth.

"So you have told her," said Danny.

To Jean this was irrefutable evidence of the man's duplicity. With a little scream she was up and away, before either man could stop her, to her own home, to find her father and sob out the whole story in his arms.

"Perhaps you have been a little hasty, my dear," Judge Logan told Jean consolingly, when she had finished. Jean's eyes shone behind her tears.

"Even after all I have heard, I cannot make myself believe it is not Dick," she said. "Though Doctor Blair and Doctor Chilton tell me he is an impostor, my heart tells me he is not."

That evening, accompanied by the sheriff, Doctor Chilton once more visited the Hall. Danny greeted him good-humoredly, and turned to the sheriff, who took Danny's proffered hand and shook it warmly.

Jean and her father came in at this moment. With a cry the girl ran forward, and, throwing her arms around Danny's neck, she wept softly.

"Forgive me, Dick, for having seemed to doubt you," she murmured. "In spite of all that I've heard and seen, I know deep in my heart that you are the real Dick—my Dick."

"I demand that you arrest him, sheriff," Doctor Chilton interrupted.

"Just a minute, Doctor Chilton," the sheriff said calmly. "I have with me here a description of Danny Rowland." There was a hush as the sheriff drew his papers from his pocket. "Danny Rowland had a tattoo mark on his right forearm just below the elbow," he read; then, glancing up from his papers: "Dick, will you be good enough to roll up your sleeve?"

"Certainly," the suspected man answered, and bared a brown arm. There was not a sign of a tattoo mark on it. Dominie gasped, and Jean was plainly bewildered and excited. Chilton bit his lip in disappointment.

"Yes, I am the real Dick Castleman," the pseudo Danny Rowland explained. "Here's the explanation:

"I left here for San Francisco, as you all know, intending to sail from there for Australia. On the eve of the sailing date a burglar entered my apartment, and, covering me with his revolver, took my passports, passage money, and my clothes. I protested, of course.

"'I'm a one-lunger, pal,' the poor fellow said, and I could tell from his voice that he spoke the truth. 'And I've got to get away, the doctor says. I've got no money and little chance of getting any except in this way.'

"I explained that my passport would not help him, but as he stepped before the window, the shaft of light from the street lamp fell on his face, and I saw I was mistaken. The man was my counterpart.

"I pitied the poor devil, and let him go with everything I had. Then it struck me that I might regain my health, too, if I took to tramping. So the next day I started out. Several days later I read in a newspaper found by the roadside an account of my own death and burial at sea. The poor fellow to whom I had given my belongings was identified as Dick Castleman.

"Then I met Dominie, who greeted me as Danny Rowland. Dominie and Danny Rowland had served together in San Quentin. The more I knew about Dominie, the better I liked him, and I determined to help him come back. We became pals in an underworld pact, and as pals we came to Winnicrest Hall."

"A fine story," Chilton sneered, as Dick finished speaking, "but for fiction only."

"What Dick says is the truth," soberly interrupted Judge Logan. "Ever since he left a year ago I have heard from him once a week. Even his homecoming with Doctor Blair was prearranged."

"Do you mean to say that I am the only one who has been fooled?" exclaimed Dominie.

"Except for Cousin Harry," said Dick, "but he's going to Australia to start all over again." At this point the sheriff laughed immoderately.

"Dick, darling," began Jean, snuggling very close, "I hope you aren't going to give me such dreadfully big surprises *very* often—even if this one was nice," she ended politely.

"I think," Dick smiled whimsically, "I *think* I've cracked the very last safe I'm ever going to try to get inside."

We Wouldn't Yawn—

like this nice old St. Bernard if we had the same chance to go for a stroll with Billie Burke at Burkeleigh Crest. This is a driveway on the Ziegfeld estate at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, not two hours away from New York City, where the charming little actress of both the silent and the speaking stage spends all her idle moments —which are few. During the coming season she promises to make a fair division of her time between the two fields of art, for she plans to do Paramount pictures when not playing in a production which Mr. Ziegfeld is staging expressly for her. Meanwhile she is making a picture, the title of which is "The Make-Believe Wife"—quite Barkean sounding, by the way, and hints at something unusually good.

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

THE Oracle is sorry that it cannot furnish the names of soldiers and sailors in the United States service for Oracle readers to correspond with, either through the columns of the Oracle, or through the Roberta Courtland Service Club. This decision is due to an official ruling of the war department in Washington, which forbids both officers and men to enter into correspondence with strangers in response to advertisements and other invitations. The chief reason for this seems to be the necessity of guarding against enemy propaganda, and even the chance disclosure of valuable information to the enemy. The war department states that while the efforts that are constantly being made by strangers to find soldiers with whom they can correspond are, in the majority of cases, innocent enough, the opportunities which would be offered by such correspondence clubs for the enemy to do wholesale propaganda and at the same time to get information are obvious. So, while it sounded like a good plan to cheer the Sammies, the Oracle will have to give it up, unless different orders are issued. Orders are orders, you know.

LILA LEE ADMIRER.—Lila Lee is the *Cuddles* who sang "Look Out for Jimmy Valentine" on the vaudeville stage. She was discovered as a five-year-old playing "Ring Around a Rosy" in the streets of Union Hill, New Jersey, and jumped from there into vaudeville. Then, Jesse L. Lasky discovered her all over again and got her for Paramount pictures. If you will write to her at Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Lila Lee will send you an autographed photograph.

U. AUTO NO.—Yes, it is quite true that Vernon Castle was killed while flying at the United States aviation field in Texas. He only appeared in one motion picture, "The Whirl of Life," opposite Mrs. Vernon Castle.

BUTTERCUP.—You asked a great many questions, Buttercup, but you should have looked at the rules of the Oracle at the head of the department before you wrote, because they are almost all against the rules, and I hate to have to refuse to answer them after your letter has come all the way from far-off Australia; but rules are rules, and these are some that can't be broken. Yes, it is true that Vernon Castle was killed while flying over an aviation camp in Texas. Herbert Rawlinson is now playing opposite Geraldine Farrar in her first Goldwyn production. I can't say anything about him if my readers don't ask any questions concerning him, can I? Rawlinson is a dandy fellow, and I will always jump at the chance to say something good about him. "Smashing Through," a sequel to "Come Through," is his latest picture to be released. No, I don't think that Thomas Holding is conceited. At least, he hasn't appeared so on the many occasions when I have seen him. Joe Moore is in the United States army. I'll answer questions about any one but myself. No, I don't send photographs out of myself. I couldn't if I wanted to, as I haven't any to send. Where do you think I get the time to have any taken with so many questions to answer? Read the rules over carefully next time you write, and then I will be able to answer anything that you may ask.

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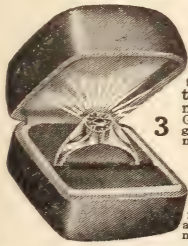

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If satisfactory, I agree to pay $3.50 upon arrival; and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within ten days at your expense.

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Address.....

B. G. T.—You could not have been doing much reading lately, or you would certainly have seen a great deal about one Tom Moore. He is now being starred alone by the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and is their first and only male star. His first starring production with this concern is "Just for To-night." He was very good indeed in "Brown of Harvard." Tom can always be relied upon to give a very pleasing performance in anything he tackles. David Powell played opposite Ann Murdock in that picture.

Barbara L.—It is very difficult to get into pictures now when you have had no experience at all in this line of work. There are too many experienced women at liberty now for newcomers to step in and take their places. The producers realize that the public is becoming more critical daily, and they can't take a chance with people who have not had the necessary experience. They cast by the picture now in all the California studios, and they are picking actresses whose work is known to the directors of the various studios. They know what the part in the scenario calls for, and they know whether or not a certain actress can play the rôle. You can go around to the different studios and apply for extra work, but as California is a long, long ways from Jacksonville, and the game is so uncertain, I would advise you to stay right where you are. There are a few studios in Fort Lee, New Jersey, where you might try for extra work. The casting director at the studio would never consider engaging any one unless he saw him in person. Photographs are all right, but they want you to bring them with you in person. Send six cents in stamps to the editor of this magazine, and he will send you a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the complete list of studios in the United States and the address of each one.

Mrs. John W.—At the time the reply to the question concerning "Ham" and "Bud" was written, Bud was not playing in pictures. He joined the National Film Corporation in Denver, as you say, in February, but didn't remain there very long, although you say that he was contracted for a year. He came back to California, and then went to work with Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, playing a sheriff in one of their Universal comedies. Of course, it is a matter of opinion pure and simple as to whether he was as funny as his partner Ham. Personally, I don't think Bud could ever come anywhere near Ham as far as being funny is concerned, but then every one is entitled to their own way of looking at things, eh?

Milie.—Tom Forman is an officer in Uncle Sam's army. Write a letter to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and they will see that it reaches him.

Mrs. A. A.—The only thing that I can suggest for you to do with your daughter is to take her around to the various studios, and try to get them to give her some extra work to do or a small bit. You can't tell how she will photograph, or if she can do the work, until you see her on the screen. You can get a complete list of all the studios in the United States by sending six cents in stamps to the editor of this magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet.

Helen.—As you did not sign your letter any other way but Helen, it was impossible for me to send you a personal reply. Virginia Lee Corbin receives all of her mail at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. June Caprice finds her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. So you are thinking of becoming a motion-picture actress when you graduate? Good luck to you. As you are only twelve years old now, you will have quite some time to make up your mind or change it in regard to your future career. "Brownie" Vernon is the name of the young lady who played opposite Franklyn Farnum in the Bluebird production of "The Clock."

W. C. S.—Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, William Farnum, Theda Bara, and Charles S. Chaplin are their right names. Theda Bara's used to be Theodosia Goodman, but she had the courts change it to Theda Bara, so that is her legal name now. Gladys Smith is the correct name of one Mary Pickford. Elmo Lincoln was *Tarzan* in "Tarzan of the Apes." Yes, any of the above-named players will send you one of their autographed photos upon request. Better inclose twenty-five cents in stamps with your request, and you will be sure to receive a nice one. "Bound in Morocco" is the title of the latest Douglas Fairbanks release. He is now working on the stage play he made such a success in, "He Comes Up Smiling." Elmo Lincoln is supposed to be the strongest man in the movies. Yes, it is true that Jack Pickford joined the navy. Douglas Fairbanks did not play in Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," as it was called in some cities.

L. M. Frances.—I don't know why you haven't heard from Pearl White. Did you address her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City? You should give her plenty of time, because you know Pearl receives hundreds of such letters every week, and it is some job to answer them all, especially when one is such a busy little person as Pearl. Certainly the players talk in a motion-picture production. The "House of Hate" has been showing in Boston for some time. I guess you must have overlooked it. No trouble at all.

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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ Metallurgist or Prospector
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
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Cleo.—I am sorry to say, Cleo, that I have no more addresses of soldier and sailor boys to send you so that you may write to them. If you read the papers you will notice that the war department at Washington has issued an order, forbidding men in the service entering into correspondence with strangers. The reasons for this are obvious, and if you will read the opening paragraph of the Oracle, you will learn more about it. No, Mary Anderson has not deserted the movies. She had just finished playing opposite Fred Stone for Artcraft, and Bill Hart is not dead by a long shot. Of course, Charlie Chaplin came by his name honestly. There may have been some other Charles Chaplins before him, but what difference does that make? You contend that if they had the name first, Charlie stole it. It was wished on him before he knew anything about it by his parents, just the same as they tacked Cleo onto you before you were able to defend yourself. You must remember that you are not the only Cleo who ever lived. Spencer is the middle name of Chaplin.

F. A. K.—Yes, I know the youngster that played the rôle of *Abraham Lincoln* as a boy in Benjamin Chapin's Lincoln Cycle pictures, which were released by Paramount. Charlie Jackson is the boy's name, and he is, indeed, a very clever young actor. Charlie is about fifteen years old now. These films were taken several years ago at the Chapin studios in Fort Lee and Ridgefield Park, New Jersey. Benjamin Chapin died several months ago, being taken ill on Lincoln's birthday.

J. Wilbur G.—"Madame Who?" is a very good photo play. You say that you like action. Well, you will certainly get your fill of it in this play, besides some very good acting on the part of Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman, and several other members of the cast. It is well worth seeing. I didn't say I didn't agree. In fact I do. You would have seen plenty of action in the fight between Bill Farnum and Thomas Santschi in "The Spoilers." Mitchell Lewis and Tom Santschi have just completed a feature, under the direction of Bert Bracken, in which there is a fight between these two huskies that is said to make the battle in "The Spoilers" look like a sociable tea.

Theda Bara Admirer.—Theda Bara is still making pictures for the Fox Film Corporation at their California studios on Western Avenue, Hollywood. You had better address a letter to her there, as it is not known when she will return to New York again. Bara is her correct name, as Theda had the courts change it to that for her. She has a brother Mark in the United States army, and has a little service flag in the rear window of her limousine in honor of him.

Mister Private.—You need not fear about writing to the various stars you mention, as I know that they will only be too glad to drop you a few lines while you are "over there" to help cheer you up. Billie Burke should be written to in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Charles Ray receives his mail at the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Douglas Fairbanks has heaps of it every morning from the fans at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Theda Bara still gets her mail delivered at the same address as Bill Farnum, the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. "Cleo" answered a letter that another army lad sent her through the Oracle, so I wouldn't be at all surprised if she would answer one from you. She's a very patriotic young lady, and from her letters it seems that she is always helping out at some benefit for the Red Cross, Y. W. C. A., or for the soldiers and sailors. If you should follow out your intentions and write to her, send the letter on to me, and I will see that it is forwarded to her.

Little or Nothing.—No, Roscoe Arbuckle is still alive, and very much so, too, judging from his latest comedy, "Good Night, Nurse," which has just been released. All the picture stars are reported dead at various times. In fact, it seems to be the most common report in the theatrical business. Yes, it is true that Vernon Castle was killed while flying over the aviation field at Texas. Mrs. Vernon Castle is still appearing in pictures for Pathé. No, Antonio Moreno is not her leading man any longer. He is back with the Vitagraph Company at their studios in Hollywood, California, being starred in a new serial. He has a Stutz roadster. Mary Pickford was born in 1893; Charlie Ray in 1892; Mary Miles Minter in 1902; May Allison in 1895; Francellia Billington in 1896; Charlotte Burton in 1890; Dell Boone in 1894; and Ora Carew in 1895.

Mayee Pick.—Yes, Mary Pickford's hair is naturally curly. This is one of the questions that is most frequently asked. Yes, Mary Pickford answers letters from her admirers. You can get a letter to her by writing to her in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. She is not playing in pictures at the present time, having decided to take a much-needed rest. It has not been stated how long she intends to remain away from the camera. "The Mobilization of Johann" is the name of the last picture she made.

K. K. K.—William Desmond is still making features for the Triangle Film Corporation, at their Culver City studios, where a letter will reach him.

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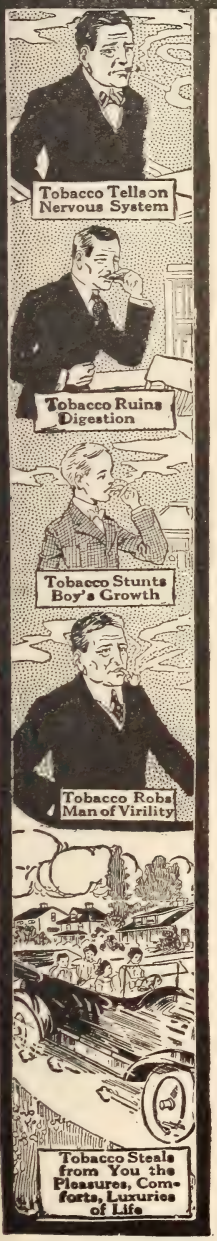

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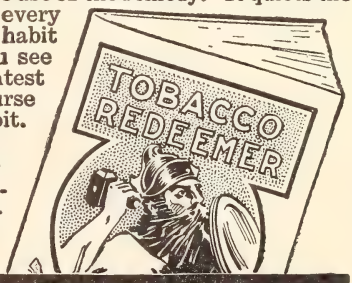

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

FILM FAN.—Robin MacDougall was *Tyltyl,* Tula Belle was *Mytyl,* Edwin Reed was *Daddy Tyl,* Emma Lowry was *Mummy Tyl,* William J. Gross was *Gaffer Tyl,* Florence Anderson was *Granny Tyl,* Edward Elkas was *Berlingot,* Katherine Bianchi was *Berlingot's* daughter, Lillian Cook was *Fairy Berylune,* Gertrude McCoy was *Light,* Lyn Donelson was *Night,* Charles Ascot was the *Dog,* Tom Corless was the *Cat,* S. E. Popapovitch was *Fire,* Mary Kennedy was *Water,* Eleanore Masters was *Milk,* Charles Craig was *Sugar,* and Sam Blum was *Bread* in the Artcraft production of the "Bluebird." A very artistic play, indeed. Louise Glaum, Mary Jane Irving, Thurston Hall, Albert Allardt, Charles Hammond, Jay Morley, Roy Laidlow, Joseph J. Dowling, and Clifford Alexander had the principal rôles in the Paralta production, "An Alien Enemy." Tom Wilson was the big policeman in Charles Chaplin's "A Dog's Life." Yes, it is said that Harry Lauder is the noted personage who suggested the title for this picture. According to the story, Chaplin showed it to the noted comedian in the projection room, and after it was finished Lauder said to Chaplin: "'Tis a dog's life you lead, Charlie, in that film," and so the picture found its name. Not being an expert on Scotch accent, I can't make it read the way it sounded, but any one who knows will gladly say it for you.

PICTURE LOVER.—Dustin Farnum and William Farnum are brothers, but they are not related to Franklyn Farnum. Dusty's latest feature is "The Light of Western Stars," by Zane Grey, while brother William's last picture is "The Rainbow Trail," by the same author. Seems rather funny to see two brothers doing stories by the same author, doesn't it? "The Rainbow Trail" is a sequel to "Riders of the Purple Sage." Franklyn Farnum hasn't been with the Universal for several months. His latest feature was with Metro opposite Anna Q. Nilsson. You can reach him by letter in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. "A Nine O'Clock Town" is the name of the latest Charlie Ray feature to be released through Paramount. Yes, he will be seen shortly in another rural play. He is working on one at the present time, the temporary title of which is "String Beans," but which will most likely be changed before it is released. He has a different leading woman in nearly all of his pictures. Jane Novak is playing his feminine lead at the present time.

BERT R.—Sorry, but I can't answer your questions regarding Antonio Moreno, Earle Williams, and Julian Eltinge, as they are all against the rules of the Oracle department. Am very sorry, but rules are rules, you know.

MRS. W. B. J.—Am very sorry, but I don't know where you could get the information you seek, because I don't think there is anything to the story at all.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Mr. Trade Journal.—The *Exhibitor's Trade Review,* 1587 Broadway, New York City; *Wid's,* Times Square, New York City; the *Motion Picture News,* 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; the *Moving-Picture World,* 17 Madison Avenue, New York City; and *Motography,* Monadnock Building, Chicago, Illinois, are the trade journals that publish a complete list of the releases from the various motion-picture studios.

Mrs. A. E.—Lucille Lee Stewart and Anita Stewart are sisters. Write to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. She has been off the screen for a little while, but will be seen again in the very near future in some plays directed by Ralph Ince.

Pearl Hollis.—You have seen quite a gathering of the movie players, to be sure, and you know a great many addresses, too. I can see that you haven't much need to write to the Oracle. You forgot to ask any questions in your letter. Guess you didn't have any to ask that you couldn't answer yourself, eh?

The Silent Two.—Yes, Mahlon Hamilton and Arline Pretty are both at the same studio. You can address either of them at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Carmel Meyers gets all of her mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. No, G. M. Anderson was not the leading man in the Fox production of "The Honor System." Milton Sills is the man you refer to in that production.

Elsie S.—"Headin' South" was the name of the picture in which Douglas Fairbanks played the rôle of a member of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. Yes, Roscoe Arbuckle played a man of all work in his Paramount comedy, "A Country Hero."

Minnie.—Address John Bowers in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Ethel Clayton is no longer with the World Film Corporation. She is now making features for the Paramount program at the Lasky Studios. Harry Carey will get all mail sent to him at Universal City, California. I am sure that he will send you one of his autographed photos.

Eunice, New Zealand.—Maybe you didn't write to Harold Lockwood at the proper place. He is now in New York, having just returned from the Metro Studios in California. Write to him in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 3 West Sixty-first Street, New York City. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle department. If you would tell me the name of the company that produced the picture you mention, even if it was several years ago, I could look up the cast for you. I'm sorry, but I don't know of any admirers of Harold Lockwood who have seen him in real life to tell you to write to. Drop me a line again, when you have the chance.

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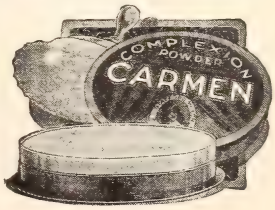

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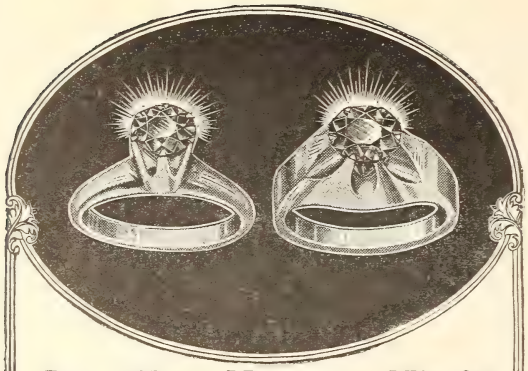

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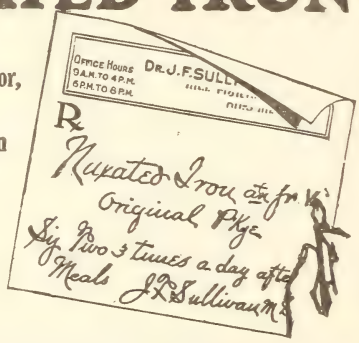

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

BEATRICE HOLCOMB.—Grace Cunard is vacationing at the present time. What is it that you would like to know about her? She was born in Paris, France, twenty-six years ago. She looks just the same off the screen as she does on. Yes, I am sure that Pearl White, William Russell, Shirley Mason, and Olive Thomas would send you one of their photographs. Address Dorothy Dalton at the Ince Studios, Pico and Georgia Streets, Los Angeles, California. Belle Bennett finds her mail at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Mary Charleston, Jackie Saunders, Helen Holmes, Ruth Roland, and Arthur Shirley all call for their mail at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Ella Hall can be reached by letter at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Dorothy Gish's address is the Sunset Studio, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Mildred Harris gets her daily lot of letters at the Lois Weber Studio, Los Angeles, California. Priscilla Dean's place of business is where she receives her mail, Universal City, California. Norma Talmadge has all of her mail sent to her in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Louise Glaum is not vamping in any pictures at the present time. Louise has gone in for the sweet-acting parts for a change. Matrimonial questions are against the rules of the Oracle Department, so I can't answer yours. I have a great many film favorites, but if I were to tell you their names, the ones I didn't name would all get jealous, and although none of them know who I am, they might find out, and I'm taking no chances. Grace Cunard seems to love driving around in her car more than anything else. Violet likes 'most anything.

M. E. P.—Madge Evans is still making features for the World Film Corporation. You can write to her in care of this company at 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Mary Pickford has golden hair and not auburn as you suspect. On the screen, auburn hair photographs black. Tsuru Aoki is the name of the Japanese lady to whom you refer. No, my friends do not know that I am the Oracle. Roxana McGowan is the Mack Sennett beauty that you refer to on page 60.

DIXIE.—Glad to hear that you like the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE so well. It shows us that we are accomplishing our aim—to give the picture fans a book they will enjoy reading each month. No, of course it is no trouble for me to answer your questions. Glad to do it. In fact, that's what I'm here for. No, that was not Billie Burke's baby you saw in "Let's Get a Divorce." That was a baby hired to do that part. As for as I know little Miss Ziegfeld has not yet made her début in pictures. You can reach Pearl White by mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. As far as I know you are right, but then, you never can tell. Certainly you may write again.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

O. Ima Phule.—Well, well, well! Glad to see you back with us once more. Yes, I am sorry to say that it is true that our old friend, mother Mary Maurice, has passed on. The same is true about William Hinkley. Jack Mulhall was last seen in "Wild Youth," the J. Stuart Blackton Paramount picture, and in the Universal serial, "The Brass Bullet," opposite Juanita Hansen. Antrim Short played with Jack Pickford in "Huck and Tom." Your favorites are a fine choice. Charles Ray's two latest plays are "The Claws of the Hun" and "A Nine O'clock Town." Don't be so long writing the next time. Mary Pickford was *Amarilly Jenkins;* William Scott was *Terry McGowan;* Norman Kerry was *Gordon Phillips;* Ida Waterman was *Mrs. Phillips;* Margaret Landis was *Colette King;* Kate Price was *Mrs. Jenkins,* and Fred Goodwins was *Johnny Walker,* in "Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley."

A. B. A.—Alice Brady should be addressed in care of the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

J. Wilbur G.—Received your first letter after the second one you wrote. Doris Pawn will get any mail you may send her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Doris Pawn was born in Norfolk, Nebraska, in 1896. Yes, I liked the "Narrow Trail" very much, indeed. What do you mean, whiskers? They did not belong to me if you did.

F. H. M.—Charles Ray is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and is twenty-five years old. He will get mail sent to him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Henry F.—You are right concerning Alice Joyce in "The Business of Life;" Mae Murray in "Face Value;" Clara Kimball Young in "The Marionettes," and J. Warren Kerrigan in "A Man's Man." "Persuasive Peggy" was the Peggy Hyland film for the Fox Film Corporation.

Charles Chaplin Fan.—Write to your favorite in care of the Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Yes, I am sure that he would send you one of his autographed photos if you were to request him to. Best to inclose twenty-five cents with your request.

Mary E. H.—That's the stuff! Send your magazines to the boys at the front when you are finished with them. They certainly enjoy them, as it helps pass the time away. Madge Evans' address is in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. June Caprice receives her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, and Sessue Hayakawa in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

S. J. O.—I'm sorry to say that I can't tell you of any way in which you could get a job as a comedian with a motion-picture company. The only way is to apply directly to the company. They pay very little or no attention to written communications. You would have to go in person and talk to the proper parties. There are not nearly as many comedy companies now as there used to be, and there are plenty of good comedians who are not working at the present time, so I am afraid that an amateur like yourself would find it very difficult to make connections with a fun-making film concern. Still there is no harm in trying. You might just appeal to them, and again you might not.

Kathryn M.—Harrison Ford will receive a letter addressed to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California; while your other favorite, Conway Tearle, receives his daily supply of mail at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Serial Fan.—Helen Holmes has not appeared in any feature since she finished work in "The Lost Express" serial for the Mutual Film Corporation. I don't think that Helen intends to desert the screen altogether. You can get one of her autographed photos by writing to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. It is almost a certainty that Pearl White will do another serial picture for Pathé very shortly. Pearl is established as a serial queen, and is one of the first actresses in the business to branch forth in serials. Mary Fuller was the first of them all with her "What Happened to Mary," "Who Will Marry Mary," and "Dolly of the Dailies." Pearl receives all her letters at the offices of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Miss Informed.—The Balboa Company has been closed for several months, so it is no wonder that your letter addressed to Jackie Saunders came back to you. Jackie is now in New York City on a visit, but will be back in California again by the time this reaches you. Write her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Jane Novak Admirer.—Your friend Sydell is not working at the present time. Roscoe Arbuckle, "Buster" Keaton, and Al St. John were the chief funmakers in "Fatty at Coney Island." Ethel Burton is the blond girl who has been acting in the Billy West Comedies. The Billy West Company has suspended operations for the time being. Don't know how soon they will start up again. "Shoulder Arms" is the name of the latest Charles Chaplin comedy, following his "A Dog's Life." Enjoyed the holidays immensely. Had time to go out and walk around the block twice. I'll speak to the editor about publishing a picture of Picture-Play building in the magazine. He is a very modest young man, so I don't know whether he will or not. Why don't you write more often?

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

"Jackie of the Hulas."—Write to Billie Rhodes in care of the Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Yes, Santa Claus was pretty good to me.

A. Olga M.—Well, well, Olga! You certainly are a devoted fan of Madame Petrova to change your name like that. Of course, I understand that it always was your name, but that you never used it before. I thought there was something funny about the looks of your name as you wrote it, and now I know what it is. Her latest picture, which will probably be released about the time that his gets into print, or a little before, is based on "Patience Sparhawk," the novel by Gertrude Atherton, but will probably be released under some other name. As they have changed the name of it several times, I cannot be sure what it will be, but "The Panther Woman" seems to be in favor as a title just now. It was to have been "The Tiger Woman" until it was discovered that Theda Bara once acted in a picture that was released under that name. No, I never heard that, but as you seem to have read everything there is to read about her, from what you say, I think you probably know better than I do.

Clem.—I think Gladys Leslie is the one to whom you refer. No, I didn't see the picture, but I understand that it was very good. She has been in pictures about two and a half years, with Vitagraph from the start. Antoni Moreno is back with the same company again. He went back after he finished the serial he was doing for Pathé. I never heard that some actors and actresses are only considered good for serials. I don't think that that is really true, although there are some who are chiefly noted for their output of serial stories. There are different terms to different contracts. Sometimes the contract is for a year, or a term of years with a clause which calls for a certain number of pictures to be finished within a certain time. In other cases an actor is engaged for a single picture only. I suppose that in some cases the patriotic work that the stars are doing in speech-making and in other ways takes time from their picture work. In some cases the managers may be willing to waive the contracts in order to permit the star to devote more time to patriotic work, but so far I have not heard of any such arrangements being made. The stars who are known personally to me are working extra hard in the studio whenever necessary in order to do patriotic work and at the same time fulfill the terms of their contracts, whatever they may call for.

W. A. L. M.—The best thing for you to do is to submit your script directly to the scenario editor of a leading picture-making concern. He will know whether it can be used or not. If you send a request for a Market Booklet to the editor of Picture-Play, with six cents in stamps inclosed, he will send you a book that will give all their addresses.

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

THOMAS DIXON FAN.—So you are glad to hear that "The One Woman" has been filmed at last? It is a corking story, and should make a very interesting photo play. Ada Gleason, who played *Ramona* in the play by that name, is the one woman in "The One Woman." She's a very clever actress, and I'm sure that you won't be disappointed in her work when you see the play, even if you have your own conception of the character in the story.

SYL.—Very glad to hear about the new Liberty Bond. You will get a chance to buy some more of them now with the fourth loan. Yes, it is true that Blanche Sweet is returning to the screen. She will make her appearance in "The Hushed Hour," which will be released very shortly. Blanche has just signed a contract with Harry Garson, manager of the Clara Kimball Young Company, and will be starred by him in a series of features, the first to be "The Unpardonable Sin," by Rupert Hughes. It will seem like good old times to have Blanche Sweet back on the screen once more. Yes, I heard that the earthquake broke a lot of glass in Los Angeles, and destroyed the towns of San Jacinto and Hemet. Yes, you were born on the same day as Mary Miles Minter, and in the same year, too. Mary Pickford is not working before the camera at the present time. She is taking that rest she has been threatening for so long. She has not as yet announced when she will return to the screen again, nor for what company she will produce her features. Since her temporary retirement, Mary has been fairly flooded with offers from the leading film manufacturers.

MABEL NORMAND'S RIVAL.—Yes, Madge Kennedy is closely pressing Mabel Normand for the leading comedienne honors of the film game. They are entirely different types, however, and work very differently, so it is rather difficult to compare them. Both are extremely popular. Mabel has always had a big following ever since the old Biograph days, long before she became known as "Keystone Mabel," and there are fans who will never forget her, and who are following her dramatic releases with just as much enthusiasm as they did her old Keystone one-reelers. Both Madge Kennedy and Mabel Normand have their mail sent to them at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

BIRTH OF A NATION.—Mae Marsh was not the star of D. W. Griffith's "The Clansman," or "The Birth of a Nation," although she had one of the principal rôles. There was no one star, but several, in these features. Henry Walthall, Lillian Gish, Miriam Cooper, Elmer Clifton, Bobby Harron, Mae Marsh, George Seigman, Ralph Lewis, Mary Alden, Jenny Lee, Scott Spottiswoode Aitken, and Josephine Crowell all had leading rôles in "The Birth of a Nation," which will live forever. It is going just as well now as it did when it was released several years ago. Some critics still insist that it remains the greatest drama ever produced for the screen.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

RUTH AND MARGUERITE.—"Reclaimed" is the title of the last picture in which Niles Welch had the leading rôle. Eugene O'Brien is Norma Talmadge's leading man in her latest release through the Select Pictures Corporation. I am the Picture Oracle. I thought Charles Ray gave a very fine performance in "The Family Skeleton," although the play was a bit too morbid at times. Kathlyn Williams, Elliot Dexter, and Raymond Hatton had the leading rôles in "The Whispering Chorus." This feature was a little too morbid for me to enjoy. There wasn't a moment of comedy relief in the whole picture, whereas in the Ray feature there was plenty of it to relieve the intense dramatic situations. I liked Mary Pickford in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley," although I don't consider it her best, by any means.

ZEONA.—Webster Campbell has gone to war. A letter addressed to him in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, will be forwarded to him. Mahlon Hamilton gets all of his mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Tom Forman is a captain in the United States army. Write to him at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and they will send the letter to him. Bobbie Vernon is now at the Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California, where a letter will reach him. Thomas Meighan gets all his letters at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Conway Tearle should be addressed at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. His latest feature is "Mind the Paint Girl," opposite Anita Stewart. Write John Bowers at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, and Blanche Sweet in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Carlyle Blackwell played opposite Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen." James Kirkwood was her leading man in "Behind the Scenes." Earl Rodney played opposite to Enid Bennett in "The Keys of the Righteous." Send him a letter in care of Willis & Inglis.

XX AMERICA FIRST XX.—Robert Kane is in the United States army, but a letter addressed to him in care of the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California, will be forwarded to him. The Paramount Pictures Corporation is the largest company in the business to-day. The general salary for extra girls is five dollars a day—when they work. Write to Francis X. Bushman, in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, 3 West Sixty-first Street, New York City. Earle Williams should be written to in care of the Vitagraph Studios, Talmadge Street, Hollywood, California.

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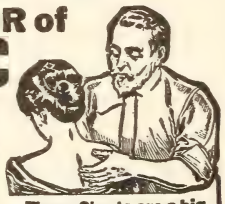

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

"PEGGY OF THE MOVIES."—Write to Carlyle Blackwell in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Ethel Clayton can be reached by mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Harry Hilliard should be addressed in care of the Screen Club, New York City. Louise Lovely will get any letter you send her addressed in the care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. "Sirens of the Sea" was, indeed, a very beautiful picture. Lila Lee is the only young star under sixteen playing ingénues at the present time. She is thirteen years old. She gets her mail at the Lasky Studios.

WINIFRED ALLEN.—Your namesake is not playing in the movies at the present time. She was last with the Eastern branch of the Triangle Film Company. I have a great many favorites.. Write to William Desmond in care of the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Carlyle Blackwell gets all of his letters at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Robert Warwick, Edward Langford, Tom Forman, Ernest Shields, Kenneth Harlan, Hank Mann, Webster Campbell, Robert Gordon, and Harry Edwards are a few of the movie folk in Uncle Sam's army. Walter Long, the bad man of the movies, is now a first lieutenant in the army. Cleo Madison has just finished working in the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes." Ella Hall is playing with Bessie Barriscale at the Paralta Studios. The two latest features of Charles Ray are, "The Claws of the Hun," and "A Nine O'Clock Town." William Farnum's latest is "The Rainbow Trail." Yes, I know both of them very well. If I got tired of answering questions I wouldn't be the Oracle now. Marie Walcamp will get a letter if you send it to her in care of Universal City, California. "The Lion's Claws" is the name of her latest serial. Your Mary Pickford question is against the rules of the Oracle Department. Movie actresses change their names sometimes, because they sound better for professional purposes. That was a publicity stunt pure and simple. Violet Mersereau never promised to marry the man who won Universal's "Handsome Man Contest." She didn't, either. You can write as much as you like, and I'll be your friend, anyway.

MISS T. D.—I am quite sure that the following players will send you one of their autographed photographs. Write Elsie Ferguson in care of the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Robert Warwick is now with General Pershing in France, a captain on his staff. Norman Kerry gets his letters in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Alec B. Francis will find a letter sent to him at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Richard Travers is also a captain in the United States army. Alfred Whitman gets his mail in care of Willis & Inglis.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

Norma Bub.—You forgot to put a stamp on the letter you mailed to me, but it reached me with three cents due postage marked on it. You see how much I like you. Carol Holloway will get mail sent to her at the Vitagraph Studios, Talmadge Street, Hollywood, California. William Duncan receives his mail at the same address. Betty Howe, Gladys Leslie, and Edward Earle get their letters at the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Mae Murray should be addressed in care of Universal City, California. Billie Rhodes receives all her letters at the Christie Comedy Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Ethel Clayton now gets her daily mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Harold Lockwood's letters arrive for him at the present time in care of the Metro Studios, 3 West Sixty-first Street, New York City. No, Carol Holloway is not to play opposite William Duncan in his latest serial for the Vitagraph, "A Fight for Millions." Edith Johnson is his leading woman in this play. Duncan will not produce any serials for the Pathé Company. He signed with the Pathé, but a previous agreement with the Vitagraph made him change his mind, and he re-signed with the latter concern.

Peto.—Theda Bara is a very charming young woman off the screen, and a very learned young lady, too. There is scarcely a subject concerning past or present times on which she can't talk intelligently. No, she is not at all as she seems on the screen. Write all the letters you can find the time to pen to me. I shall be on the lookout for them.

Dixie.—Thank you very much for the kind words you have to say of Picture-Play Magazine. Of course we don't say that our magazine is the best, but if any one says that it isn't, we don't agree with them. Little Zoe Rae is the screen's youngest star. I don't care to be murdered, so I won't tell you who the oldest is. "Toys of Fate" is Nazimova's latest feature to be released by Metro. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. Alla Nazimova was born in Talta, Crimea, Russia.

Charles Ray's Friend.—I am sure that Charlie would gladly send you one of his latest pictures. Write to him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Better inclose a quarter with your request, or a War Savings Stamp. Photos cost about twenty-eight cents for the stars to send out to their admirers, and with the number of requests they have from film fans, the poorhouse would soon be overcrowded with movie players if they did not ask almost cost price for them at least. Alfred Vosburgh is still playing in pictures, but he is Alfred Whitman now, and not Alfred Vosburgh. Alfred thought that his last name sounded too Hunnish, and, being a real American, he changed it.

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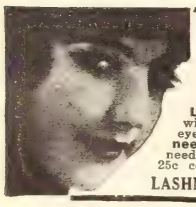

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

"Smiles of Williston."—I don't answer questions for any other magazine but Picture-Play. Ruth Stonehouse is not playing in pictures at the present time. She has gone back into vaudeville. The rules of the Oracle forbid answering matrimonial questions. Yes, Jewel Carmen plays in motion pictures. She was last with the Fox Company, but recently left that organization. Mary Pickford was the *Poor Little Rich Girl* in the play of that name. No, Eileen Percy is not playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks any more. Lillian Walker has been having a new leading man for every one of her pictures. She seems to believe in variety. No, you didn't ask too many questions. There is no limit to the number of questions that a reader may ask in writing to your truly.

Peter Pan.—No, it is not true that Wallace Reid is in training at one of the cantonments. He is still making features at the Lasky Studios in Hollywood, California. It is very hard to get into studios now without a pass, and in many of them they won't even issue passes. Yes, "Believe Me, Xantippe," was filmed in California. You didn't have very much to say for yourself this time. Better try again very soon. There is no limit to the number of questions you may ask of the Oracle. All that is asked is that you follow the rules, and don't ask questions that can't be answered because of them.

M. S.—Mary Fuller is not playing in pictures at present. Mae Marsh will get any mail sent to her in care of the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

"Rastus."—Bessie Love is not working at the present writing. She was last starred by the Pathé Company. "A Little Sister of Everybody" is her latest release. No, I have never heard of a motion-picture producing concern in Kansas City. There may be one there, but if there is they keep it to themselves. Vivian Rich is not working at the present time, but expects to start very shortly. Address her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Never heard of your friend Jack, who you say is a director. Jack Pickford is in the United States navy at the present time. Louise Huff was the last leading lady he had. Miss Louise is now being starred by the World Film Corporation.

Jean Southern Admirer.—Jean Southern has deserted the screen, and gone back on the stage again, although I don't know for how long. There is always a chance for players to return to the screen even after they have seemingly deserted it, and Jean is no exception to this rule. She has already made two return trips to the screen after going back on the stage, and I am sure that the film fans will gladly stand for a "third term" as far as she is concerned. Write to her in care of the William Fox Booking Agency, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

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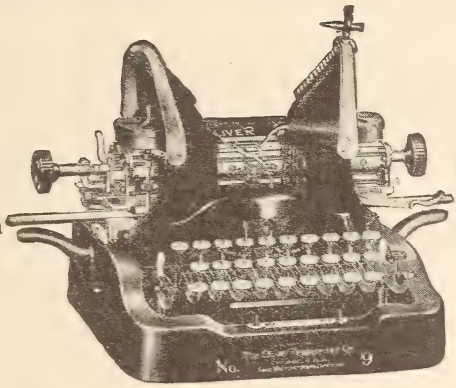

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[*Reprinted from letter of May 25 to Committee on Public Information, and incorporated in War Activities Report of National Association of Motion Picture Industry*]

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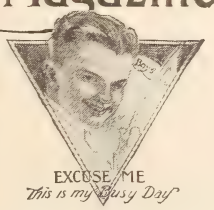

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Favorite Picture Players

MARY PICKFORD

dons this classic garb, perhaps to lend weight to the rumor that hereafter she is to appear in some heavy dramatic rôles. But if that is the case, our Little Mary will have to pin up those telltale ingénue curls. Her last picture to be released on the Artcraft program is "Johanna Enlists," and doubtless by the time this issue of the magazine appears "Contrary Mary" will have returned from the ranch where she has been rusticating, and have found time to sign one of the numerous contracts that have been offered her.

ALICE JOYCE

the perennially beautiful one, is appearing in a picture titled, in accordance with her universal appeal, "Everybody's Girl." The film is an adaptation of the O. Henry story, "Brick Dust Row." It is not generally known that Miss Joyce was discovered while working as a telephone operator in New York City. Thank fortune for the discovery, say we.

LOIS WILSON

Her leading ladyship won an enviable rôle opposite J. Warren Kerrigan through a beauty contest held by Universal several years ago. From Alabama beauty to leading lady was but a short step for Miss Wilson, who has continued to support Mr. Kerrigan in all his Paralta plays, their most recent picture being titled "Prisoners of the Pines."

ETHEL BARRYMORE

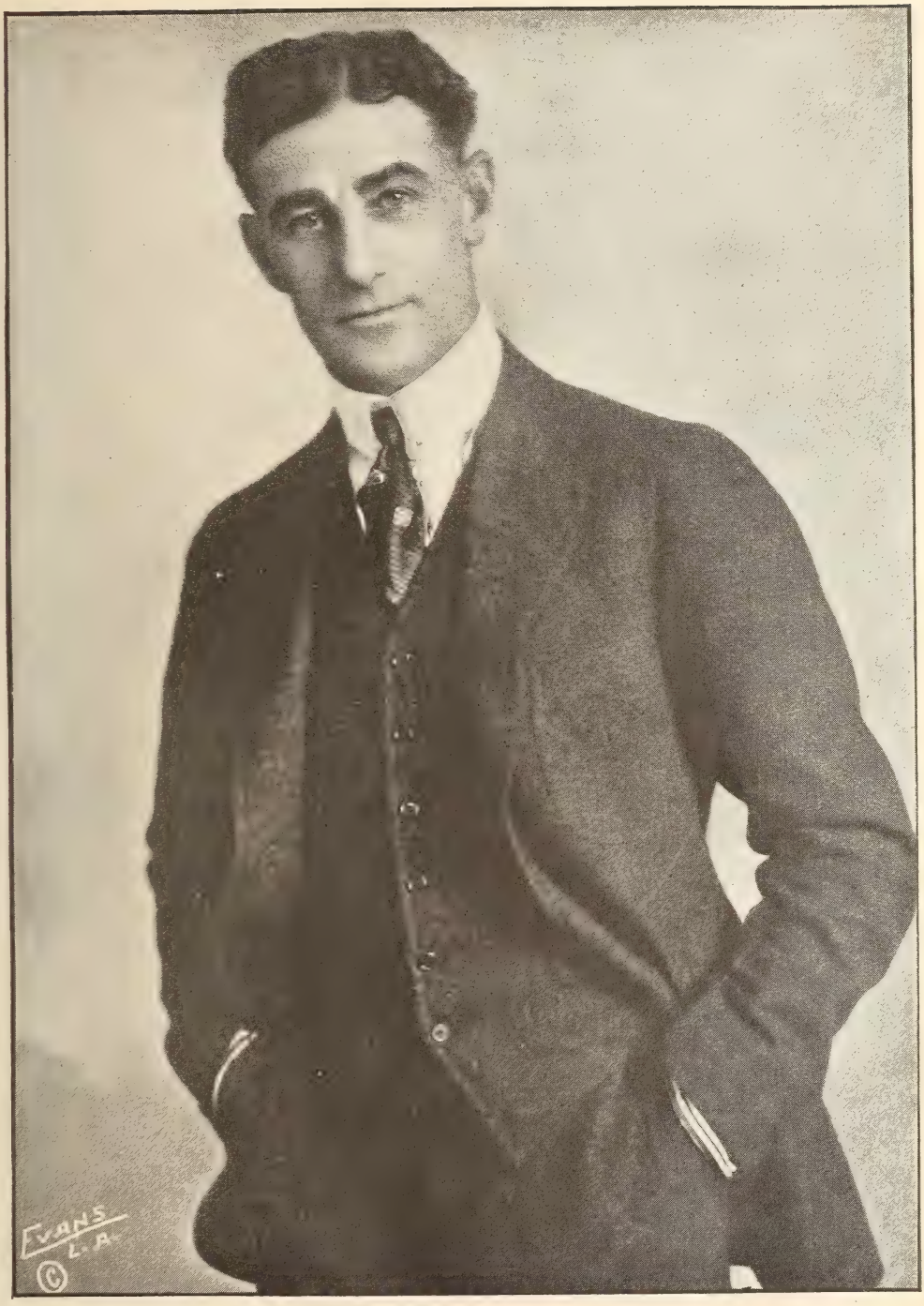
has hit upon the happy device of screening a series of those comedies which made her famous, and which she in turn made famous, before the footlights, the first of these which has already been released being "Our Mrs. McChesney." "Lady Frederick" follows, and it is rumored that Miss Barrymore may find time to film a Barrie play while she is appearing in the theater this season.

ALICE BRADY

is another film star who cannot be lured away from the stage into pictures entirely. Just about the time that her picture, "The Better Half," which shows Miss Brady in a dual rôle, was released, this versatile young lady was making her initial appearance in her father's stage production, "Forever After," and looking over scripts for her next screen effort besides.

WALLACE REID

The only reason why they don't let Wally play in dress-suit rôles all the time is that the casualties among the ladies would soon empty the picture houses. In fact, we feel that we're toying with the fan hearts even to print this picture. In his next release, "Some One and Somebody," he appears with a new leading lady in the person of Ora Carew, a former Keystone favorite.



FRED STONE

is doing the Charlotte act both on screen ice and real ice this season, for coincidental with his appearance in "Jack o' Lantern" on the stage, in which he has a skating scene, he is appearing on skates in "The Goat," his first Paramount picture, which deals humorously with the trials of a movie "extra." Later releases will be "Under the Top" and "Johnny Get Your Gun."

AL RAY

has cast aside the megaphone to reappear on the screen in juvenile leads. Al is an "old-stager" at the game, despite his mere twenty-five years, for he took small-boy parts back in the Biograph days, and after numerous appearances on the vaudeville stage, took to directing comedies. His first reappearance will be opposite Mildred Harris in a Lois Weber production.

ANITA KING

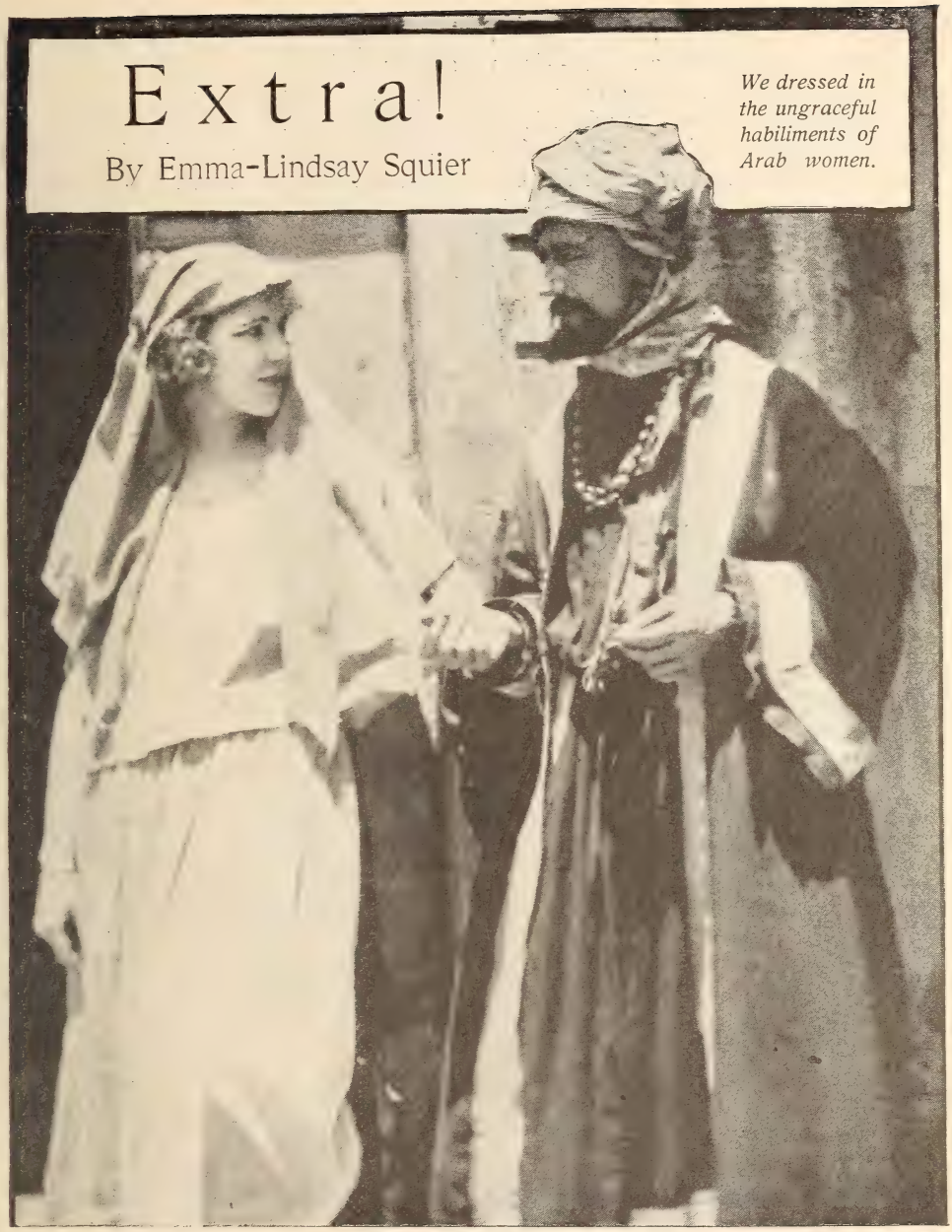
cites her own case to prove that restlessness is the guide to fortune, provided you have enough of it, and whether that is the recipe for success this little star has already achieved a certain degree of it as a star in Plaza pictures. It was a desire to see the world that made her seek a stage engagement, and later drive a car from coast to coast as a publicity stunt.

NOW IS THE TIME

for all good Hooverites to rescue the sirup jug from Monte's grasp. For Monte M. Katterjohn is so deep in reading the results of three nights of work that the pancakes may freeze before he lifts a fork against them. Incidentally, that's the way Mr. Katterjohn, who is a scenario writer for some of the Paramount stars, works—from darkness to daylight several nights in succession—and then again, not for a week or two. This gifted young man has been responsible for a number of successful pictures, and has recently completed scenarios for Bryant Washburn and Lila Lee.

Extra!

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



We dressed in the ungraceful habiliments of Arab women.

IF you want to get the real atmosphere," said the Movie Man to me, "you should take a job as an extra."

"Will you put me right into the ranks where I can go over the top and get into the action like a regular private—with no favors shown?" I asked.

"I will," he replied, with a grin. "I'll get you a job with Fairbanks. They'll put you in the ranks, you'll see plenty of action, and I'll guarantee that you'll receive no favors."

He made good his word. For two days I was jostled and shoved, stepped on and walked over, pushed down and

hoisted up. I came out creaking when I walked. I peeled like a snake—from sunburn. The brown paint on my arms and legs didn't wash off as advertised. I lost my purse containing my ten dollars pay. I pawned my kodak for car fare.

Time, however, has healed the sunburn and creaks, and has removed the paint. I found my purse and got back my kodak out of hock, and the world again is rosy. Heaven, I found, will protect the extra girl, and I'm quite ready to join the army again at any time. But to get back to the beginning.

I had been notified to report at the studio on a Monday morning at eight o'clock. The day started off with a bake-oven dawn, and not a cloud in the sky to promise relief. The unshaded space before the casting director's office was blistering hot even at that hour, and when I arrived, it was to join a long line of sweltering humanity.

The author—in complete disguise.

There were old-young men and young-old men; girls with weary eyes, eager eyes, pleading eyes; mothers with babies; spinsters with poodles; ministerial men with frayed collars; cock-hatted young gentlemen with pink shirts; Mexicans, negroes, Italians, Greeks. They were all watching the director's door.

To the director, who finally emerged from the much-watched door, they offered no humor, drama, or pathos. He looked a little bored, a little resentful, as he alternately doled out blue slips, which meant work, and curt refusals, which meant none.

The street set which we were to use was not finished; so we were called for seven the next morning, and the extras with blue slips hurried away, holding the precious bits of paper like chickens with morsels of food dodging the rest of the poultry yard. The ones not so fortunate departed more slowly, their feet dragging, becoming aware, all at once, of a brassy sun and a great weariness.

No doubt there are some people, soldiers especially, who do not consider seven o'clock early. I maintain that it's an ideal time to look at a wrist watch, pull down the curtain—and go back to sleep. However, I was conscientiously prompt at the studio the next morning, and made up in an empty

dressing room. It was leisurely invaded, an hour later, by four "special extra" girls, who, being regularly employed at the studio, knew the seven-o'clock call gave an hour's grace, and acted accordingly.

There was a Spanish girl with immense gold earrings, a bronze-haired beauty who informed us that her hair had just been "dipped," an older woman who called us all "dearie," and a girl with bobbed hair and a loud voice, whose conversational efforts were limited to the repetition of "O-o-o, Cockolo-o-o-vitch!"

We dressed in the ungraceful habiliments of Arab women, in blouses and skirts, with heavy shawls bound around our heads, and black "yashmaks" (veils) over our faces. Then our arms and legs were swabbed with brown paint, and when I saw myself in the mirror—I was thankful for the veil. As an Arab beauty I am not a success.

Out on the lot we passed through a shabby Bowery street "set," and through a Western town with saloon windows punctured with bullet holes; we went by a New York bank, and past a country church; through an avenue of "brownstone fronts," and then, suddenly, we entered Arabia.

Burly negroes became Numidian slaves.

We came into a huge, sun-baked square, flanked with low, flat-roofed houses, shadowy bazaars, odorous market booths, and vivid flower stalls. At one end of the space, an ancient wall with a huge gate marked the limits of the "city," and at the other, two cramped streets diverged and made parallel vistas for half a mile. A well marked the center of the square, and across from it a mosque lifted its curved minarets Allahward. Two camels browsed by the steps, a flock of goats scurried before a shouting Arab boy, a sleepy donkey, almost hidden by a load of fagots, minced through one of the narrow streets, sampling the vines that draped the house fronts. It was as if we had stepped into a dream of the desert.

A little "easy" stuff first.

A lean cowboy, whom I had seen the day before in the glory of an exaggerated sombrero and jingling spurs, padded across the square with the soft-footed tread of the desert dweller, metamorphosed into an Arab by his high turban, flowing burnoose, and array of artificial whiskers.

The burly negroes who had played craps before the director's office were transformed into stately Numidian slaves, dressed chiefly in beads and smiles; and the Mexicans, Italians, and Greeks were changed into soldiers, camel drivers, and merchants. Veiled beauties leaned over the flat-roofed houses, lolled on shaded balconies, and gossiped on narrow outside stairways; donkey tenders and goatherds gathered by the well. A brown-skinned woman squatted at the corner of the market place, grinding corn on a primitive stone mill; a Turk, with tilted fez and half-closed eyes, smoked, cross-legged, in his bazaar; a beggar crouched at the intersection of the narrow streets with a bowl for alms.

It was as though a narcotic dream had transported me into a different world. But as Doug suddenly appeared on the lot, I awoke. He walked with the long, swinging stride that belongs to him off or on the screen, and he called cheery "hellos" to the extras he recognized as having worked with him before.

"Oh, gosh," remarked a picturesque goatherd as he reluctantly rose from the shadow of a huge, skin-covered jar, "now we're in for a busy day!"

"Oh, surely not," I contradicted mildly. "This is such a quiet kind of an atmosphere, I imagine we'll be pretty lazy."

"Lazy!" he repeated. "With Doug Fairbanks? Say! Ain't you never saw him in a picture, or are you a foreigner?"

A swarm of camera men suddenly appeared. Platforms were erected, silvered screens were adjusted to catch the sunlight, and the directors, with megaphones, grouped themselves around the star and his own director.

The real lively action begins.

Doug was tentatively measuring the distance up the wall of a house, and was lifting a heavy flowerpot with a stiff-arm movement. "And don't let them dodge when I heave it," he was saying as I came within hearing distance. "Some one has got to get it, and get it good; and another thing, let them chase me *all* the way around the streets and the square when I kidnap the governor. Don't let them slacken —we want to make it snappy!"

The goatherd looked my way with a significant glance that said: "Get that?" I got it.

"All right, folks," a spectacled director shouted through a megaphone; "let's go; a little easy stuff first."

A group of us were taken up to one of the narrow streets, where the arches of the houses met overheard. We were installed in doorways, and assigned "husbands."

"Now, when the soldiers come down this way, the women try to peek out of the doors, and the husbands shove 'em back inside," the director said. "Don't be gentle—*push!* Then, when the soldiers try to search the houses, you women try to keep 'em out. Don't be afraid to row with 'em—*fight!* And when they find the harem girl, run out in the crowd after 'em. Never mind if you get stepped on—*run!*"

That was the easy little thing mapped out for us as a starter. Doug grinned at us cheerfully.

"Don't be downhearted!" he called. "There's lots more to come!"

When these particular scenes were finished, we girls were nearly so; having been prodded, pushed, and pulled for two hours in a broiling sun by husbands, soldiers, and hoi polloi, we were informed by the spectacled director that we'd now have something "with a little zip to it!"

"Come on, everybody!" he was shouting. "When Doug drives up to the well in his car, rush up and try to sell him something; women, crowd in around the machine; soldiers, get 'em away, use force if you have to; ladies, fight back!" They did, and we did. It

would have gladdened a London suffragette's heart in the old days.

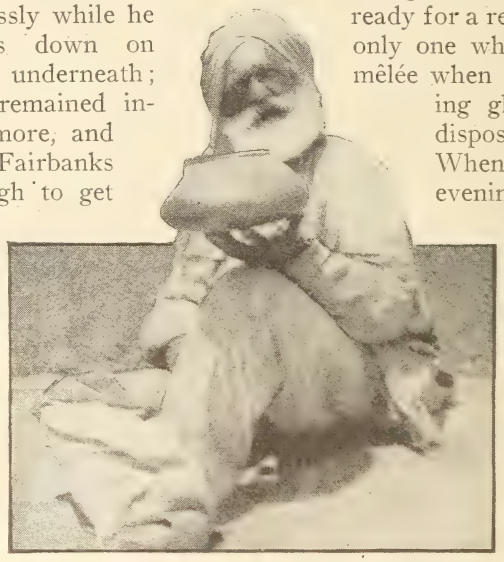
The next bit came when Doug escaped from the soldiers by mounting to the roof of a house, using the protesting camel as a stepladder. We surged first to one side of the square and then to the other, as he skipped nimbly from roof to roof, and we waited breathlessly while he crashed flowerpots down on whomever was underneath; those of us who remained intact surged some more, and the victims of the Fairbanks zeal took a furlough to get first-aid treatment.

Then he came down to the square to kidnap the governor in his machine, and we careened wildly after the fleeing car, five hundred people going at top speed trying to get through a street wide enough for four people, or one roadster. From the feeling, I think we all did get in at once. I was stepped on twice, jammed against a wall, tumbledover a meat-market stall, thrown down, and saved from destruction by the attentive goat-herd, kicked by a cowboy who had left his boots on—and then was called down by the director because my veil had slipped!

"Come on, make it snappy!" he roared, wildly waving his arms, and away we went for the second time, in full cry after Doug and the struggling official, half a mile down one street, half a mile up the other, panting and breathless, and when we reached the square once more, a disheveled man with spectacles awry was calling on the high heavens to witness that we were a spineless bunch of boobs, without the pep of sick turtles.

So we did it all over again.

By the time a halt was called for lunch we were ready to quit; by two o'clock we were praying to quit; and the grand army of extras was ready for a retreat. Doug was the only one who had survived the mêlée when the sun set in grilling glory with his good disposition unalloyed. When I saw him last that evening, he was boxing with his trainer, "Bull" Montana, "for a little exercise," he said.



An extra type in the rôle of a beggar—an old man who has lived in almost every country in the world.

I limped home that night with a choice collection of blisters and bruises, and limped back the next morning with the same; for the scenes hadn't all been shot yet. There was another day's march ahead of us.

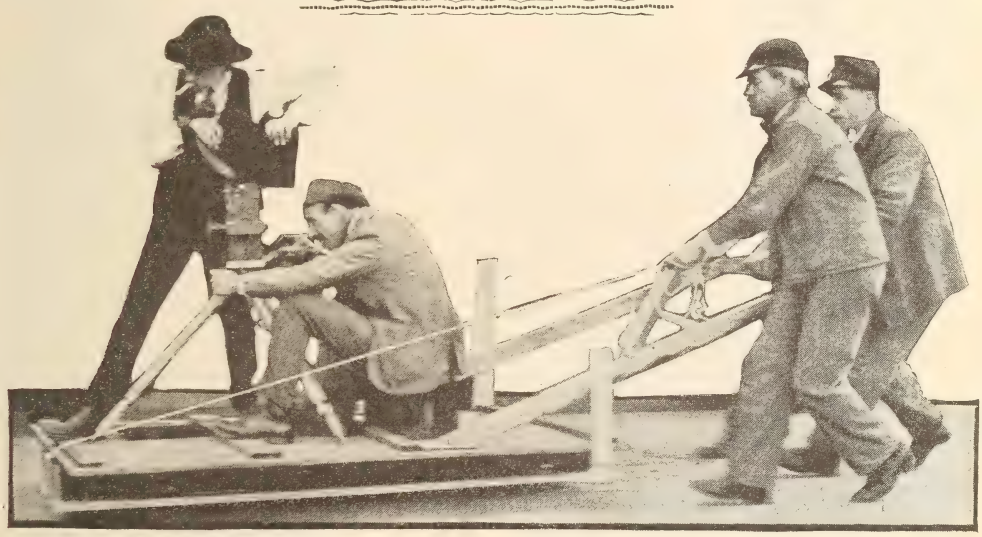
There was another session in Morocco, with the dreamy life of the city turned topsy-turvy by the American's visit, wherein he robs a harem of its choicest jewel, outwits a mob of bloodthirsty Arabs, and escapes with his prize—who, in private life, is Pauline Curley.

That day I discovered that the smiling Doug was not the only interesting person on the lot. Among the extras were many unusual types. The old man in the beggar's rags is one of the most famous extras on the coast; he lived in Egypt for three years, and was a member of the Egyptian Mounted Police, and has been in practically every

country in the world. The little hunchback, who has a "bit" in the picture, was born forty miles from Jerusalem, and was featured recently in "Invisible Government" as the *Monkey*, and in "Sirens of the Sea" as the *Witch's Son*. His name is Tufee Fadhalla, and they call him "John George" for short. One of the trim French officers is the son of a Mexican official, who found his own country too hot for him—and I am not referring to the climate. One of the gorgeous Numidian slaves was Jack Johnson's trainer, and one of the old market women was a famous beauty of London, many years ago.

I went out to the studio a few days ago and crossed the lot, to take a peep at the dead glories of Morocco. I imagined it would be a ghost city, with long, empty streets and deserted square. But what a change! A pile of new lumber stood before the mosque; workmen were tearing down the flat-roofed houses, a brick flat was going up where the well had stood. A Bowery street set commenced where Morocco left off, and a swarm of battered humanity loafed and waited for the director. They oozed over into Araby—or what was left of it. A ragamuffin tramp and a Bowery belle lounged at ease in the bazaar where the saturnine Turk had smoked and dreamed; a group of children, licking ice-cream cones, sat on the steps of the mosque, and a saloon keeper, white-aproned, kicked his heels against the flower merchant's stall.

The army is disbanded, the city has vanished, Doug is making a new picture; even my ten dollars is spent; in the movies there is nothing permanent but change.



Coming—Coming—Here!

WE'VE all seen pictures where at some point in the action we seemed to walk right into the screen, while the objects we were approaching stood still. For instance, when the scene comes on, there is the small figure of a girl, off in the distance, sitting on a doorstep. Then, very slowly, the figure grows large and we seem to come nearer and nearer until we are not three feet away, and the girl is smiling into our faces.

That's trick photography, in a way, and here's the machine that makes it possible. This one, used at the World Studio, is a small, light truck, on which are the camera man and his machine, and sometimes a helper. The truck is pushed toward the scene or pulled away from it to give the effect of approaching or backing out of the picture. Easy—when you know how—isn't it?

"One, Two—Buckle My Shoe"

Began Mother Goose's eldest child, laughing from behind wire entanglements at

Everett Leighton

MARY WARREN was gathering eggs in both big pockets of her gingham apron. "Three—four, shut the door, or my chickens will fly out," she went on as she let me in. When she came to "Nine—ten, a good, fat hen," she stopped.

"They all are—especially the bantams, which have taken any number of prizes. I'm just quoting the old nursery rhyme to show you how my career just seems to fit it," said Mary. "For instance, eleven—twelve, dig and delve, may refer to my little garden plot that I work in before I go to the studio in the morning, or to the way I worked at the academy in Scranton, Pennsylvania, before I ever got into pictures. Thirteen—fourteen, maids a-courting—fame, I might add. It came later, when I

was only an extra and got a chance to substitute for Ethel Clayton as leading lady on the Maine coast when she fell sick.

"Since then I've had the good fortune to play parts for Triangle in 'The Vortex,' 'Heiress for a Day,' and in 'The Sea Panther.' My latest picture is 'Old Hartwell's Cub,' in which I play opposite William Desmond.

"Fifteen—sixteen, maids in the kitchen—and really, I do love to cook. Seventeen—eighteen, maids awaiting—chiefly for my husband to come home to dinner—and, if you'd care to stay, and try some of the cake I've just baked——" she added hesitatingly.

"Nineteen — twenty, I'm very empty," I finished eagerly.

The Children Know Charlie

And perhaps they are the only ones who do. At any rate, here are some interesting facts about Charles Chaplin gathered about the studio.

By James J. Tynan

Mr. Chaplin was sentenced to death.

MR. CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN, the most famous man in the world, stood with his hands tied behind his back, sentenced to death. He wore a blindfold which had slipped up over his forehead.

"You have to shut your eyes, Mr. Chaplin—you have to shut your eyes!" shouted the bigger of two boys, who was squinting behind a gun. The other one was bringing up ammunition. Mr. Chaplin did as he was told. There was a great shout from the children on the lot when the small, tailored figure swayed gently and then toppled over realistically. When he lay still for the space of ten seconds, the boys ran over and shook him in genuine alarm, followed by all the other kiddies in the yard of the studio. Mr. Chaplin sat up, slipped the bandage from his forehead, and laughed good-naturedly as the children squatted around him on the grass and demanded a story.

It was when Mr. Chaplin was picking the cast for his latest story, "Shoulder Arms," in which several children appear, and the studio was full of youngsters. The writer had been permitted to pass inside the wall which surrounds the Chaplin house of glass and watch this world-famous man at play with the children—that was the best interview he could get, and the less said about it the better. For Mr. Chaplin refuses once and for all to see any interviewers.

"I think I could talk to them," this shy, sensitive man said once, "if only they wouldn't print the things I said. Or, if they only wouldn't print anything I didn't say," he finished whimsically.

For although Charlie Chaplin, screen

comedian, is the best known man in the world, Charles Spencer Chaplin, the artist and creator, is one of the least known, as others have observed. And yet he is the easiest man in the world to know, is Charles Chaplin. All you have to do is to be under ten—or get some kind fairy to wave a wand over you and take off the first figure in your age. For there is only one kind of people who can get in touch with the real man — and they are the children.

The trouble is that this best known, and at the same time least known man in the world is like the bluebird of happiness, which can only be found when one ceases to hunt for it. If well-meaning grown-ups would only stop trying so hard to find out all about him, perhaps, like the children, they would know him better. But instead they send cavalcades of reporters to pester and quiz him and get his impressions on everything from the war to soft-boiled eggs. So he remains shut away from the eager, gaping, gawking, curiosity-bitten crowds in a world of his own—peopled with fairies and children.

But the children! Mr. Chaplin's defenses fall like paper walls before an invading army of youngsters. There is no trouble he won't go to, nothing he won't do for them. He has always contended that he made his pictures primarily for children, and now he is making one *with* children. He will listen to what they have to say about his pictures by the hour, when he wouldn't bother to read the criticisms of the staidest and most astute critics who exist. One day he walked out into the country with a friend, something which he does more frequently alone, and stopped, delighted, to watch some children imitating him. He fairly doubled up with mirth as he watched their ludicrous attempts to toe out and the contortions of their small faces, and the children went on with their mimicry, never

One boy squinted at him from behind the cannon.

dreaming who their distinguished audience might be.

His friend said that Mr. Chaplin did not speak half a dozen words for the rest of the walk, and when he got out of his automobile next morning in front of the studio, he still seemed to be in what his associates have learned to recognize as a "mood." When he is in one of these moods by the way, which come on when his story is not exactly clear in his mind or the day's routine is as yet obscure, no one can make him smile or get his attention but a child. Like as not it is a kiddie coming along with her mother to look for extra work whose smile dispels the moods. And then the baby is made a guest in the studio, given first place, and permitted to see things that no grown-up eye outside the organization ever witnesses.

The result of that walk of Mr. Chaplin's was the present film. For the most difficult thing about screening a comedy is to get into the picture something new that will make people laugh. And this artist, who lies awake nights trying to find some new touch to get into his work, conceived the idea of having several diminutive figures in "steps," each a replica of himself in clothes, appearance, and actions.

Imagine the rush when this was made known. Every kid in southern California decided he was going to work with Charlie, and it was all Mr. Chaplin could do to get through the mob of children waiting, eager-

They walked along the esplanade to luncheon.

eyed and hopeful, at the studio door to be chosen.

"Oh, how I wish I could use them all," he remarked, as he watched their frantic efforts to be noticed. But he couldn't, so he picked three, and then sent the others away, each one clutching a shining coin.

If you have seen a mother hen watching over her chicks, you will have some idea of Charlie Chaplin during the three weeks he had the children working at the studio. A teacher was provided, and Charlie saw to it personally that each child studied a certain number of hours each day. He had the patience of Job with those children, too, for it was warm, and they would run off the

Mr. Chaplin and the smallest of the "Chaplinettes."

He sat beside her on the movable platform.

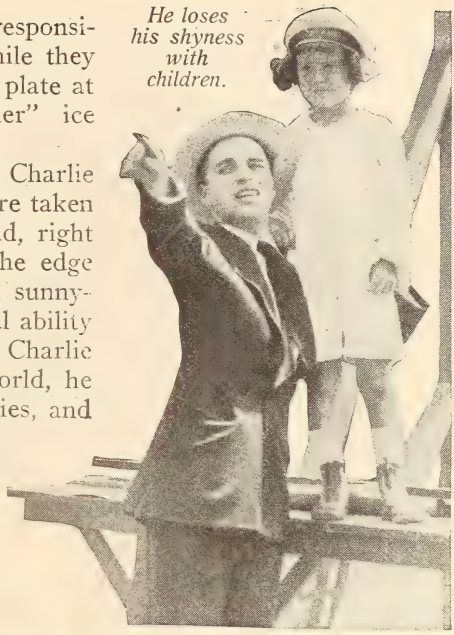
set to play, and get into all sorts of mischief. Every one else scolded while Mr. Chaplin remained unruffled. It was he who looked after them, excused the way they held up the picture occasionally, and kept them interested in the work, which was bound to be tedious at times.

Once during the work the company went on location to Venice, a seaside resort near Los Angeles, and those three kiddies were the envy of all the other children who saw them. When lunch time came, Charlie took the youngest boy by the hand, and trotted them all along the ocean, from the esplanade to the restaurant, amid an admiring throng of vacationists.

The children begged for a story.

Charlie considered himself personally responsible for the well-being of the children while they were in his care, so he fixed each child's plate at luncheon, and prescribed "plain vaniller" ice cream for dessert.

I wonder if I can give you a picture of Charlie as he looked the day that the exteriors were taken in Los Angeles. Traffic was blocked, and, right in the midst of it all, he sat down on the edge of the movable platform, next to a small, sunny-haired baby of three, who had a wonderful ability at mimicry, and told stories. I think if Charlie were not the best picture actor in the world, he would be the best teller of children's stories, and I am sure he could earn his way around the world, doing pantomime for the children of the world, whatever their languages. The camera man tore his hair, all to no avail—there was no director to



He loses his shyness with children.

During the filming of "Shoulder Arms."

Traffic was blocked while the street scenes were rolled up.

go on a tirade—for the director, a small, fair-skinned, blue-eyed chap, with black curly hair, was busy with the children —Charlie Chaplin himself.

For not only does he direct all his own pictures, but he works out the plot, does the titling, and cuts the film. He spends all his time when not at the studio casting around for ideas, developing them, jotting down hints. Sometimes he will lie awake for hours waiting for a solution to some picture difficulty to come, and then jump out of bed at three in the morning to note down an idea. He never uses a scenario. There is not a line of the action written. And sometimes, after the most laborious work of weeks is finished, and the whole projected on the screen, Mr. Chaplin will "scrap" it because it does not come up to his ideal, and start the picture all over again.

The first thing that Mr. Chaplin does on arriving at the studio is to have the film made the day before run off in the projection room. After this the work before the camera starts promptly. And once the day's work is begun, no one dare interrupt, even on the most urgent business. For Charlie's mind is dynamic in the way it works, and when he has an idea, everything else in the studio must give way to it.

Very often during his working time Mr. Chaplin will decide on a change of routine. He immediately orders the stage cleared, while he sits alone and thinks, and no bribe in any form would induce a member of the Chaplin organization to walk boldly on to the stage and interrupt him. But—should a crowd of small boys playing ball in the street outside send one of their number over the fence surrounding the studio grounds in search of a stray ball, Mr. Chaplin will stop work and spend his time, estimated to be worth three thousand dollars a day, in a frantic search for the lost ball.

His studio is the house of glass in which he lives, for he spends practically all his time there, and what little entertaining he does takes place there. Of course, he has his room uptown—a place intensely characteristic of himself, which only a few intimate friends have ever seen. But—again the exception—the children who have been fortunate enough to have entered the sacred portals of his room bring back glimpses of the wonders it contains.

Taking Her Tub

RATHER a spectacular affair—Madge Kennedy's plunge. This was neither a publicity stunt, nor an exhibition for "a patriotic cause." Perhaps you saw "The Kingdom of Youth," and wondered how they got those fine close-ups of Miss Kennedy in that scene where she nearly drowns. These pictures tell the tale. This enormous tank was erected in the back yard of the Goldwyn Studio at Fort Lee, and filled with water. Then Miss Kennedy hopped off the plank where you see her sitting in the picture below into the cold water to battle with the cruel waves. Her director is guiding her safely ashore in the photograph above, and over at the right the little star's maid is waiting with a blanket to wrap around her.

Leopard, Pig, and Snake

A thrilling tale of an actual experience in the filming of a jungle scene.

By Edward Ferguson

MAKING animal pictures is some job. So many things can happen which try the nerves and patience of director, performers, and stage hands, that life, for all concerned, is one constant round of excitement and uncertainty. The big scene, the thriller, after being rehearsed for perhaps hours, may be ruined by the most unexpected occurrence, and little does the public realize, on seeing the finished product, the anguish and strain, to say nothing of danger, which it takes to furnish them with a few feet of thrilling pictures.

I was once engaged in making a picture, the scenes of which were laid in India. A beautiful—they always are—white girl was kidnaped and sold into slavery to a rajah. His harem already contained one white girl, likewise a victim who, to save the newcomer from a fate similar to her own, contrived that they both escape. They took refuge in the jungle, and endeavored to reach a military post some distance away.

This jungle situation was worked into the plot so that our menagerie might have an opportunity to work. Jungles, as you know, are always infested with animals. Any one will tell you that. As a matter of fact, an English officer who spent seven years in India told me that the biggest thing he had ever seen in the jungle was a hedgehog.

But why destroy the illusion? The general impression is that any regular, well-regulated jungle should be alive with animals of all kinds, so thick that they jostle each other. So we fitted out our jungle in fine style.

In every fifty feet of film those poor girls were beset by danger and brought face to face with death, horrible death, in the form of bloodthirsty beasts with blazing eyes, foam-flecked jaws, wicked fangs, and tearing claws. Then came night; the creepy, pitiless, fear-inspiring night, in all its somber, hideous jungle blackness.

The poor girls were tired and hungry. They had only the tattered, thorn-ripped remains of their harem attire, which wasn't much to begin with, and it behooved them to find shelter.

Goldie, the older one, who had been the rajah's first victim, was managing this personally conducted jungle tour; Betty, the other, a weaker sister, did what Goldie told her to, and followed blindly, intent only on escape. Betty, by the way, was supposed to have sprained her ankle in a previous scene, which made it worse for her and better for Goldie, because the latter shone forth just so much more of a heroine, and single-handed fought off all the savage beasts.

Since they had neglected to bring their nighties and a tent, and as it looked like rain, Goldie found a perfectly good cave right in the center of the set, and, courageous woman that she was, dragged Betty in, tenderly told her to go to sleep, and, armed with a stout club, mounted guard at the entrance.

Now came the thrills. Worn out mentally and physically, Goldie was to fall asleep at her post. Then a

ravenous leopard was to appear. He was to survey the luscious, tempting meal, slink up, and just as he was about to spring—just when everybody would be holding his breath—and it looked like a short, sharp finish for poor Goldie—Betty was to awaken, rush to the rescue, seize the club, and drive the ferocious beast away.

We elected Tom to play the feline heavy. Tom was a male leopard. He had been born in captivity, and he was one of the purry, let-me-rub-myself-against-you-while-you-scratch-my-head kind. Most anybody could lug him around in their arms, and I have known him to go fast asleep with his head in a cage man's lap.

Ferocious? Yes. Terribly so. The extent of which consisted of a desire for a meal once a day, a good brushing, having his head scratched, an occasional yawn, and permission to stretch out unmolested and sleep, sleep, sleep.

"Say," said Ted, who was his chambermaid, "that fat fool won't go through the motions. He ain't no actor."

"I know it," I admitted, "but he's the only one we can use."

There were two other leopards, Pin Head and Dolly. Pin Head was—well, just Pin Head, so far as brains were concerned, while Dolly was

In every fifty feet of film the girls were brought face to face with death.

Betty scrambled to her feet and ran, while Goldie, after one more yell, dashed, panic-stricken, toward us.

too small, not much bigger than a good-sized house cat, and consequently not equal to the part in appearance. So it was up to Tom to act, and up to us to find a way to make him act. There was much scratching of heads and much smoking of cigarettes, and then The Wop, also a cage man, had an idea.

"You know," he suddenly exclaimed, "Tom's crazy about pork. Let's get a pig and sick him onto it."

It was worth trying, I thought. So a pig was procured, a nice fat little shoat, and Tom and the pig were introduced. The Wop held Tom, I held the pig, and we poked their noses together. The poor porker squealed, shivered, and struggled—ever try to hold one?—but Tom at once came to life. He certainly did like pig, that was evident. His eyes blazed. He made guttural noises. He tried to swat the pig with his paws, and he struggled so hard that The Wop had to box his ears. From then on, Tom was as alert as he ever was in his life, and he never allowed his eyes to wander from what he figured was to be his dinner.

We got Betty and Goldie nicely posed, worn out, exhausted, all in, clinging to each other, and took a close-up, and then it was time for Tom to play his bloodthirsty part. We tied the pig to a stake inside the papier-mâché cave, well out of range of the camera, gave Tom another sniff, and then took him outside the range of the camera and prepared him to do his sneaking, slinking act. We got him nicely started, all his mind and attention on the pig, the camera man started to grind, Tom crawled into the picture, belly on the ground, ears back, tail flicking, ready to spring. It was beautiful. It was as real as anything in reel life can be.

"Betty!" shouted the director.

It was her cue to wake up and save herself and Goldie from the cruel leopard's fangs. She jumped up, but before she reached the mouth of the cave and was full in the picture, Tom suddenly stopped, jumped straight up in the air, looked wildly about, madly climbed up the side of the cave, and disappeared in the prop foliage. Betty staggered out on her supposed lame ankle, club in hand, prepared to swat the leopard. She, too, looked wildly about, trying to locate a leopard to swat, then suddenly screamed and fainted.

We didn't faint; we swore.

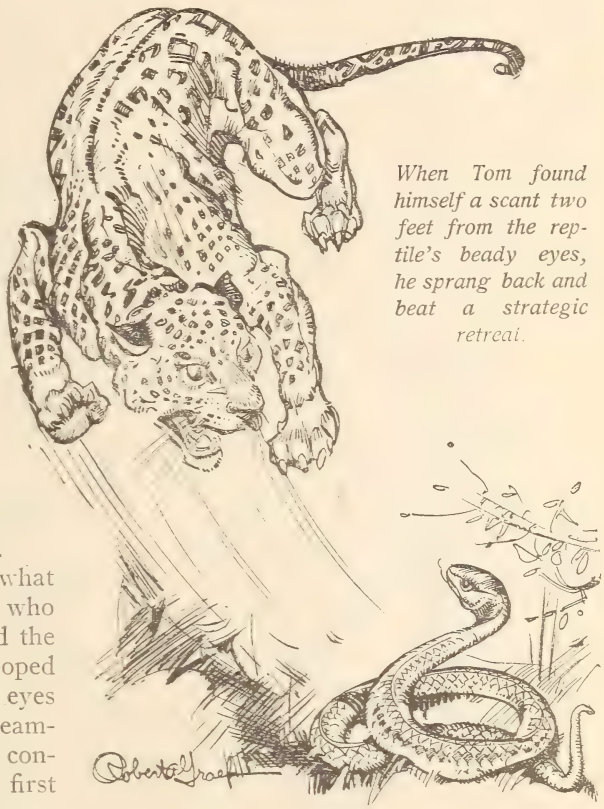
Before we could find out what had spoiled the scene, Goldie, who had heard the scream, reached the mouth of the cave. She stooped to assist Betty, then her eyes popped; she, too, started screaming. Betty, brought back to consciousness at her companion's first cry, scrambled to her feet and ran, while Goldie, after one more yell, dashed, panic-stricken, toward us. I stopped her mad rush, and she almost knocked me down.

"What the Sam Hill's the matter?" I roared when I got my breath.

"Snake!" she gasped, and tried to faint.

"Stand up!" I grunted, as she swayed toward me; and since I backed away, and the arena floor was hard, she decided not to faint, after all.

In some of the preceding scenes, where the girls were making their escape through the jungle, they had, as I have already mentioned, been beset with all sorts of dangers. For one of those incidents we had draped a perfectly harmless, milk-fed black snake on one of the trees, and had the girls suddenly run into him. That was a good scene, because they honestly looked frightened.



When Tom found himself a scant two feet from the reptile's beady eyes, he sprang back and beat a strategic retreat.

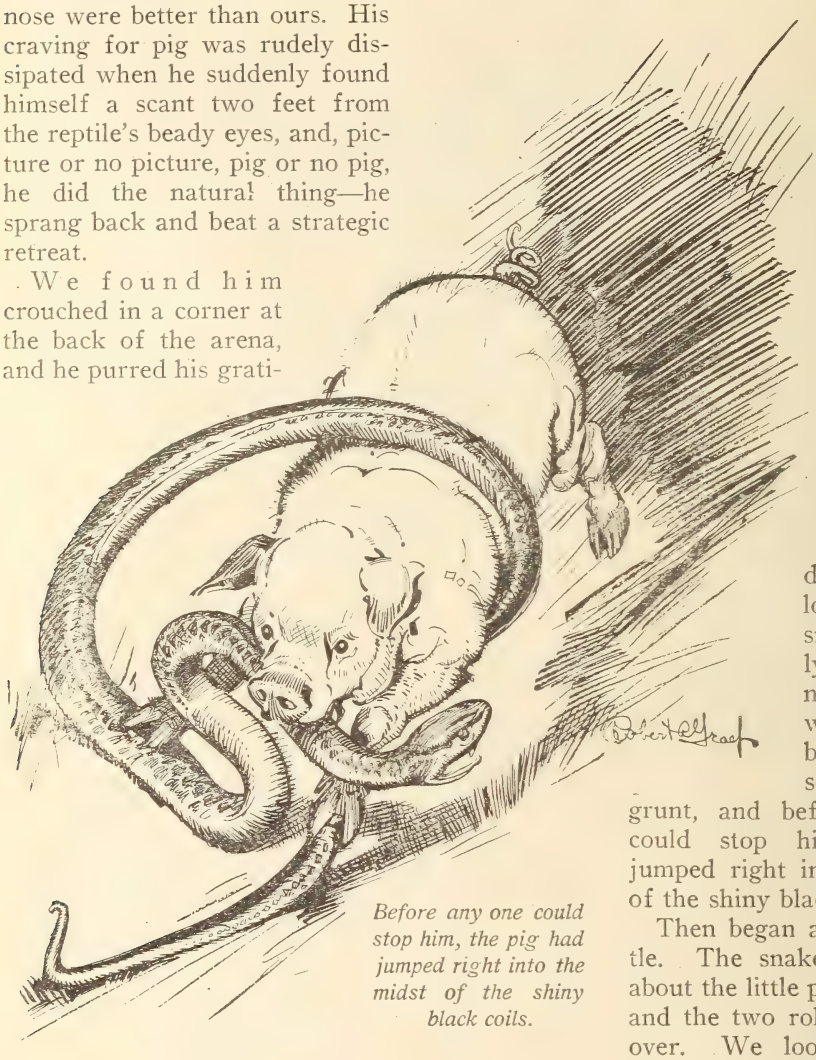
Then we went on with the picture and forgot about him.

Apparently his snakeship had become tired of being tied in a knot around a rootless tree. Or maybe the jungle shades of night did not suit him. Anyway, he slid down and, unseen by any one, wiggled to the mouth of the cave, comfortably curled himself on a plaster rock, and proceeded to bask in the salubrious California sunshine, which we, by masking the lens, were converting into moonbeams on the film. He was so near the color of the paint that he was unnoticed—by us.

But leopards are notoriously afraid

of snakes, and Tom's eyes and nose were better than ours. His craving for pig was rudely dissipated when he suddenly found himself a scant two feet from the reptile's beady eyes, and, picture or no picture, pig or no pig, he did the natural thing—he sprang back and beat a strategic retreat.

We found him crouched in a corner at the back of the arena, and he purred his gratitude when The Wop picked him up and carried him to his cage.



Before any one could stop him, the pig had jumped right into the midst of the shiny black coils.

Betty had come out, and, discovering the snake at her feet regarding her fixedly, she fainted, as a matter of course. Then Goldie had followed suit. It was all over for the day. The girls were too unstrung to act any more, and Tom could never be made to repeat his performance, at least until he had forgotten that experience. So we quit.

I untied the pig, and he ambled out of the cave. But no one had disturbed the snake. The pig, like the others, suddenly found the reptile's head within a foot of his own. But he didn't run and he didn't faint. For a pig regards snake meat as a leopard does pork. He looked at the snake intently, made a noise which was a cross between a squeal and a grunt, and before anybody could stop him, he had jumped right into the midst of the shiny black coils.

Then began an awful battle. The snake's coils flew about the little porker's body, and the two rolled over and over. We looked on, too fascinated to interfere. But it was soon over. The snake's coils suddenly relaxed, and when the two stopped rolling, we saw that the pig had him just behind the head, his teeth sunk deep, the snake's back broken. In less than three minutes a ten-pound shoat had killed a four-foot black snake.

We lost half a day, the menagerie lost a snake, Tom lost a meal, Betty lost consciousness, and Goldie lost her nerve, the director lost his goat, and I lost my temper. The only gainer was the pig.

Putting the Din in Dinner

Rendered by players in the Arbuckle Studio, under the able direction of Fatty, as seen and heard by

The Bystander

I'M going to invite Fatty to my house to dinner. I don't know whether he will come or not, but anyway I'm going to ask him. At least I could be sure that my friends would be kept laughing so hard that they couldn't eat much dinner — which would be a saving. And if the cook or the waiter or the leader of the band

Alice Lake grasped a bass viol, and putting one knee firmly on it, sawed out "Home, Sweet Home."

Fatty himself, arrayed in cook's cap and apron, banged away on the drum.

suddenly dropped out of the party, I know that my guest of the evening would fill their places better than they could themselves. Only, they don't have bands at home dinners, do they?

Well, never mind. What made me think of it was the way Fatty cut up at the studio the other day when it almost rained, and for a time put the natural lighting out of commission. Fatty set his mind on cheering up the crowd and staged the craziest musical show I have ever attended—with Al St. John twanging the banjo, "Buster" Keaton nearly blowing his head off on the saxophone, and pretty little Alice Lake playing an accompaniment on the piano when she wasn't sawing out "Home, Sweet Home" on a bass viol. Fatty himself, dressed in white cap and apron, and a broad expanse of plaid shirt, did the honors at the drum.

All was in readiness for a lot of scene chiefly in a café setting, and the whole company was sitting looking more like a tragedy than a comedy group, twiddling their thumbs when Fatty popped a smiling visage over the top of the café set, doffed his white cook's cap, and took command.

"Come on, you assorted slayers of music!" Fatty shouted, and led the way to the platform, followed by Buster Keaton, Al St. John, and Alice Lake. Then arose the most bloodcurdling, heterogeneous collection of sounds that had been heard in Long Beach for many moons. While all of the players professed to be musical on some sort of an instrument, it was evident from the din that they knew nothing about the instruments that they had elected to play, except perhaps little Alice, who performed upon the piano. And she couldn't be heard with Roscoe at the drums and traps. A chorus of groans came from the rest of the assemblage, but, with a rapt expression on his face, Mr. Arbuckle and his associates in crime kept on until some one threatened to pull a real comedy stunt and play the fire hose on them. Even this was not successful until the nozzle of the hose actually appeared through a window of the set, and then Mr. Arbuckle regretfully dismissed his little

The jazz band in the café set went wild about their new director.

band and took command of the jazz. Fatty has some kind of a pull with that band, for the players are wild about him, and they played enthusiastically when they could play at all, they were laughing so hard over his funny faces and comedy stunts on the side. The morning wore on, and Fatty continued to amuse the crowd in his inimitable way. Suddenly he stopped short, and again the soulful expression overspread his countenance.

"Let's eat," he suggested, dropping his baton. The majority of the spectators and performers received the suggestion with acclaim and hastened in Roscoe's wake to a near-by lunch counter, where they ate with avidity the beef stew and blackberry pie on the bill of fare.

"Let's play ball," Al St. John said, jumping up, still clutching a piece of pie, and an impromptu team was organized, consisting of the lissome Mr. Arbuckle, St. John, Keaton, "Scoop" Conlon, Lou Anger, the manager of the Arbuckle Studio, and one or two more.

The first time the sphere collided with the star's bat it almost went through a fence behind which Director Herbert Warren was sitting with anxious eyes upon the forbidding sky. He appeared over the top like one of those jacks-in-the-box of childhood days.

"Hey, where do you get that stuff?" he inquired, in a reproachful tone.

"A cigar if you knock him down," called Arbuckle, and the director waited not upon the order of his going but vanished with ludicrous speed. The game proceeded merrily. Home runs were knocked with startling rapidity.

Then, suddenly, the sun shone unexpectedly and gloriously forth. There was a scramble for mirrors and make-up bags, and as Fatty balanced a mirror on his knee and inspected his eyebrows, the cherubic countenance of the star was wreathed in smiles.

Mirandy Smiles

A story of the littlest scrub lady, and of how all her dreams came true.

By Caroline Bell

SHE was the littlest scrub lady in the Grand Opera House, but in the little house down by the railroad tracks she was about the biggest member of the firm. The two pairs of twins, who were younger than Mirandy, adored her, and her mother's love was mingled with a very sincere admiration for Mirandy's "contriving."

"Mirandy can contrive anything," Mrs. Judkins told her neighbors. "You cert'inly wouldn't 've thought, with a fambly like ours in three rooms, that anybody could contrive to keep a

boarder, but Mirandy worked it out just fine. She looks out for every one—and everything. She even contrives to feed every stray cat that comes along. And she's always planning somethin'. Right now, she's trying to get herself fixed up to go to St. Mark's Church next Sunday."

There was an appreciative gasp from the neighbors.

"How does she happen to be goin' there?" one of them asked. Nobody in that neighborhood ever went to the fashionable church 'way downtown.

"She had a special invite," Mrs. Judkins said, trying in vain to remain humble in spite of the honor that had come into the family. "Mr. Teddy Lawrence invited her. He plays the pieano at the Opera House where Mirandy scrubs, and he told her the other day that, seein' she liked playing so well, she'd better come to St. Mark's Church some Sunday morning an' hear him play the organ. He says she don't need swell clothes nor nothin'. So next Sunday she's going and take Bud with her."

Bud was the older by ten minutes of the older twins. He liked "playin'," too, so he was even willing to be washed and squeezed into his best suit, which was a size or two too small for him. Even in such elegance, however, he was quite outdone by his sister. He stared at Mirandy, open-mouthed, in admiration. He did not know that her sleazy silk skirt was not the kind the ladies in St. Mark's wore; both he and the switchman boarder gazed admiringly at the long white kid gloves she was pulling up over her tight little sleeves.

"They was give to me by the leadin' lady in 'Her Terrible Revenge,'" said Mirandy.

In the meantime, other preparations were being made for Mirandy's first visit to St. Mark's.

"She's a wistful little thing," Teddy Lawrence told John Kenneth, St. Mark's handsome young rector. "She scrubs and smiles and loves music that makes her heart ache—here."

He grinningly laid his hand over the pit of his stomach, as Mirandy had done.

"So I told her to come down to church Sunday, and I thought maybe — maybe you'd keep an eye out for her."

"Indeed I'll be glad to," Kenneth promised.

"So will I," said pretty Rose White, who had come in to ask the young rector about some Sunday-school lessons.

Teddy turned back to his organ, and Rose prepared to depart.

"Oh, I must hurry along," she answered the minister's protest. "I don't want to disturb you."

"You—you've already done that, Rose, past all help," he said.

But Rose only blushingly pretended not to understand what he meant, and hurried on out of the church.

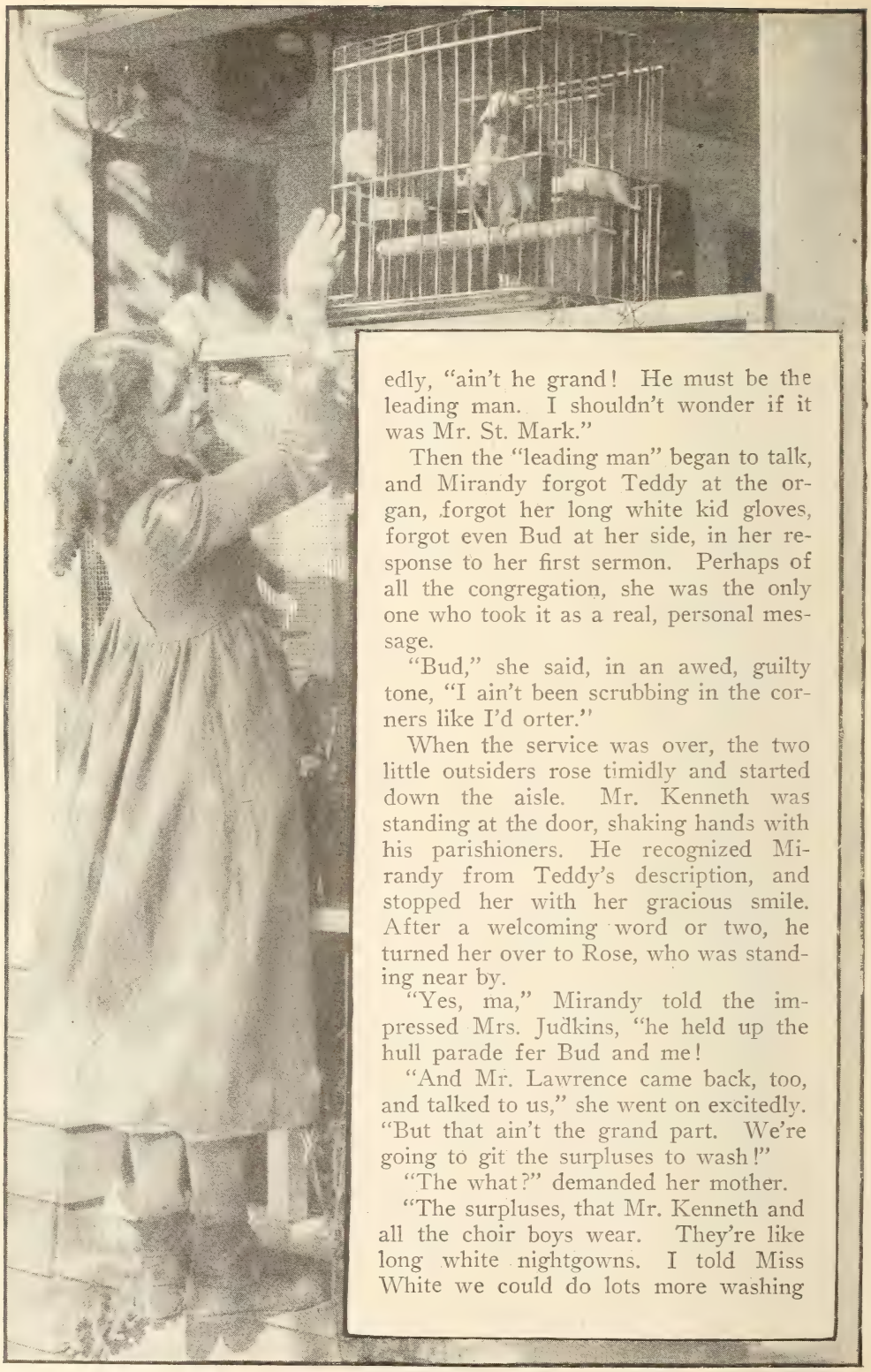
Sunday morning, the organ notes were swelling out, filling the great church with music, when an awed Mirandy, accompanied by Bud, slipped into a back seat. The music, and hush of solemnity were deeply moving to the littlest scrub lady from the Grand Opera House. When Kenneth, handsome, immaculate in his white surplice, stepped into the pulpit, she nudged her little brother.

"Look at him," she whispered excit-

Cast of "Mirandy Smiles"

Written from the Paramount picture of the same name

Mirandy Judkins	Vivian Martin
Teddy Lawrence	Douglas MacLean
John Kenneth	Lewis Willoughby
Rose White	Jean Gennung
Mrs. Judkins	Maym Kelso



edly, "ain't he grand! He must be the leading man. I shouldn't wonder if it was Mr. St. Mark."

Then the "leading man" began to talk, and Mirandy forgot Teddy at the organ, forgot her long white kid gloves, forgot even Bud at her side, in her response to her first sermon. Perhaps of all the congregation, she was the only one who took it as a real, personal message.

"Bud," she said, in an awed, guilty tone, "I ain't been scrubbing in the corners like I'd orter."

When the service was over, the two little outsiders rose timidly and started down the aisle. Mr. Kenneth was standing at the door, shaking hands with his parishioners. He recognized Mirandy from Teddy's description, and stopped her with her gracious smile. After a welcoming word or two, he turned her over to Rose, who was standing near by.

"Yes, ma," Mirandy told the impressed Mrs. Judkins, "he held up the hull parade fer Bud and me!

"And Mr. Lawrence came back, too, and talked to us," she went on excitedly. "But that ain't the grand part. We're going to git the surpluses to wash!"

"The what?" demanded her mother.

"The surpluses, that Mr. Kenneth and all the choir boys wear. They're like long white nightgowns. I told Miss White we could do lots more washing

if we just had it to do, and she's going to fix it with the minister. Ain't it grand! I told Mr. Lawrence I was jist stubbing my toes on good luck to-day—first his grand organ music and then a bigger wash!"

Good luck did indeed seem to be coming to the little house down near the tracks. Thanks to Mirandy's "contriving," the problems of having a boarder were all solved, and the extra money made things a little easier for the family—then there were all the surplices and Rose White's pretty clothes, which she was bringing to Mrs. Judkins to wash—the exchequer had never been fuller. And to prove that good fortunes, like their sisters, misfortunes, seldom come singly, there was still another piece of good luck in store for the Judkins.

The young rector paid an unexpected call one afternoon, to see if Mrs. Judkins could wash his surplice and have it ready for the next Sunday. As all the children were attired in the choir boys' surplices, and were giving a "sacred concert," the minister's unexpected visit scattered consternation.

"It didn't seem just right," Mirandy apologized, "but we're going to do 'em all up again fresh by Sunday, and we've made thirty-seven cents for the church."

Young Kenneth did not seem shocked at all; he was, in fact, much more concerned about Bud's voice. The twins had been singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" in lusty tones, and Bud's clear boy soprano soared sweetly above his brother's feeble treble.

"Bring him down to church," Kenneth told Mirandy, "and let the organist try out his voice. We might be able to use him in the choir."

As soon as the minister had left, Buddy capered gleefully.

"Gee, I'd like to sing in the choir," he said. "I'll bet I kin lick all those kids."

So, the next day, Mirandy took Bud down to Teddy. "Fine," the young organist said. "He'll do splendidly."

As the exultant Bud capered out of the church, Mirandy turned to Teddy with her wistful little smile.

"I ain't got any talents at all," she said. "I wisht I had. I ain't even very beautiful, 'cept when I'm dressed up."

Teddy looked at her gently.

"You're going to be beautiful some day, Mirandy," he said. "You know, you don't give yourself a chance."

"How do you mean?" Mirandy asked.

"Oh, your hair—you sort of—nail it back. Can't you—oh, I don't know what you call it—fluff it out around your face a little?"

"Like this?"

Mirandy loosened the tight little "scrub lady's" knot and let the soft curly tendrils of hair blow about her face. Teddy nodded, suddenly realizing that his kindly words had been but half the truth; the slim little girl with the wistful smile, the eager eyes, was already beautiful.

Just down the street, another man was smiling at another girl, and realizing, too, how beautiful she was.

"Please, Rose," the young rector was pleading, "please be serious. You know how I love you, dear."

"But I'd have to be serious all the rest of my life if I should—if I should be a minister's wife."

And with a teasing little laugh, she ran on into the house.

But a half hour later she sat down to her desk.

"You asked me to be serious," she wrote, "and give you my answer. I was silly enough to let you go away——"

When the note was finished, she took a dainty waist down to Mrs. Judkins. A freshly laundered surplice hung on a chair.

"Is this Mr. Kenneth's surplice?" she asked.

Mrs. Judkins nodded. As the little

woman hurried to the kitchen for a moment, Rose slipped her note into the pocket of the fresh white garment.

"Sure, I'll have your waist done up all right," Mrs. Judkins promised. "And ain't it the pretty white lace!"

After Rose had gone, the other woman folded the surplice to lay away. She did not notice the note that fluttered out of the pocket and fell to the floor. A moment later she took it away from an inquisitive puppy.

"Sure an' it must belong to Miss Rose," she thought. "I'll pin it to her waist when I git it done up."

So she carefully laid the scented little missive away.

"Haven't we been having just too much good luck!" Mirandy exclaimed many times a week, and it suddenly seemed as though fate agreed with her. For before either the minister's surplice or the pretty lace waist could be returned to their owners, before Bud had had a chance to sing once in the choir, one of the twins came down with scarlet fever.

"Oh, doctor, we can't be quarantined!" Mirandy protested. "Why, I've got my scrubbing and ma's got her washing, and the boarder's got to work becuz he's savin' up to marry Annie May. Oh, doctor, we *can't* be quarantined!"

But it proved that they could be, and they were. Rose had to go to church without her pretty lace waist, but she did not mind. She was interested only in the answer to her note that was in quarantine with the Judkins. Kenneth stood at the door, bidding his parishioners good day, and Rose stood a little aside, waiting for him to finish with them and turn to her. But when he did, it was with a mere formal greeting. Her bit of flippancy was still rankling.

Bewildered at first, then hurt both in her pride and a part much deeper than pride, Rose turned toward home. All day, and the young rector did not come. At night Rose turned to her mother.

"Oh, I wish we could go away!" she cried. "Somewhere—anywhere."

There was both money and leisure in the White family, and Rose's word was law, so, while her pretty lace waist and the young rector's surplice remained sociably together in the quarantined house, the miles between their owners

The children were attired in choir boys' surplices, and were giving a "sacred concert."

"Oh, Mirandy, you may have the waist, because I'm very happy," said Miss Rose, with a sudden radiant look.

lengthened out. Feeling that her departure was a final answer to his pleadings, Kenneth made no effort to communicate with Rose.

The news of Mirandy's misfortune spread. The other scrub women in the Opera House took up a collection and sent a dollar to Mirandy by Teddy. He stood outside the house and shouted to the little prisoner through an open window. When he finally tossed the present in to her, there were eleven dollars in the present from the scrub women to their littlest fellow worker.

The time of quarantine finally dragged itself out. As soon as it was over and Mirandy was free, she hurried to the rector with the delayed surplice.

"It's been all fumigated," she assured him.

"I'll tell you, Miss Mirandy," he said, "I believe I'll just give that surplice to you. Your mother can perhaps make something out of it."

Mirandy's gratitude made the rector a little ashamed of the feeling of distaste he had had for the carefully fumigated garment. But Mirandy's pleasure was quite untainted. And little did the rector guess how financially valuable an asset he had given to the Judkins family. His surplice began almost immediately its money-making career.

The actor who played the part of a minister in the new company at the Grand Opera House did not "look right" to the stage manager, and he said so frankly. At the close of rehearsal, the littlest scrub lady stopped the manager.

"I've got a surplice," she told him, "that would make that actor look just swell. And I'll rent it to you for a dollar."

The manager availed himself of the unexpected offer, and the surplice was well started upon its business life. Mirandy advertised its first success enthusiastically.

"It just made that humbly little man look grand," she declared at the family dinner table.

"Did it?" asked the boarder. He paused a moment thoughtfully. "How would it do," he inquired, "fer me to rent it off you and hev my pictur' took in it to send to Annie May?"

"It would be fine!" said Mirandy en-

thusiastically. "You'd look jest *handsome* in it. Annie May'd never know you!"

A friend of Teddy's rented the surplice, too, to use in a tableau; so did a colored minister in the neighborhood, whose own had blown off the washline at the last moment.

"I'll tell you what," said Mirandy, "that surplus is jist putting us on Easy Street."

When she went to return Miss Rose's pretty lace waist, she told her of their good fortune.

"The minister's surplice?" Rose wrinkled her pretty brows. "You mean the one your mother was washing the day before I went away, when I took my waist to her? He has never gotten the surplice back?"

"No'm," said Mirandy.

Then he had never gotten the note, either! Rose's face was suddenly radiant.

"Oh, Mirandy, you may have the waist, because I'm very happy! And will you take a note to Mr. Kenneth for me?"

Mr. Kenneth seemed very happy, too, when he had read the note.

"Miss White says there is something in the pocket of my surplice which I must find. Will you help me?" he asked Mirandy.

But there was nothing in either pocket. Miss Rose, appealed to, could offer them no help, only insisting mischievously that her lover must find the mysterious "something." So Mirandy and the rector made the search, following the surplice from one of its professional engagements to another.

"I don't want to live on a farm," Mirandy sobbed, "I hate c-cows and p-pigs."

"No, sah!" said the colored brother indignantly. "If the' wuh anything in dat su'plice when Ah tuk it, it wuh thar when Ah tuk it back."

At no place did the mysterious "something" appear. And Mirandy has something else to think about right now. For the boarder was to be married, and right in the little house that had come to be home to him. As a special favor, Mr. Kenneth was to read the service, and, to keep the sentiment, was to wear the much-traveled surplice. Miss Rose and Mirandy were to attend the bride.

Annie May, a shy, sweet-faced little girl, arrived the day of the wedding.

"Where's your wedding dress?" asked the practical Mirandy.

"I—I haven't got any," Annie May confessed. "I couldn't spend any more, we need so much for the farm, and I thought I'd be married in this suit."

"Well, it looks just swell," said Mirandy consolingly, "and you'll look swell in it." She hesitated a moment, then generosity triumphed. "And here's a present from me to wear with it."

With a last regretful glance, she gave the little bride her greatest treasure, Miss Rose's lace waist. As the bride, half reluctant, half ecstatic, slipped her arms into the filmy sleeves, a dainty, scented note slipped to the ground.

Eagerly Mirandy took it to Rose. "Was this what you and Mr. Kenneth was looking for?"

With a quick little gasp of surprise, Miss Rose nodded. So the two girls slipped it again into the pocket of the waiting surplice, where this time the rector would be sure to find it.

There had never been a gayer wedding party—Mr. Kenneth was dignified and very happy in his white surplice, Teddy played the wedding march on an organ with many soundless keys, Mrs. Judkins had made a wonderful wedding cake. And, as a surprise for the very end, the boarder told the big piece of news. His farm was all paid for now, and all the Judkins family were to go with him and Annie May to help them "run it."

In the excitement and exclamations, nobody but Teddy noticed that Mirandy's lips were trembling, but he saw her slip out of the door, and followed her down to the pump. Regardless of the pretty white dress Miss Rose had given her for the wedding, she leaned against the rusty old handle.

"And you don't want to go to the country?" Teddy asked her.

Mirandy shook her head, not meeting his eyes.

"I don't want to live on a farm," she said. Suddenly, her voice broke and she dropped her head on the old pump handle, sobbing. "I hate c-cows and p-pigs. I hate not hearing the organ and—and"—she faced him defiantly—"and I won't s-see y-you any more!"

"Mirandy," Teddy laid his hand over hers on the pump handle, "Miss Rose and I want to send you away to school."

She stared at him incredulously.

"Would you like it, to go and learn to be like Miss Rose?"

"You mean that I could learn to be like—her? To talk like her and to be like her?"

"I do. Would you like it?"

"Would I like it! Would I like it!" She turned to him suddenly. "Say! What've you got up your sleeve? Air you going to train me for the stage?"

Teddy shook his head, smiling down at the eager, wistful little face.

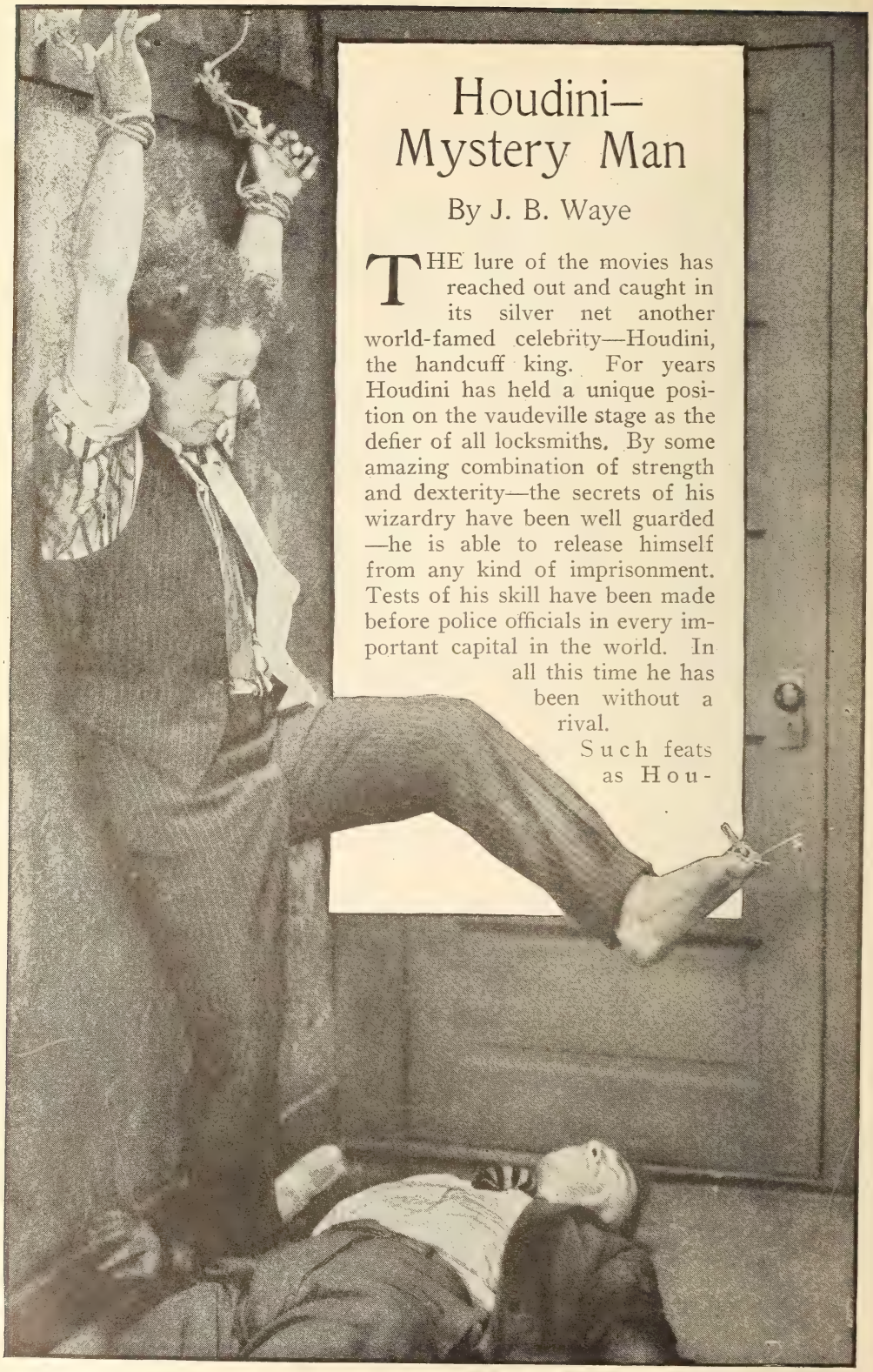
"You go on to school," he said, "and learn to talk like Miss Rose, and when you come back I'm going to tell you—what I've got up my sleeve."

Perhaps Mirandy saw a bit of the message in his face, for she dropped her head on the old pump handle that he might not see the radiance in hers.

THE DIRECTOR'S DIAGNOSIS

WHILE working in the studio I felt a painful shock;
Said I: "Appendicitis!" with a moan.
Director Jones came running up and said: "I'll get the Doc!"
And this is what I heard him telephone:
"Say, bring along your X ray, Doc, and come prepared to make
Interior scenes for me—come in a wink!
My leading man is groaning with an awful stomach ache—
I think that in his film there is a kink!"

H. J. YELLAMS.



Houdini—Mystery Man

By J. B. Waye

THE lure of the movies has reached out and caught in its silver net another world-famed celebrity—Houdini, the handcuff king. For years Houdini has held a unique position on the vaudeville stage as the defier of all locksmiths. By some amazing combination of strength and dexterity—the secrets of his wizardry have been well guarded—he is able to release himself from any kind of imprisonment. Tests of his skill have been made before police officials in every important capital in the world. In all this time he has been without a rival.

Such feats as Hou-

dini can perform naturally suggest the thrills of a serial, and it is in a serial, now being produced by B. A. Rolfe, that Houdini is to appear.

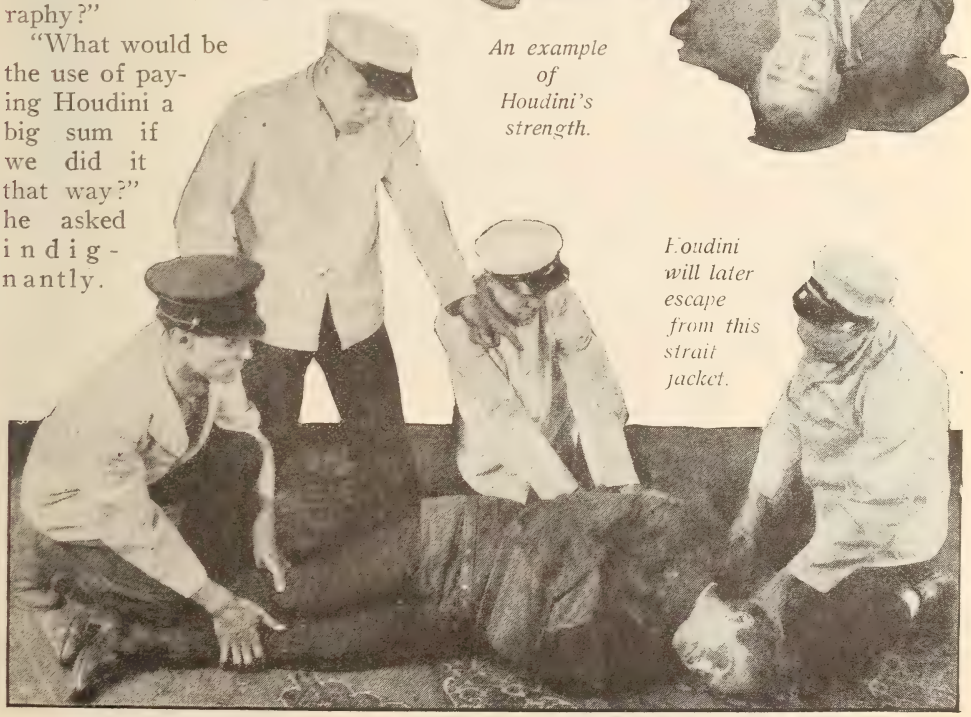
The picture on the opposite page shows how he affects one of his characteristic escapes. He has been strung up by the thumbs. With his feet he manages to knock his assailant senseless. He kicks off his own shoes, removes his socks, and with his agile toes extricates the keys from his enemy's pocket, unlocks and opens the door, and, raising his weight by getting up on the doorknob, releases his hands from the ropes.

Not only will they show Houdini's skill in freeing himself from handcuffs, padlocks, and strait-jackets, but also his more sensational stunts of making his escapes under water.

"It ought to be a corker," I said to a representative of Rolfe, "but how will the fans know that it's not done by trick photography?"

"What would be the use of paying Houdini a big sum if we did it that way?" he asked indignantly.

An example of Houdini's strength.



Houdini will later escape from this strait jacket.

Edward Earle Explains

By Charles Carter

All ready for a chase up Fifth Avenue. Edward Earle, Agnes Ayres, and Director Kenneth Webb.

"I SUPPOSE this is breakfast for you?" I asked Edward Earle. It was just about noon, and we had chanced to meet at the Lambs Club, in New York City. We had seated ourselves at a large oak table in the grill, which was dimly lighted like the pictures of taprooms in old taverns. There were several small groups gathered here and there around the other tables. Willie Collier, the comedian, was holding a serious conversation with Charles K. Harris, the song writer. Over in one corner lounged Raymond

Edward Earle and Agnes Ayres greeting Wesley Ruggles, former director, now overseeing the taking of army pictures in France.

Hitchcock. A waiter had just brought some French lamb chops and a tall glass of buttermilk to our table, and set them down in front of Earle when I made the inquiry.

He looked up in surprise.

"Breakfast?" he exclaimed. "I should say not. Why should it be breakfast?"

"Well, knowing that you were taking a vacation this week, I thought——"

"That I'd be sleeping until noon? On the contrary, I was up at six this morning, and played three sets of tennis before coming over here from little old Flatbush. Have to do it to keep fit, you know," he added, with one of those Edward Earle smiles.

"But I'd do it anyway. Of course, when I was on the stage, well, that was different. We had to sleep later. But now—never. That's one good thing about pictures. It's an 'early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise' profession, and I like it.

"Speaking of tennis," he went on, as he attacked the lamb chops, "I've been playing on the most wonderful court you ever saw. It's on a Long Island estate where we've been working on location for several days. The thing is all surrounded with hedges of rosebushes. Whenever the director wanted me he knew right where to look.

"As I said before, I have to keep fit. Take, for instance, the O. Henry comedies I've been doing lately—there's likely to be some pretty lively action in them—a chase or a fight—such as there was in 'Sisters of the Golden Circle.'

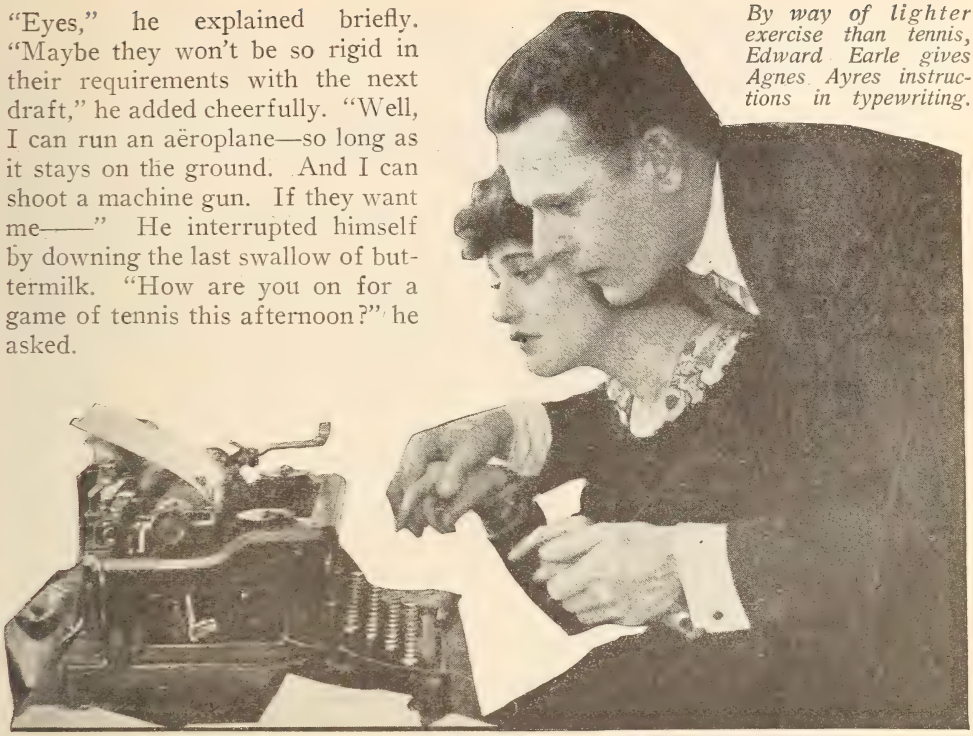
"I'd never want to establish a reputation based solely on athletic ability, though, even if I could. Mind, I'm not disparaging any one else, only I prefer, personally, the quieter moments of a comedy. One of the most pleasing things I've been told recently was that I'd put a touch of pathos in one of my recent comedies."

"I should think you'd be eligible for the army," I suggested.

"That's what I've thought for some time," he answered, "but you see the army seems to think different." He reached in his pocket and produced some governmental documents which credited him with having tried to enlist.

"Early to bed and early to rise," is Earle's motto. Here he is posing as a real poultry man.

"Eyes," he explained briefly. "Maybe they won't be so rigid in their requirements with the next draft," he added cheerfully. "Well, I can run an aëroplane—so long as it stays on the ground. And I can shoot a machine gun. If they want me——" He interrupted himself by downing the last swallow of buttermilk. "How are you on for a game of tennis this afternoon?" he asked.



By way of lighter exercise than tennis, Edward Earle gives Agnes Ayres instructions in typewriting.

Snipped from the Films

HANDSOME is as handsome registers.

A PROBLEM play covereth a multidude of sins.

HAPPY families have no mystery—nor place on the screen.

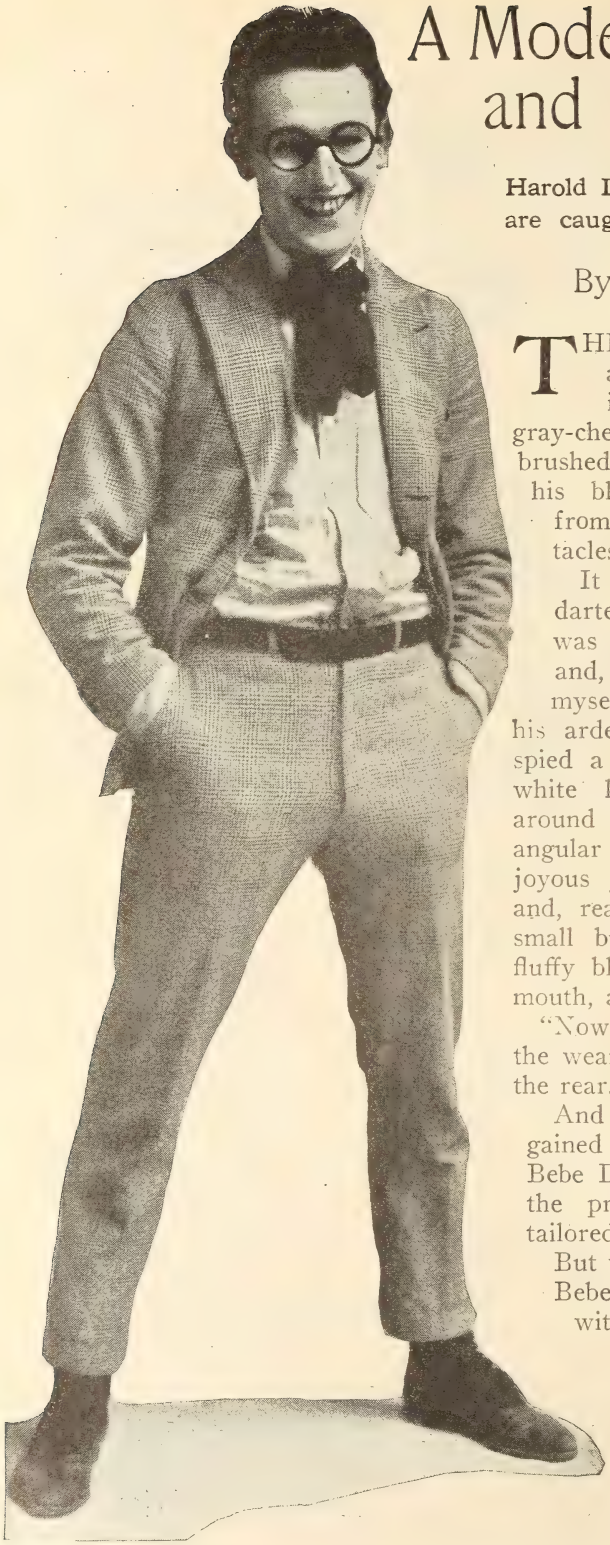
WHERE there's a will, there's a secret drawer for hiding it.

A LITTLE earning is a dangerous thing—stars' salaries are safe.

THE theater owner's dream—every crowd with its silver shining.

BEAUTY is only skin deep, but the screen beauty usually manages to skin along.

A Modern Harlequin and Columbine



Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels are caught in a romping act.

By Marguerite Sheridan

THE door swung open cautiously, and a tall, slim youth breezed in. He wore the latest thing in gray-checked flannels, his hair was brushed to a violin-virtuoso angle, and his black eyes peered quizzically from the large horn-rimmed spectacles perched jauntily on his nose.

It was evident from the way he darted around the room that he was emulating Sherlock Holmes, and, being of an inquisitive nature myself, I assisted him mentally in his ardent pursuit. In a moment I spied a little foot, shod in a dainty white kid pump, protruding from around the corner of a couch. The angular youth saw it, too, and with one joyous jump he mounted the couch, and, reaching down, emerged with a small bundle of rose taffeta ruffles, fluffy black curls, a petulant rosebud mouth, and mischievous black eyes.

"Now for the 'fade-out,'" shouted the weary director from some spot in the rear.

And Harold Lloyd, with a wisdom gained from long practice, placed Bebe Daniels' charming head at just the proper spot on his carefully tailored shoulder, and——

But why go into details?

Bebe adjusted her tangled curls with a disregard for make-up that indicated picture work was finished for the day. "I'm going to tell you something, Mr. Harold Lloyd," she said, "that will make your blood run cold. Just before you entered that

last scene, you almost ran over a huge, black cat!"

Harold Lloyd is superstitious. He admits it frankly. He has some sort of a talisman in every nook and corner of his dressing room, and keeps a faded red rose tied to his car as a "good-luck" charm.

"I'll have to tell you a good one on Harold," Bebe went on. "He has a habit of putting away all the paper money he receives as good-luck money. He tucks it away in his vest pocket, and recently one of his best suits was stolen by a sneak thief—paper money and all. Good luck for some one, wasn't it?"

The conversation was getting too personal for "Lonesome Luke," so, with a "See you later," he departed.

"How long have you been in pictures?" I asked Bebe, as she led the way to her dressing room.

"Three years in Rolin Comedies," she replied, "and some child rôles with Vitagraph before that. I was only fourteen when I got my engagement with Rolin. I shall never forget the day Mr. Whiting, the studio manager, telephoned mother that they were trying out girls to play with Mr. Lloyd, and asked her to send me down. She put my aunt's dress on me. It fitted perfectly and made me look seventeen.

"I was never so uncomfortable and self-conscious in my life," went on Bebe. "But I was anxious to get into picture work again, so my hopes were high until I discovered that the Eastern office of Pathé insisted that they have a blond girl in the Rolin Comedies. I was on the verge of offering to wear a yellow wig, when the manager said they would try me out anyway. They did—and here I am—black hair and all!"

But Bebe says that she has dramatic ambitions, and that some day she is going to try them out. Just because she can be a little fly-away of screen comedy is no reason why she cannot play serious parts, she argues. As for Harold, he wants nothing better than to play comedy for the rest of his

life, which is very young as yet.

"I am as much at home in comedy as a picture man is in Los Angeles—and that's *some* at home," explained Harold. "Little funny twists seem to pop into my head as I work, and they're much better and fresher than they would be if we had to rehearse them all beforehand."

Personally he is a rather shy young man. He and his father have bachelor apartments together, and when he is not working at the studio, he is pretty likely to be found at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, training for some athletic contest.

"Come along, folks," said Bebe, reappearing from her dressing room, and looking very pink and charming minus her grease paint; "let's run along. I feel as if I'd been up a hundred years," she added, as she led the way. "Ever since the daylight-saving plan came in we've been reporting at the studio at the same old eight a. m., but the light continues on into the night—and so do we. We've worked two months just like this without stopping a day—not even on Sundays."

And she stifled a yawn as we climbed into her little car, Bebe taking the seat before the wheel.

"There's a good show on to-night down at the Morosco," Harold was saying to Mrs. Daniels in the back seat.

"Oh, let's go! I'm not too tired," Bebe added hastily, as she caught her mother's reproachful eye.

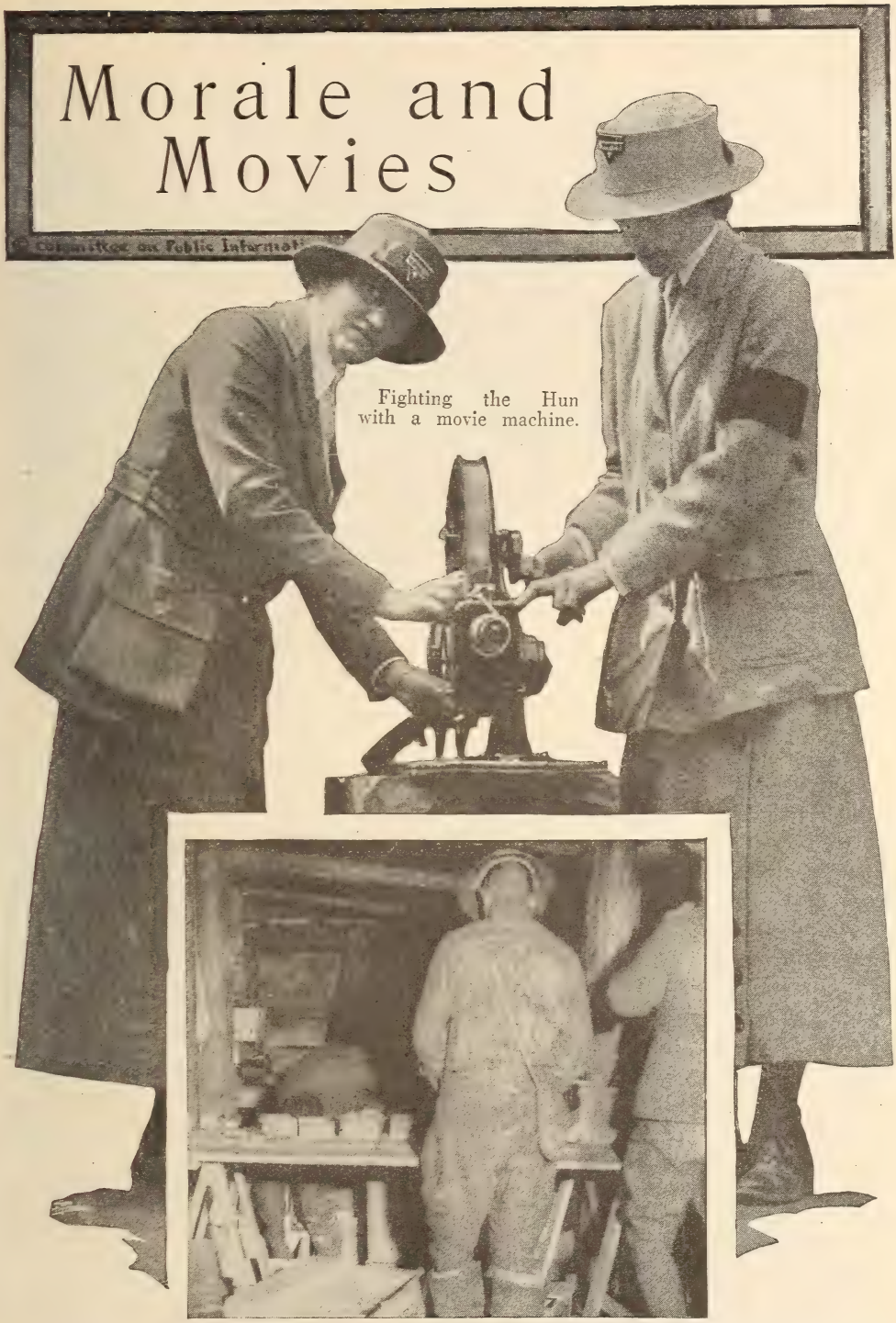
"Honestly, mother, I'm just dying for a little excitement. I can hurry and be ready by eight."

So that night the screen looked to the stage for amusement.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAW

when they peered down through the glass roof of the World Studio at Fort Lee in New Jersey, during a rehearsal of a difficult bit in a picture. Mr. Oscar Apfel, the man in the white shoes in the center of the picture, is directing the rehearsal, Barbara Castleton is seen descending the stairway, and Montagu Love is standing facing her. The other two? Oh, they just happened along. Here's a tip to the movie-mad fans—if you can't get inside a studio, make a jump for the roof.

Morale and Movies



Fighting the Hun with a movie machine.

When it comes to keeping up the morale of the fighting men, the movies are there one hundred per cent. All night long pictures are shown in underground canteens, such as this one, within a few hundred feet of the enemy line, where the soldiers off duty can sit and enjoy them through their gas masks, if necessary. The above picture shows two Y. M. C. A. workers operating a projection machine behind the lines.

One hundred yards in front of this ruined church were the German lines when the picture was taken. It is the tallest structure of any sort left standing by the big Berthas for several miles, and the supposition is that the enemy spared it for a landmark for future shelling. But right in the shadow of it, in an underground "shelter," our boys often spend an evening at the movies.

The greatest demand for pictures at the front is for one and two-reelers, beca e the soldiers are frequently off duty for only a short time, and cannot sit through longer pictures. The picture below shows the open front of a "Y" dugout right in the front line at the left. The soldier is returning through a communication trench to the lines.

"When the boys get to the front, they want pictures of animals and children," says Mr. W. D. Foster, president of the Community Motion Picture Bureau, through which the Y. M. C. A. is supplying films to the army. Mr. Foster, who has recently returned from an extensive tour of the battle lines, adds: "When they are on this side they like war pictures, but over there they prefer the home-and-mother pictures—they just eat them up." The above picture shows the shelter in a village where the boys of the Forty-second Division lived by day. They fought by night, and were known as the "Cave Dwellers."

Soldiers and sailors of many nations gather in the rest camps near London. Some of them are here seen gathered around the piano "between films."

Here is the *abri* on the battle front, where a curate from Trinity Church in New York City and a professor of physics hand out some of the necessities of life, including motion pictures, to the boys who hold the front-line trenches not more than a hundred yards away. For the movies are considered necessities, and new methods are being worked out for getting them right up front and keeping them there as the line moves forward.

One of the lessons of this war which might well be taken to heart by the film industry is economy. This traveling outfit for distributing movies at the front is made from an old machine which was first discarded by the supply department of the army and later by the Red Cross. The trailer carries a gasoline engine, directly connected with a generator which supplies electricity for the projection machine. There are storage batteries in the trailer, since the use of gas engines is prohibited so near the front.

This little shop was used for a "Y" hut, in which pictures were shown until the bombardments got too severe. Shell marks may be seen on the building at the extreme left. The term "hut" is used for any place that affords shelter and some degree of rest and recreation for the boys. Despite the ravages of war, French sentiment still prevails—the little shop at the right is marked "Wreaths for the dead."

Here are some "Yanks" grouped about the doorway of a solid log-cabin hut in France. It is perfectly obvious how near the trenches they are. As a matter of fact, front-line trenches run all around this old château.

It is pictures such as these from the front which make the "stay at homes" understand just how "essential" the movies really are in this war. They provide the link with home for the boys at the front, and keep up the pep and vigor which is going to help them win the war.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By William Lord Wright

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts and we do not make reports as to the standing or reliability of individual companies. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Trick of Serial Writing

"IN the first place," said young Bertram Millhauser, who has acceded to a request to talk to me about serial motion-picture stories—he has been implicated in many of the most successful ones in the past two or three years—"there is no such thing as a serial *story* that is continuous through fifteen episodes, the usual serial length.

"A story told in pictures is just a chain of events, devoid of the author's philosophic digressions, comments, or graceful (and lengthy) verbiage. Don't misunderstand me; I do not mean that it is devoid of grace, color, atmosphere, et cetera. No; I mean that it will—and does—take but one minute to see detailed on the screen what it takes ten minutes to read and weeks to produce. The arithmetic of this is simple. It means that when you see a serial episode of two reels—approximately thirty minutes of a picture—you get a story that it would take three hundred minutes, or five hours, to read; that is, if the yarn were written with any analytical literary ability. You see, substantially, the bald matter of half a good-sized novel. Now follow this further. One serial episode of two reels gives you the story content of half a good-sized volume. Fifteen serial episodes of two reels each would, accordingly, give you a story it would take at least seven volumes to tell on paper!

"To the best of my knowledge, no one has ever written a seven-volume novel of straight action—a novel that would take you through seven volumes of progressive story around a single theme.

"One of the longest novels that has ever been screened was Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables,' and that was done in meticulous detail in ten reels—equivalent in length to only five serial episodes.

"And yet Victor Hugo was considerable novelist.

"Who am I—or who, for that matter, is any of us—that would attempt to spin a single yarn about a single theme three times the length of Hugo's 'Les Miserables!'

"And yet that, in effect, is what the serial story is supposed to be: a single story about a single main theme that will last through thirty reels of film.

"It can't be done. And what's more, it's not done.

"What is done is this: The yarn is started. It progresses, legitimately, for about five reels, leaving some interesting point of mystery unsolved. Then the story is practically dropped until the last episode, in which the mystery is solved.

Let's see: five and two; that gives us a seven-reel story. Of course, you're going to ask what happens in the intervening twenty-three reels—the intervening twelve episodes. This is what happens. At the end of the first five reels, that is, the first two episodes, the unsolved mystery is in some way associated with a material object—a block of wood, or a ring, or a piece of parchment—which is striven for by the two opposing forces—the hero, or heroine, and the villain. In episode three the hero has it. In episode four the villain gets it from him. In episode five it is again recovered, et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum, or, rather, till your closing episodes, when the villain is killed, or otherwise removed, and the material object around which the mystery hangs is in the hero's possession long enough for him to plumb its dark depths.

"This necessitates the spinning of at least *twelve* wholly distinct and separate two-reel stories of the hero's and villain's attempts to recover the object of mystery; and that gives the writer opportunity for ingenious plot and counterplot and thrillingly exciting adventure. True, the *story* does not progress. There are only exciting incidents in the recovery of an *object* to relate. And the only thread that ties these separate installments together is the recurrence, in each chapter, or episode, of the principal characters of the preceding episode, in their same relative relationships.

"This business of having each episode a little separate tale of adventure is not only unavoidable, but good. And for this reason: It does not necessitate recalling, to-day, what was the story of last week's installment, plus that of the week before, and the week before that and the week before that, down to the beginning. It is difficult enough to take up a novel laid down yesterday at chapter six and start blithely out on chapter seven without referring again to the last page of chapter six—or an incident in chapter four—or a character in chapter two; for, in a novel, *all* of the characters are not kept before the reader all of the time. Imagine the chaos that would exist in the minds of the theatergoers if, after the long interval of a week, they were confronted, in episode seven, with a character and an incident that occurred in episode two. In reading a novel, you can stop and think—or refer back. But on the screen, you have no time to stop and think, and it is impossible to refer back.

"It is absolutely necessary then, in each episode, to tell a tale which has no subtle plot connection with previous episodes; for the very simple reason that your audience would be hopelessly lost, and demand such a quantity of explanatory subtitles and fadebacks as to prevent the introduction of actional material in your current two reels.

"Each episode separate and distinct in itself—that is the rule, the mold, the formula—now. The interest of your audience to be maintained, of course, by the ingenious quality of the disconnected incidents.

"It may be that some day the art of motion pictures will breed a writer of such gigantic ability that he will write a seven-volume story that may be converted into pictures in the form of a legitimate, progressive thirty-reel story. It may be that some day audiences will have no difficulty in remembering what last week's installment was about, and follow this week's progression with ease. And it may be that the moon is made of green cheese!"

And Mr. Millhauser, serial writer extraordinary for the Astra-Pathé Company, lighted his pipe again, and sat down to his typewriter to complete the continuity of the sixth episode of "The Lightning Raider," a Pearl White serial he is writing in conjunction with George Brackett Seitz.

A Poetic Appeal

OVER and over comes the question in one form or another, "What is a synopsis, and how is it written?" We have described, explained, and commented on this over and over. Last May we thought we would clear the matter up by printing a model synopsis, which we did. But now comes an insistent inquirer, who, emulating Silas Wegg, harries us, in rhyme, as follows:

You say: "Just write your synopsis in a thousand words or more."
You've told us we could utilize perhaps three sheets, or four.
But though I know you've tried your best to make the matter clear,
My synopsis covers twenty sheets! I'm very dense, I fear.

Now, following just what you've said, I've typed it double spaced,
And I can't find a bit of it that you could say was waste.
I've tried to cut my story down until it 'most lost sense,
But here it is—five times too long—I guess I'm very dense.

I'll not deny that I am green—this really is my first;
That's why I'm nervous and perturbed—to know how much I durst
Send to that dreadful editor. Now, would he really laugh,
And think that I had sent too much, had I sent in but half?

To my mind it would better be to have plans drawn to measure
With blue prints, rules, and formulæ that we could read at leisure.
So can't you be more definite—show us just how it's done—
The form and style, in black and white, that makes the sure home run!

Unfortunately, writing cannot be reduced to blue prints, rules, and formulæ. The nearest I can come to complying with this writer's request will be to print another synopsis. This I will endeavor to do in an early number.

From "A Skeptic"

SIGNING himself "A Skeptic," the author of the following epistle voices the complaints of thousands of our photo-play authors, real and near. The letter follows:

I am going to write you a very candid letter, and I hope to see a very candid answer in PICTURE-PLAY.

I suppose you tire of the same question repeatedly asked: Why do the scenarios and synopses I write not sell?

Well, it is just as tiresome for those of us who are trying to sell to have them repeatedly returned to us, and it is nonsense for every one to have them refused, and when I say *every one* I speak of the many whom I have talked with having the same result, and among the *many*—numbering an even one hundred and fourteen—none have sold, and some of them have written as many as twenty, and others one, two, three, four, five, et cetera.

It is becoming a joke if one hears another say: "I have written a scenario and am awaiting its result." Of course, there is only one result, if you have not forgotten to inclose an addressed envelope. Like a faithful old dog, "it always comes back." And why?

Of course, you hurry to reply politely that probably the story lacked action. Yet a rejected manuscript I have in mind was chock-full of action, and held the attention and admiration of a company of skeptics who had gathered to discuss this question.

Strange to say, a short time later a picture was produced by a reputable company so similar in every respect that the same audience was called upon to pass their opinion on the similarity, and they all agreed that it was the same story they had heard read. Strange, isn't it? Of course, the company said it was merely a coincidence.

I will agree with you, that some of the scenarios which you receive are not acceptable, for different reasons, but why should all writers meet with the same result? Is it not unreasonable *that none* are acceptable?

I have as yet to hear of the first one being accepted, except to hear through some one of the movie magazines that some particular scenario writer has proved her ability to write scenarios by having a certain number accepted.

While traveling through Pennsylvania, New York, California, and New Jersey, I chanced to meet with numerous people who have attempted to write for the movies, and *none* have been successful. Nor were all of them ignorant as to the requirements of a movie writer. But their knowledge was of no benefit to them. In fact, most of them are considering the demand for new material a ruse to obtain new ideas through the submitting of scenarios for approval.

We are all aware that the movies are constantly wanting new stories. But why not have some method of giving the outside writer a fighting chance? Why not clean house and give the man at the foot a look in? I think the industry would reap a very generous reward if it were to delve deep—yes, *very deep*—into this matter, and then give the outside man a chance, *just a chance*. I wager you would have many more opportunities to read many more good scenarios, and receive a more kindly feeling from the public in general upon this subject.

That is just why I am writing this letter. What one sees repeatedly done causes one to suspect that there is not always honor among thieves.

When one adheres to the rules, is very original, has the ability to write without being superfluous, can write a clever plot full of action, why should one fail? Out of several attempts of hard, conscientious work, why is there not a glimmer of light? Why should *none* be acceptable, though plenty good to copy almost identically? From one who has tried, and anxiously awaiting some light on the subject. A Skeptic.

And Our Answer

OUT of your acquaintances you have found one hundred and fourteen persons who have tried, unsuccessfully, to write for the screen. That only shows how tremendous the competition is in this field.

It is quite true that most of the movie stories which are used are purchased from successful writers, "writers who are on the inside," persons who have made writing a profession, and who have devoted years to it, persons who have the opportunity to study the requirements at close range. And this is as it should be. It would be as absurd for a producing company to "clean house" and begin buying its stories from beginners as it would be for a railroad to dismiss its skilled executives and replace them with beginners. They tried that sort of thing in Russia and it did not work very well.

The magazine field presents an analogy. Magazines are eagerly watching for new writers, and are overjoyed when they discover a new one who has the goods. But out of the mass of manuscripts they constantly receive, the available ones from beginners form a very small proportion. And I should like to suggest this test. A story which would make a good movie would make a good story in fiction form. How many of your hundred and fourteen acquaintances have been able to sell stories to magazines? Very few, I fancy. Yet the movie field is much more difficult than the magazine field, as any writer who has tried both will tell you.

Then, granting that your stories may have been of unusual excellence, they may not have sold for any one of the following reasons:

You may bury your idea in bad technique instead of submitting the plot idea in synopsis forms.

You may not follow market requirements. More failures are due to this than to any other cause.

Your friends may have read your story and have pronounced it "just great." With all due regard to your friends, perhaps they are prejudiced. Perhaps they have no more real knowledge of what is required than you have, even though they may have studied the subject superficially.

And remember—the market fluctuates. The market for movie plots is not what it was five years ago. A different class of stories is required. Maybe your cherished offering contains enough plot for a two or three-reeler when nothing under five reels is wanted.

Finally, your story may answer every requirement—except one. It may not suit the shifting policies. It may be a war theme when the lid is being clamped on war stuff; it may be propaganda; it may be "vamp" stuff and any and all of these and more are becoming taboo in almost every studio.

As to the movies filching your plot ideas—forget it. That it has been done by some unscrupulous persons I do not deny. But it is not done by any of the well-established producers. If for no other reason, they would refrain because the person who can write a plot worth filching is a person to be cultivated and encouraged, since good plays are rare. So a check is forwarded to the one who can come across with a new idea. Really, there is nothing new under the sun—it's just the new twist to some ancient plot that sells it. And there *are* beginners who are selling ideas.

Where, Oh, Where?

AND where do all the plots for photo plays come from? inquires one of our closest readers. One of the best-known producers of meritorious motion-picture plays in this or any other country answered the question for this interrogator. He says that seventy-five per cent of the successful picture plays we see on the screen were originally novels or short stories in the popular magazines. Of course, these do not include serials. One publishing house alone that issues several monthly magazines is said to contribute to the photo play an average of one hundred plot bases a year. Many of the motion-picture producers employ highly trained readers who are paid to read carefully all the fiction magazines as they appear. This necessitates reading more than three hundred stories a month. Perhaps out of the three hundred there may be as many as three stories that are finally passed and judged to be worthy of scenarioizing. These stories are handed to scenario writers. Prices for magazine stories are going up instead of down, and one difficulty for the producer is to be able to meet the magazine editors on prices for stories. Which is all the more reason for a scenario editor's delight when he comes across a really good story from a beginner.

Subterfuges

MANY and varied are the subterfuges employed by some free-lance writers in order to bring their wares to the attention of the editor of photo-play manuscripts. Everything, from a piece of string carefully slipped between pages eight and nine, to registered mail, is utilized. All these schemes are immediately recognized by the blasé scenario reader. However, a well-known editor told us a brand-new one the other day. "I opened the manuscript," he said, "and there was the usual typewritten note addressed to me, inclosing the story,

et cetera. And then quite by accident there fell out a note written in longhand. It read something like this:

"Stop on the way to the motion-picture editor and see Lee Shubert. Tell him I am rewriting that last act as he suggested and that it will be ready by next Monday. Phone to me immediately if this is agreeable to him.

"The writer's stenographer had delivered me the manuscript and, of course, the 'accidental' note was meant for my eyes to bring the thought home that this writer's work was worthy of the very closest thought. It was a new one on me. I wonder what some of them will do next?"

Avoid all subterfuges. Send in your story on its merits. Send it in typewritten, not in longhand, and if you have the stuff you will fare better than if you employ all the little tricks which seem popular with some beginners—and with some professionals, too, for that matter!

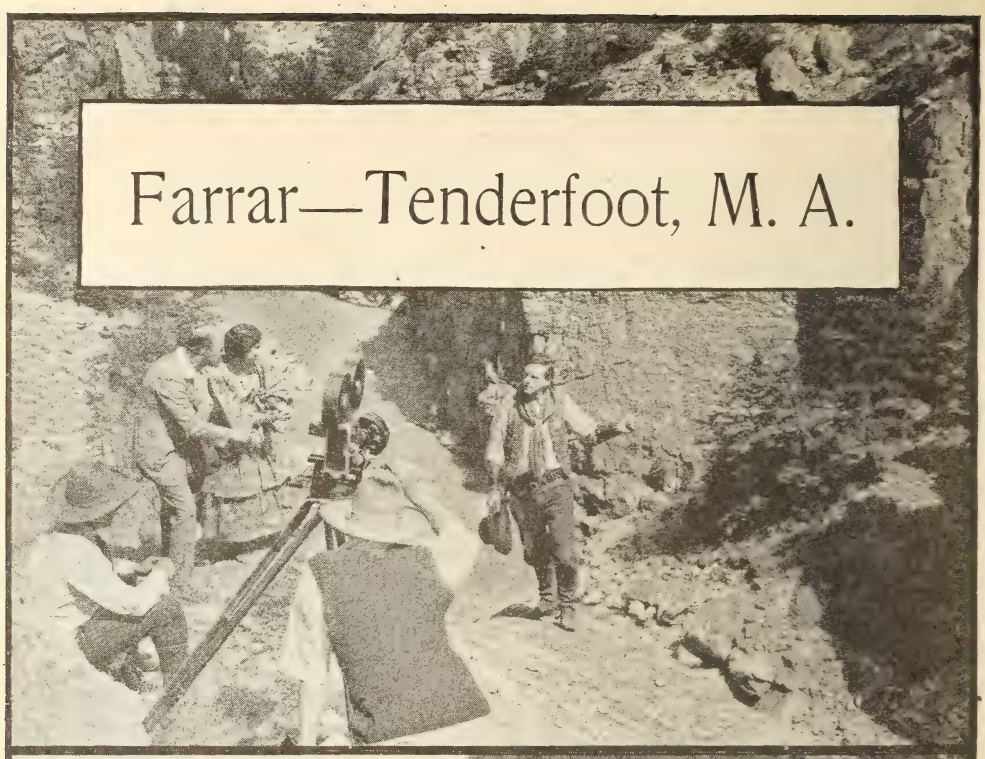
The Supply Limited?

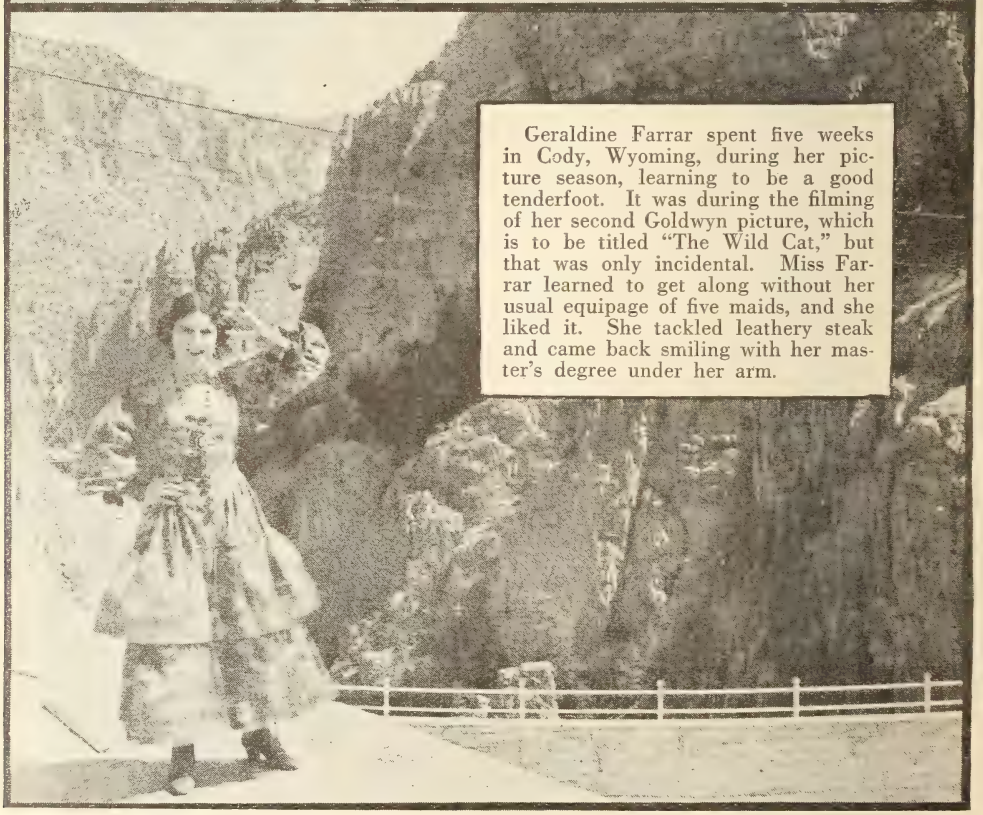
ONCE more the old question appears in the public prints: Is the supply of material for picture stories becoming more and more limited? It was first propounded about four years ago, and it bobs up serenely semiannually. Charles Sarver, scenario editor of the World Film Corporation, is the latest to ask anxiously whether we are going to have enough stories to go around. In clarion tones we rise to remark that we think we will. Not only are the best known and most respected novelists and short-story writers turning out the plots as per usual schedule, but several wise producers have a stock of story rights cached away in their safety vaults. I refer particularly to Colonel William Selig. In a personally conducted tour of the Selig archives not so very long ago, I gazed upon pile after pile of the most popular novels, short stories, and manuscripts, and to them were signed the names of the very best writers. Colonel Selig bought five years ago when the writers beseeched him to buy. And now, to-day, when prices are soaring, these selfsame writers of fiction are inclined to wail and rage against Mr. Selig and others who bought the wares in the open market. The producers who bought at that time took a chance, and if they can sell at high prices now, it is their right. Selig recently sold the movie rights to "The Light of Western Stars" for a fat sum, and he has a lot more catalogued along the same line. One or two other producers are in the same class, and are beginning to unload their material upon an eager market. The business seems quite lucrative.

A Word from Robert E. MacAlarney

READERS of this department will be interested, I am sure, in the article in this number by Robert E. MacAlarney, the head of Paramount's scenario department. No one in America is in a better position to speak with authority on the subject of writing for the screen. Mr. MacAlarney, previous to entering the picture field, had been city editor of three New York newspapers. He is a graduate of Harvard, and has been, since 1912, associate professor of journalism in Columbia University. As a writer of stories he has been represented in almost every magazine, from the *Atlantic Monthly* down to the purveyors of the lightest forms of fiction. What he says should be read carefully by every one who is making a serious effort to write for the screen.

Farrar—Tenderfoot, M. A.





Geraldine Farrar spent five weeks in Cody, Wyoming, during her picture season, learning to be a good tenderfoot. It was during the filming of her second Goldwyn picture, which is to be titled "The Wild Cat," but that was only incidental. Miss Farrar learned to get along without her usual equipage of five maids, and she liked it. She tackled leathery steak and came back smiling with her master's degree under her arm.

The mountain scenery offered a background for the picture such as nothing east of the Mississippi could produce. This necessitated taking a company of twenty-odd actors, director, camera man, and assistants clear across the country from New York.

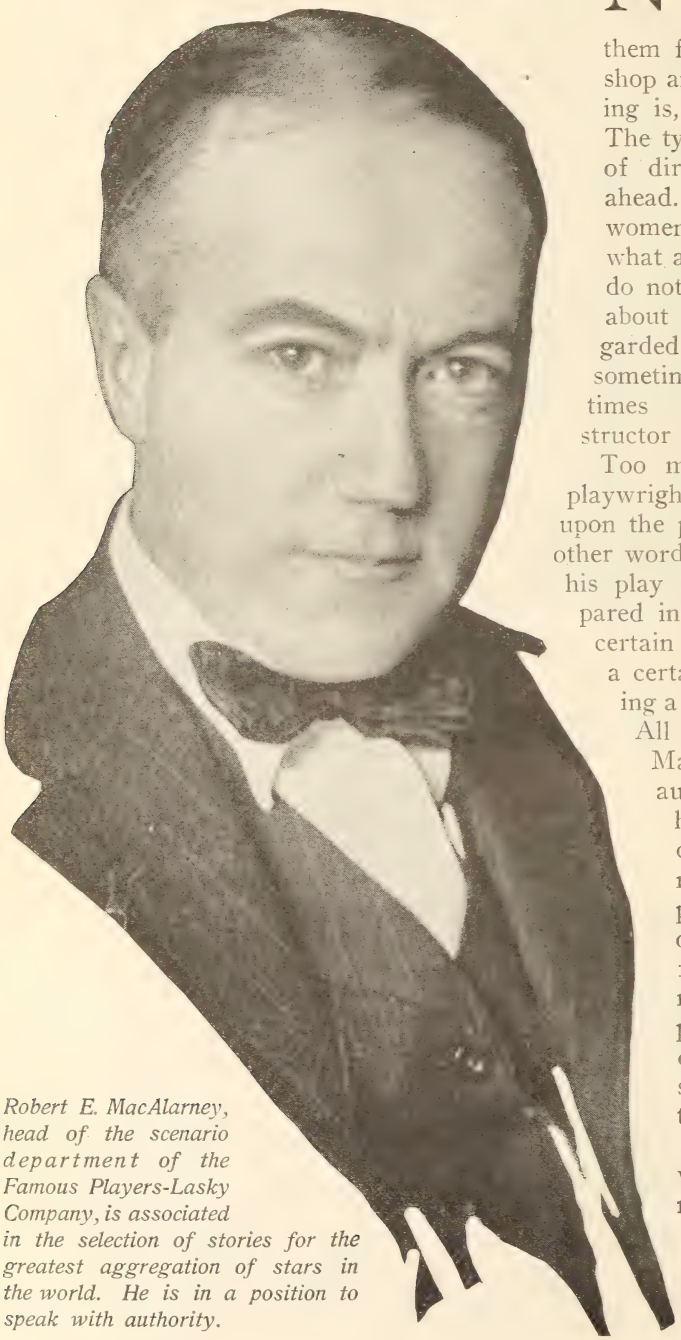
Above, Miss Farrar and Milton Sills are "emoting" beside a mountain stream.

Luncheon was served wherever the company happened to be, on a rough plank table, right out of tin cans and packages. Mrs. Sills is sitting next to Miss Farrar, and across the table from them is Milton Sills. Reginald Barker, her director, presides at the end of the table.

To Catch an Editor's Eye

Is the hope of every writer. Here are a few suggestions to that end.

By Robert E. MacAlarney



Robert E. MacAlarney, head of the scenario department of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, is associated in the selection of stories for the greatest aggregation of stars in the world. He is in a position to speak with authority.

NO one man who passes upon screen scripts can honestly rule upon them from other than his own shop angle. Any form of writing is, after all, a fluid thing. The tyro cannot be given a set of directions and told to go ahead. Young men and young women are apt to take literally what a coach tells them. They do not realize that any dictum about writing should be regarded only as approximating—sometimes strongly and sometimes faintly—what the instructor has in mind.

Too many advisers of screen playwrights lay undue emphasis upon the physique of a script. In other words, a beginner is told that his play synopsis should be prepared in a certain fashion, on a certain sort of paper, folded in a certain way, and not exceeding a certain number of words. All of this is important. Many a potential screen author has been laid by the heels at the outset of his career through carelessness in the physical preparation of what he offers. As a matter of fact, the physique of a motion-picture script is presumed when we discuss what a screen story should be. But, after all, this is simply carpentry.

Across the desk at which I sit there drift many manuscripts from various quarters of the globe. Not one of them goes unread—and by this I mean lacking a

careful reading—in the Famous Players-Lasky office. Most of the original scripts are by authors who have not achieved distinction in other forms of writing. A small percentage, however, is the work of established fiction creators who desire, either as a by-product or as an adventure into an unknown country, to submit original screen synopses.

Now what *is* a screen synopsis which might attract the attention of an average scenario editor? This question cannot be answered with utter definiteness—as any man who reads manuscripts of any sort knows. But, boiled down to a sediment left from reading many hundreds of screen stories, the making or breaking of a script for the screen does *not* lie, oddly enough, in the screenable phases of a story at all. It lies in the thematic note which a story would strike if that story were made into five reels of film.

The most broken reed upon which to lean for persistent success in screen writing, is, I think, the habit of writing your play with photography ever in mind. We all know that only a certain degree of psychosis can be interpreted in terms of a film positive. That is too absurdly true to be necessary to restate here. But remember that when you offer a screen play for reading, the company which buys your ware wants to buy not only what you have written, but what is between the lines as well. Therefore a "shot-to-shot" synopsis, it seems to me, should not be offered first.

By a "shot-to-shot" synopsis I mean a detailed working out in photographic terms. All of this will be welcomed gladly later—when the story gets to the point of actual acceptance, or almost there. Then the company has a right to expect, and probably will expect, that the author produces all the "shot-to-shot" material he has. It is a fact that the most difficult form in which to digest a story is continuity. Continuity, of course, is the final and hardened form of "shot-to-shot" synopsizing.

If an author really has conceived a play thematically sound and appealing, in which the star holds sufficient sympathy throughout, he can very well devote his chief care to developing the thematic note. The men who read your stories have always at their elbow a realization of what the camera can do with various types of material. Therefore they do not, as a rule, need elaborated "shot-to-shot" hints. What they are looking for, and what they must have firmly in hand when they try to convince the producing end of the company, is, "What thematic sharp or flat does the play strike?" This may be interpreted as, "How would you describe your play if, as a casual motion-picture theatergoer, you had seen it on the screen?" How, for instance, would you have told a member of your family about it? Every play must leave a permanent tabloid impression.

For instance, one may go home and say: "I saw a play which showed how a man, defeated at every turn, was made strong enough to stick it out and win a final victory because of the fact that his wife met poverty bravely."

Now, this remark does not sound very dramatic, nor does the utterer of it intend it to be. But that, and only that, is what the play meant to him; and there are thousands like him. That is the thematic note of the play. Therefore, when submitting a play based upon this well-worn theme, it is important to pay more heed to rubbing in the theme than to spend time devising a multitude of good camera shots.

Very few writers have the knack of presenting concisely and cumulatively a thematic synopsis. All of which makes their material harder to sell and the job of scenario editor harder to fill with zest.

Remember that there is no hard and fast "don't" in pictures. The very men

who utter supposedly final "don'ts" are the first to change their point of view if they can be shown the value of its opposite. But it is sheer folly for a writer to try to sell film plays without taking into consideration trade conditions. A screen play is, first of all, a commodity. We can make good screen plays out of many things—but can we sell them to exhibitors, and can they in turn draw patrons after the pictures have been made?

It is rarely wise to offer a screen play unless you know what stars the company to whom you are submitting has on its program. It is your business to know this. Why waste your own time and the time of overworked scenario desks? Screen writing is different in this respect from magazine writing. Your stuff sells if it can be used for a certain somebody. It cannot be sold on sheer artistic appeal alone.

If screen writers will always aim at a target when they submit plays, they will have a greater percentage of bull's-eyes. Frankly, the majority of them are shooting into the air.

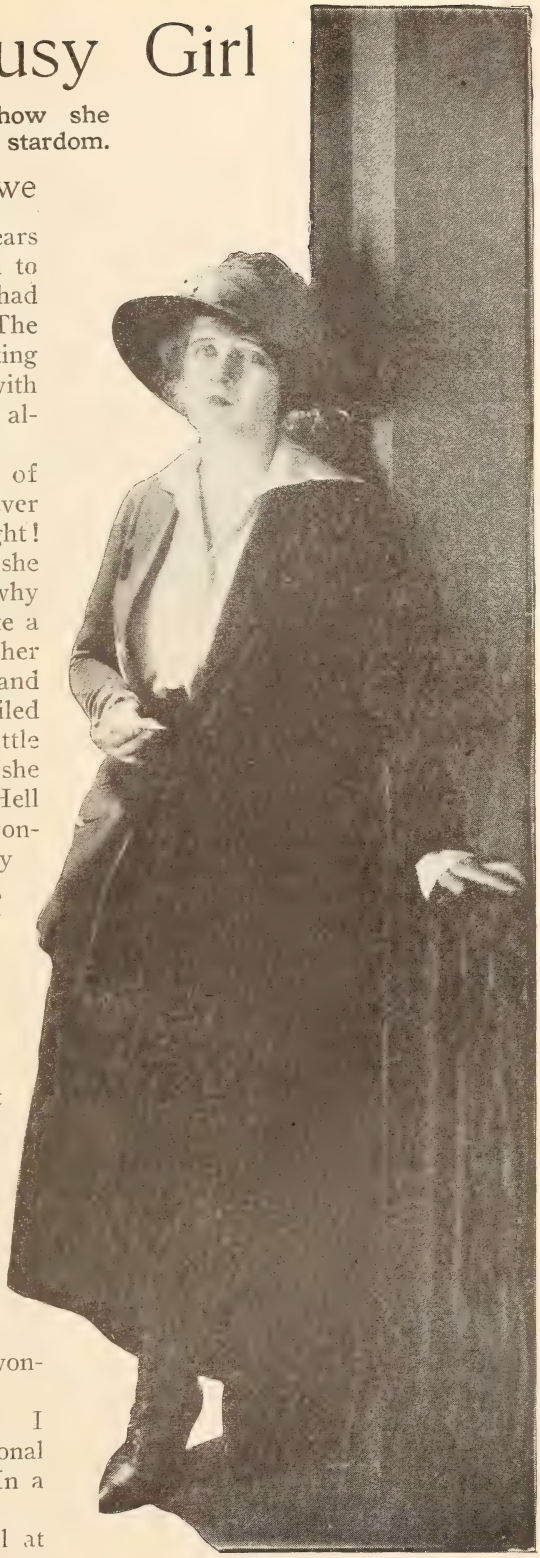
DOWN FROM THE LIBRARY SHELF

HERE they are, with father and mother March—Beth, Jo, Amy, and Meg—the four little women whose adventures, put into book form by Louisa May Alcott, were to be found on the bookshelves of thousands of girls a generation ago. This film presentation of "Little Women," produced by William A. Brady, will undoubtedly draw to the movies this winter a new audience whose wail has been that the movies didn't use good, "worth-while" stories. The book has been followed closely, and the scenes were made on and about the old Alcott homestead in Concord, Massachusetts.

That Very Busy Girl

Olive Tell confides how she climbed the heights of stardom.

By Selma Howe



IT all happened because three years ago I was unfortunate enough to be given a leading part when I had been on the stage only six weeks." The little heroine who has been captivating hearts right and left in "To Hell with the Kaiser" breathed this confidence almost tearfully.

"Unfortunate enough!" Shades of all the little stage-struck girls who ever dreamed of becoming a star overnight! Yet that is what Olive Tell said, and she meant it, too. She was explaining why she couldn't possibly manage to take a vacation—hadn't since she started her stage career several years ago—and didn't expect to. All of which entailed the story of how the sunny-haired little lady sprang into stardom before she fairly knew it. If you saw "To Hell with the Kaiser," you probably wondered a lot about the heroine, why she wasn't a star, and all that. Well, she is a very new, very bright star now, and it was that picture which made her one. Read on, and you shall hear.

"I really got my screen start on the stage," went on Miss Tell. "I know that sounds contradictory, but it is true. For if I had not formed the habit of getting along without vacations in the very beginning, I never should have found time to go into pictures at all. I had been playing small parts in a stock company, taking a different part each week for six weeks, so the opportunity to take a leading part was wonderful in a way."

"In a way," I echoed blankly. I simply could not get the traditional point of view out of my head. "In a way!"

"It didn't seem wonderful at all at

the time," Miss Tell said. "I felt too much as a puppy that is just learning to swim must feel when he is thrown into deep water. I had no time to think of the pleasant side of it—in fact, I was half frightened to death, and for the longest time that is the only emotion I recall. Then as one opportunity after another came along, I realized how hard I must work to make up for lost time. I had missed the years that many actresses have between leaving dramatic school and getting their first really big parts. Those years bring a lot of all-round experience and preparation for the opportunities. So I had to work to catch up.

"I got so used to it that when the chance came to add the movies to my stage experience, I just kept a little busier and did that, too. I'm glad, because if there is anything I ever enjoyed doing, it was the last picture. And"—here she laughed—"even that, like everything else, has brought me new things to live up to, for it has made me a screen star."

We had dropped down on camp chairs for the few minutes that Miss Tell was "off duty." It was a quiet day at the Metro Studio, in New York City. To be sure, a fashion show, using thirty or forty characters, was going on up front, a murder was being committed in a set across the room, and William J. Kelly, Miss Tell's leading man, had just put out a youthful fire which was not scheduled for any set at all. Still, in spite of these cheery diversions, it was a quiet afternoon during the filming of "Secret Strings," the first picture in which Miss Tell is to be starred.

"Being starred is just like being told that whatever you say may be used in the evidence against you," she said.

So we decided that this was not to be an interview at all; just a chat. Confidentially—it would never do to let Miss Tell know, for a really bright star who doesn't think she is bright at all is too nice a thing to spoil—confidentially, it would take a whole army of interviewers to make Miss Tell appear anything which isn't wholesome and charming.

"If you can't be pretty," Emmy Lou once said, "you've got to be smart."

But Miss Tell is the living proof that a girl can be both pretty and "smart." She has golden hair—not the in-

definite, anywhere-from-straw-to-red tint which sometimes passes for golden —but the kind that really looks like gold. She has Irish eyes, hazel, with an ever-changing shade and expression, and a soft English accent. In fact, losing Miss Tell's voice is one of the prices that the "silent drama" has to pay for being silent.

"I still like the speaking stage better than the screen, I must admit," Miss Tell went on, "although every day I find picture work more interesting. The first picture I did really bored me—there were such long waits between bits of acting, and I found it hard to get worked up to a pitch necessary to really feel the part; the acting was chopped up so. But that was when I first began. By the time I had become a star in the Empire productions—you remember them?—I had got all over that point of view.

"But I still find picture work more exacting than the stage. The legitimate actress has all of her mornings and many of her afternoons for exercising and for study. But in pictures one is busy all day, and in the evening there is little time or inclination for such things. The only solution of the difficulty for me is to sandwich a stage engagement in between pictures, as I did my last one with Henry Miller in 'A Fountain of Youth.'"

Miss Tell was educated in England, and has all the Englishwoman's love of the outdoors. She revels in cross-country tramps, drives a car, and knows the rudiments of flying an air plane. In fact, she gave a very good exhibition of her prowess in this line in "To Hell with the Kaiser." And yet she insists that she is not athletic from the American point of view.

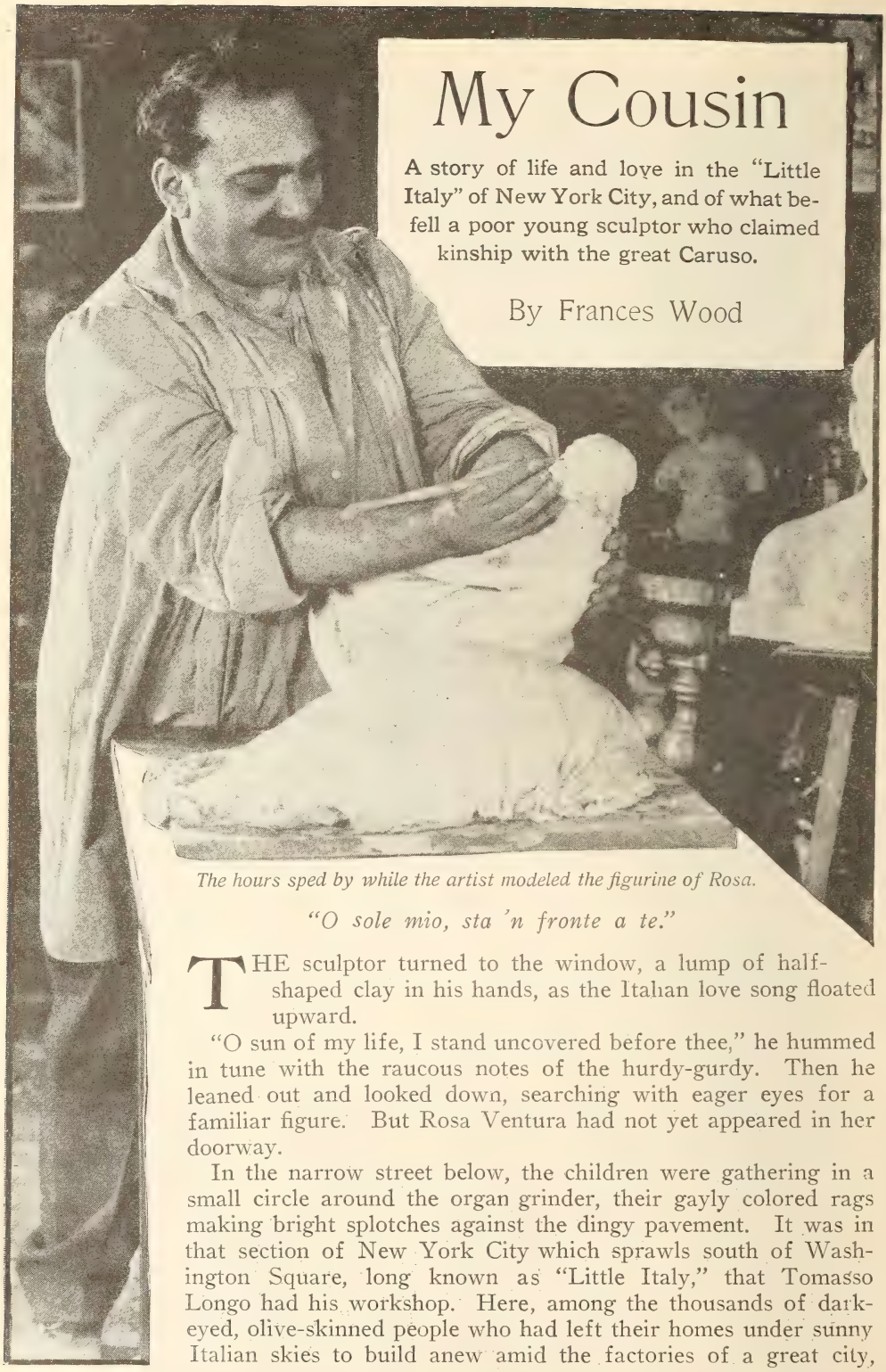
"Athletic?" echoed Miss Tell, when I broached the subject. "Why, no actress is really that to-day, unless she enters the room turning handsprings and drives a car across a twelve-foot chasm.

"Oh, dear, no. I only wish I were. I do like horseback riding. In fact, I like all kinds of sports and games, if I could only do them. I love tennis, if I can find a nice, good-natured person to play with me. But the other player must be good-natured—that is the kind of game I play." All the Irish in Miss Tell came twinkling out. "Athletic? Why, I can't even play bridge!"

My Cousin

A story of life and love in the "Little Italy" of New York City, and of what befell a poor young sculptor who claimed kinship with the great Caruso.

By Frances Wood



The hours sped by while the artist modeled the figurine of Rosa.

"O sole mio, sta 'n fronte a te."

THE sculptor turned to the window, a lump of half-shaped clay in his hands, as the Italian love song floated upward.

"O sun of my life, I stand uncovered before thee," he hummed in tune with the raucous notes of the hurdy-gurdy. Then he leaned out and looked down, searching with eager eyes for a familiar figure. But Rosa Ventura had not yet appeared in her doorway.

In the narrow street below, the children were gathering in a small circle around the organ grinder, their gayly colored rags making bright splotches against the dingy pavement. It was in that section of New York City which sprawls south of Washington Square, long known as "Little Italy," that Tomasso Longo had his workshop. Here, among the thousands of dark-eyed, olive-skinned people who had left their homes under sunny Italian skies to build anew amid the factories of a great city,

Tomasso found the right types for his plastic art. But of these, none was so fair in his eyes as the beautiful Rosa, who brought much trade to her father's restaurant.

Tomasso sighed as he wrought the clay deftly with finger and thumb, stopping now and then to dip the latter into a bowl of water. Between his eyes and the bust he was molding floated a disturbing vision—the twinkle of a gold earring in a small brown ear, the indistinct line of a softly turned wrist, the glance of black eyes.

He was engaged in modeling the head of Caruso, the world-famous tenor, from a number of highly colored lithographs which he had collected. It was a difficult task, for despite the fact that the struggling young artist claimed kinship with the great one, he could not remember ever having seen him. Still, the study was something with which to amuse himself when he was not at work on the figurine of Rosa. Besides, it seemed to bring him into closer touch with that gifted being, regarded as little less than a divinity among the Neapolitans, and—by the grace of the blessed Madonna—his relative!

But it was of no use trying to work, for the street organ, with its snatch of song, caroled faintly in his ears from a distant corner, and the image of the Caruso would not come clearly. The man rose, thrust the bust back to its place among the sheeted, half-finished pieces, covered it tenderly, and pulled his clay-daubed smock off over his head.

"Rosa, she meka da fool out of me—when she dance in my head I no can work," explained Tomasso to himself apologetically. He had the habit of talking English aloud in order to fix the difficult language in his mind. He reached for his coat, feeling in the inner pocket for a small, printed envelope, and then plunged down the narrow stairs Venturaward.

He crossed the street in half a dozen steps to where Rosa, who had seen him coming, stood with her back toward him, flirtatiously laughing and chatting with Lombardi, who had a stall next door. Neighbors, sunning themselves on the near doorsteps, watched this byplay with amused interest, for, as in a small village, the love affairs of Little Italy are its common property. And the whole street liked to speculate over its politics and wine as to whether Lombardi, the seller of vegetables, or that young cousin of the great singer would win the capable brown hand of Rosa in marriage.

"Rosa, you no make the good day?" Tomasso's voice was reproachful. "I got something fine to show you," he added, as the belle of *nuova Italia* followed him into the restaurant.

Ventura, himself taking a hand in the serving from time to time, gave Tomasso a curt nod, frowning as his daughter bent to serve the customer. For was it not that Rosa paid too much attention to that penniless artist? While here on the corner was Lombardi, so good, so very rich from his vegetable trade, bringing her a bouquet of little onions every day, and eating his heart out for her! Still, a good customer was not to be discouraged. But a short time later, when Lombardi took his place at the board, the proprietor showed his

Adapted from the Paramount production

"My Cousin"

in which the grand-opera star, Enrico Caruso, makes his first appearance on the screen.

CAST

Tomasso Longo / The Singer	Enrico Caruso
Rosa Ventura	Carolina White
Roberto Lombardi	Henry Leoni
Pietro Ventura	Joseph W. Ricciardi
Ludovico	Master William Bray
The Secretary	Bruno Virato

favor by waiting on the chosen suitor with his own hands.

"What you show me?" inquired Rosa, setting down the steaming *ministrone* before Tomasso.

"I got two tickets to hear the famous cousin sing—you come with me to-night?" The soft eyes above his shone with pleasure. Then, before she could answer, from across the room came the distinct tones of her father and the dealer in fruits and vegetables, conversing.

"If he is the cousin of the great tenor, why does he live like the starved rat?" sneered Lombardi. There were several shouts at this sally. Rosa's color deepened, and Tomasso jumped up, gesticulating angrily. As he did so, he nearly upset an undersized Italian lad in a white apron, who hurried over the sawdust-strewn floor dispensing dishes of spaghetti.

"Look, you come here to eat—ver' good. You come to make the monkey

"You gotta fine smile," said Tomasso, shaking his fist. "You wanta keep it?"

face at the customer—no good, no come here!" cautioned the proprietor, catching the unfortunate young man by the shoulder. The room seemed to be on the verge of an uproar, and Tomasso, feeling himself to be getting the worse of the argument, was forced to take his seat ingloriously.

"You gotta fine smile," he said, when Lombardi passed his table on the way out. "You wanta keep it?" and he shook a fist at him. Again there was the laugh of the fickle crowd—this time on the side of the artist. Nevertheless, the threat was regarded as somewhat in the nature of a Black Hand warning, and from that hour Little Italy held its breath to watch the fun.

That day Rosa had hard work to get away for the hour when she ordinarily posed for Tomasso while he fashioned the figurine. Ventura suggested that she might better spend the time sewing for the wedding which he hoped would soon take place with the dealer in vegetables.

But the girl, with a toss of her fine head, had retorted: "Roberto Lombardi he love me much. But ah, the banana bargain, he love that more!"

In the same way the girl managed to get her father's consent to go to the opera with Tomasso, despite even stronger parental objection. But the reward which was hers far outweighed the difficulties that had beset her attaining it. Never, within the scope of her brief existence, had she dreamed that so much happiness, grandeur, and excitement could possibly be crowded into a single evening. Once she had been to Coney Island; she had seen several marionette shows. But the opera as entertainment so far surpassed either of these former experiences as to render them valueless for purposes of comparison.

Once outside the familiar squalor of the quarter in which she lived, Rosa's self-assurance seemed to desert her. She clung shyly to Tomasso's coat sleeve as he helped her to a top seat on the Fifth Avenue bus, and her eyes grew big with pleasurable excitement as the machine rolled on its lumbering way up the lighted cañon which forms the chief thoroughfare of New York City.

Carriages and machines were beginning to arrive as they neared the impressive entrance to the Metropolitan Opera House. There was the novelty of finding their seats way up in the gallery, from which they could watch the audience slowly coming in, and look down upon the diamond horseshoe, that section in the orchestra where are gathered the choicest buds of New York society on the opening night.

The opera was "I Pagliacci." The applause literally "rained" from the audience as Caruso, in his clown costume, appeared on the brilliantly lighted stage.

"And you are his cousin, is it not?" Rosa repeated wonderingly, as she gazed up into the flushed face of the man beside her.

When the broad expanse of curtain had descended for the last time on that glittering scene, and Rosa had applauded until her hands were red and smarting, her escort introduced her to the final treat of the evening. For they were to have supper at Galeotti's—that famous old restaurant in the theater section of the city, where Caruso was not infrequently to be seen after the opera.

Rosa took in the details of the place with the eye of the professional. It was better to have a soft carpet on the floor instead of sawdust assuredly, and the spotless linen on the tables bore little resemblance to the wine-stained tablecloths in her father's restaurant. How grand it was to be eating right at the next table to ladies in evening gowns and fine jewels. And the way the diners looked at Tomasso as he ordered their supper in loud tones made

her thrill with pride. Suddenly, before that brilliant gathering, Tomasso reached over and took the small brown hand into his own. He spoke then in a torrent of words, not American, but their native tongue, and Rosa, scarcely conscious of all that he was saying, nodded assent. As for Tomasso, he felt himself among the clouds, and the music of the orchestra seemed to enter his very being along with the fragrant red Broilio. Wine-flushed, he sprang from his seat, eager to toast Rosa before all the other guests.

At that moment, Rosa, looking up, startled, caught sight of Lombardi's face partially screened behind a palm. *Santa Maria!* He had gone to the opera, and followed her and Tomasso here, spying upon them! Almost in the same instant, the young sculptor caught sight of his rival. But not even his appearance, like a vision of ill omen, could deter Tomasso from his purpose. He called loudly to the waiter, ordering a bottle of wine for Lombardi, another for the strangers at the next table who had displayed some interest in the young lovers.

Rosa tugged frantically at his coat, begging him to sit down. Just then an Italian gentleman who had been sitting near by, evidently much respected by the waiters, rose to leave the room. Tomasso hailed him, inviting him to stop and drink to himself and Rosa. If not to them, then one glass to the health of Caruso, the greatest living tenor.

The stranger, at first astounded, hurried past him, saying as he did so: "I do not admire this fellow, Caruso, as much as you seem to."

The artist passed a sleeve over his eyes.

"Don't you know who that is?" asked the head waiter. "That is the great Caruso himself." The guests at the near-by tables laughed at Tomasso's perplexity. Lombardi, too, had heard it, and called to some Italian sailors near him: "That man over there is a big boaster. He says he is the cousin of the Caruso, and when he meets him he does not even recognize him."

It was under cover of the merriment that followed that Tomasso and Rosa managed to reach the sidewalk. Then, having stood by him at the crucial moment, womanlike, she turned on him.

"You *are* the big boaster!" she declared, with a proud little lift of her chin. "I will not go home with you in that," she said hotly, indicating the taxicab that Tomasso in his distress had hailed. "I go home with the whole world—in the sub!"

Tomasso woke up the next morning with a heavy head and a still heavier heart. As he made his breakfast of bread and cheese from his small shelf and a ripe tomato, which he ate biting into it like an apple, the young man realized gloomily that something unfortunate had happened the previous evening. The details of the event were hazy in his mind, but they were confirmed and amplified when he stepped outside his door that noon.

"Hello!" called Tony, who sold tobacco next door, and whom the artist had always looked upon as a friend, "How is that famous cousin of yours who does not give you the good day when he sees you?"

And so it went the length of the street. Even the children knew it. Lombardi had not missed a single chance to spread the story of the unfortunate happening at Galeotti's. Everywhere he had sown the seeds of ridicule.

"*Il briccone*—that ver' dam rascal!" muttered the sculptor between clenched teeth. But he was helpless. Even Rosa would not see him, nor let him explain.

"Rosa," he pleaded, when he found her later in the day standing outside the shop for a breath of air, "it is not my fault that I have not seen the cousin since I was four years old, is it? The

He reached over and took the small brown hand into his own.

madre has told me a thousand times that I am the cousin of the Caruso, and she would not tell me lies. On the Madonna, I swear it!"

But the arival of Ventura had cut short explanations. He announced his intention to confer his daughter on Lombardi, instead of on a liar and a boaster. Rosa was not to pose for him again. And as for Tomasso, himself, he need not so much as stick his nose inside the door of the restaurant. From now on he might starve for all Ventura cared!

"But the little statue of Rosa—it must be finished for the customer, *non e vero?*" importuned the sculptor, grasping at a straw. But Ventura was adamant, and Rosa, with face averted, was making change for the diners as they filed singly into the street. Two or three of them standing there seemed to guess his plight, and one of them called out: "Have you seen your cousin to-day? Why don't you bring him here and introduce him to your friends?" At this point, Tomasso had fled from the place back to his bare little workroom, utterly wretched in his soul. At first he paced back and forth, giving vent to the hatred he felt toward Lombardi, striding between his workbench and the sheeted statues, and revolving plans for avenging himself. He would find some way to hurt him as he had been hurt, to wound his pride before the whole street.

But plainly, the hardest task before him was to win back the love of his Rosa. For had she not loved him once, when she had thought he was the cousin of the Caruso, and when she trusted him? If then he could prove the relationship in some way, she would believe in him again. But there was only the *madre* who knew, and she was thousands of miles away in Italy. Finally, inspiration came.

He jumped up, seized the half-finished head of the singer, and scrutinized it carefully. Yes, it would do. He pulled on his blouse and started feverishly to smooth down the roughness. It would take a couple of days to finish it, but he could do it. And as he sat there working, a new note crept into the plastic clay. There was purpose in every fiber of Tomasso's being, and it seemed to ooze out through his strong, quick fingers into the powerful features of the plaster face before him.

All that day he worked, and the next, stopping only long enough to snatch a bite of his bread and cheese. Once he caught himself singing the refrain of *"O sole mio."*

Late the next evening, with a sigh of satisfaction, he gazed upon his handiwork. It was the best thing that he had ever done. But Tomasso was not thinking of that. He brushed his coat, already threadbare where the velvet had worn off, wrapped the cast around with several sheets of the daily Italian paper, and started forth on his errand. Several jibes were hurled good-naturedly after the hurrying figure of the young man who carried a bulky package half concealed under his artist's jacket, but the artist did not heed them.

"Wait till I give my cast to the Caruso—then he will thank me, and then I can tell the whole world about it. Rosa will surely hear and take me back."

He did not notice the curious glances cast his way as he eagerly inquired his way to Caruso's rooms in the luxurious apartment hotel. The elevator boy curtly suggested that there was a separate entrance for the delivery of parcels. But Tomasso merely insisted in his broken English that he had come to see the singer, and would not be put off.

At last he found his way into the sumptuous white-and-gray-and-gold reception room, where callers on the great man are interviewed by numerous representatives of Caruso. A young man in a well-tailored suit that contrasted strangely with Tomasso's picturesque garb, informed him politely that Caruso could not be seen. But the stranger was so insistent that at last the secretary sought out the singer.

He did not notice the curious glances cast his way.

"What he wants is to sing to me, doubtless," said Caruso amiably, looking up from his sketch pad. "He is my countryman, and I will not refuse him."

It seemed to the young man waiting in the reception room as if the blessed Madonna herself must have guided the footsteps of the great one to him. He rose as if in a dream as Caruso came into the room. He tried to speak, but the words would not come. But there was no need for him to talk, for the secretary was already running over scales on the piano.

"Sing!" he commanded. Tomasso demurred, but it was of no use. It seemed that one must sing first if one wished to gain the ear of the great man afterward. So Tomasso sang. But long before he had finished the piece, Caruso, with both hands to his ears, had hurried from the room. His young representative told Tomasso that he would not do, while the young sculptor protested that he wanted to talk with the great singer himself, that he had something to show him, something else.

By this time the secretary was quite sure that he had a madman on his hands, and his suspicions seemed confirmed when the stranger, learning for once and all that he could not see Caruso, rushed from the room, muttering to himself, as he thought of Rosa: "If she will not see me again, what shall I do?"

But although Rosa might have softened toward Tomasso if she could have heard from his lips the story of his sorrows, it could not be. Lombardi was courting her now, and he and Ventura had already talked over the dowry. And Tomasso, from his high window, watched in anguish while the vegetable dealer came to make his morning and evening call on the woman of his choice.

And if he did talk to her, what could he say? How could he make her understand? From Ludovico, the lad who came to sweep his workroom and to attend to his few simple wants, he learned the news about Rosa. Every one in Little Italy knew that on the evening of the fiesta of the *Madonna della Carmine* she had promised to plight her troth to Lombardi in red wine under her father's roof. And the whole street was asking itself: "What has become of that fellow who used to call himself the cousin of the Caruso, and who wanted to marry the beautiful Rosa?"

Tomasso, from a heavy heart, recounted his troubles to the little fellow, for he knew that the faithful Ludovico, who had eaten his bread and cheese, and even slept in his shop sometimes when his father had threatened to beat

The people of Little Italy shouted as they recognized their idol, Caruso.

him, would stand by him against the whole world.

"What you do with the plaster picture of the Caruso?" demanded Ludovico. "You should break it into one thousand pieces, when he treat you like that!" The sculptor sighed. He had left the rooms of the singer in such a hurry that he had not had time to think of the bust. For all he knew it was still there. But what did that matter, since Rosa no longer loved him?

"You wait," counseled the lad, his big eyes shining with a plan he was revolving. "You letta me go get it?" Tomasso shrugged his shoulders eloquently, then turned away from the window through which he could look down the crooked street to where the church stood. Already they were hanging out bunting and flags, the green and red of the Italian flag interwoven with the red and white stripes of the new country—for to-morrow was the fiesta.

Ludovico did not come to sweep his room and bring him fresh bread until noon of the next day. And then he hurried away again, promising that later in the day he would return with the bust which Caruso had scorned.

As one in a dream, Tomasso heard the laughter and music rising from the street, saw the people pass by dressed in their holiday clothes to the little church of the blessed Madonna, each carrying a lighted candle, and all the time he could think of nothing but Rosa—his Rosa, who, after the ceremony, would become Lombardi's.

There was the strange quiet of the street while all Little Italy worshiped in the church of the *Madonna della Carmine,* and later the hum of voices and the laughter of the children as the holiday crowd returned, this time with unlighted candles. And among them he caught sight of the figure of Rosa, and by her side walked Lombardi.

Just as they came beneath his window, Lombardi looked up, and, seeing Tomasso, could not forbear putting his arm around his sweetheart. Rosa struggled, trying to push him away. That was all Tomasso saw, for he leaped up, fairly tumbled down the three flights of stairs into the street, seized Lombardi so suddenly around the neck that he could not resist, and threw him against a stall, which gave way, showering its fruit around him.

There were exclamations of surprise, of alarm, and of admiration which threatened to turn the brave little holiday street into a riot, just as a big limousine, its headlights playing upon the crowd, swung round the corner and picked its way among the throngs surging this way and that. And suddenly there was a great shout as the people of Little Italy recognized their idol, Caruso. Tomasso put his arm gently around Rosa and drew her to one side as the machine stopped.

The young man driving the car asked: "Does any one know where Tomasso Longo lives?"

Some one pushed Tomasso and Rosa, still clinging to him, forward.

"Here they are! Here they are! *Viva* Caruso!" yelled the mob.

And amid shouts, Caruso rose and said gravely: "Cousin, I want to give you an order to finish that bust for me in marble." Again the crowd cheered, this time including the artist. But Tomasso, with his arm around Rosa, was the only one who saw the triumphant look on the face of Ludovico, who sat in the car almost hidden behind the ungainly statue.

The young sculptor bowed, and said with a wave of his arm, "I introduce to you my cousin, Caruso—and," with a questioning glance at Rosa, "my most gracious bride-to-be, Rosa Ventura."

Then there *was* a cheering! And the great singer smiled with pleasure. But his joy was as nothing compared with that of Tomasso and Rosa.

Three Little Maids from School

Who made the leap into fame and long skirts in the same gasp.

By Frank V. Bruner

HERE they are—Norma, Constance, and Natalie.

Just three little maids from school, the oldest scarcely past twenty, and the youngest somewhere in her teens, yet they are probably better known from Peoria, Illinois, to Hongkong, China, than any trio of sisters that ever bore the same family cognomen. Husky electricians are busy all over the world at some time or other in the day, inserting the letters Norma or Constance Talmadge in front of theaters, so that they can blaze forth into the purple night the news that one or the other of the older of the "maids

from school" will smile or dance or make love on the screen of the theater beneath.

Norma, the oldest and best known, has been a picture star for three years, and Constance, some two years younger, was swept into the limelight of movie popularity a trifle over a year ago. Natalie, the baby of the family, is preparing to join the Talmadge constellation of twinkling planets, and has already had success in a number of productions. It is difficult to write of one of the Talmadge sisters without bringing in the other two, for as a family they are one of the closest corporations ever organized. There is a fourth and very important member—the Talmadge mother, who is never far away, so there you have the fitting chaperon for the three little maids—Mother Talmadge, known to her daughters familiarly as "Peg."

Some ten years ago the three little maids, in their home village, Niagara Falls, New York, were hastening to and from the schoolhouse, their pigtails flapping in the breeze and schoolbooks swinging carelessly at the end of a strap. The river, then as now the Mecca for honeymooners, swept silently past the town, the schoolhouse, and the modest Talmadge home, pausing not to meditate that it was passing the birthplace of a famous family. Perhaps old Niagara didn't care a rap anyway, but there it differed from the American public. For a few years later this public was to sit and laugh and cry and thrill with the little Talmadge girls, whose chief care then was whether or not they were to be kept after school, or the disposition of the weather man concerning the coming Sunday-school picnic. "Swiftly," as they express it in the picture titles, came an end to the hair-ribbon and pigtail status of

the Talmadge girls. The family moved to that most prosaic of cities, Brooklyn—so near and yet so far from New York. But here again an impelling fate was taking a hand in the Talmadge affairs. The Vitagraph Company's studio was located in Brooklyn, and one day Norma and Constance "sneaked"—we use the word advisedly, for they did just that—over to the studio. Had Mother Talmadge had an inkling of their destination when they left home, it is very probable that she would have administered punishment in the good old-fashioned way—à la slipper—despite the fact that Norma and Constance were getting to be big girls now.

At any rate, the girls, stricken by that inevitable disease, "I want to go into pictures," marched timidly into the studio and sought out the director who hired folks to pose. Norma was given a small rôle instantly. It undoubtedly took a lot of tearful pleading and general squaring at home before she was allowed to take it, but, at any rate, Mother Talmadge must have been overruled, or there would not be to-day on West Forty-eighth Street, in New York City, a huge building labeled in six-foot letters Norma Talmadge Film Corpora-

tion. The rest can be told quite rapidly. Norma made good, and was given part after part until she became almost as well known as Fay Tincher and John Bunny, the famous stars of the Vitagraph in those days. Constance invariably went with Norma to the studio, and soon she was playing "bits," as the tiny parts are called, in the vernacular of the pictures. Then came Norma's big chance. The Triangle Company was formed, and she was offered an opportunity to star. So the maids from school and Peg, still forming their close corporation, packed up and hastened to Los Angeles. There Norma soon became one of the most successful of the Triangle stars. Meantime, Constance's star commenced to grow bright and luminous. David W. Griffith had noted her work in various pictures, and finally cast her for the little *Mountain Girl* in his great spectacle, "Intolerance." Every one knows the rest, so why repeat it? Constance was an outstanding feature of the picture and her film success assured. Then Fortune smiled again and waved her wand over Norma. She was summoned forthwith to New York and put at the head of her own producing company. And not content with that, the goddess willed that Constance also become a star. And very soon Constance had an offer from Select, in which small but brilliant constellation she now shines.

Remains now only one Talmadge to be attended to, Natalie, the youngest. And her turn is coming, for Fortune is scheming for her, too.

Some record for Niagara Falls.

Some record for the Talmadges.

The Observer

Authoritative editorials on matters of the screen that are of interest to everyone.

What's the Matter with the Plots?

WE'RE going to poison a lot of folks one of these days. If we don't use poison, we'll use some other deadly weapon, such as an ax or a gun or a picture in which the leading actor imitates Charlie Chaplin.

We're going to slay these self-satisfied ninnies who run around wanting to know "what's the matter with the moving-picture plots?" and who deliver ponderous and utterly unimportant proclamations to the effect that the motion picture is coming to an end "because we fear all the good plots have been used up!"

Fear all the good plots have been used up? Dearly beloved cowards, fear no longer. It's a cinch. They were all used up even before Shakespeare began writing.

The Adolph Zukors, Jesse L. Laskys, and Sam Goldfishes of Shakespeare's day probably had to listen to the same drivel from the boneheads who looked over Bill's stuff and said: "Ain't it a darn' shame that the drama's going on the blink! Here Bill comes out with a new play, and it isn't new at all; just the same stuff that Jim Plautus and Jeff Chaucer wrote, dressed up a little."

But it was some dressing!

Treatment is what makes literature and art and drama—and motion-picture plays, which are a combination of all three. *Treatment*—don't forget that!

The basic plot of a picture is the smallest part, just as it is the smallest part of a story of any kind. The way the author handles the plot, the little novel twists, the human touches—that's what makes a great story. That's the foundation for a great picture.

In pictures, the director can ruin a great scenario or he can perhaps make a masterpiece out of a bad one. The director is the man who is going to build up motion pictures.

He takes his stars, his story, his camera man—which are his paints, his brushes, and his canvas—and he makes a picture. He must be furnished good tools, but it is his genius which, in the last analysis, makes the picture bad or good.

The greatest pictures ever made were great because of direction, not because of stars or plot. Griffith's pictures never have been built upon unusual plots. "Judith," his greatest achievement—a Biograph production, released five years ago—took its story from the Bible.

We don't lack good plots. We lack good directors.

Why Not Start a School?

EVERY producer has great difficulty in obtaining first-class directors. The reason is that the facilities for training are not equal to the demand, and the producer is often forced to put his plays into the hands of half-trained men who have picked up a smattering of the business.

When a great corporation has a constant demand for technical experts it conducts a training school for them and finds the cost and the effort well worth while.

Why doesn't the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, for instance, start a training school for directors? Competent men could be selected and put under the tutelage of such men as D. W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, Cecil B. De Mille; they could study the story under John Emerson and Anita Loos.

These men should be taught dramatic construction; they should know literature; they should be able to construct a first-class picture from the first skeleton of the plot to the last subtitle.

They should be young men, adaptable and not bound by conventions of stage or screen. They should know what everybody has been doing in painting, sculpture, literature, and drama, and then should go out and combine all the arts for their photo play.

Physicians hold clinics for would-be doctors, writers teach youngsters how to tell a yarn in print, great musicians have their pupils.

Are not our great directors as interested in the future of their profession as the doctor, the writer, the musician?

What's Happened to Comedy?

IT has been a long time since we have seen a comedy that made us roar. Even Charlie Chaplin doesn't "get" us the way he used to in his Essanay days. We enjoy Chaplin, Arbuckle, and the Sennett productions—don't get us wrong—but we find that the hearty laughs are in the five-reelers these days.

Why?

Our psychological investigations produce this guess: that the short comedies furnish no contrast, no careful characterization. The biggest laughs are those that come as a surprise, and there are no surprises in the two-reel comedies. They're labeled "comedies," and we have gag after gag hurled at us. There is no change in tempo; it's all ridiculous, and we tire of triple fortissimo superallegro.

The best laugh we ever had in a comedy was at the end of Charlie Chaplin's "Carmen." Chaplin has killed *Carmen,* and he is overcome with despair. It is as fine a bit of tragic acting as ever was done in films. Chaplin draws a dagger and presses it into his heart. Then he looks at the dagger and finds it is made of rubber!

A wonderful example of the strength of a comedy surprise following a genuinely pathetic scene.

It is this ability for portraying quaint pathos that makes Chaplin the artist that he is. But even he seems to be getting into the habit of joy riding at sixty miles an hour through his pictures.

The five-reel comedy drama gives opportunity for contrast. It lets us become acquainted with our characters and to know them as human beings.

Producers of comedies forget that people are not funny unless they are true to life.

A man dressed up like a dog is funny only when he is more like a dog than like a man imitating a dog.

The Authors' League Boots One

WHEN the treasury department appointed a committee of motion-picture executives to prepare short films for the Liberty Loan drive, an army of the greatest talent in motion pictures promptly reported for duty, ready for command.

The war has drawn heavily upon the staff scenario writers, and the motion-picture committee decided to ask the Authors' League of America for help in preparing the stories necessary for the short films that the stars and directors were eager to make.

The Authors' League took it under advisement, then refused point-blank to ask its members to help. They didn't want to have anything to do with the motion-picture people.

Right there the Authors' League took a tumble.

The producers went right ahead and wrote their own stories for the stars. The result you have seen. A group of Liberty Loan films of tremendous value to the government—stories of masterly human appeal.

We understand that the treasury department is to make public acknowledgment of the mighty value of these films. And, we are glad to say, the motion-picture industry gets every iota of the credit.

It really would have been too bad if the Authors' League had been patriotically unselfish and had contributed stories. The motion picture would not have realized what it could do all by itself, and would have had to share the credit.

A New Book About the Motion Picture

HOW MOTION PICTURES ARE MADE" is the title of a new book by Homer Croy that is the first serious attempt to write a history of the production of motion pictures. It is a book that is a real credit to the industry, containing facts of genuine value to the producer as well as to the motion-picture fan.

Mr. Croy, who is now in France as a motion-picture expert for the Y. M. C. A., has discovered that an American, C. Francis Jenkins, now a resident of Washington, projected the first motion picture. Other writers have given the credit to England, but Mr. Croy shows that Mr. Jenkins projected his first picture on the wall of a jewelry store in Richmond, Indiana, in June, 1894.

Mr. Jenkins took his invention to the Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta, in August, 1895, and so little interest was shown in the motion picture that he had to let people in for nothing, and even then the main attraction of the show

was a black-face banjo performer. The show ran only a few days, being destroyed by fire, and Mr. Jenkins went back to Washington, discouraged, sure that his invention was not worth while.

Mr. Croy points out that Mr. Jenkins made only a moderate profit on his invention—mostly through the invention of a projecting machine. The Edison Company, however, which built the first studio, developed the amusement side of motion pictures, while Mr. Jenkins was working on the mechanical side. With an outlay of only four hundred dollars, Mr. Croy shows, the Edison Company made "The Great Train Robbery," a film which yielded nearly four hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Croy tells of the many tricks of motion-picture photography, and covers the popular side as well as the scientific side of motion-picture making.

In all, it is the first book to speak authoritatively on the subject that keenly interests half our population.

To Protect the Public

THE contracts of the greatest stars now provide that none of their films that are three years old shall be shown without their consent. It's good for the star and good for the public.

If William S. Hart had thought to protect himself with such a contract, a lot of people would not now be going to see old two-reel Hart pictures under the impression that they were new productions.

The fan pays money to see his favorites at their best. He is entitled to the newest styles. There are many pictures well worth reissuing—a number that never will be out of date. But when pictures are reissued the fact should be made very clear.

Keep 'Em Coming

WE have been expecting to hear complaints about the flood of war films that are now on the market. As yet there has been no complaint. We have been looking eagerly for objections to the war pictures, for we are always seeking trouble.

If folks are going to agree with The Observer, things are going to be mighty dull.

We can't get too many war pictures—"America's Answer," "Pershing's Crusaders," the news weeklies, and the war dramas, we eat 'em up! We love to see the German spies beaten up, we thrill at the sight of marching Yanks; we cheer the Stars and Stripes. We love it!

So, we believe, do all Americans.

We'll not get our fill of war pictures any more than we will get our fill of war news. The war is all America is thinking about these days, and the more war news they give us in the newspapers, and the more war pictures we see on the screen, the better Americans we become.

Any person who tells you he's tired of all this war stuff needs more of it, not less. Answer him like the Belgian woman refugee, worn with suffering, in the cartoon: "Tired of war? You don't know what being tired is!"

Snapped Without Warning

Glimpses which show the movie folk as they really are.

Here is Bryant Washburn's banana tree. In its shade the members of the Washburn family are enjoying the California sunshine on their lawn.

Another young hopeful in the ranks of screen players, who makes her début with Pathé shortly—Gloria Osborne—all of eighteen months old, and a sister of Baby Marie.

Here's a hint to husbands culled from "Women's Weapons." Elliott Dexter as *Daddy* is getting along all right, his dubious expression to the contrary, on one side of the screen, and across the page Ethel Clayton, as *Mother*, seems to be performing a similar household task with equal skill.

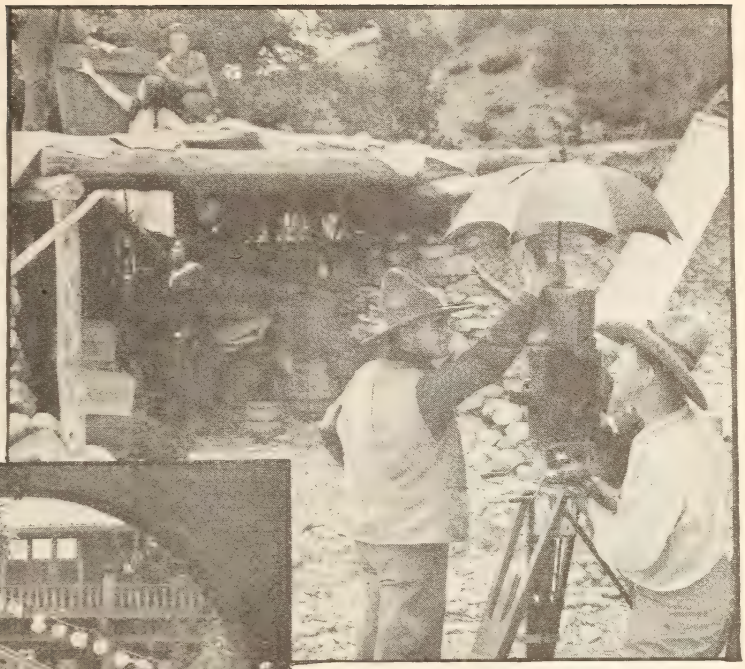
This little porker is a welcome addition to our "baby page." He's a temperamental little actor, and with pork at its present figure one of the high-priced players in Oakland Productions. Gloria Joy is the youngster who believes in internal applications of catsup before roasting.

Pretty good picture of the interior of a cattle ship—isn't it? In reality the sets for it were built right inside the World Studio, and behind the stalls can be seen dimly the wires for the studio lights.

"It's one thing to shoot straight on level ground," says Louise Huff, "but to shoot through a hole in the roof—that's different again."

Lunch-hour byplay. Margaret Shelby looks on while her sister, Mary Miles Minter, and Alan Forest indulge in tragedy.

Cooper-Hewitts are not in it with old Sol when he's blazing away. During the shooting of Miss Farrar's second Goldwyn picture in Wyoming they had to use a doll's umbrella to screen the camera.



Alma Francis, once a chorus girl, now plays cabaret parts in Lasky stock.

If we wanted to be in any one's else shoes besides our own, they'd be Elinor Field's little white booties. In one short year Miss Field jumped from a high-school girl to a star in Mutual-Strand Comedies.

The only drawback to lunching with a patriotic little star is the fact that you can't take too much sugar. Johnny Hines is helping himself to three lumps, but he isn't getting away with it. Louise Huff is going in strong for the conservation of food, while Director Vale looks like a candidate for an arbitration board.

Probably you didn't know it, but here's just another of Charlie Ray's accomplishments. One of his diversions from studio work is landscape painting.

More artists among the movie lights. Montagu Love used to be a cartoonist on a London newspaper before he attained picture fame. His early training stands Mr. Love in good stead, and he gets in considerable patriotic poster work in odd moments in his dressing room.

No, this isn't the inside of an opium den, much as it looks that way. Mae Marsh and her leading man, Rod la Rocque, are snatching a few minutes of rest during the filming of "Money Mad." Hobart Henley, the director, is the handsome young man in "civilized" clothes.

Toto and Clarime Seymour find a pleasant way of putting rings around each other in the Pathé comedy, "The Great Water Pearl."

"Peck's Bad Girl" looks the part as she hides behind the door of her tonneau and puts away a box of ice cream. Charles Giblyn, Miss Normand's director, seems to be dubious about the effect that a pint of Neapolitan is going to have on the afternoon's work.

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on recent releases, by one of New York's leading authorities on matters pertaining to the screen.

By Peter Milne

Louise Huff, in a reproduction of a famous Red Cross poster, "The Greatest Mother of All," in "T'Other Dear Charmer."

THOUGH pictures run in an unbroken cycle the year around, fall is always considered as the official beginning of the "season." It is the time when the producers make their big drive on the theater owners, hurling from their heavy printing-press artillery great screaming multicolored

announcements of their celluloid output for the forthcoming year.

This deluge of announcements is just over as I write these lines. Having found it necessary, these last few days, to look over several of these forecasts, I feel an uncontrollable desire to glance into the future myself, and to make a few announcements and forecasts of my own before settling down to my task of digesting some of the recent releases.

I feel quite safe in predicting that within the coming year at least half a dozen chorus girls, each having about as much acting ability as an Eskimo, will enter the picture field, and will be advertised extensively as "supreme emotional artistes." Each will head "her own company," and will make one picture. These pictures will be mendaciously heralded as "supreme achievements" or "triumphs," though in reality they will be without a single saving grace. Each of these great artistes will then make another picture similar to the first, which likewise will be called "supreme achievements." Subsequently, the majority of these "supreme emotional artistes" will return to their former position of third from the right in the front row, while the others will continue gloriously, or ingloriously, their screen careers.

Thomas H. Ince will continue placing his name on the film at least five times before any picture appears, we shall still see "recent" pictures of the fighting on the Italian battle front that were taken in the year 1913, Mary Miles Minter will remain a miss of fourteen, and cowboys of the films will continue to do everything else in creation save tend the cattle and keep the ranch tidy.

There will be a score or more pictures dealing with the double standard, in which the husband, after breaking his wife's heart by venturing forth with another woman, returns to his hearth just in time to rescue his tearful spouse from the clutches of a male intruder, this act serving the alternate purpose of causing the husband's awakening.

Whenever a producer discovers himself with an appealing little ingénue on his hands and nothing to star her in, he will repair to plot No. 27, and produce a scenario in which a slavey in a theatrical boarding house, after admiring the actor boarder and being duly snubbed, proves his faithful friend when every one else deserts him in his hour of great need and distress. Then, to every one's surprise, he turns out to be the son of a nobleman of wealth, and the slavey, like Cinderella, ends by marrying the "fairy prince of her dreams."

"Supreme emotional artistes" will never be allowed to remain idle as long as plot No. 31, in which a woman, after committing an indiscretion, marries without telling her husband. After a period of several years of happy wedded life, the husband discovers her past, denounces her, and finally repents when he discovers that the indiscretion was committed to pay for an operation which did not save her mother's life. Plot No. 31 can be alternated with No. 31A, which has the wife as quite innocent of any wrong, but is merely cast for a time in a suspicious light. This plot was old when Shakespeare wrote "The Winter's Tale."

Then, too, I know for a fact that at least once a month I am to see a picture revolving about a woman who has been tricked and deceived by man to such an extent that she renounces them all and decides to spend the rest of her life tricking and deceiving them, with the result that she falls in love with her first contemplated victim, and tricks and deceives him by marrying him.

There is an extra added plot number these days. This is turned to when the

producer, waxing patriotic, decides to do the propaganda play. This plot, however, has no definitely fixed style, only a general recipe which reads something like this:

Take one patriotic American girl who insists on drilling the servants with broomsticks, to their great discomfort, one thoughtless American youth who has a dream in which he sees the *Lusitania* sunk and so becomes thoughtful, one clownlike pacifist or one German spy masking as a pacifist, one company of soldiers borrowed from the nearest training camp, several pieces of news weekly, showing troops marching up to action—these to be secured from the committee on public information—as many American flags as desired, and approximately one hundred and fifty patriotic speeches delivered by the heroine; mix these ingredients thoroughly, shake well, and then watch the results on the screen. In all probability a "rousing patriotic drama" will be the result.

Then, of course, there is still the plot in which the scion of wealth, after arising at noon, taking a perfumed bath and a cigarette, lounges into his father's office, father having been hard at work since sunrise, blows the cigarette smoke in his parent's face, slaps him on the back, riles him, and as a consequence is sent out to make good or never come back. Note: History has never recorded the failure of one of these fellows.

The German spy plot is also well catalogued by this time. This consists purely and simply of many complications being written around the attempt of an agent of the Hun to blow up papa's factory. Papa, by the bye, has usually sacrificed himself mercilessly by giving up making automobiles in his factory for the business of turning out munitions. Either the hero or the heroine must discover the fact that at "eleven" the time-clock bomb is to go off, and there must be a wild dash to the rescue in an automobile in order to save the plant.

There will be an abundance of serials, possessing in general less logic than there is to be found in a woman's changes of mind, each of which will have some "Dangerous Dark Devil" forever in pursuit of the heroine, said heroine being rescued from the D. D. D. at the end of every two thousand feet of film, only to be trapped again and again, trusting little thing that she is. The hero, as usual, will be introduced as a reporter or a scientific detective, who will never either report or scientifically detect during the whole thirty thousand feet of the serial.

Producers will still turn to the "Irish" play and throw on the screen scenes that will lead us foreigners to think that every man there sleeps with a pig, smokes a clay pipe, and utters "Begorrah" at least a dozen times every five minutes, and which will also lead us to believe that every girl there flashes her eyes, shakes her curls, and, arms akimbo, remarks "G'wan wid ye" when approached by the gallant swain.

There will be quite a number of pictures produced from plays, all of which will be heralded as film versions of "record-breaking Broadway stage attractions," some of which will be, but most of which will have been made from plays that were forced to retire to the storehouse after a week or so. These will be well disguised by the adapters, so that one who has seen the play will suffer no lack of interest on seeing the picture.

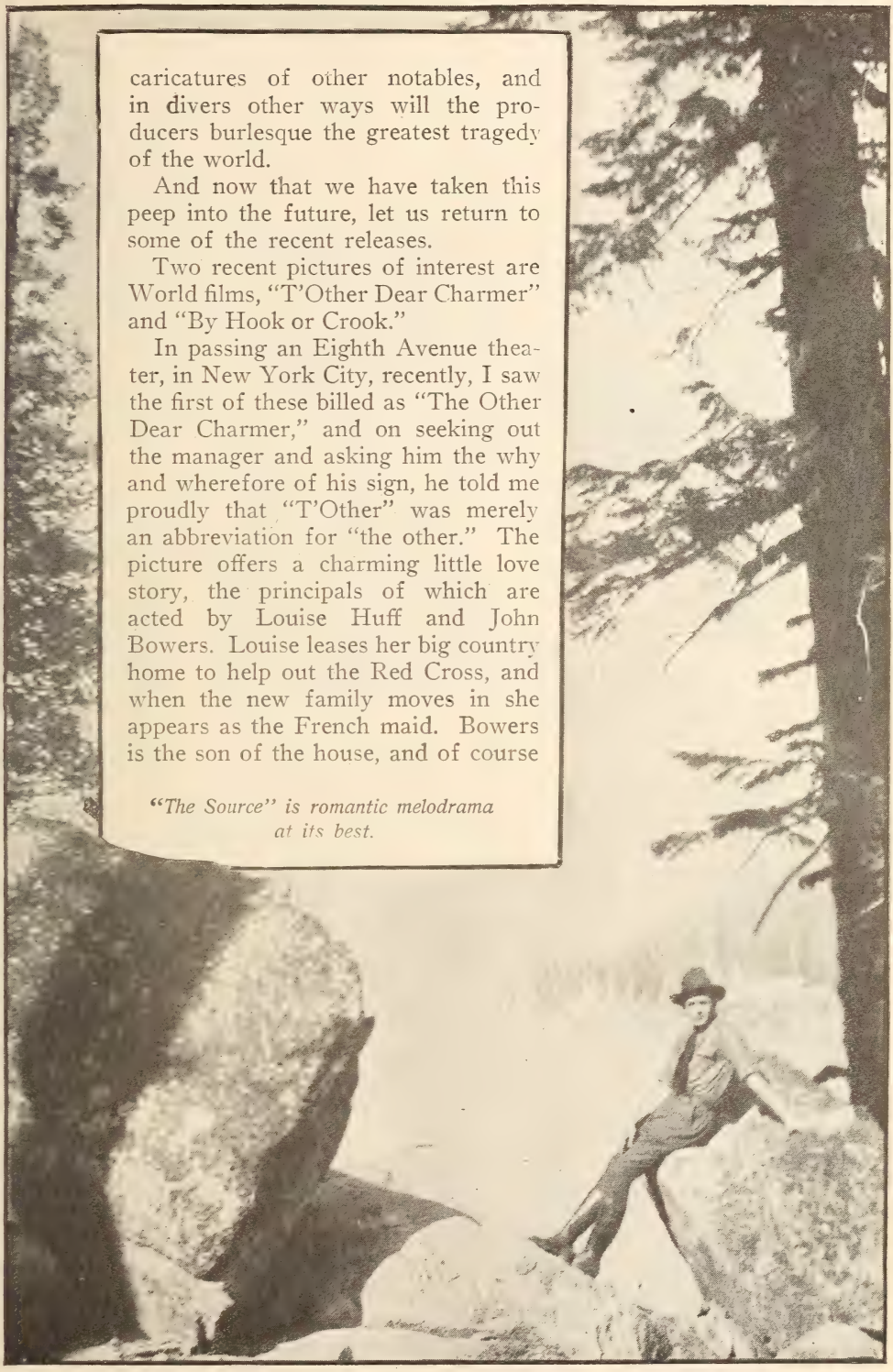
Producers will go on making "kaiser" pictures in the hopes of turning out a picture as successful as "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin," and we will have to watch every character actor in filmland practice at wearing toothbrush mustachios, gray hair, a lined face, and swing an arm that is supposedly withered. These pictures will also include

caricatures of other notables, and in divers other ways will the producers burlesque the greatest tragedy of the world.

And now that we have taken this peep into the future, let us return to some of the recent releases.

Two recent pictures of interest are World films, "T'Other Dear Charmer" and "By Hook or Crook."

In passing an Eighth Avenue theater, in New York City, recently, I saw the first of these billed as "The Other Dear Charmer," and on seeking out the manager and asking him the why and wherefore of his sign, he told me proudly that "T'Other" was merely an abbreviation for "the other." The picture offers a charming little love story, the principals of which are acted by Louise Huff and John Bowers. Louise leases her big country home to help out the Red Cross, and when the new family moves in she appears as the French maid. Bowers is the son of the house, and of course



"The Source" is romantic melodrama at its best.

capitulates to the charms of mademoiselle. The story is possessed of some excellent comedy, the which makes more sprightly the romance, while the scenes offer a veritable feast of beauty.

"By Hook or Crook" is an exceedingly amusing picture, in which Carlyle Blackwell appears as the lazy son of a self-made man. His father finally tells him to be up and doing, so Carlyle becomes a burglar. His burglaring leads him into many funny escapades, on which he is accompanied by his valet, a part excellently played by Frank Doane. His new trade is not very productive until he unearths the villain's plan to make penniless the heroine. Then, naturally, he comes through with colors flying. The climax is of the regular Fairbanks type, with Blackwell showing up in a new and altogether satisfactory light as the performer of hazardous feats.

Tini Rossi, who appeared in "Untamed," a Triangle play.

Geraldine Farrar, erstwhile of operatic and Lasky fame, is featured in a Goldwyn picture called "The Turn of the Wheel." It is a murder-mystery story, expertly handled in every way, one of the best examples of its kind I have seen. Miss Farrar sets her brain to working on the mystery shrouding the murder for which the man she loves is held on trial. And need it be said that she proves him a thoroughly innocent and upstanding young man when all is said and done? No, it need not so be said. Herbert Rawlinson—some of his acquaintances call him "'Andsome 'Erbert"—is the innocent, and is a fine contrast to the soothing darkness of Miss Farrar.

There is an individual in the art who, I think, deserves great credit for three pictures he has given us recently. No, this individual is not D. W. Griffith. He is, however, one of Griffith's ex-directors, Chester Withey. On the Paramount-Artcraft program have appeared recently three meritorious pictures, "The Hun Within," "On the Quiet," and "The Pursuit of Polly," all of which bear his name.

"The Hun Within" deals with the German spy. It is melodrama, to speak very plainly, and concerns an American-born son of German parents, who is perfectly nice and respectable until he returns from Heidelberg University, with hair closely cropped and with a mustache that has been trained upward. He is then a German spy, and it becomes the duty of the hero and heroine to unite against him and—at the very last minute of the eleventh hour—foil his plot to blow up a transport carrying troops of the United States to France.

This is all very well and in general outline follows our recipe printed before. But under Mr. Withey's skillful direction the story takes on a reality, a liveliness, and a sustaining value that put in the background its purely melodramatic qualities. To be sure, he has been aided by a superb cast headed by Dorothy Gish, George Fawcett, Charles Gerard, and Douglas MacLean. One

of the New York papers said in reviewing it that the picture showed the hand of Griffith, and went on to say that Griffith probably directed most of it, which is an injustice to Mr. Withey—but also an excellent compliment.

In "On the Quiet" and "The Pursuit of Polly," pictures which respectively star Jack Barrymore and Billie Burke, Mr. Withey has demonstrated his ability along the lines of light comedy and of farce. Each of these offerings provides a thoroughly enjoyable hour's entertainment. They are excellent comedies, both of them.

Another war picture is Mr. William Fox's "The Prussian Cur," based on the revelations of Captain Horst von Goltz, a German spy. The picture represents the kaiser as a giant octopus, his various tentacles reaching out over the world in general, and particularly the United States, there to plan sedition, distrust, and venom. It is a very interesting picture, and doesn't make one's heart soften the least bit toward the gentleman in Wilhelmstrasse. Personally, however, I take particular pains to state that I look with disfavor on an actor representing President Wilson. No matter how well he may be made to resemble the president, he cannot be made to give the impression that he could pilot a nation in times like these. Such a character-

"On the Quiet," with John Barrymore, is one of the recent Paramount plays directed by Chester Withey.

ization also seems to me to show a lack of respect for the dignity of the office of our chief executive.

Yet another patriotic number is "Her Country First," a comedy-spy-melodrama starring Vivian Martin. This was taken from a magazine story by the one and only Mary Roberts Rinehart, and doubtless made very fine reading in print. But on the screen it concerns merely the patriotic play of a sweet young thing who tumbled headlong into a nest of German spies, and, by meddling considerably, forced the detective who was working on the case to work a good bit harder, and get shot in the arm as well.

Select's "The Burden of Proof" also concerns German spies. There are more of them in pictures, I believe, than in reality. "The Burden of Proof" is a modernized version of Sardou's well-known play, "Diplomacy," and it stars Marion Davies, a pretty little miss who formerly graced the musical comedy stage. Miss Davies is very fair of face and generally nice to look upon, but she doesn't know how to appear at home on the screen, and she doesn't entertain a very comprehensive idea of acting. The film was staged by Julius Steger. Mr. Steger was one of the first directors to make pictures, and it looks as though he still thought the art was in the infantile stage.

"The Source" is the kind of picture I like to see. It is romantic melodrama at its best. Here we have Wallace Reid, a down-and-out, good-for-nothing drunken sot, who, while in a stupor, is shipped up to the Adirondack Mountains with an assortment of other no-accounts, to be made over into a lumberman. As is to be expected, he makes good with a vengeance, and before the film is over is boss of the lumber camp and engaged in the process of defeating the aims of a group of—yes, German spies. The spy part of the picture, however, is the least part of it. And this is to the director's credit. The picture is based on a story by Clarence Buddington Kelland. There is a fine supporting cast, which includes, among others, Raymond Hatton and Theodore Roberts.

Fannie Ward has appeared in "A Japanese Nightingale," a picture which, for once, varies the "Madame Butterfly" theme, and closes with the Japanese heroine safely in the American hero's arms. It is a very beautiful picture, done in pretty Japanese gardens and artistic Japanese settings.

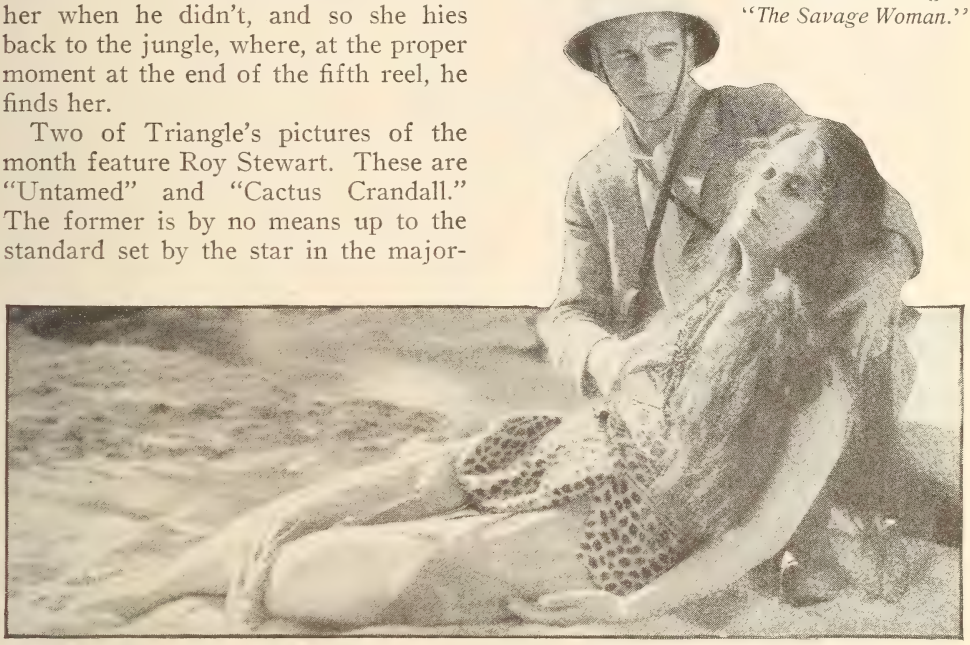
It is rather hard to think of Clara Kimball Young as being savage, yet she takes the name part in "The Savage Woman," and is introduced roaming the wilds of the jungle. There is, to be sure, something more of the ballroom than of the forest in Clara's

Hedda Nova and Frank Glendon in "By the World Forgot."

bounds from rock to rock, but the tiger skin and the flowing hair well accomplish their purpose and surround her with quite the proper atmosphere as well as quite the proper covering. She is removed from her jungle home to Paris, where she is taught to be a lady by the man she loves. And then she discovers that he should have married her when he didn't, and so she hies back to the jungle, where, at the proper moment at the end of the fifth reel, he finds her.

Two of Triangle's pictures of the month feature Roy Stewart. These are "Untamed" and "Cactus Crandall." The former is by no means up to the standard set by the star in the majority of his releases, it being slack in plot and rather uninteresting. "Cactus Crandall," however, is a Western that will bring joy to the heart of any real fan, as it possesses plenty of action, thrills, sensational escapes, and romance.

Clara Kimball Young in "The Savage Woman."



SAFETY FIRST

WHERE is my wandering boy to-night?"
Has lost its old-time pep;
Dad knows he isn't in a fight,
Or ruining his "rep."
For Chaplin's at the Monarch—
Bill Hart is at the Glen—
Our wandering boy takes in the two,
And gets home by half past ten.

SARAH KEYS WRIGHT.

GETTING HOOKED UP——

but not for life! If the wardrobe mistress in the Peerless Studio at Fort Lee had a penny for every time she has buttoned a young actress into a gown, she would doubtless be able to retire and live on the interest of her copper fortune. This is only the ninth time she has fastened Barbara Castleton up in a single day—but there's luck in odd numbers.

Dorothy Dalton's Diary

A peep at the pages which she showed to Barbara Little.

Miss Dalton and Thomas Ince watched intently.

THE sun sifted down through the glass roof of the Paramount-Ince Studio, and touched two figures, a girl in a nurse's white cap and a man in a rough tweed one, sitting side by side and watching a re-

take. The man, his face alert, skeptical, judicial, sat looking straight ahead without turning. As I picked my way across the sets and furniture and carpenters that littered up the studio, the girl turned for a brief instant—disclos-

ing the well-known features and dimple of Dorothy Dalton.

"We're watching a scene for 'Vive la France'—Mr. Ince and I," she whispered. "Here—amuse yourself with this," and, opening the bead bag she carried, she reached into it and drew out a small black leather-covered notebook, worn to a brown at the corners. And with another flashing smile she turned away and was squinting critically at some bit of action that did not please her.

The little book was full of fine writing, I discovered, as I turned the pages, and—wonder of wonders—Dorothy's diary! It was an account written by Dorothy herself—rather spasmodically—from her school days up through her stage and film career. Sometimes there'd be several empty pages together, and then again so much writing that it would overflow into the margins. A sort of running story it was sometimes, half childish, half the story of the determined struggles of a young woman who had only one goal—success in the drama.

There was a faint ink inscription inside the front cover. "To Dee-Dee," it said, "on leaving the Sacred Heart Academy, with the love and best wishes of your schoolmate, X——." Some childish nickname followed, nearly erased by much use of the little book.

The first entry by Dorothy herself read something in the nature of a riot act:

Daddy is so crazy about the law that he

can't understand why I don't want to be a lawyer, too. That's the worst of being an only child. Now, if I had an older brother or some one like that to stand up for my going on the stage!

I turned the page, with visions of that defiant little tilt of Dorothy's chin, such as she gets into "Flare-Up Sal!"

To-day I read "A Soul On Fire." I could feel the poor heroine's part so deeply that I afterward tried to act it out. It would make a wonderful play. But it would be so much better to do it on the stage with other actors than having to play all the actors myself.

Then follow blank pages which must have spelled gloom, which wound up with:

At last dad has consented to let me go on the stage. I am tragically happy! My first part is to be in support of Miss Virginia Harned.

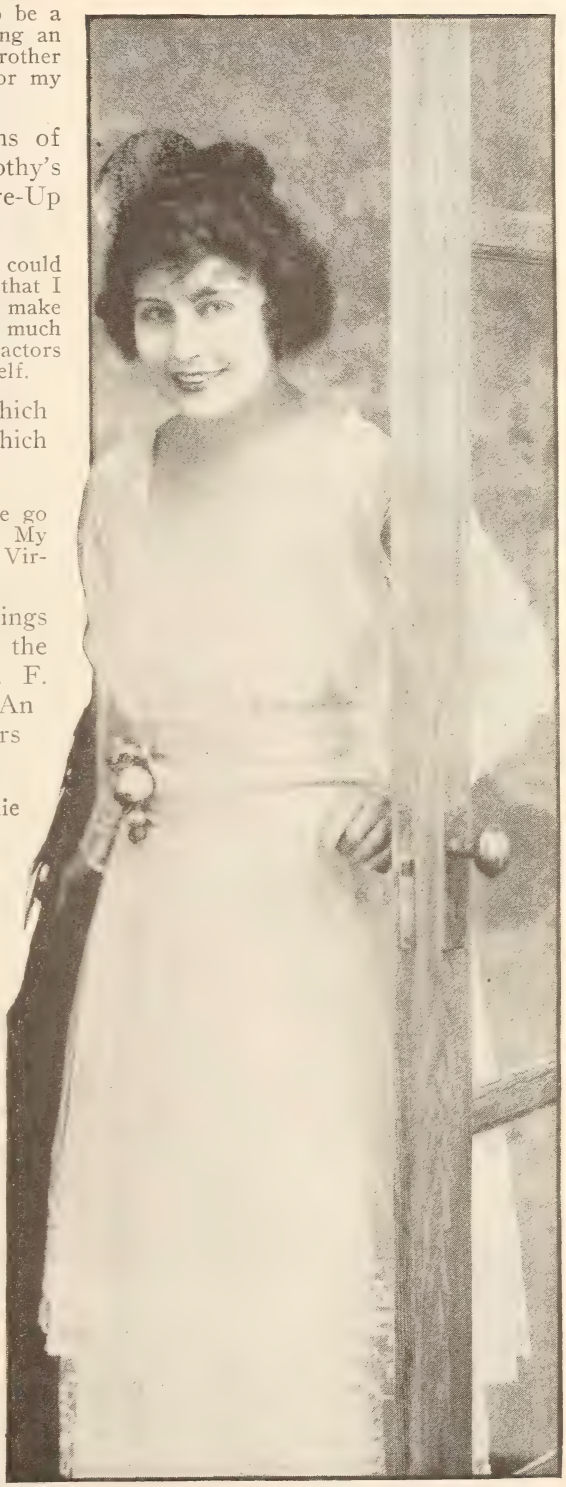
Then, among the hectic scribblings which told of steady uphill work, the note of a chance to go on B. F. Keith's circuit in her own sketch. An entry dated in Portland, two years later, declared:

No matinée to-day. Saw Billie Burke in a movie called "Peggy." That is what I long to do—picture work. Shall telegraph my services to Mr. Ince.

Along here the notebook was filled with addresses of persons to see in California, for Dorothy was making the trip across the country which ended with her successful career in films.

No one but those who have made the leap from the stage to the screen can imagine what it is like. I perfectly *adore* the work, though there are ever so many things for me to learn, even after my busy years in vaudeville. Mr. Ince is a wonderful teacher.

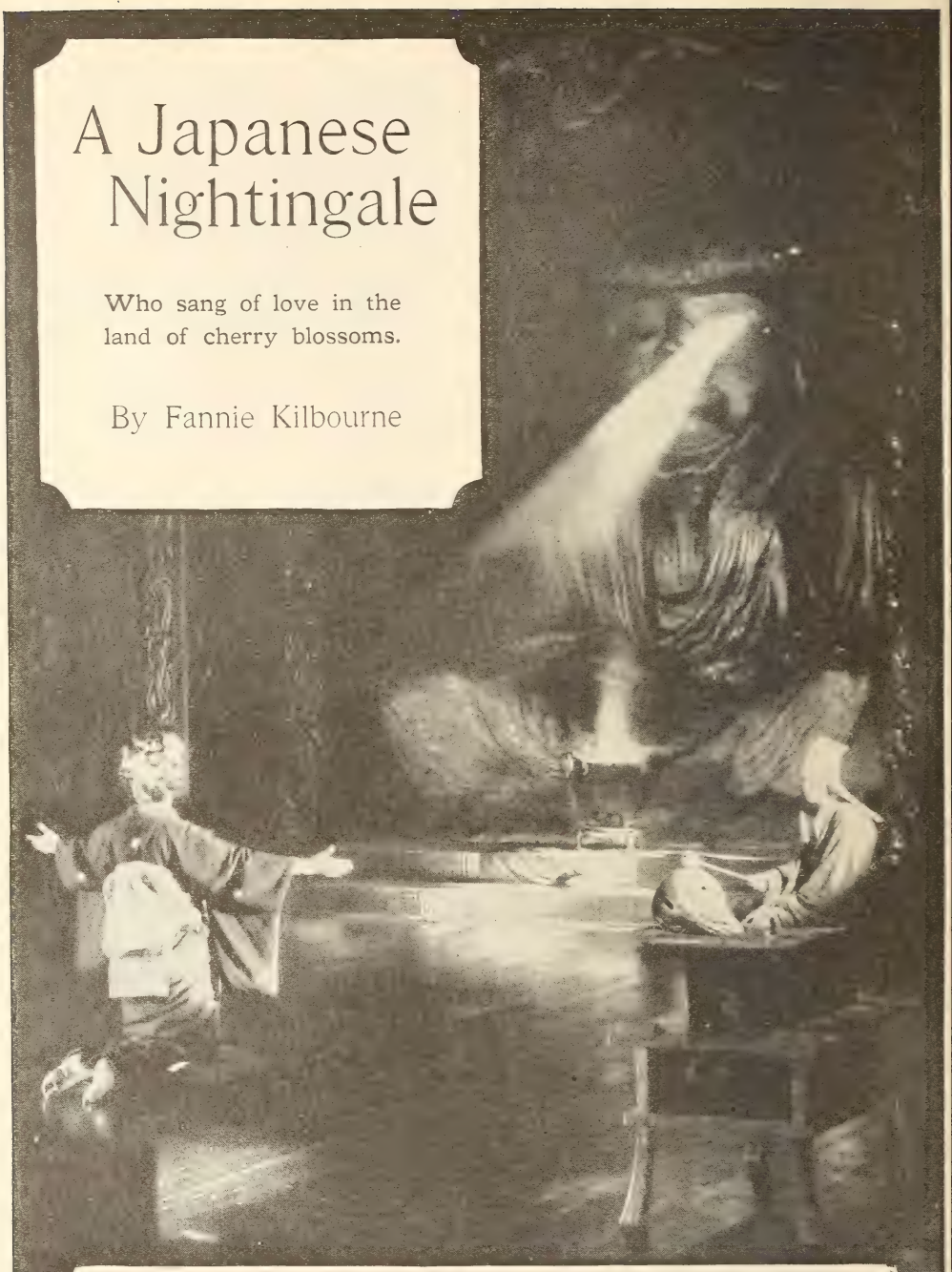
"I guess you know all the rest," said Dorothy, who was looking over my shoulder. "You see, there aren't many more entries, for since then—well, I've been pretty busy."



A Japanese Nightingale

Who sang of love in the land of cherry blossoms.

By Fannie Kilbourne



A BASEBALL bat, a tattered college pennant, bits of far-off America—these were strange relics for a shrine. Yet they lay on Shiba's altar, and Yugi, the little maid with wide, child-like eyes, and a voice like a nightingale, prayed partly to her Japanese god, partly to the big brother in college over the seas.

"Tell me it is right to run away," she pleaded to the stony-faced idol. "If my brother were here, he would not say I must marry Nekko-san. Nekko is a nobleman, and very rich, but my brother would know that his face is like a rat's, and that I cannot marry him. O Shiba, help me—give me a sign!"

Shiba's stony face was immovable.

"Raku-san is only my stepmother," Yugi pleaded. "If she were my own mother, she would love me and would not bid me marry an old man with a face like a rat's. I could run away," she suggested tremulously to the idol, explaining to the baseball bat and pennant of the far-away brother. "I could go to my old nurse, she would keep me. I could be a geisha girl." Still the stony face was cold. "I—I would take my attendant with me," she timidly offered every compromise to the implacable god. "I would be a geisha girl, but I would veil my face. I would be—oh, so good. I cannot marry Nekko. O Shiba, tell me that it would be right to run away—give me a sign!"

In the hollow space behind the idol's head, the old caretaker of the temple fumbled greedily in the dust for dropped coins. He had been too hurried in leaving a few minutes before. The rat-faced Nekko had paid him well for letting him peep through the idol's hollow eyes to watch the little Yugi at her prayer dances. The caretaker had dropped one of the coins; he had heard it jingle. So now he scraped about in the dust, holding carefully his lighted candle. He had forgotten, too, to replace the idol's eye, and through the hollow the candlelight streamed through into the shadowy temple.

Yugi raised her eyes again, but this time the stony face was not implacable, dull as stone. From its eye came a strange light, glowing, that lay along the temple floor like a shaft of gold. Yugi caught her breath in awe and joy.

"It is the sign!" she breathed tremulously. "Shiba says that I may go—it is the sign!"

The old caretaker noticed the missing eye and guiltily replaced it in the hollow socket. In the silent temple the shaft of golden light suddenly vanished—the miracle was over.

"A Japanese Nightingale"

written from the Pathé picture play based on the story by Onota Wotona

Yugi, the Nightingale.....Fannie Ward
John Bigelow.....W. E. Lawrence

Produced by Astra Scenario by Ouida Bergere
Directed by George Fitzmaurice

"Don't know a soul in Japan," John Bigelow admitted cheerfully to some steamer friends, as they were waiting eagerly for the boat to dock. "But I've always wanted to see the flowery kingdom, and here I am. I'm going to do the job right, too, not miss a thing from tea house to temple. Oh, yes," he corrected himself, "I do know Hammond, the American consul. And I'm going to look up the stepmother and little sister of a chap I know at college, a Jap, one of the finest, squarest fellows I ever knew."

Of course, the American tourists must see a tea house with real geisha girls. They had not been in the port city an hour before they were drinking tea on the veranda of one which catered to the tourist, keeping its own native customs, fattening on foreign gold. The tea was excellent, the dancing girls pretty, the whole scene, highly colored, sweet with cherry blossoms, was quite as picturesque as the travelers had dreamed it would be. But never in their most extravagant dreams of the Orient had they conjured up such a voice as that which came suddenly

A silence fell over the tea house as the singer came into view.

from the garden. It was high, sweet, rich in color, as poignantly beautiful as a nightingale's. In the tribute of sudden silence which fell over the tea house, the singer came into view. She was a girl, slim and young, if one could judge by every timid, graceful sign.

Every eye followed her, from that of Ido, the marriage broker, crafty, appraising, to Bigelow's, admiring, clean. An ugly, bearded Russian urged the girl to join him, but at the end of her song she turned lightly to leave. As she passed the bearded fellow, he caught her around the waist and drew her down beside him. Under the spell of her lovely voice, her exquisite grace, the little American party gasped at the profanation. It was Bigelow who rose angrily and reached the Russian in two quick, angry strides, seized his arm, and wrenched it loose.

Finding herself free, the little songbird fled, as the Russian sat stupidly wondering why he had been assaulted.

Ido, the marriage broker, followed Yugi with his eyes. He had a client, rat-faced, rich, one Nekko-san, who would pay him well for finding him such a prize, so lovely of voice and form. He left his teacups and sauntered back through the garden.

He found the singer among the cherry blos-

soms, chasing butterflies like a child.

"You would like a rich husband?" he asked her ingratiatingly.

The girl shook her head. No, she did not wish a rich husband.

"He is old," said Ido; "he will not live long."

This cheerful possibility had no weight with the singer. She turned, about to leave, but the marriage broker talked on, dilating upon the advantages of the match. But she was not listening, for at his first pause she asked timidly:

"Do you have any patrons who—who are—are Americans?"

The broker's words and gestures indicated that there was not an American in the flowery kingdom who had not besought him for a wife. The American who had interfered in her behalf today?—"so big, so beautifui," she called him. Oh, yes, Ido was sure he could arrange it. What was there about her that was so familiar?

Suddenly he recognized her—and remembered. The girl was Yugi, the little maid who had fled from Nekko's marriage offers, the little maid whose memory made Nekko still look with cold indifference upon Ido's most attractive bait. Her stepmother had legal control over the girl, what reward would Nekko not pay to learn of her hiding place! With a

She turned, about to leave, but the marriage broker talked on.

promise that he would at once seek the American, Ido set off for Nekko's distant home.

It was a happy song then that Yugi sang as she ran about the garden chasing butterflies whose very wings had suddenly grown brighter. There was a rustling in the branches, and she looked up to see the "beautiful big" American standing awkwardly, hat in hand. Her face was as lovely as her voice. Silently, smiling demurely, she watched him searching nervously through his paper-covered "How to Make Oneself Understood in Japan." There were chapters on what to say to runners, how to ask for food and drink. Alas, there was no chapter on what to say to a beautiful young girl, no guide for opening a flirtation.

It was the young girl herself who at last helped him out.

"Me—I," she said blushingly, "speak the English a little."

After that it was clear sailing.

For four days, Bigelow lingered in the port city, for four days he came to the tea house every afternoon and sought the secluded garden. Every day she waited, with her companion, eager for his approach. And every day the slim little singer seemed lovelier to him. True to her Oriental type, she mingled deep knowledge with adorable naïveté. And she was so beautiful!

The fourth day, they were sitting together when there was much excitement in the tea house. Strangers clamored on the veranda; they were policemen. They argued and they shouted, they stormed through the tea house and out into the secluded garden. At the sight of a harsh-visaged older woman, and a man with a face like a rat's, Yugi clung to the American.

"It is Nekko and my stepmother," she said wildly. "Don't let them take me! Oh, don't let them take me!"

The helplessness of the clinging little figure, the appeal of her lovely voice—suddenly Bigelow knew that in these four short days he had learned to love her—that he could never let Nekko or anybody else take her from him. Like a young Lochinvar in the East, he caught the girl in his arms and ran toward the highway. A ricksha stood empty.

"To the American consulate!" he ordered.

There was "racing and chasing," just as there had been when the other Lochinvar had carried away his sweetheart. But the pursuers were too late. Yugi's stepmother, urged by the furious Nekko, appeared at the consulate, demanding her legal rights, control over the girl.

The consul himself answered her.

"I'm afraid your claim has been jumped," he told her. "Your daughter is an American citizen."

"An American citizen!" echoed the angry, incredulous Nekko.

"She has been for three minutes," said the consul. "She is Mrs. John Bigelow, of the United States of America."

Not until Bigelow had taken his bride to the little country home he had rented for their honeymoon did he learn that she was the sister of his college friend.

"And Taro is coming home soon," said Bigelow; "he may be here even now. Isn't this rich! Taro will be pleased as Punch."

"I hope he will be pleased," she said anxiously, as she sat on the limb of a cherry tree.

But Taro was not as "pleased as Punch." He came at the end of a week that had been all sunshine in the little country home. In the city, the American consul had been mysteriously murdered; but even this shadow could not lie long in the brightness of so much happiness. Bigelow found each day new happiness in being together, new love for each other. Taro, Bigelow's

old friend, Yugi's adored brother, came to them both as a stranger, an angry, outraged stranger.

"You—my friend!" Taro's hiss cut with the knife of contempt. "You have betrayed my friendship, you have disgraced my sister."

"Your sister is my wife," Bigelow corrected. "We are legally married by the laws of my country."

"Let me see your certificate," challenged Taro.

Yugi ran to the little lacquered box where she proudly kept her "marriage paper." She thrust it eagerly into her brother's hands. He read it, the flush of anger growing deeper.

"The marriage lines of a geisha broker, a vender of common women——"

Bigelow, unbelieving, came to stare over his shoulder. The legal certificate was gone—in its place was this tawdry scrap of paper. He turned to his wife.

"Has anybody been here, Yugi, when I have been away?" he asked.

"Only Ido," she answered. "He came once to ask me to change my marriage paper for one of his. I

Every day she waited, with her companion, for his approach.

showed him mine and said I would not change it."

"Was he ever alone here in the room where you kept it?" her husband asked.

"For just a moment, maybe," said Yugi.

"Long enough," said Bigelow. "But you will find the marriage recorded in the books at the consulate," he said to Taro.

"I have already been there," said Taro coldly. "There is no such record in the books."

"Then the books have been tampered with by some one who wanted to gain——"

"I hope he will be pleased," she said anxiously.

It was all suddenly clear to Bigelow; the murdered consul, the changed paper—Nekko was rich and powerful, Ido a willing accomplice. But to defend his position with such a wild, cock-and-bull defense—he could not blame Taro for his contemptuous unbelief. Truly, the tale was too extravagant.

Suddenly Taro drew a dagger. Raising his hand, he hissed a few words in Japanese. Then he left. Bigelow at once hurried to the consulate. The accusation was true, there was no marriage record.

And during his absence a crushed, unhappy little girl wife crept away.

"I must go, Neti-san," she told her faithful old nurse. "My brother said: 'Unless you leave this man by sunset, his death shall be red as the dawn.' It is my honor—my brother would kill him. I shall go back to Shiba's temple and take the vows for all life."

Nekko's plans had worked well.

"You changed the record—it is safe?" he asked Ido.

"It is safe as death," said the marriage broker.

The nobleman flung him a handful of coins.

"But this is not enough," Ido said. "It is not half enough for—for murder." His voice sank cautiously. There was evil in his eyes.

Nekko's lips twisted into a sneer.

"Take good heed, then," he cautioned, "that you are never accused of murder. It might go hard with you."

And laughing contemptuously, he flicked his whip across his henchman's face. Ido fawned low upon the ground and slunk into the street.

But once out of sight of Nekko, he stood straight, drew from his sleeve the American marriage license. The whip-lash had left a welt across his face. His lips, too, sneered. He could betray one side as easily as the other.

Unfortunately he chose the wrong man for his approach. Unable to find Bigelow, he sought out Harker, a member of Bigelow's tourist party, a breezy Westerner. Harker listened to his story, heard his proposition.

"Well, how much'll you take for the certificate?" he finally asked, reaching into his hip pocket.

Ido named his price, his fingers already curling as though around the gold. Harker's hand came out of his pocket with a sudden snap. The broker found himself staring into the blue-gray muzzle of a revolver.

"Hand over the paper!" commanded the Westerner.

And the broker did.

It was the day that Yugi was to take the life vows to Shiba. The temple was in solemn hush when a group of Americans entered. It needed no second glance to know that they were not bent on sight-seeing. Yugi's voice faltered, her vows still unsaid. There was sudden confusion in the temple.

Taro turned furiously upon the intruders, recognizing Bigelow.

Raising his hand, Taro hissed a few words in Japanese.

"Is there nothing you hold sacred?" he asked. "You betray my friendship, you debase my sister—now you profane our holy temple!"

Bigelow bowed in partial acceptance of the rebuke.

"I'm sorry—for this," he admitted. "But there was no other way." He forced a bit of paper into Taro's unwilling hands. It was a marriage certificate, showing that one Yugi-san, of Tokyo, Japan, was the wife of John Bigelow, of the United States of America.

"She is my wife. And I shall take her to have and to hold in spite of every temple in Japan."

Yugi, turning away from the priests and the shrine, came to her husband.

The god's face was cold, immovable as stone, but the radiance in the girl's eyes—it was another miracle in the temple of Shiba.

"DIETITIAN DOUG"

LAUGHING, they say,
Takes excess flesh away;
If you're thin, it will help you gain weight.
I've found Douglas' mission—
He's a "Laugh Dietitian"—
A first-rate physician—I'll state!

HELEN JOYCE.

Here's a Star with a

She is to be featured in
in which she will ap-

By Betty

TWO big blue eyes—the softest, gentlest eyes in the world—looked up at me.

"I'm sure I haven't any more idea how it happened than you have—except that it just happened," said the two smiling Cupid's bow lips.

The golden locks—well, if you really must know, it was Miss Helene Chadwick, and I had asked her why she, of all persons, should have made such a big hit in underworld parts, which, by the way, is rather a new specialty for a star. And a strange one, I thought, for such a sweet-faced girl. I would have been no more surprised to hear that Mary Pickford was specializing in such rôles.

"As I said, it just happened," Helene continued. "By a mere chance I was cast for the part of a villainess—a deep-dyed plotter—a member of a wicked gang in 'The House of Hate.' It seems that I was so suc-

Brand-new Orbit

underworld plays,
pear as a crook.

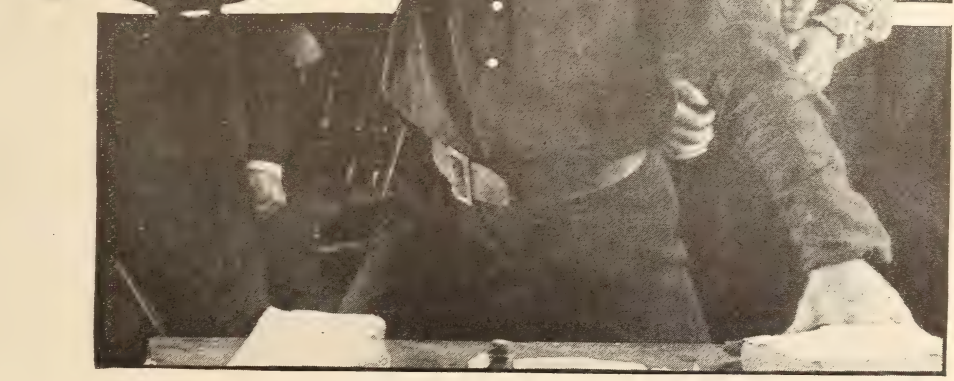
Browne

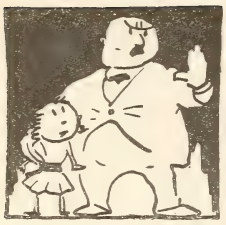
cessful in the rôle that they wanted me to continue in similar parts."

And so she has. Out to the coast she was sent last summer to be starred in two-reel Pathé pictures of the "crook" type. The first of these was "Get-Away Kate," with which Helene got away so well that they made another picture right away, and named it "The Honest Thief." Later on she probably will be shown in five-reel plays of the same nature.

Helene came from Chadwick, New York, a town named for her ancestors. Before going into pictures she posed as a model for James Montgomery Flagg and other illustrators.

The accompanying pictures show her, above, in recent rôles. You can see from them how she portrays that "quick-hide-the-papers-some-one-is-coming" type of hunted creature of dark streets and thieves' dens. Below, to refresh your memory, is a picture of Helene as she appeared in "The House of Hate."





Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

Teasing the Teut.

Jewel started it with "The Kaiser; The Beast Of Berlin!"

Then Metro chipped in with "To Hell With The Kaiser!"

Then came Fox's "The Prussian Cur."

Why stop?

Let's keep going!

How about:

"The Potsdam Pup."

"The Crazy Cuss Of Kiel."

"The Mannheim Monster."

"The Liar Of Limburger."

"The Unglaublich Ugh!"

"The Dornroschen Dog."

And so on.

—o—

Within a short time Thanksgiving Day will be upon us.

As some of our readers may be a bit dubious as to just what they may be thankful for, outside of being alive, we hasten to their assistance, thusly:

You should be thankful

That you are an American.

That Charlie Chaplin is alive and kicking.

That turkey is in you, rather than you in Turkey.

That the movies constitute an essential industry.

That the players you like still remain on the screen.

That Doug Fairbanks is still exchanging grins with us—fifty-fifty.

That Annette Kellermann is to appear in nothing—but bathing dramas.

If you are a she—that Harold Lockwood is still single. (If he is; to tell the truth, I don't know.)

That the players you did not like have gone to the stage.

That you don't live in Japan, where the censors cut out all kisses from the films.

—o—

Advice to amateur authors:

Title your scenario, "The Borrowed Umbrella."

It will not be returned.

—o—

"Solomon," the middle-aged Russian wolfhound who acts as Margarita Fisher's guide, philosopher, and friend, in "Impossible Susan," was trained from puppyhood to play in this production.

So Miss Fisher's press representa-

tive informs us. If you believe it he will not be a bit mad.

If you don't believe it, he'll tell you another.

—o—

Joshy Jingle:

Fred Church touched a friend, so they say,
Which caused lots of good, in a way;
For the chap that was out
Of the coin—now's devout—
For he's going to Church ev'ry day.

—o—

Life in Sing Sing at one time was very unpleasant for its guests.

Then it was walloped by a reform wave.

All was gay and happy.

Then the management installed a weekly film exhibition for the inmates.

Ain't that tough?

The poor fellows have to sit through two-reel-alleged comedies and suffer.

THEY can't get up and walk out as *you* can!

There's something else to be thankful for.

—o—

Some War-Time Nominations:

For the Infantry: Jane and Katherine Lee, Baby Marie Osborne, and Fannie Ward.
For the Artillery: Charles Gunn.
Aviation Corps: Hughie Mack.
Submarine Service: Annette Kellermann.
Coast Guards: Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties.
Navy: Nell Shipman, Lawrence Semon, and Edward See.
Home Guard: Francis Bushman.

—o—

Mysteries:

What becomes of Hughie Mack's knees when he sits down?
Where are Arbuckle's bones?
Where did Adam carry his car fare?

What's the idea of Pierrot's cigar in "Prunella?"
Why do bow-legged ladies wear short skirts?

—o—

Contagious.

The "catchiest" thing we ever saw in a picture was the sign in "Up the Road With Sallie."

"Small-Pox!"

—o—

Strange Doings.

Fay Tincher did not leave a rich home to enter the films. She does not own a four-thousand-dollar spaniel or any other kind of dog. Also, she has never bought an auto. Nor does she own a bungalow.

We thought that Howard Hickman had reached the apex of screen eccentricity when he proceeded to direct without wearing riding pants and without using a megaphone, but——

Fay wins.

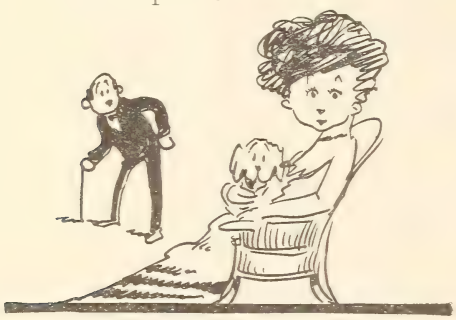
You see, we discovered why Howard doesn't use a megaphone. He is direct-

ing his wife, Bessie Barriscale, and wifie, like all other wifies, will not stand for hubby roaring at her.

—o—

Film-osophy:

We cannot understand how some actresses lavish their love on a kioodle when they could easily get something else that has pants.



Don't go to a slapstick comedy if you want instruction, nor to a five-reel-vamp thing if you seek amusement.

Some comedians are born foolish; some achieve foolishness, and some imagine they are as funny as Chaplin.

—o—

From An Ad.—

"'A Pair Of Silk Stockings' fits Constance Talmadge's personality to perfection."

A-ha, so, THAT'S where personality is, huh?

—o—

A Weighty Question.

"All his comedies are produced upon a massive scale,"—pipes Doug's p. a.

Fairbanks?

—o—

We thought Joe Miller's Joke-Book had become extinct like porterhouse steak and long skirts,—until we saw "The Kid Is Clever."

All of Joe's stuff is right there in the subtitles except the why-does-a-hen-cross-the-street thing.

An incident like this always increases our adoration for Anita Loos. There should be a law passed making Anita write ALL subtitles for ALL comedies.

—o—

Spontaneous Combustion.

The disastrous fire of July 4th at the Fairbanks studio started in Doug's dressing room.

With so much energy stored up within a small space, something just HAD to bust.

—o—

What's In A Name? Nawthin'!

John Barrymore's play entitled "On The Quiet" is advertised as being "a roar, a whoop,—a riotous side-splitter!"

—o—

Questions for directors.

If a man is hit on top of the head with a sledge hammer, wouldn't the blow kill him?

Do servant girls never use a handkerchief to weep into instead of the corner of their aprons?

Does a burglar never leave the scene of his crime with his coat collar turned down?

Isn't the plaster sometimes intact upon the walls of the poor man's home?

Are not the police often slow in coming to your assistance?

Are not heroes often short and skinny and ugly looking?

Do society folk never maintain butler-less mansions?

Are there no whiskerless doctors?

Do cowboys never walk their horses?

Do villains never keep the papers?

Does a hero never lose a battle?

Are heroines never—— But why continue? It won't do any good, anyway.

—o—

Oh, Dear Me, No!

Aside from his modesty we admire the press agent for his laudable if frantic endeavors to play both ends against the middle.

Get this one from Artcraft's tips to exhibitors:

"Display in an empty window, broken whisky bottles with a sign: 'This is what Bill Holliday did to booze in one town!'"

"Co-operate with the local W. C. T. U. and prohibitionist societies; they will be glad to boost 'Hit-The-Trail-Holliday.'"

"THE STORY WILL NOT OFFEND THE LIQUOR INTERESTS OF YOUR TOWN!"

Wow!

—o—

Close-Ups That Would Interest Us:

Jack Johnson In A Coal Mine At Midnight.

Mary Pickford With Her Hair Bobbed.

Doug Weeping.

John D. Throwing Nickels To The Birds.

—o—

War Note:

We take an unholy joy in reporting that during September, the production of film more than trebled the amount sunk by the U-Censors.

—o—

The announcement of "The Eleventh Commandment" caused us to turn to our well-worn Bible, thinking we had overlooked a bet.

Only ten are mentioned in our copy. We have concluded that Mr. Ince has a later edition.

During the summer's idle moments at Hollywood, Harold Lockwood learned to do things to a violin.

As we plunge to press this sal-so-to-speak, ubrious Autumn day, he has mastered but one tune, "Home, Sweet Home."

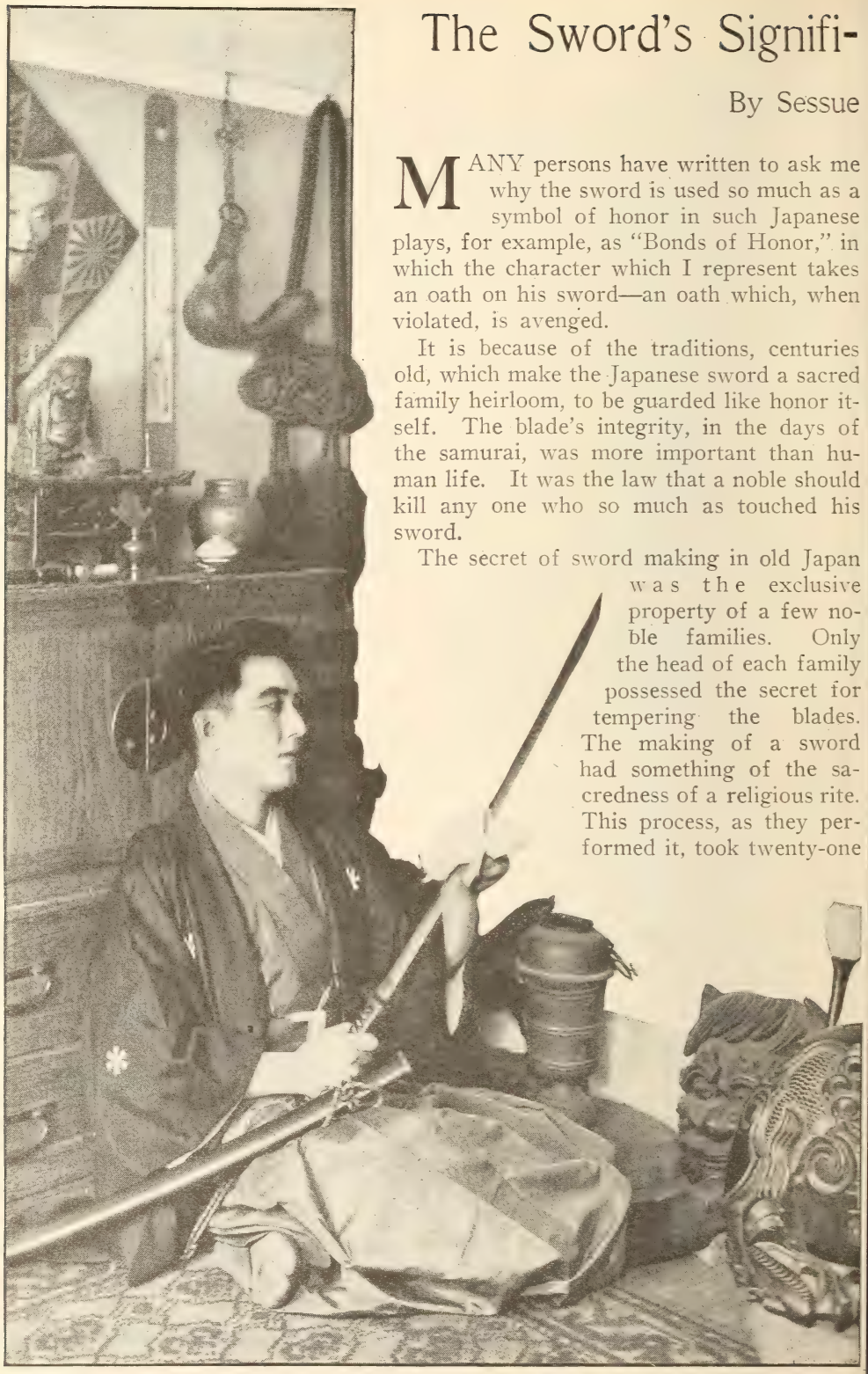
When Harold begins to play it his listeners claim that is the first thing they think of.

TOO MUCH WORRY!

I'M glad I'm not C. Chaplin, who
Makes o'er a million yearly.
For me, that roll would never do,
'Twould drive me crazy, nearly!
I've troubles now; I do not sigh
For Charlie's pile—I'd botch it,
'Cause now when I have five bucks—I
Set up all night to watch it!

The Sword's Signifi-

By Sessue



MANY persons have written to ask me why the sword is used so much as a symbol of honor in such Japanese plays, for example, as "Bonds of Honor," in which the character which I represent takes an oath on his sword—an oath which, when violated, is avenged.

It is because of the traditions, centuries old, which make the Japanese sword a sacred family heirloom, to be guarded like honor itself. The blade's integrity, in the days of the samurai, was more important than human life. It was the law that a noble should kill any one who so much as touched his sword.

The secret of sword making in old Japan was the exclusive property of a few noble families. Only the head of each family possessed the secret for tempering the blades. The making of a sword had something of the sacredness of a religious rite. This process, as they performed it, took twenty-one

cance in Japanese Plays

Hayakawa

days, and was accompanied by prayers and a life of the most rigid asceticism on the part of the sword maker. The finished blade was then turned over to the noble for whom it had been made.

So carefully was the blade kept by the owner that no breath from the nostrils or mouth was permitted to touch it. When two Japanese gentlemen met to compare swords, each put a piece of rice paper in his mouth to prevent his breath from possibly tarnishing the other's blade. The blades were given plenty of good hard use, however, for it was the playful custom of the old samurai aristocrats, when they wanted to test their weapons, to hide at street corners, spring out, and slice off the head of a peasant, as he turned unsuspectingly.

Like all other traditions of the life of old Japan, those of the sword have been modified of recent years. But the sword still remains symbolic of honor, and the old two-handed weapons of the samurai are preserved most carefully by the families possessing them, just as those long-bladed sabers which the English carried at Waterloo are preserved in the homes of their descendants. He who goes to Japan to purchase samurai swords for curios will find them not for sale.

Screen Gossip

Bits of news from here and there in filmdom, condensed into a few lively pages.

By Neil G. Caward

KITTY GORDON, despite all the persistent rumors that she was going to turn her justly celebrated back upon motion pictures, is going to do no such thing. It is true that she has completed her contract with World, but it was only to form a company of her own, which will be called Kitty Gordon Pictures. The announced intention of the new organization is "to provide the luxurious charm and regal grace of Kitty Gordon with worthy pictorial settings." Miss Gordon is to appear in six features a year, all of them to be written for her by Wilson Mizner, one of the wittiest and most adroit of Broadway's playwrights. Mahlon Hamilton, who played leads for Madame Petrova in several pictures, is to be Miss Gordon's leading man.

Albert Capellani, one of Metro's best-

Kitty Gordon is to have her own producing company.

known directors, has just completed the film version of " 'Ception Shoals," the famous stage play in which Nazimova was starred, and which she herself chose as one of her Screen Classics productions. Several of the members of Nazimova's stage company are again cast in the same rôles they played in the spoken version of this drama. The wonderful exteriors were secured for the most part in the vicinity of Gloucester, Massachusetts, while practically all the interiors were staged in the Eastern Metro studios.

Harold Bell Wright, who organized a producing company in order that his works might be immortalized in film to his satisfaction, is to commence the work of their picturization immediately. The first picture to be undertaken will be "The Shepherd of the Hills," to be followed by "The Calling of Dan Matthews." George McDaniel, who has appeared in a number of leading rôles with Lasky, is to appear in the leading rôle of the first subject, and a competent cast will support him.

A number of the foremost stage celebrities were induced by J. Stuart Blackton to appear in the prologue of "The Common Cause," the propaganda picture he released this fall. The five stars are Julia Arthur, Violet Heming, Marjorie Rambeau, Mrs. Vernon Castle, and Effie Shannon, and they represent Italy, Great Britain, Columbia, France, and Belgium in the prologue of the drama.

Harry Garson, one of the newest independent producers, announces that Clara Kimball Young, upon completing "The Road Through the Dark," "Cheating Cheaters," and "The Man Tamer," is to appear in "The Soul of Raphael" and "The Eyes of Youth," screen rights to both of which he has recently acquired. Blanche Sweet, who has completed Rupert Hughes' story, "The Unpardonable Sin," is now engaged in filming "Told In the Hills," from the pen of Mera Ellis Ryan. Mr. Garson is also alleged to have acquired the film rights to "Turn to the Right," one of last season's stage successes, and intended to star Charles Ray in it, but Thomas H. Ince and Ray deny that Garson is to have Mr. Ray's services.

George Cohan has been reëngaged by Paramount-Artcraft to do at least three more feature pictures. It is rumored along the New York Rialto that the three productions in which the "Yankee Doodle Boy" will be featured are "Little Johnny Jones," "The Yankee Prince," and "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," all of which are nationally famous and have already shown their box-office appeal.

Marie Walcamp, lately featured in a Universal serial, has bidden farewell to the "stunt drama" for the time being, and, after saying a fond adieu to all the wild animals with whom she worked in the serial, has gone into the heart of the redwood country in California, where she is now engaged in making exteriors for her first Bluebird feature, a film version of the Bret Harte story, "In the Carquinez Woods."

Constance Talmadge, who so delighted her friends among the film fans by her work in "Sauce for the Goose" and "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," has just completed a film adaptation of "A Lady's Name," from the play by Cyril Harcourt, who, by the way, was the author of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," another of Miss Talmadge's vehicles. "A Lady's Name" is the play in which Marie Tempest starred at the Maxine Elliott Theater; and Miss Constance, ere starting for the Los Angeles studios, supplied herself with a number of trunks full of new frocks, not a few

Marion Davies has recently completed "Above Reproach," which will soon be seen.

of which she will doubtless wear during the unfolding of this drama.

Julius Steger, who has but recently completed "The Golden Hope" at the Norma Talmadge Studios in New York —this being the play which introduced Anna Case, the prima donna, to the screen, is now staging the third Marion Davies feature at the same studio. "Above Reproach" is the title of this production.

By this time, of course, you've seen the first two episodes of the new Vitagraph serial, "The Iron Test," which features Antonio Moreno and Carol Holloway. This story is unlike any other serial which Vitagraph has ever offered, and dealing, as it does, with circus life, appeals to both old and young alike. The dyed-in-the-wool Moreno fans are flocking to the theaters showing it, and pretty Carol Holloway, who also has a big following of her very own, is attracting other thousands. "The Iron Test" is scheduled to run until the latter part of January, when once more William Duncan, supported by Edith Johnson and Joe Ryan, will be back on the screen in a new multichapter thriller titled, "The Man of Might."

Speaking of Vitagraph, a real reunion occurred on the Vitagraph "lot" at Hollywood, California, when Earle Williams began work on his latest Blue Ribbon feature, "His Country First," for he once more came under the supervision of his old-time director, James Young. "Jimmie" Young was Williams' director back in the old days at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, when both were building the big reputations which they to-day enjoy.

Mary Pickford, after a vacation, is once more back at work. The first of her new productions is now under way, and she expects to complete it within a few weks. Mary began work without a formal announcement of just who is to release her new features, but it is generally believed at this writing that the new Pickford pictures will be marketed by the First National Exhibitors Circuit, the same organization which handles the Chaplin subjects. We'll be glad to see her new picture, no matter who handles it.

Viola Dana has another charming rôle in "Oh, Annie!" her latest vehicle, which is a screen version of a magazine serial story of the same title. The dainty little star appears as a little girl in a country town, whose chief sorrow in life is that many young men pass through the town in automobiles but that few of them stop. She uses force to make one pause, and there the story begins.

In her next picture Viola Dana procures a sweetheart by drastic means.

Douglas Fairbanks has completed the last production under his contract with Artcraft. It is "Arizona," a film version of the famous play by Augustus Thomas, and was made under the supervision of Director Allan Dwan, who has left the Fairbanks organization and joined Marshall Neilan at the Griffith Studios, where both are engaged in supervising the productions being made by Harry Garson, in which Clara Kimball Young and Blanche Sweet are being featured. Fairbanks is reported to be anxious to get into the big scrap on the other side, and, like many of the other stars, is eligible in the new draft. It is quite likely, in fact, that he and some of the other screen notables may be called to camp before this issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE appears on the news stands.

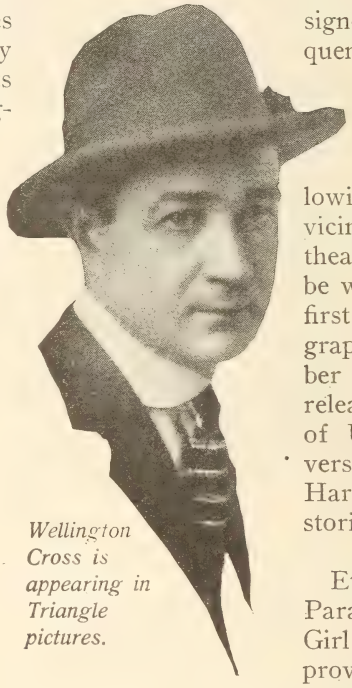
Maurice Tourneur, who is making pictures now for his own producing organization—Maurice Tourneur Productions, announces the purchase of photo-play rights to Jacques Futrelle's famous novel, "My Lady's Garter," which enjoyed a phenomenal run of popularity when it was brought out several seasons ago. It appeared originally as a serial in a weekly magazine, and proved so successful that it was later issued in book form, and then found its way to the speaking stage.

Theda Bara, whose latest completed drama is "The She Devil," scheduled for an early release is now completing the final scenes of "The Siren's Song," her thirtieth production since becoming a William Fox star.

Herbert Blache, Metro director, has just completed the filming of Somerset Maugham's famous comedy drama, "Lady Frederick," in which Ethel Barrymore is the star. It was in "Lady Frederick" that she won much fame some ten years ago, and it is declared in theatrical circles that it was Miss

Barrymore's splendid work in this drama, coupled with John Drew's success in "Jack Straw," another Somerset Maugham vehicle, that won the playwright the fame he had long sought.

Triangle, in reverting to its policy of featuring big stars, which it began with the presentation of Taylor Holmes in the first of a series of pictures, is gradually adding new names to its roster of players. Wellington Cross, well known in vaudeville as a dancer, having appeared for many seasons in the team of Josephine and Cross, is the newest speaking-stage luminary to be introduced to Triangle fans. His vehicle is titled "The Gray Parasol," and it is an adaptation of a story by Fred Jackson. Director Lawrence Windom, who journeyed to the coast with Taylor Holmes, directed it, and Mr. Cross is supported by Claire Anderson, Joe Bennett, Frank Thorn, and Ed Brady.



Wellington Cross is appearing in Triangle pictures.

Louise Glaum, in "Part White," her latest Paralta offering, has a rôle entirely different from any she has interpreted in the past, but she gives a perfect characterization of a quarter-breed Indian maiden despite that fact.

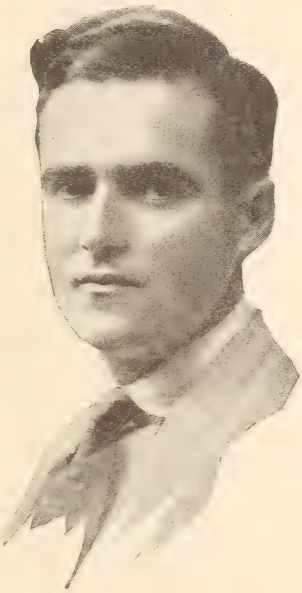
Jewel Carmen, formerly featured by the William Fox organization, is now a Keeney star. Mr. Keeney announced the acquisition of Miss Carmen and put her to work in the big new studio on East Forty-eighth Street, New York, which adjoins the one occupied by the Norma Talmadge company for so long a period, all this despite the fact that William Fox, Miss Carmen's former employer, had declared that he would secure an injunction preventing her appearance before the camera for any other producer, as she was still bound to him by a contract which has several months to run. Mr. Keeney contends that Miss Carmen was under age at the time the Fox contract was signed, and that consequently it is null and void.

Along about next week or the week following, if you live in the vicinity of a "first-run" theater, you will probably be witnessing Bessie Love's first picture from the Vitagraph Studios, as November 4th is scheduled as the release date for "The Dawn of Understanding," a film version of one of Bret Harte's most wonderful stories.

Ethel Clayton, whose Paramount début in "The Girl Who Came Back" proved so auspicious, is supported by Elliott Dexter, hero of many picture plays, in "Woman's Weapon," her next vehicle, which is now in the making. It is an original story, written by Beulah Marie Dix.

On the speaking stage revivals of big successes are quite the thing. You can recall offhand a half dozen or more big dramatic productions that have been "revived" with an all-star cast after having been absent from the boards for several years—sometimes even as long as a decade. However, the making over of a subject the second time by the same company that originally produced it is quite a novelty for the movies. In fact, Screen Gossip is un-

able to recall a single instance in which it has been done before. As usual, when something new is tried, it is Paramount-Artcraft which is leading the way—showing other producers that the film can successfully accomplish anything the speaking stage has attempted, and go it one better. The subject to undergo a revival is "The Squaw Man," the famous Western story which was one of the earliest triumphs of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, long before there was any Paramount or any Artcraft brands. Cecil B. De Mille is the director who is to supervise the new edition of "The Squaw Man," and it is claimed it will, when completed, be the most elaborate production ever given a Western subject. Elliott Dexter is to interpret the title rôle with Ann Little, Katherine MacDonald, Edwin Stevens, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, and a half dozen other notable players appearing in his support.



Marshall Neilan has been directing Blanche Sweet in "The Unpardonable Sin."

"Micky" Neilan, director of Mary Pickford for a long, long time, and more recently in charge of another Paramount star's productions, has severed connection with the Famous Players-Lasky organization, and is now at Hollywood, California, under contract to Harry Garson, the suave and quiet gentleman who controls the destinies of Clara Kimball Young and Blanche Sweet. Mr. Neilan was especially engaged to supervise the second Blanche Sweet production, which is titled "The Unpardonable Sin." By insiders in the picture industry Neilan is considered one of the best directors in the country. It is likely that after doing two or three pictures with Miss Sweet, Neilan will direct some other independent star, as it is understood he objects to signing any long-time contracts that call for his services over a period of many months, but prefers to remain a free agent, able to choose his stars and the type of stories for which he considers them best fitted.

Of course every one remembers Frances Hodgson Burnett because of her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but another of her stories, titled "The Secret Garden," is also quite worth attention. It has been chosen as the third vehicle for Lila Lee, newest of the Paramount stars.

Harry Grossman, vice president and general manager of Rolfe Productions, Inc., and Arthur B. Reeve, detective-story writer of world-wide fame, signed a contract the other day which will mean a lot to mystery-story enthusiasts, for by the terms of this document Mr. Reeve granted the Rolfe organization permission to film all of the "Craig Kennedy" detective all of the "Craig Kennedy" detective stories have been published in every language, and at the present time there is a shilling edition of which many million copies have been printed for circulation among the British "Tommies" in the trenches. The next problem the Rolfe organization faces is that of selecting the proper star to interpret the rôle of the famous *Kennedy*.

Doris Kenyon's third production at the head of her own company, De Luxe

Pictures, Inc., is "Wild Honey," a film version of the Louis Joseph Vance story of the same title, which Mr. Vance picturized from the Vingie E. Roe novel.

William Russell, who registered one of the hits of his career in "Hobbs in a Hurry," his first feature released to exhibitors through Pathé instead of Mutual exchanges, has another one all ready for your approval. It is titled "When a Man Rides Alone." The making of this production was delayed several times through accidents, the last one being a rather serious one which befell Carl Stockdale, the principal character man with the Russell company.

Another speaking-stage notable to attach his signature to a contract offered by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is William Faversham, who has been especially engaged for "The Silver King," the famous old melodrama by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman. Faversham is to-day one of the highest-rated English-speaking actors. Last season he appeared on the speaking stage with Maxine Elliott in "Allegiance," which immediately followed his appearance in Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance."

William Russell's picture, "When a Man Rides Alone," is ready for the fans' approval.

W. E. Lawrence, who has played leading man and juvenile parts with a number of West Coast film organizations, and appeared as leading man for Fannie Ward in her last three subjects, has enlisted in the tanks division, and is now in training at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, for service over-seas. Lawrence expects to drive his tank straight into Berlin, but is wondering if the bridges across the Rhine will be in good shape when he gets there, or whether he may have to ford the stream.

Florence Reed is the third big star to be featured in productions to be released through the United Theaters of America. Dustin Farnum was the first to be announced and Kitty Gordon the second. Farnum made his début with United in "The Light of Western Stars," and is to follow with "The Wolf Breed" and "The Man in the Open."

Evelyn Nesbit, the former wife of Harry K. Thaw, and who has already been seen in several film productions, is now a Fox star. William Fox secured her signature to a contract not so very many weeks ago, and some ten days later she began work on the first of the five features she has agreed to do.

You have, unless you're very young, at some time in your life witnessed a performance of the melodrama, "In Old Kentucky." It is at last to reach the screen. Anita Stewart is to play *Madge,* the famous heroine, who rides Queen Bess to victory on the race track.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt is said to have written a drama for use as one of Madame Yorska's film subjects. Its title is "The Net," and it is soon to be put in production by the Matzene Photo-play Corporation, one of the newcomers in filmland,

which is to star Madame Yorska, who is a protégée of the "Divine Sarah."

Julian Eltinge, having completed his first production for Fred Balshofer, is now busily turning out his second. "Over the Rhine" is the snappy title by which Eltinge makes his independent début, and all of those who have been privileged to behold it on the screen vote it "a pippin."

The William Fox Film Corporation has announced that Peggy Hyland will next be seen in "A Stitch In Time," the film version of a Fred Jackson magazine serial. She began work on this picture immediately upon completing the final scenes of "Marriages Are Made," her current feature.

Julian Eltinge, who doesn't impersonate women all the time, is to appear in a picture called "Over the Rhine."

Nearly all the characters from the comic strips which run in the big daily papers, such as "Mutt and Jeff," "The Katzenjammer Kids," "Happy Hooligan," and the like, have, at one time or another, appeared on the screen in the animated comics.

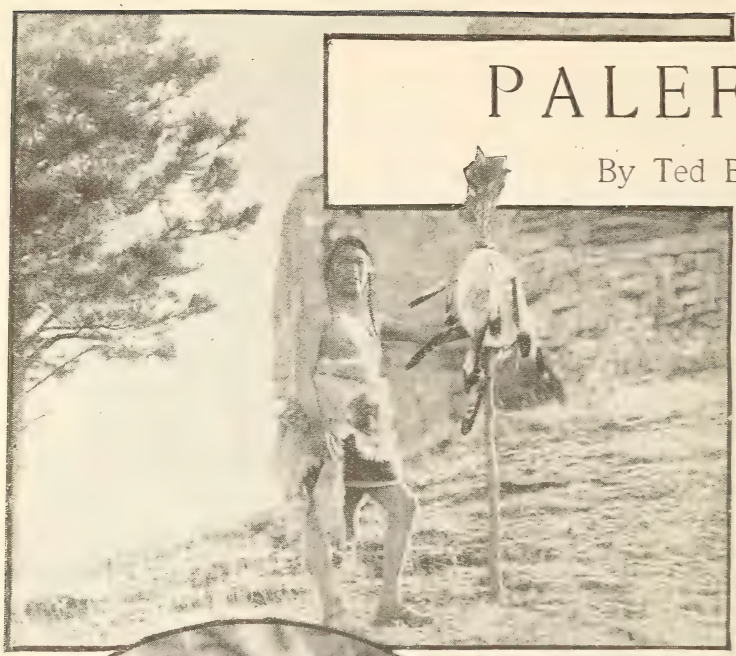
The International Film Company is planning to spring an innovation by filming Harry Hershfield's famous series, "Abie the Agent," not as a series of animated drawings, but in short two-reel comedies played by actors. Abie and his friends are, unlike the other comic-strip characters, real human types, and should furnish the basis for a successful series of screen comedies.

Caruso, the grand-opera star who recently secured front-page space in all the newspapers through his sudden marriage to a New York girl, has completed his second film production at the Eastern studio of Paramount-Artcraft, under the direction of Edward Jose, who supervised "My Cousin," his first one. The new picture bears the title, "Prince Cosimo." It is the tale of an Italian prince who loves music better than titles, and a certain woman more than money. He renounces all his princely rights, titles, and land in order to marry the woman who turns out to be an adventuress after his money. The woman then deserts him, and Cosimo, left only with his music and the tender sympathy of an American girl, comes to the United States and becomes famous. Later he marries the American girl, believing his first wife has been drowned, but she suddenly returns, and the angles of the triangle become acute. Many of the members of the company who appeared with Caruso in "My Cousin" will again be seen in "Prince Cosimo."

Arline Pretty, formerly with Vitagraph and Artcraft, is shortly to be presented in the first of a series of eight special pictures, in which she is to be the featured star. She is now under the management of E. Lanning Masters, and all her forthcoming productions will be made in a West Coast studio. The cast, direction, and stories for Miss Pretty's first three pictures have already been approved.

PALEFACE

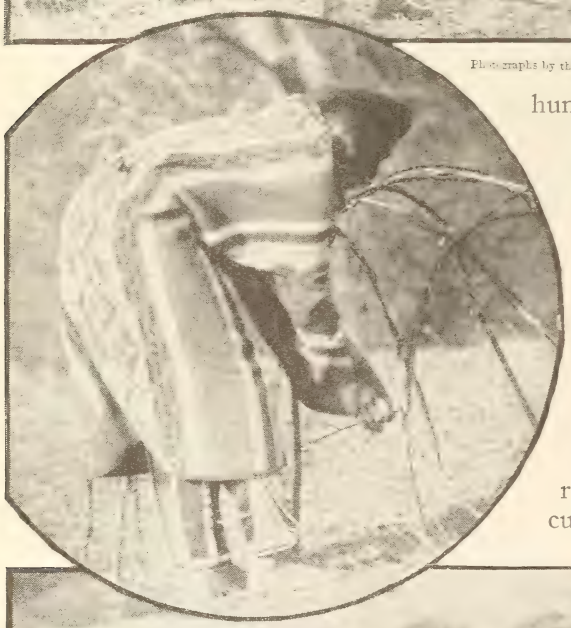
By Ted Evans



Photographs by the Northwestern Film Company.

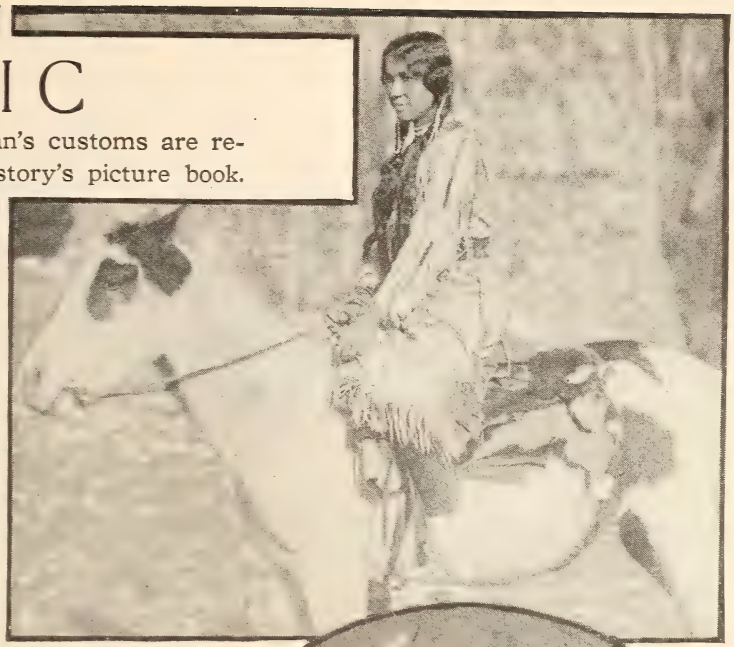
SWEEPING over the great plains, Mudjakeewis, the west wind, roared mightily as he met the paleface and drove him to cover. For that was the way he protected his beloved redskins against the invader, three hundred years or more.

Again the west wind, sweeping over the wilds of Wyoming, came upon the town of Sheridan. Near by at the entrance to the Indian village stood a paleface making "magic" with a small black box on three long legs. The redskins sat inside, enacting the sacred rites of their tribe before the paleface. And when the magic was finished, inside the black box was a permanent record, on celluloid, of the strange customs and manner of living of the



MAGIC

The Red Man's customs are recorded in History's picture book.



Photographs by the Northwestern Film Company.

North American Indian — something for the picture book of history, when the red man shall be little more than a myth.

The films—for that, of course, is the magic—are being released by the Educational Film Corporation in a series of one-reel stories, or native Indian dramas, filled with the glory of the warpath, with the chiefs arrayed in paint and feathers, and the romance of an Indian courtship. The whole wedding ceremonial is acted, beginning with the construction of the tepee, which is shown in the middle of the left page. The Indian princess on the pony is the bride elect, and below is just a suggestion of the fierce fight between the two rivals for her hand.

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

JUNE.—Patience is always rewarded. Just see! The first letter I pick up to answer this month is your own, so naturally it graces the head of the Oracle Department. You can't miss it now. What do you mean, Jimmy? Haven't heard from any other of my feminine readers saying that they were in the navy, so I guess you must be the only one. Yes, the "Nine O'Clock Town" was a good picture, but you must know for yourself now, as you have seen it by this time. Be sure to see Charlie in "String Beans." It's one of his best, and another country-boy rôle. Once again you went all the way through four pages of paper, and typewritten, too, without asking a single question. Some of these days you are going to think of those million questions you had to ask, and then I am going to be swamped for sure. Can't you ask them on the installment plan?—a little down, and a few every week?

ROSE E. G.—You should have inclosed a self-addressed stamped envelope if you wanted a personal reply. It is quicker to get them answered through the columns of the Oracle, however, because letters for the magazine are always answered before those for personal replies. I am sure I don't know where you could place your little girl of nine years in motion pictures. There are thousands of mothers, just like yourself, with little girls and boys whom they think are the most talented children in the world, seeking to get them into motion pictures. The only way that I know of is for you to take the child around to the various studios and interview the casting directors. They will see the girl, and if she appeals to them they might use her when the opportunity presents itself, unless they have several other talented children on the lists. Constance Talmadge was the *Mountain Girl,* but Dorothy Gish was not the *Princess Beloved* in "Intolerance." Seena Owen was your princess friend. Can't answer your question concerning William S. Hart as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department.

E. G.—Address William Lord Wright in care of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City, where he has his offices.

CATHERINE C.—The United States army has issued an order that soldiers may write to no one but personal acquaintances to prevent German spies from getting into communication with U. S. soldiers. And when the army issues such an order we must all obey it. No doubt you will have some friends in the new draft that you can write to and help cheer up. Enid Bennett gets her mail at the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Girard and Georgia Streets, Los Angeles, California. Alice Lake is back at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Alessandro Street, Los Angeles, California, where a letter will be sure to reach her. Charles Chaplin's mail arrives at the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California, every day. Francis Bushman, addressed in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City, will get the letter, and Tom Forman will have any mail forwarded to him that is sent in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Tom is now a lieutenant in the employ of Uncle Sam.

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V. J.—Do you intend to write to all the players whose addresses you ask for? If you do, I am thinking that you will be a mighty busy little lady. Kitty Gordon receives her mail at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Mary Garden and Pauline Frederick should be addressed at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Olga Petrova will receive mail sent in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Clara Kimball Young and Blanche Sweet receive their mail at this address also. Write Geraldine Farrar in care of Goldwyn. Billie Burke's address is in care of Paramount. Grace Cunard gets her mail at Willis & Inglis, too. Write Pearl White at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Marguerite Clark has all her mail sent to her at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. I am not sure whether Pauline Frederick ever filmed a picture there or not, although it is quite probable that she did. I think that the above-mentioned players will send you one of their autographed photographs upon request. It is always best to inclose twenty-five cents with your request, as the photos cost the players more than that. The plan that Charlie Ray originated is an especially good one. He charges a Thrift Stamp for one of his photos. When he receives the stamp with the request for one of his pictures he pastes the stamp on the picture, autographs the photo, and returns it to the sender, so the latter is not out anything, but has helped the government. This plan has been approved by the U. S. government, and nearly all of the stars are doing it now.

La Senorita.—Yes, Marguerite Clark answers letters, but of course not all of them, because she receives several hundred letters each and every week. It would be an impossible task to ask her to answer them all, don't you think so? No, it doesn't look as though Harold Lockwood and May Allison will ever play opposite one another again. Each is being featured alone by the Metro Pictures Corporation. Fannie Ward is not to appear in Pathé serials. She is making features for the Pathé program. Hazel Dawn is not playing in pictures at the present time, but is always likely to return to the screen at any moment. The first run, or the larger theaters, are the houses to get the pictures before any of the others. Yes, all of the stars you have named send photographs of themselves to their admirers. Gladys Hulette can be reached at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. If you have three hundred photographs of motion-picture players you have indeed a fine collection. It isn't every motion-picture fan that can boast of a photo gallery such as your own.

V. S.—Charles Ray is twenty-six years old. Yes, he will send you one of his autographed photos. Send him a Thrift Stamp instead of twenty-five cents in stamps. He will paste the stamp on the photo and send it back to you. He conceived this plan to aid the sale of War Savings and Thrift Stamps, and the plan has been approved by the U. S. government. Address him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. Your matrimonial question concerning Charles is against the rules of the Oracle Department, I'm sorry to say, so I can't answer it.

H. A. M.—Write to Louise Huff in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. John Bowers is playing opposite her. Earle Fox is the new leading man for Mabel Normand. Herbert Rawlinson played opposite her in her last feature for the Goldwyn, "Back to the Woods." Write Bebe Daniels at the Rolin Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Can't give away the secret of the serial until it is finished with, because it would hurt it to know how the thing is going to end before the picture is shown.

Eleanor W.—Yes, I remember the Lois Weber production of "Jewel" very well. Ella Hall is the name of the young lady who had the leading rôle in that picture. A letter addressd to this dainty miss in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, will be sure to reach her. Certainly it is perfectly all right to write to soldiers that you know, but the government is stopping people from writing to soldiers they are not acquainted with, because of the fact that German spies might more easily communicate with soldiers in this way by pretending to "adopt" them, and in this manner learn many bits of useful information. Write all you can, however, to boys "Over There" you know, because there is nothing like a letter to cheer them up.

F. H.—Mary Miles Minter will send you one of her photographs, I am sure. Address her at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. "The Family Skeleton" and "Let's Go!" are one and the same. The picture was called by the latter title before it was released, but just as they were about to put it out on the market "The Family Skeleton" seemed more appropriate, so they changed the name. Write Ben Alexander in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

J. A. W.—Write to the editor of the magazine regarding pictures in it. All I attend to is the answering of questions. Alice Brady has all her mail sent to her at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

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JUST A LITTLE TOMBOY.—"A Burglar for a Night" is the name of the J. Warren Kerrigan picture that followed his "One Dollar Bid." His new feature is "Prisoners of the Pines." I don't remember the last, if I did get it. Are you sure you had the correct address? Kerrigan has been on the screen for a good many years. He is one of the pioneers of the business.

MYRON L.—Write to Shirley Mason in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Shirley's correct name is Leonie Flugrath. She was born in 1901.

A GOOD HELP.—I am sorry that I cannot do what you ask and give the name and address of yourself as willing to help them. If you don't criticize manuscripts there is no way that you can help them which our own scenario department, run by William Lord Wright, doesn't cover. Wright is a well-known and successful playwright, has been associated with pictures for years, and when he advises ambitious scenario writers he does so from actual experience, as he knows the game from a to z and back again.

JACK PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Both "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck and Tom," the Jack Pickford pictures, have been released for some little time. You should ask your local-theater manager when he intends to run these pictures. Both are exceedingly good, and will afford you a most pleasant evening's entertainment.

EDGAR H.—I don't think that Grace Cunard has any intentions of making a professional tour of the leading motion-picture theaters at the present time. Her last feature was with the Universal, and she is resting up from her work at the present time. I am sure that she will send you one of her photographs. Address her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. No, she hasn't a scar on her face. You tell the man from California who told you that that he is all wrong.

N. T. FAVORITE.—Norma Talmadge's latest feature in which the popular Eugene O'Brien plays the male lead opposite her is "Her Only Way." Thanks for the kind words about the magazine. Naturally we agree with you, but it sounds nice just the same to have our readers voice their compliments.

F. D.—The sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes" is the latest picture in which Enid Markey appears. Elmo Lincoln plays opposite her. She is in New York City at the present time. The long e is correct. Mary Pickford is twenty-six years old. William Duncan and Carol Holloway have the leading rôles in "The Fighting Trail."

SCRIBE.—That's a good name for you, all right. And at that I don't think it does justice to your writing proclivities. If I had many more like you, I'd have to follow your advice and have all the addresses of stars asked for at the end of the Oracle in an alphabetical list to avoid repeating them several times. Perhaps at that it wouldn't be a bad plan. Well, here goes: Address Miriam Cooper and Virginia Pearson at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Max Linder went to France some months ago, and I have not heard that he has returned. Mae Murray gets her mail care of Metro Pictures Corporation, 1476 Broadway, New York City. Tom Moore may be reached at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 16 East Forty-second Street, New York City. Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Billie Burke, Gloria Hope, and Shirley Mason will receive mail sent to Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Hope you don't spend so much time writing letters to the celebrities that you forget your old friend, the Oracle.

EDITH F. B.—Alice Joyce will send you one of her photographs if you write to her at the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Harry Morey is still making features for the Vitagraph. His address is the same as that of Alice Joyce. Charlie Ray gets all of his mail at the Ince Studios, Georgia and Girard Streets, Los Angeles, California. You must have missed several of his late pictures. His last two films are "The Law of the North" and "String Beans." Charlie is just twenty-six years old. Earle Williams is now working at the Western studios of the Vitagraph Company, in Hollywood, California, where a letter will reach him. Grace Darmond has been playing opposite him in all of his recent films. Douglas Fairbanks is every bit as jolly off the screen as he appears on it. Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Irene Castle has a new leading man for nearly every one of her pictures for the Pathé. You can address her at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. You are quite correct about Carlyle Blackwell's hair and eyes. Wallace Reid is still making pictures for the Paramount at the Lasky Studios in Hollywood. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris in 1889.

THELMA.—Edna Mayo is not acting before the camera at the present time. I remember answering your last letter, so you have probably seen it in the Oracle by this time. Herbert Rawlinson has just completed a propaganda picture, for J. Stuart Blackton, called "The Common Cause." Address him in care of the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Herbert Rawlinson was born in Brighton, England, in 1885.

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GROW HAIR

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Florence.—Mary Pickford is twenty-six years of age. Can't answer your second question regarding her, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. Your Charles Chaplin question is also out for the same reason. Marguerite Clark is far from dead, as you have heard. She is still making features for the Paramount program. Her most recent picture is "Out of a Clear Sky." "The House of Hate" was the last Pearl White serial. The other questions you asked about her are against the rules, and the one about Theda Bara, too. You should look over these rules at the head of the Oracle Department before you write again, so I will be able to answer all of your queries next time. Harrison Fisher seems to think that Olive Thomas is the most beautiful girl in the world. Of course, other artists have different opinions regarding the most beautiful. Olive is certainly a beauty, however. Virginia Corbin's mamma is not an actress. Write to Virginia at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, and Jane Lee in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Ethel Grandin had the leading rôle in the serial "The Crimson Stain Mystery." Gladys Smith is Mary Pickford's name in private life.

L. F.—Dorothy Dalton is correct. The Ince Studios, Georgia and Girard Streets, is her address. William S. Hart gets his mail at the W. S. Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, California. Douglas Fairbanks should be written to at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. "Green Eyes" and "Vive la France" are the two latest pictures that Dorothy Dalton has acted in. The latter ought to appeal to you, being a Frenchman yourself. I haven't a photograph of Dorothy that I can give you, but I am sure that she will send you one if you write and ask her.

Marion H.—Have turned your letter, with the six cents in stamps, over to the editor, and he has mailed you a copy of the Market Booklet, as you requested.

Helene Marie, A. D. City.—Your father's duties as sheriff and running the bakery should keep him very busy. Yes, I know Paul Willis very well. Hs is a very nice young man. A letter will reach him if sent in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. I am sure that Paul would answer if you asked him to. You must have had lots of fun watching the companies taking scenes in your town. You are quite right about some players not feeling their parts; some don't, but they are gradually being weeded out, because you have to deliver the goods in motion pictures to-day.

H. P. F.—Your problem is the same as lots o others who write to me. I don't know what advise you to do except to go to the studios ar apply in person for a part. If they think yo would be good they will give you a chance; ar if they don't, they won't. I know this sound discouraging, but it is the only way I know Your description of yourself sounds one hundre per cent. It is too bad that I am not the directo but then, think how I should be stormed by a my friends wanting to get into pictures. O the whole, perhaps it is lucky for me that I a only a poor typewriter artist.

Oscar E. J.—You are thinking of Betty Comp son, not Bessie Compton. She has deserted com edies, and gone into drama for a change. He most recent work is in the Diando serial, "Th Wolf-faced Man," in which she plays the lea with George Larkin, the well-known serial dare devil.

Kathleen Mavourneen.—Glad to make you acquaintance, Kathleen. Yes, I am glad to an swer any questions about the players, and the plays, when I can, except those which are barre by the rules printed at the head of this depart ment. As you will see, these include all ques tions on marriage, so your very first letter wi have to go unanswered, I fear. Write me agai about something else, and I'll be sure to repl Well, I've been doing this a long, long time, an even my oldest correspondents don't know wh I am, or whether I am a man or a woman.

Tessie.—The way for you to be sure of gettin your letter at the head of the Oracle is to sen it in in such a way that it is the top one on th pile when the mailman staggers in under the ba of correspondence, and I sit down to answe them all. That's all I know about it. But it i the fairest way, isn't it? That gives all m friends an equal chance of being the lucky on to lead off. In other words, Tessie, it is a matte of luck. I don't know what the actresses do wit most of their screen clothes, but I think that the probably have plenty of uses to put them to i these days of saving. Most of them have per sons whom they are helping in this way, I sup pose, and other actresses that I know of sell thei clothes for a small amount in charity bazaar and then use the proceeds to help the Re Cross. One dainty little star whom I know ver well tells me that she has to supply so man costumes in her plays that she frequently wear the modern ones as house dresses in her ow home afterward. As you may know, an actres is expected to furnish her own clothes for he pictures except when the scenario calls for som old-fashioned or foreign-looking costume Then they are supplied by the producing com pany.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

TEDDIE.—Write to Eddie Polo in care of Universal City, California. Ashton Dearholt and George Larkin get their mail at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Francis Ford should be written to in care of the Christie Film Company, Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Yes, thunderstorms are manufactured in the movies as well as filmed as they happen. If one doesn't happen along, the companies, with the aid of a few lights and a fire hose, can make a very effective storm. The majority of the film stars answer their letters personally. Some have to hire a secretary to help because they receive several hundred letters a day, and no star could answer so many without the aid of a secretary. Yes, comedy is always harder to produce on the screen than drama, because comedy business is much more difficult to get over. I must say that you are the first of my readers to tell me that your one ambition in life was to be an old maid. And you are only seventeen, too! Well, there is still a great chance of your not realizing your ambition, because you know the old saying that many things said at seventeen are long forgotten at twenty. I should say you have not bored me. I enjoyed your letter immensely, and hope to hear from you again real soon. Yes?

F. W. M.'s HIDDEN TREASURES.—Yes, I get a good chance to study human nature by the different letters I receive. Of course I get a great many good laughs. Some of my fair and fairer readers have great senses of humor. It is very interesting work, believe me, although a trifle hard at that. Still, I wouldn't give it up for the world. I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I did. Of course there is always a chance for new blood in the motion-picture industry, and when this awful war is over I am sure that the business will take a tremendous boom, leaning mostly to comedy and comedy drama. The people will have had enough suffering, and will need something to cheer them up. In fact, they need it at the present time, but when this war is over, just mark my words, and watch for the big boom.

J. M. S.—Elsie Ferguson has been playing in pictures a little less than a year. Jack Holt was the leading man with Mary Pickford in "The Little American." "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is about the most successful Mary Pickford subject. Cleo Madison's last picture was in the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes." Antonio Moreno had the lead opposite Pearl White in that serial. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896.

RAY C.—Am sorry, but I haven't the address of D. B. The letter was destroyed. If David B. sees this answer will he please send his address to the Oracle?—as Ray C. is anxious to correspond with him. Write Billie Reeves in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

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Hoosier Institute Short Story Dept., Dept. 1589 Fort Wayne, Ind.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

A Bather.—You should be more careful addressing me, "Dear Old Oracle." You do know whether I'm old or not, and furthermore I'm not going to tell you. Supposing I'm woman and a bit on in years, how do you suppo I like it? You know women never think th are old, and if I were young it wouldn't plea me to be called "old." No matter which I m be, young, old, man, or woman, I would natural not like it, would I? Still, I shan't tell y which way it would offend me, as it would giving my identity away, and that would nev do at all. If I'm an Oracle, I must be a my terious one, or none at all. I see you apologiz so I'll forgive you, anyway. I don't know w they never print a picture of Mary Pickford in bathing suit, unless it is that she has never h a photo of herself taken in her beach ador ment. Lottie Pickford is still on earth. T last picture she did was with her brother Ja in "Mile-a-minute Kendall." Tom Meighan w the young gentleman who played opposite Bill Burke in "Eve's Daughter." You can reach hi by letter in care of the Lasky Studios, Vi Street, Hollywood, California. Norma Talmad was born in 1897.

Katherine L. and May D.—You certain asked a great many questions, but as most them were against the rules of the Oracle D partment your answers will be few. You ref to J. Cullen Landis in "Who Is Number One? "Skinner's Dress Suit," "Skinner's Bubble," an "Skinner's Baby" were the three stories th comprised the Skinner series in which Bryan Washburn was featured by Essanay. Ja Novak and Monroe Salisbury had the leadin rôles in the Clune spectacle, "The Eyes of th World." William S. Hart is his right nam Lottie Pickford's last appearance on the scree was with her brother Jack in "Mile-a-minut Kendall."

I. K.—Address Robert in care of the Metr Pictures Corporation, New York City.

Grace Harlowe.—"The New York Hat" wa about the first picture that Mary Pickford eve appeared in. It was produced at the Biograp by D. W. Griffith. Mary Miles Minter was bor in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. Mar guerite Clark first saw the light of day in Cin cinnati, Ohio, during the year 1887. I am sur that Grace Cunard would send you one of he photographs. Address her in care of Willis Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los An geles, California. No, it doesn't seem as thoug Florence Lawrence will ever return to the scree again. She did return for one picture severa years ago, but then went back into retiremen again. Marguerite is the name of Mae Marsh' sister. You are wrong about Charles Chaplin joining the army. He is still making comedie at his studios in Hollywood, California. Flugrat is Viola Dana's correct name. Leonie Flugrath or Shirley Mason, as she is known on the screen is her sister.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

M. H. H.—Address Ann Little in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Yes, I am sure that Ann would be only too glad to send you one of her photographs. Better inclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of the photograph and the mailing, and be sure of receiving a dandy one. Yes, stamps will do all right. Robert Gordon is the name of the young man that played the rôle of *Huckleberry Finn* in the Lasky productions of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck and Tom." He is in the army now, but a letter addressed to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, will be sure to reach him. Marjorie Rambeau plays on both the stage and the screen, and is equally as popular on both. Lillian Gish had the leading rôle in "Enoch Arden." J. Stuart Blackton should be addressed in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Of course there is no harm in conserving paper. Write on any kind and on all sides if you like.

C. S. W.—Mary Miles Minter will get any letter you may send to her at the American Studios, Santa Barbara, California. Mae Murray is seen in one picture in about every six weeks. Write to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Yes, we have several photos of Mary Miles Minter, but they are not for sale.

B. C. O.—I heartily agree with you that there is certainly a lack of good scenario writers in the film business to-day. You can count them all on one hand, the really big ones. Instead of stories becoming easier to get, they are getting scarcer all the time, and after reading some of Will Ritchey's scenario articles I am inclined to agree with him that the reason so many aspiring authors fail is because they either haven't the ability to succeed or else they have the ability, but don't want to give the time and effort necessary to get the photo-play writing *angle,* nor will they do the thinking and hard work that are necessary in order to succeed.

E. G.—The Market Booklet which you sent for has been mailed to you. It will give you the names and addresses of all the motion-picture companies in the United States.

A Jack Pickford Fan.—Yes, I guess I see the various films as soon as any one, if not a little sooner. Jack Pickford and Mary Pickford are brother and sister. Gladys Smith is the correct name of Mary Pickford, so naturally Jack's is Smith, too. Jack is about twenty-one years old. He has been on and off the screen for a good many years, having started first with the old Biograph when his sister Mary was playing leads there. Jack is in the navy just now, so is not making any more pictures until the war is over. Clara Horton is the name of the young lady who had the leading feminine part with Jack Pickford in "Tom Sawyer."

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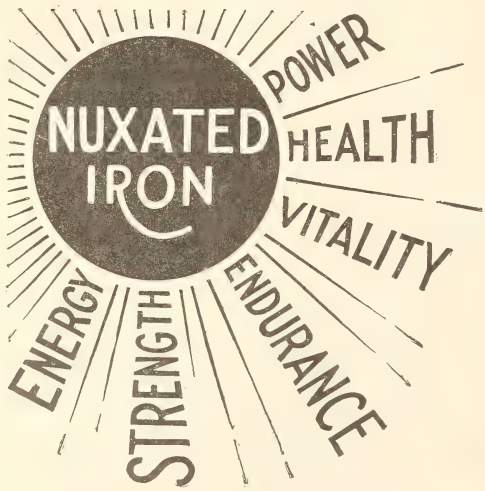

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

CONSTANCE C.—Send six cents in stamps to th editor of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE for a cop of the Market Booklet. It will give you th names and addresses of all the motion-pictur producing companies in the United States.

PEGGY.—No, I really like to answer the ques tions. Write to Charles Ray in care of the Inc Studios, Los Angeles, California; Mary Pickfor at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Build ing, Los Angeles, California; Marguerite Clar at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fift Avenue, New York City, and the same addres for Billie Burke. Bessie Barriscale should b written to in care of the Brunton Studios, Mel rose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. I am sur that they will send you the photographs you seek Lillian and Dorothy Gish, as well as Ben Alex ander, receive their daily mail at the Sunse Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles California. The Dolly sisters have not made a picture since their "Million-Dollar Dollies," fo the Metro. They will get any letters sent to then in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Constance Talmadge should be written to at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Lottie Pickford, Dustin Farnum, Blanche Sweet, and Francelia Billington get their letters at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. William Russell's mail box is at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. George Walsh receives his at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Wally Reid's address is the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Geraldine Farrar and Mae Marsh will get any mail sent to them in care of the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Shirley Mason gets her daily letters at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Theda Bara is still greeting the mailman at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. The Fairbanks twins and Irene Castle are not playing in pictures at present. J. Warren Kerrigan's mail is always sent to the Willis & Inglis Studios, Hollywood, California, where he makes his own features. Lottie Pickford is not working in pictures now. The last feature she did was with her brother Jack in "Mile-a-minute Kendall." Marguerite Marsh is now playing in the Houdini serial. Address her the same as sister Mae. Francelia Billington is very well known. Theda Bara has a brother and a sister. Her brother, Mark, is in the United States army. No, Casson Ferguson did not play in any pictures with Theda Bara. Write Casson at the Lasky Studios. Yes, Ellis and Ella are two different personages. Ella gets her mail in care of Willis & Inglis. Marguerite Clark is thirty-one years of age. She is only four feet ten inches tall, and weighs but ninety pounds. Her latest picture is a version of the stage play, "The Three Bears." It is renamed "Three Men and a Girl." Yes, she played on the stage before she entered the films. You had quite a load of questions on your chest, didn't you?

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

ANNA AND ROSE.—I'm sorry, but I can't tell you how you both can become motion-picture actresses. Don't you think that you youngsters are rather young to begin your motion-picture careers at the ages of nine and eleven? You will have plenty of time when you leave high school to think of such things, if you still feel the same way about it. You will probably have changed your minds by that time, and have something else in mind. The only way that I know of for any one to get into the pictures is by the extra route. Go to some of the studios and apply for extra work, and you may get a chance some time to get on the screen. The producers these days aren't very anxious to put little girls without any stage or screen experience in their pictures. I don't know of any motion-picture school of acting that I could recommend to you.

MISS MARGARET C.—Yes, it is quite true that Robert Warwick is in the United States army. He is a captain attached to the staff of General Pershing. Mary Pickford is twenty-six years old. Yes, write the name and address on the envelope, using the address of the firm. You are quite wrong about Theda Bara being dead. She is very much alive at present. George Larkin has just finished a serial for the Diando Film Company. Victoria Forde last played in a Fox picture opposite Tom Mix.

MR. DAVID R.—Your six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet reached me safely. The editor has mailed you a copy.

H. C.—Write to Marguerite Clark in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Baby Marie Osborne gets all of her mail at the Diando Studios, Glendale, California, while Madge Evans should be written to in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. I should say that you write a very nice little letter for a person of but twelve years. Write me any time you want to know anything, and I shall be glad to tell you anything that I can.

HELEN S.—Tom Moore and Madge Kennedy's latest feature in which they appear together for Goldwyn is "The Kingdom of Youth," which was directed by Clarence G. Badger. Bert Lytel is starring in features for the Metro Pictures Corporation. Jack Mower is the name of the gentleman who appeared opposite Margarita Fisher in "A Square Deal." Write to him in care of the American Studios, Santa Barbara, California. Casson Ferguson had the leading rôle opposite Mary Pickford in her Artcraft subject, "How Could you, Jean?" A letter sent to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, will be sure to reach him. Herbert Rawlinson has been playing in pictures lately for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. His latest release, however, is "The Common Cause," J. Stuart Blackton's propaganda picture.

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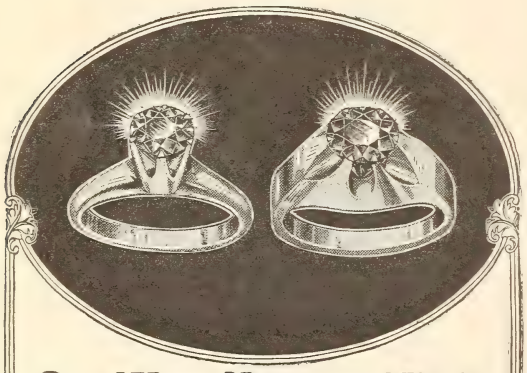

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

D. K. M.—Is Charlie Chaplin a mute? Good night! This seems to be one of the pet stories about the famous comedian. Charlie can talk just as well as anybody. There is nothing at all wrong with him, except an uncanny ability to bring in the golden dollars—for making people laugh. I think too much of my young life to tell you which actress I think the prettiest. Remember the others would all get mad, and I haven't lived half as long as I want to yet. No, Marion and Madeline Fairbanks are not playing in pictures at the present time. Write to Crane Wilbur in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Miriam Cooper receives all of her mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Eugenie Forde is still playing in pictures for various companies. "The House of Hate" is the Pearl White serial that followed "The Fatal Ring." Antonio Moreno was her leading man.

COMEDY FAN.—Address Charles Ray in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Charles Chaplin has his own studio in Hollywood, California, where he receives all of his mail.

BEN M.—Your letter with the six cents in stamps inclosed received. The editor has mailed you a copy of the Market Booklet. I am sure you will find it a very valuable little book.

HERBERT S. D.—I'm sorry, friend Herbert, but it will be impossible for me to send you one of my photographs. In the first place I haven't any, and in the second it would reveal my identity, which wouldn't do at all. Where do you think I get any time to have my face photographed?*

JOY.—Mae Murray certainly gets a very appealing, sad look on her face when she wants to. "Shoes" was indeed a very good production. Well, why shouldn't it be with Lois Weber handling it? Grace Cunard has not made very many pictures lately. They have all been for the Universal. Mary Fuller is not playing on the screen at present. I don't know whether she has retired for good or not. Bessie Love has just joined the Vitagraph Company, and is making her first picture for that company at their Western studios in Hollywood, California. John Gilbert is playing the leading rôle opposite her. Write Grace Cunard, in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. You are one of the very few of my readers who don't want to become motion-picture stars. It should be the duty of every one who has friends or relatives "over there" to write to them as often as possible, and help cheer them up. There is nothing like a letter from friends to help make a Yank feel more cheerful.

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*The Oracle, of course, means this as a joke. It may interest some of the Oracle's readers to know that a very good picture of the Oracle happens to be printed in this number of PICTURE-PLAY. I am, however, pledged to conceal the Oracle's identity, and I cannot, therefore, tell you on which page to look for it.—EDITOR.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Clarence R. L.—You mean Charles Ray, don't you? Address him in care of the Ince Studios, Los Angeles, California. There is not any company with studios in San Diego at the present time. When Margarita Fisher had her company there she used the Indian village at the exposition grounds for her studio. Dorothy Phillips receives all of her letters in care of Universal City, California. Write to Carmen Phillips, George Larkin, Tom Mix, Francelia Billington, and Enid Markey in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Elaine Hammerstein and Kitty Gordon should be addressed at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

S. S. E.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor of Picture-Play Magazine for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of all the principal motion-picture companies in the United States. It is a very handy book to have.

Howard B. B.—A copy of the Market Booklet has been sent to you as per your request and the six cents in stamps.

F. H. M.—Charles Ray is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and is twenty-six years old. You can reach him by letter in care of the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Girard and Georgia Streets, Los Angeles, California.

Russel J.—You are correct about Lila Lee. She was the *Cuddles* who sang in Gus Edwards' "School Days" company. She is working for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and gets all of her mail now at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Edith G.—The Market Booklet, for which you sent me six cents in stamps, has been mailed to you by the editor. You will find everything that you want to know in the valuable little book.

Elnora Marshall.—What do you mean "Reel Lifes?" Peggy and Billie are not sisters. Yes, it is true that Florence La Badie is dead. She died as the result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident when the machine she was riding in turned over.

Dot Don.—Margarita Fisher's mail should be addressed to the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California; ditto William Russell's. Alice Brady gets hers at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Jack Mower's address is the same as Margarita Fisher's. Bill Russell is a very good athlete. I am sure that he would gladly send such an ardent admirer as yourself one of his likenesses, appropriately autographed. I should certainly enjoy hearing from you again. You're welcome.

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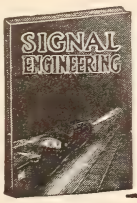

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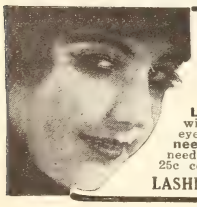

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Fred Stone's Stage Friend.—Fred Stone has done three pictures for the Artcraft program since he took a vacation from the stage. It wasn't much of a vacation for Fred, because he had to work harder than he ever did before in those three pictures, which were filled with many daring stunts. Ella Hall is his opposite in "Under the Top," and "Sunshine Mary" Anderson has the leading rôle opposite him in "Johnny, Get Your Gun." Rhea Mitchell will be seen with him in "His Goat." You can get a letter to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. He intends to return to the screen again next year, after he completes his stage work.

Peggy Darling.—Ruth Clifford can be reached by mail at Universal City, California. Carol Holloway receives her letters at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. You ought to feel very proud of all those nice pictures Mary Miles Minter sent you.

Hazel M.—You can reach Alice Brady by letter at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Edith C.—Charlotte Walker has not returned to pictures again as yet. Geraldine Farrar is no longer with Artcraft. Goldwyn has this talented star under its wing now. Wallace Reid is still with Paramount, but is the only one of the lot you mentioned. Pauline Frederick is also with Goldwyn.

Mrs. W. S. J.—I turned your letter, with the six cents in stamps, over to the editor, and he has mailed you the latest edition of the famous Market Booklet.

La R.—No, Harry Meyers hasn't a studio of his own. He is working in various features in and around New York, while Rosemary Theby is doing her work on the coast. Address him in care of the Screen Club, New York City. Rosemary gets all of her mail at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Sweet Patootie.—You are quite correct about Fannie Ward's age. Ralph Kellard was the young, good-looking gentleman who played the part of *T. O. Adams* in the Pearl White serial, "Pearl of the Army." Write to him in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Billie Burke has a most pleasing personality on the screen. The Drew Comedies are the best ever for fine, clever entertainment. S. Rankin Drew, the former Vitagraph director, who was recently killed in France, was a son of Sidney Drew. Billie Burke is about thirty-three years old. The Market Booklet gives you the names and addresses of all the motion-picture companies in the United States, and what kind of stories they are in the market for. Herbert Rawlinson was born in Brighton, England, in 1885. Douglas Fairbanks first saw the light of day in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Mollie King was born in New York in 1898.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

I. H.—Some one has been having a fine time kidding you. No, William S. Hart is not an Indian or half a one. He is straight American, and was born in New York. Write to William Russell, in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. William Duncan receives his daily mail at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, California. William Desmond still continues to find his mail box at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California, crowded every day. I am sure that Billie Burke would send you a photograph of herself. Write to her in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. No, Clara Kimball Young and Grace Cunard are not related. "Berlin via America" is the latest photo play with Francis Ford. He is now directing and playing the lead in a serial for his own company. Little Ben Alexander will get any letter you may send to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. I think William S. Hart will send you a photo. Address him at the W. S. Hart Studio, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Admirer of "The Seven Bracks."—Yes, I have seen your acrobatic friends perform on the stage. You should be able to reach them by letter in care of United Booking Offices, New York City. Grace Cunard is not working at the present time. She has just completed a feature for Universal. Yes, "The Bull's-Eye," featuring Eddie Polo, is a serial.

M. M.—Eugene O'Brien is his real as well as reel name. He was born in Colorado in 1884. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has light-brown hair with blue eyes. Guess that ought to give you a good description of him. Norma Talmadge is her real name. "Her Only Way" is her latest picture. Niagara Falls first saw Norma in 1897. She doesn't get enough time off from her work to bother about society now. Tom Moore is the gentleman's real name. He is a brother of Owen, Matt, and Joe Moore Yes, Eugene O'Brien has visited California several times. He made a picture with Mary Pickford in California.

Pearl's Pal.—Your letter must have gone astray. It is very nice of Pearl indeed to feel the way she does. I am sure that I don't know what you could do to stop Pathé from putting your favorite in serials. These serials always bring in a handsome profit to the Pathé Company, and for Pearl also, and it would be a mighty hard task to try to make them cut off this handsome revenue, don't you think so? You will have to inquire of the editor about a cover of Pearl White, as he attends to all such things. Yes, Pearl attends to her own correspondence, and I know that she answers a great many letters. She should be able to tell of many thrilling experiences, if any one could, judging from the various stunts and experiences she has had in her many serials.

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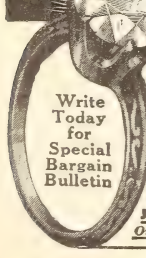

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

SIS 16.—I'm sorry, but I can't tell you who the leader of the mob was in that serial. It's hard enough to keep track of the players who take the leading parts. The reason the small towns nearly always get bad prints is because they are run in all the large cities first, and naturally when they reach the smaller towns they are not in very good condition. It's too bad, too, because the film fans in these places never see a film at its best. Yes, it was Elliott Dexter who played opposite Mary Pickword in "A Romance of the Redwoods."

MADAME SEVEN.—There are so many answers for "Why does a chicken cross the road?" that I haven't enough space in the Oracle Department to give you them. Billy West is not working before the camera at the present time. Charlie Chaplin should feel very lonesome these days without any imitators. None of the people who impersonate the one and only Charles on the screen ever seem to last very long with the public.

X. Y. Z.—No, I have never heard of a motion-picture company in Detroit by the name of the Roscoe Film Company.

ANXIOUS.—"Texas" Guinan had the title rôle in the Triangle production of "The Gun Woman." She is not playing in pictures at present.

MILDRED L. R.—Edwin August hasn't been with the Eaco, which means Edwin August Company, for a long time. He is now with the Universal. Address him in care of Universal City, California.

BARBARA.—Marguerite Clark's hair is naturally the way you see it on the screen. Mary Pickford is twenty-six years old. You would never think it, would you? Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1887.

W. C. O.—Do not know where you can address Maibelle. Fred Stone gets all of his mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. The editor has sent you a copy of the Market Booklet, which you no doubt have received long before this reaches you.

MAE MCK.—Madge Kennedy was a stage star before entering work in the pictures a little over a year ago. "Little Miss Brown," "Twin Beds," and "Fair and Warmer" were her biggest stage successes. The Market Booklet has been sent to you.

SASSY M. E. R.—Yes, I saw several episodes of "The Eagle Eye" series, and enjoyed them very much. Courtney Ryley Cooper, who wrote the serial, is now in the marine corps. He is a very fine fellow and a very good writer, I think. King Baggot and Marguerite Snow will receive any mail you send them if addressed in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. I think you write very well for a little miss of thirteen. I shall look forward to your keeping that promise to write again soon.

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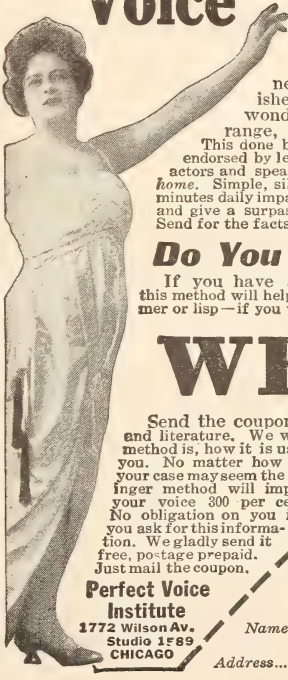

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JANUARY, 1919

Filming the Fighting Front

Wolves of Kultur

The High Cost of Vamping

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NEW YORK

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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The world's strongest and most perfect athlete, whose unaccepted challenge of competition to the greatest living "strong men" still stands.

UNLESS you are, you cannot commit a crime worse than to marry some happy, healthy, pure young girl, and make her the mother of children who will be a grief to her and a reproach to you as long as you live.

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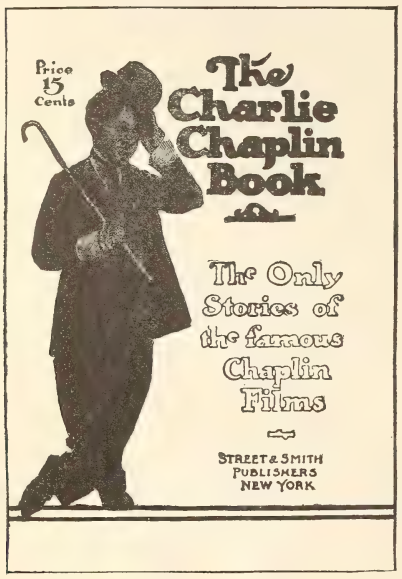
CHARLIE!



NO need of asking: "Charlie who?" Everybody knows that just "Charlie," is Charlie Chaplin.

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For American Soldiers

BY

DAISY AGNEW MacLEAN

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Favorite Picture Players

CLAIRE ANDERSON

introducing style and charm plus, in a picture hat and a snaky train. She might well be called the première of screen intermezzo, for it was her brilliant work in short, entertaining comedies that sped this Triangle twinkler up the heights of success.

Her "Mlle. Paulette," in which she was first featured, brought bigger opportunities along with her opening night's roses, which have resulted in "The Gray Parasol" and "Crown Jewels." She admits that her birthplace, Detroit, Michigan, had nothing to do with her success, that a newspaper man inveigled her into essaying the movies, and that Triangle-Keystone held her pretty chin above water until she could swim.

MABEL NORMAND

And here's to old friends, old faces, and perennial sweethearts, the poet might have added, for a fondness for Mabel Normand, like hope, springs eternal in the human breast. If Mabel's on, we go. And that's mainly the reason why we saw her in the romping comedy, "A Perfect Thirty-six"—and agreed that it was.

LOUISE FAZENDA

raised the question, "Are Waitresses Safe?" under the guidance of Mack Sennett, and then came pretty near disproving it because she was the charming waitress in the case. Miss Fazenda is forging ahead, despite her brief sojourn in screenland, and we predict a bright future for her—not alone in spangles, either.

AGNES AYRES

came to be Edward Earle's leading lady in a series of O. Henry pictures interspersed with comedies, via Chicago, her birthplace, and a sculptor who declared she had a classic profile and forthwith "did" her in marble. Whereupon Agnes' chin went up, and she struck out for the movies. She is the lady of quality in "The Gentleman of Quality," with Edward Earle.

WINIFRED WESTOVER

leads William Russell in his most recent picture by an intangible charm as enchanting as those maidenly curls. Miss Westover arrived at the golden gate of Los Angeles a little over a year ago with a hand bag and assets to wit: one pouty mouth, two sparkling eyes, one saucy nose. The golden gate swung open, and ever since has remained tight closed—with Winifred inside.

EVELYN GREELEY

who is making steady inroads into the hearts of picture lovers has, at this writing, two trump cards ready to be played. Her "Courage for Two," with Carlyle Blackwell, is a prescription for the blues, from advance accounts, and "Allies," scheduled for early spring, bids fair to be as good as its name.

EUGENE O'BRIEN

But who needs an introduction to this ruddy-cheeked, gray-eyed young Viking who goes about persistently capturing the fairest ladies of the screen? Paramount beckoned him away from the beautiful Norma Talmadge to play opposite Elsie Ferguson in "Under the Greenwood Tree," and now we hear that he is to appear with Marguerite Clark in "The Golden Bird."

ELINOR FAIR

is a newcomer to the silent drama—which is nothing against her, except that she didn't come sooner. The day after she blew out sixteen candles on her birthday cake she took her high-school report card to the casting door of Triangle, and exchanged it for a screen report card. If first reports are a sure sign, Elinor will be promoted rapidly.

LEATRICE JOY

wandered off her father's plantation in New Orleans to the Mecca of the movies in California. Sloe eyes and sunny smiles brought an engagement with Universal, which was followed by a brace of pictures with Kerrigan. Her most recent achievement, which, by the way, is not likely to be her last, is leading ladyship to William Farnum.

Lieutenant Charles Phelps Cushing, former magazine writer, now in charge of the editing of news photographs and films in Paris, snapped while acting as a movie director out "on location."

Filming the Fighting Front

Scattered throughout our armies overseas the camera men in khaki are sharing with the fighters all the hardships and dangers of war, while recording its progress on celluloid.

By Charles Gatchell

THE little, wiry man leaned over his desk in a tense attitude, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm as he sat talking to me in his office, high above New York's great amusement center, where he manages one of the largest of the film-news weeklies. He had just returned from France, where, at the request of the committee on public information, he had spent several months inspecting the work of the photographers with the United States army. His name, I might add, is E. B. Hatrick.

"We were back of the lines that day," he was saying, "but not so far back as to be comfortable. Away up in the air—just a couple of swirling specks against a background of blue—there were a couple of aëroplanes, a Spad and

C. J. Hubbell and E. B. Hatrick, taken while at the front on a special photographic mission for the committee on public information.

an Albatross, having a nice little duel all by themselves. Over at one side were the blackened trunks and stumps of what had been a forest. Here and there shrapnel was bursting. The white puffs would bubble and then drift away and disappear. Away off you could hear the thur-ruum, thur-ruum of the big guns, blasting away the ramparts that were holding us up on our start toward Berlin.

"I was out watching some of our photographers work, and they were just getting ready to take pictures of a wrecked aëroplane—the one which had carried Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt

to his death. That was what we'd come out to get. One of the men, Lieutenant Charles Phelps Cushing, of the marines, serving on special detached duty as news photograph editor of the signal corps, was in charge of the work, and was standing holding his hands before his eyes, his thumbs and fingers touching to form a rectangle—a sort of frame through which he could study the picture made by the scene in front of him.*

"He was just about to tell the photographer to go ahead and shoot, when all at once a shell burst. It was about a thousand feet away, I judged, and I don't mind telling you that I began to feel nervous. Later on I got used to shells, but I hadn't at that time. Cushing was just looking sort of thoughtful, while his photographer stood awaiting orders, and looking politely bored.

" 'That would have been a nice bit to have had in the background—that shell,' said Cushing quietly. 'Maybe we'd better wait a minute. I like to have the stuff looking *real.*' He squinted up at the aëroplanes. 'Maybe they'll come closer. Or perhaps he'll pot the Albatross. That would make a peach if we could catch it just as it landed!'

"So we waited and watched. But they didn't come any closer, and finally the Albatross banked, dived, looped, and then suddenly scooted for home. We waited some more. But there weren't any more aëroplanes or shells bursting near us.

" 'We're out o' luck,' said the camera man finally.

"Well, at that, Cushing told him to go ahead and shoot, so they took their pictures and we started back.

*Readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE will remember Charles Phelps Cushing as a regular contributor of articles which appeared in these pages before we entered the European conflict. He has been in service since the outbreak of the war.—EDITOR.

The camera men with the armies have to adapt themselves to every kind of army life.

They are soldiers of the tripod, these army photographers, enduring the same hardships as the men who carry rifles.

" 'A man with a camera seems to be a jinx,' said Cushing to me, while we were talking about news photography. 'I wish we could have gotten that air battle,' he said, 'but whoever heard of such luck? Every time I go up to the front they show me craters and tell me what unusually fine stuff I could have had if I'd been there about daybreak—when there wasn't enough light for taking pictures—or the day before, when it was raining, or some other time when I just didn't happen to be there. But whenever the sun is shining right, and the camera man's on the job, things suddenly become peaceful. I hope the folks back home know that we're doing our best to give 'em the real stuff.'

"Of course," Hatrick went on, lighting his cigar again, "he was exaggerating about a camera man being a jinx, as I had good reason to learn before I got through, because Hubbell and I—Hubbell was my own camera man—found things plenty warm enough for us on several occasions. *We* didn't seem to be jinxes. But it's true that taking war photographs is a more difficult thing than you'd imagine—that is, to get big, realistic effects when the fighting is going on.

"In the first place, if you take a wide range of a battle going on all you get is a lot of shells bursting. There's no way of showing hundreds of men making a charge, because they don't go forward in close formation. You're lucky if you can get a half dozen figures in the range of your camera.

"Then the photographers, of course, like all soldiers, have to protect themselves as much as possible. A photographer wouldn't be allowed to expose himself unnecessarily, even if he wanted to.

"The first time I went up to the very front where there was heavy fighting—it was at Château-Thierry—we landed, Hubbell and I, at night. We'd come in an auto with credentials from headquarters.

"We struck a village and were stopped. A colonel came out and demanded to know what the bang bang blazes we were doing there. I told him that we were photographers from headquarters. Say, he was one mad colonel. He let loose a volley of heavy-artillery talk and said he didn't want any photographers or correspondents or any one but fighting men around there. Of course, when he found out who sent us he let us stay, rather reluctantly. But he wouldn't let us go around and work as we wanted to. Not much.

He didn't want to take the slightest chance of our drawing the attention of a Boche observer, and then—shell fire. I didn't blame him. He was dead right. Pictures were important, but human lives were more so.

"But those camera boys are certainly soldiers. The only difference is that they carry tripods instead of rifles. They have to take practically the same risks as any of the others, they bear the same hardships—the same long marches, the waiting for hours in the cold or even in the mud. Some of them have been killed. Some of them, of course, are fellows who got their appointments before they went over—a good many have commissions. Others were picked out from the ranks over there. Several of the movie operators were camera men for the big stars. One of them, Harry Thorpe, had worked for a long time for Fairbanks.

"I saw him one day on the other side. He'd just come back from a week at the front. 'Say,' he said, 'I used to think it was a pretty lively job taking Doug's stuff when he got going good, but since I tackled this stuff—— Oh, boy!'

"The photographers are mighty keen about their work, especially when they have a good bit of luck. I remember one piece of film I saw, a view of a church in a little village being shelled by the Germans. Fritz had decided that he wanted to put that church out of business, and he accomplished his purpose in short order. The photographer started shooting the church about the same time the Germans did. He just had a hunch that something was going to happen there, he told me afterward.

"Well, a few seconds after he began grinding, shell after shell began to burst, and in a few minutes the church went down, a crumbling, smoking ruin. It was as perfect as though it had been made to order. That was luck.

To "make the stuff look real" is a hard task. This is a picture of an American machine-gun position in operation and under heavy fire. Yet any posed picture would have looked just as well.

"But I knew another photographer who got a view of a charge by going out at night into No Man's Land and crawling down into a shell hole. He rigged up some stones back of which he could hide his camera, up on top, and the next morning, when our boys went over the top, he was ready for them. That was pluck.

"And I saw lots of cases of pluck. One aëroplane pilot I knew took a camera man named Lieutenant Cooper up one day to shoot some bird's-eye stuff. All at once the machine began to rock and tip. The pilot got her steadied, and, looking around, saw that his observer had crawled out and was lying flat on the back end of the machine, where he could get a better shot.

"I suppose we have fifty or more camera men in France. Most of them are members of the signal corps, which has charge of the work. There is a movie man and a still photographer attached to every division. Then we have a mobile division of photographers attached to each army corps. These fellows can go about pretty freely, wherever the most interesting things are going on.

"Besides these, there are photographers at the points of debarkation, and at other places where some of our big engineering and industrial projects connected with the army are being carried out. These men keep in touch constantly with the intelligence department of the army, to keep posted on where things are happening.

"Whenever the photographers have finished a reel of film it's sent to the main laboratory in Paris to be developed. The stuff is edited there, titles explaining the still photographs are written and attached to them, and the output is shipped over here to the war college. Some of it is stored away in vaults for historical purposes, and some is released through the committee on public information to the magazines and newspapers. The film, of course, is released in the news weeklies, and is made up into such big national propaganda features as 'Pershing's Crusaders,' 'America's Answer,' and the like.

"And when you see those pictures," the wiry little man concluded, "remember that the boys who take them are Uncle Sam's soldiers, doing soldiers' work, and doing it well."

A three-minute rest on a French highway.

Comedian, Not Comedienne

By John Elliott Addison

WHAT d'you know about that? A *girl!* That's the darnedest, funniest thing!"

It was at a showing of "Battling Jane," and two young men in the darkened house behind me were voicing their appreciation of Dorothy Gish's performance in plain terms for all who cared to hear.

It *was* the "darnedest, funniest thing," as you'll doubtless agree if you saw the film, and, all unconscious, the chaps who sat behind me sharpened the point of my story.

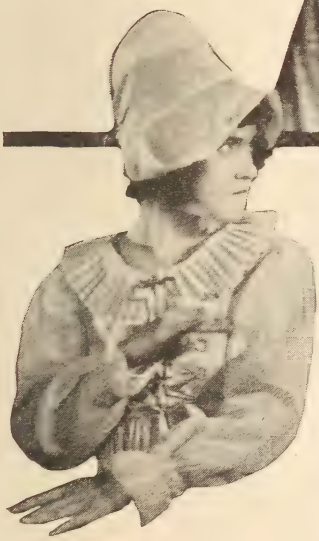
"*A girl!*" That's what I thought, too, for the astounding part of the little Gish girl's acting was that any girl *could* act like that. Most women when they try to be funny do it at the expense of their sex, They are amusing, not because of what they do, but because they are women doing it, and I might mention half a dozen screen actresses who are good examples of what I mean—

without belittling their efforts, either. Some one has said that there are two types of humor —humor and a woman's idea of humor. If that's the case, Dorothy Gish has humor, and let's be devoutly thankful to the powers who, on seeing her inimitable performance of the *Little Disturber* in "Hearts of the World," made her pin a black-bobbed wig over her blond curls, and signed her up for a series of comedies.

The *Little Disturber*, a bit of screen art which would be hard to match, Dorothy follows up with *Battling Jane*, a Peter Pan sort of a girl who inherits a baby from its dying mother. Even the dying is humorous—Jane makes it so.

She receives the mother's kiss heroically, and prepares to battle against the world for the baby with her hands, her feet, and her eyes. It may justly be said that Miss Gish misses not one bet for a chance for humor throughout the picture. And, clad in a straight small apron, her lithe little figure is often reminiscent of a boy.

In "The Hope Chest," Dorothy dons a Dutch

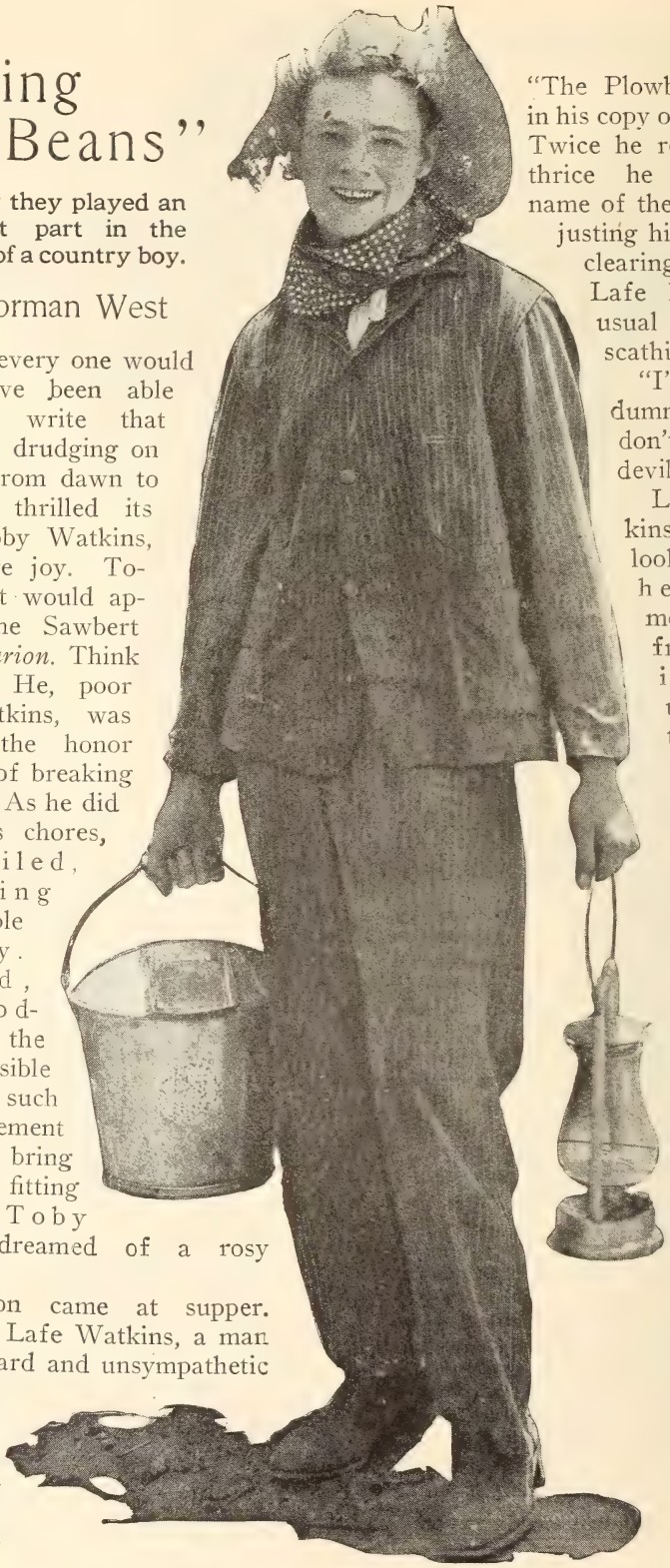


costume, and as a waitress in a candy store continues her bloodless battle with the world by means of much humor and side-splitting faces. You'll find the picture more on the order of comedy drama than the straight comedy of the first in the series, but the distinctive type of humor which Dorothy has created sparkles throughout the film. There is the same finesse about Dorothy's comedy that the French chef puts into the creation of his master dish, on the whole a masculine forbearance which gives enough, but not too much to long for more. Dorothy's humor gives a filip to your appetite for screen comedy—without satiating it.

"String Beans"

And how they played an important part in the romance of a country boy.

By Gorman West



NOT every one would have been able to write that poem after drudging on the farm from dawn to dark. It thrilled its author, Toby Watkins, with a rare joy. Today, too, it would appear in the Sawbert *Weekly Clarion.* Think of that! He, poor Toby Watkins, was to have the honor and glory of breaking into print. As he did his endless chores, Toby smiled, wondering what people would say. Abused, downtrodden, given the least possible schooling, such an achievement ought to bring him some fitting reward. Toby Watkins dreamed of a rosy future.

Disillusion came at supper. His uncle, Lafe Watkins, a man about as hard and unsympathetic as the kitchen sink, discovered the verses entitled "The Plowboy's Dream" in his copy of the *Clarion.* Twice he read the lines, thrice he conned the name of the author. Adjusting his glasses, and clearing his throat, Lafe let loose his usual preamble to scathing criticism.

"I'll be gum-dummed! If it don't beat the devil!"

Lavinia Watkins, his wife, looked up from her measurement of the fried potatoes into three unequal portions — the smallest being for Toby, of course, in inverse ratio to his size. "What's up now, Lafe?" she inquired through her nose. "More bank break-in' over to Sawbert?"

"Worsener than that, Vinnie," cried her husband. "Guess ag'in!" And Mr. Watkins burst into

a harsh laugh that was more like a bray.

"Land sakes, how kin I guess?" She noticed that her nephew had turned scarlet, and that he put salt in his tea. "Anythin' to do with Toby, here? He looks fitten to have a fit!"

"Listen to this, Vinnie!" cried Lafe. He read the poem. It was long, as amateur pieces are apt to be.

"Our nephew there is the poet, Vinnie!" exclaimed Lafe. "It accounts for his laziness and good-for-nothin'-ness. No wonder he can't work."

"Good lands, Lafe Watkins, you don't mean to tell me Toby writ that truck and had it printed in the paper!" cried the woman, aghast. "What does it mean?"

"It means that Editor Bartrum wants to make a laughin'stock of Toby! The hull county'll be laughin' its fool head off at him."

"Quit that, Uncle Lafe!" commanded the tormented boy, rising from the table, his face gone pale, his blue eyes afire. "You don't know what you're talking about. Mr. Bartrum sent me a letter, praising the poem, and asking for more."

"So's he could make the bigger jackass out o' you!" sneered the farmer, a malignant expression taking possession of his hard features. "Instid o' writin' that darn-fool po'try, you ought to be earnin' your keep here, you moon-eyed monkey!"

"I have been doing the work of three men on this farm," said the boy hotly, "and everybody knows it. You have slaved me since I was a boy on this place. I——"

"Hold your tongue, Tobias Watkins," interrupted his aunt angrily. "Who saved ye from the poorhouse, I'd like to know? Go to your room this very minute, and not another word out of you!"

But the harried lad suddenly turned. For years this rage against their unjust and cruel treatment had simmered. Now it boiled over in a scalding flood.

"I want you to know that I am not a boy, but a man!" shouted Toby. "I'm sick and tired of slaving for you from five in the morning till eight at night—or later. Even my little bit of recreation, reading and writing, you won't let me have. Aunt Lavinia has burned up books of mine. You laugh at education, and now you ridicule my poetry, although it is good enough to be in the *Clarion*. I won't stand such treatment any more!"

The infuriated boy flung out of the room. His aunt and uncle were speechless with surprise and consternation. Toby had been always the meekest and most willing of workers. They had never dreamed of his rebelling. It was unbelievable.

"I'll tan his hide for him!" declared Lafe Watkins, reaching for a whip that stood in a corner of the kitchen. "He's goin' crazy!"

"Jest feelin' his oats, Lafe," said his wife in an attempt to moderate the tempest. "Control yourself, and make him obey you in something he hates to do. Break his sperrit, but do it with your will."

"Right now, too!" exclaimed the man. Thereupon he rushed after the rebel.

Cast of
"String Beans"

adapted from the Paramount picture play by Julian Josephson

Toby Watkins	Charles Ray
Jean Morris	Jane Novak
Zachary Bartrum	John P. Lockney
Kendall Reeves	Donald McDonald
Lott Morris	Al Filson
Joe Farley	Otto Hoffman

He clumped up the stairs to Toby's attic room.

"Go out to the barn and load that grain for market!"

"The morning was to be the time for that!"

"Do as I say!"

Toby made no move.

"Are you going to load that wagon?"

"No!"

"Then pack up and git!"

"I'll be glad to!"

Forgetting his mental force in the anger that surcharged him, Lafe Watkins aimed a blow at the boy, which caught him full in the chest. Toby staggered, but quickly recovered poise. In a twinkling his right fist landed on his uncle's jaw, his left doubling up the man with a drive in the stomach. Lafe Watkins crawled to the door and stumbled downstairs. Like most bullies, he could not stand his own medicine.

"I am getting out to-night, Uncle Lafe!" the boy called after the man. "And don't you bother me again or I might lay you up for months—and you'll need yourself around the farm after I am gone."

It took only an hour for Toby to get ready for his journey into the great outside world. All his possessions went easily into an old grip of his father's—the grip that had held his childish wardrobe when his uncle and aunt had consented to take him in. As he thumped downstairs, his Aunt Lavinia called out to him and sought to establish a reconciliation, but he merely bade her good-by and good luck.

Sawbert, the county seat, was his goal. It was some twenty miles away. But Toby planned to walk half the distance that night, find a bunk, perhaps in a haystack, and complete the journey in the morning.

True to his schedule, Toby arrived in Sawbert before the dew had disappeared. The town was like ten thousand others in the land. Its population was between five and six thousand persons. There were several factories, a main street of stores, but the region was mainly agricultural.

Inwardly abashed, but outwardly bold, Toby sought the *Clarion* office. The newspaper was housed in an old two-story brick building, but Toby thought the brass sign over the door and the clock on its wooden tower were tokens of importance and grandeur. A city was the place for a man, after all. In such a center he would be bound to find appreciation and recognition.

But the first few minutes with Zachary Bartrum, editor and printer of the wonderful *Clarion,* caused Toby grave apprehension as to a city's welcome to its future great men.

"I've come to work for you," Toby began, flushed and nervous.

The editor eyed the rather grotesque figure for a moment in amazement. "Indeed?" he asked. "What do you intend to do?"

"Write poetry," said the astonishing applicant. "I am the author of 'The Plowboy's Dream'—Tobias Watkins."

Mr. Bartrum's eyes twinkled, and a quirk of his mouth betrayed his amusement.

"Ah, glad to meet you, Mr. Watkins. Sit down. That was a good poem of yours. But no one makes a living writing poetry."

The editor saw the boy's face fall. Being a big-hearted man, as well as an impetuous one, he laid his hand on Toby's knee.

"Now, don't be discouraged, my boy. Poetry will keep you in shoe laces, but to earn bread and clothes you must do something else. How would you like to get subscriptions for me, and make collections? You will have to be a hustler, and be willing to do hard work. How about trying it at six a week and your board and keep?"

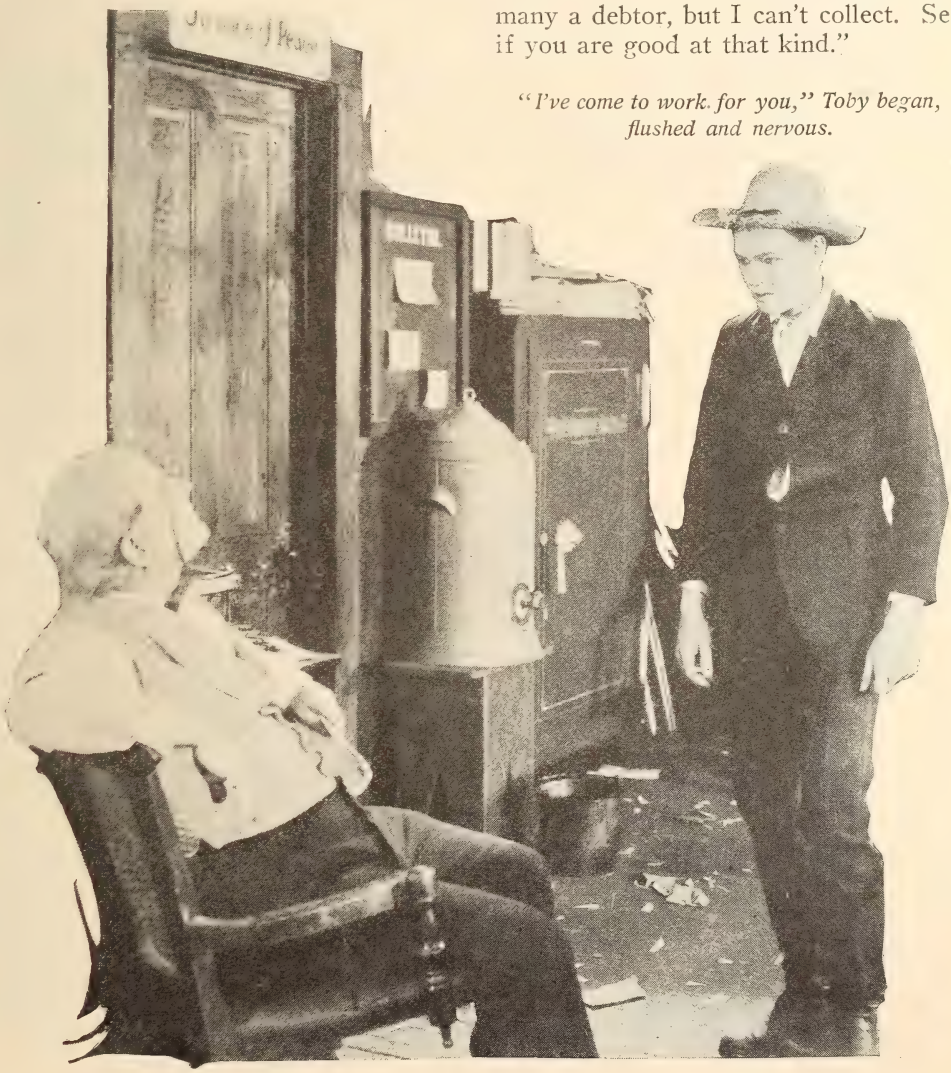
To Toby this offer seemed princely. He was eager to show what he could

do. Mr. Bartrum sensed good material in his hand despite the lack of experience or finish.

"You will have to get new clothes for the job," said Mr. Bartrum. "And by the Lord Harry, I have them for you!"

Of course, Toby stared at this extraordinary statement. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Bartrum was agent for a mail-order tailoring company, and had suits of clothes on hand that were "on hand" for various reasons. The suit he presented to Toby had been ordered by a chap who borrowed the money to pay for it from the editor, then left it with the lender for security, finally disappearing altogether. Mr. Bartrum frequently said he did not know whether he was a tailor, a pawnbroker, an editor, or an easy mark. At the present moment Toby Watkins thought him a guardian angel, to whom he must write an ode. With boyish enthusiasm he said so.

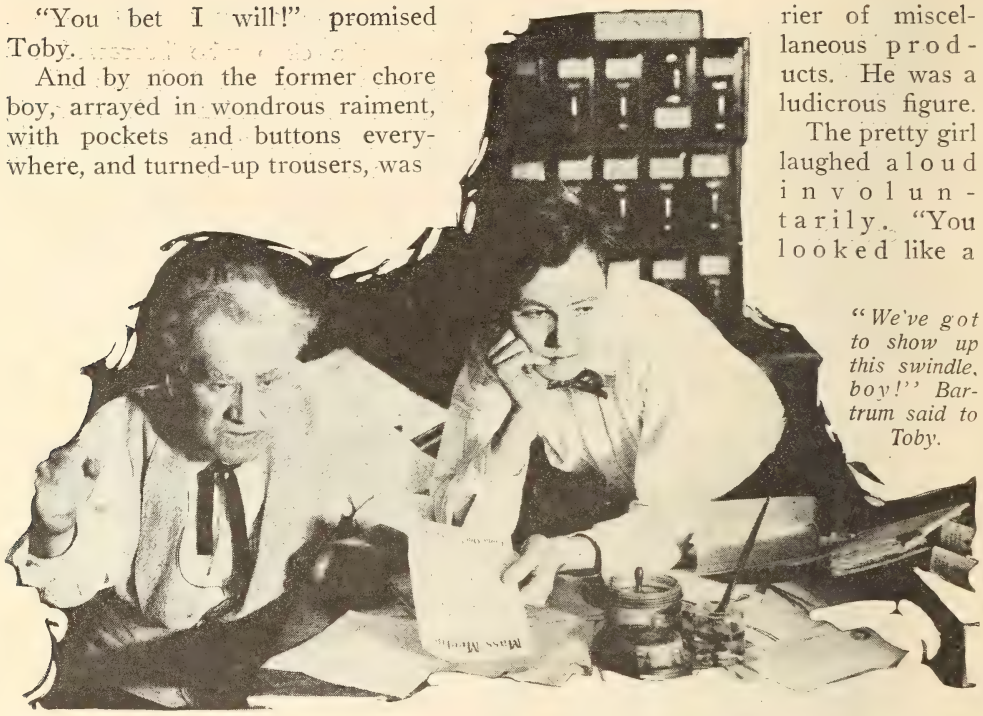
"Make it 'o-w-e-d,'" laughed the editor. "I have written 'oweds' to many a debtor, but I can't collect. See if you are good at that kind."



"I've come to work for you," Toby began, flushed and nervous.

"You bet I will!" promised Toby.

And by noon the former chore boy, arrayed in wondrous raiment, with pockets and buttons everywhere, and turned-up trousers, was presenting bills to a list of Bartrum debtors, to their astonishment. They discovered that the collector was tenacious to a degree. Also, he was friendly as well as firm. He quoted poetry to them on the virtues of honesty and thrift. He was unique. Within a few hours of unabated effort on behalf of his new employer, Toby had collected much—not many dollars, but commodities of all kinds. Bundles decorated his person. Tied to his back was a bag of vegetables. His arms were full of an assortment of groceries and dry goods.



"We've got to show up this swindle, boy!" Bartrum said to Toby.

On his way back to the office befell the momentous accident. Turning a corner, he somehow slipped, with the result that his precariously balanced load fell to the ground, the articles scattering hither and thither. To make matters worse, his downfall was right under the nose of a very pretty girl.

"Oh, excuse me," stammered the carrier of miscellaneous products. He was a ludicrous figure.

The pretty girl laughed aloud involuntarily. "You looked like a camel!" she exclaimed merrily. Then sensing his discomforture, and instantly sorry for his plight, she began picking up his packages. "It was too bad," she hastened to say.

Toby couldn't find his tongue. The situation was too much for him. Deftly, the pretty girl helped load him up and, murmuring his abashed thanks, the boy hurried off.

"I wonder who he is?" the young lady mused. Then irrelevantly: "But he has nice eyes!"

Fate, however, soon satisfied the curiosity of Miss Morris, and in another laugh-provoking way. Returning with his trophies to Editor Bartrum, the latter expressed great surprise at the success of his green assistant, and, more in jest than earnest, he handed Toby a coffee mill that had come by parcel post that noon.

"Boy," he cried enthusiastically, "here is a sure-fire subscription getter for the *Clarion!* One of these free with

each year's subscription to our noble journal. This mill is worth a dollar and a half—and we will give it away! Go to it, my lad!"

"I'll write a poem on it, and that will help advertise it," said Toby. "You can print it in the next issue, Mr. Bartrum."

"Good idea, Toby. You've the makings of a great advertiser, I see."

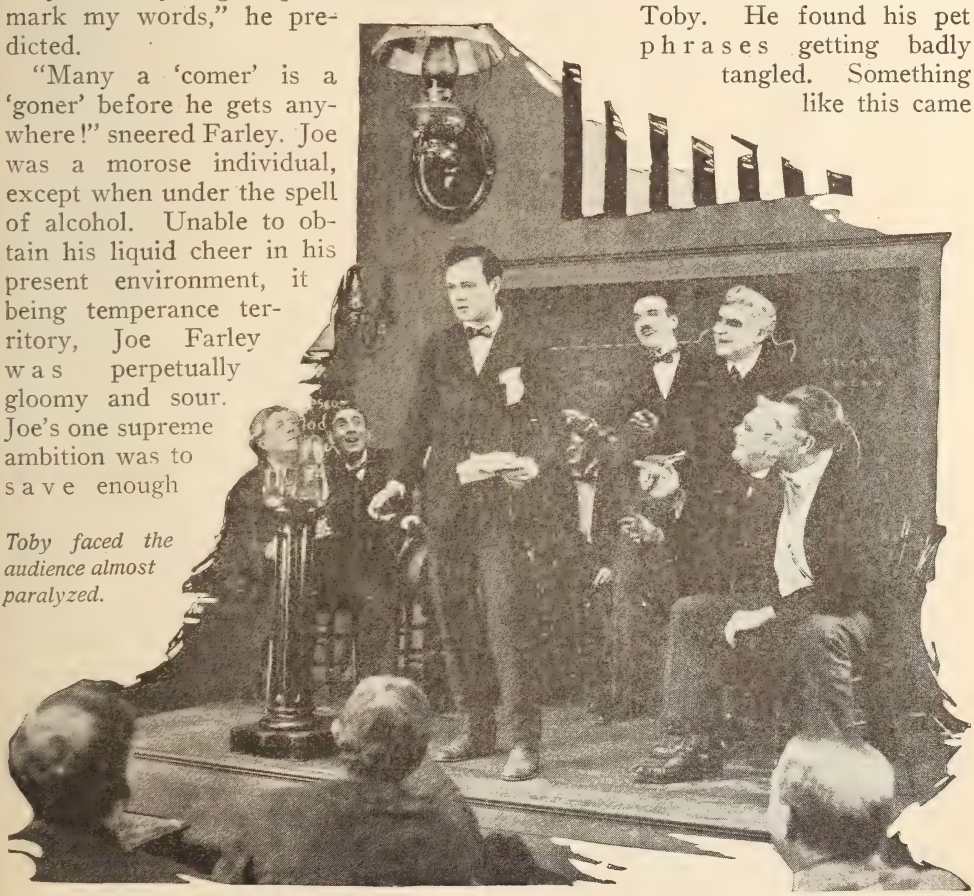
The young fellow, glowing with excitement from his morning's harvest, took the coffee mill under his arm, and was out of the office like a shot. Mr. Bartrum gaped after the retreating form of his new employee in sheer astonishment. He turned to his compositor and printer, Joe Farley, who stood near by.

"Joe, that young chap is a 'comer'—mark my words," he predicted.

"Many a 'comer' is a 'goner' before he gets anywhere!" sneered Farley. Joe was a morose individual, except when under the spell of alcohol. Unable to obtain his liquid cheer in his present environment, it being temperance territory, Joe Farley was perpetually gloomy and sour. Joe's one supreme ambition was to save enough money to reach "wet" regions, but he seemed to find it difficult. Poker took all his surplus cash in Sawbert.

Getting subscriptions, even with so alluring a premium as the brightly varnished coffee mill, was not as easy as Toby had anticipated. But he had negotiated three of them when he rang the bell of the most pretentious house in Sawbert. Purposely he left it to the last, hardly feeling equal to its magnificence. If he had suspected it was the home of the mayor, Lott Morris, Toby might have postponed his assault, and if he had had an inkling that it was also the home of the pretty girl of his recent encounter, it is likely he would never have pulled the bell.

The girl answered his ring. For a minute the world went off its balance to Toby. He found his pet phrases getting badly tangled. Something like this came



Toby faced the audience almost paralyzed.

from his lips: "Ah, yes—it is you—I am sorry—this elegant coffee mill—Mr. Bartrum's paper—I am taking subscriptions to the *Clarion*—it is given away free—I am sorry——"

The pretty girl, Jean Morris, tried to be serious and dignified, but once more Toby heard her rippling laughter at his expense. This time he became angry, not at her, but at himself, and he determined to retrieve his rapidly vanishing reputation. So he once more launched his canvass and really reached an eloquent period. But before the girl could answer him, her father, overhearing the proposition, dashed out of the library, a picture of imminent apoplexy.

"How dare you come here?" he bellowed. "Don't you know I hate the name of Bartrum? Don't you know how he has vilified me in his filthy newspaper? Leave my house at once! Jean, why didn't you shut the door on the rascal's face?"

Toby left with a heavy heart. As the days slipped by, he thought often of that sweet-faced girl. Meanwhile he was making himself at home in Sawbert. He had a knack for making friends. And his work prospered. Eventually, he and Jean Morris grew chummy in spite of her father's enmity to everything connected with Bartrum.

And before Toby had been a citizen of Sawbert a month, it appeared that another and greater crisis was due in the Morris-Bartrum feud. It had to do with string beans. To Sawbert these string beans promised wealth and glory. That is, if Kendall Reeves were to be taken seriously, and Mayor Morris and several others were doing so.

Now, Kendall Reeves was a stranger to the community, and he had a wonderful idea. At least, he thought so, and managed to convince others. Through scientific analysis, according to Mr. Reeves, the department of agriculture had announced the unusual adaptability of the Sawbert region for growing beans. Therefore, he proposed propaganda for the cultivation of string beans and the establishment of a canning factory. The factory, he said, should be a communal affair; that it ought to be built and conducted by the people; every one should be given an opportunity to buy stock in the company. Many worthy Sawbertians thought it a brilliant scheme. Mayor Morris led in its support. There were other natives, less sanguine and more suspicious of the project. Editor Bartrum led this element, and his *Clarion* was tireless in pointing out weaknesses in the coöperative plan.

Matters reached a climax in a mass meeting called for assembly in the town hall, when the string-bean industry would be put to vote. Handbills were distributed far and wide. Speeches were scheduled. Among them one by Reeves, another by Bartrum.

"We've got to show up this swindle, boy!" Bartrum said to Toby.

But when the momentous evening arrived, the editor of the *Clarion* was taken suddenly ill. "Toby, my son, you will have to deliver my address!" he groaned to his right-hand man.

"I couldn't do it to save my life!" exclaimed Toby, startled and appalled.

"But to save *mine,* Toby?" pleaded the old man. "You *can* do it, my boy! Look, you've had a month's practice persuading people to take the *Clarion* and the coffee mill. All you need do is read my speech with all the emphasis and conviction you can throw into it. You can do it for me, my son!"

Toby was scared. But he accepted. In the cloakroom of the town hall he rehearsed the address in a fierce whisper, trembling in his boots. Meanwhile, on the public platform, Kendall Reeves was calling upon heaven and earth to witness the coming transfiguration of Sawbert into an enviable metropolis through the string-bean canning industry. He foresaw that each inhabitant

would partake of future riches and honor. He quoted profits—marvelous profits. And all that was needed was their support to the extent of five thousand dollars. Would they, could they, let golden opportunity knock at their doors in vain?

The speaker sat down amid a burst of applause. Mayor Morris, the chairman, beamed his satisfaction and congratulated the orator. He called for opposition speakers, a sarcastic edge to his tone. It was Toby's moment.

Awkwardly, the boy stumbled from the cloakroom to the platform. A titter mingled with sympathetic handclapping greeted him. Toby faced the audience almost paralyzed. His hands trembled so that his manuscript crackled. He tried to wet his lips, but his tongue was like sandpaper.

"Where's your coffee mill?" jeered some one. Another voice responded with a line from Toby's verses to the grinder, which had appeared in the *Clarion:* "'Oh, the coffee mill will save you work, and sing a pleasant tune!'"

Other coarse-fibered individuals among the listeners took up the cue with cruel glee. Toby, steeling himself, began to read Mr. Bartrum's appeal to the people of Sawbert. But he faltered and failed. He caught the eye of Jean Morris in the front row, and from her evident sympathy tried to draw courage; but again his voice left him. In unreasonable panic he fled the place. Catcalls and counter cries of "Shame!" against the hoodlums rang in his ears.

The town-hall meeting adjourned with the string-bean promoters triumphant. Mayor Morris carried Mr. Reeves home with him. The founder of the great coming industry gladly accompanied his "angel." Mr. Reeves

Toby sprang upon the couch and told the astonished mayor what had happened at the "Clarion" office.

believed in hitting while the iron was hot, and he had a particularly forceful blow ready for the good mayor.

Meantime, poor Toby wandered around town distraught, scarcely knowing what to do, where to go. Automatically, he turned his footsteps in the direction of the *Clarion* office. Joe Farley was working overtime. The tramp printer hailed him in an extraordinary manner.

"Spying on me, eh?" he growled. "What do you want here? I thought you were to give a spiel at the hall? What's wrong, eh?"

Though Toby was suffering mental tortures, he noticed that Farley was stirred up to even a higher pitch of nervousness than himself. Why? He became aware that Farley was hiding something. The man's apron was over a "boiler plate"—the inside patent matter furnished to country newspapers. Toby realized suddenly that Farley had been using a chisel on the boiler plate. In a flash he saw that a section had been cut out of it.

"Keep away from me!" snarled Farley. "I'll land on you with this mallet if you don't beat it out of here!"

Toby grappled with the man. Farley was no match for the young giant. The alcoholized fellow was thrown as easily as a sack of flour. Toby looked at the cut-out boiler-plate section. Quickly, he inked it, took an impression. It was the picture and description and reward offered for the capture of a thief—"Harry Morgan."

Poor as the impression of the face was, Toby recognized the features of Kendall Reeves! This was an astounding development.

"I knew he was a crook! And you were in with him, hey, Joe?" he cried. "This will settle that string-bean fake better than a thousand speeches!"

Farley cowered in a corner, nursing a bleeding nose. "Get him, Toby, if you can, but save me," he whimpered. "I'm an honest workman, but he bribed me, and I wanted the money to get away from this hell-dry place. Please say a good word for me. You'll get that big reward, Toby, too; so don't be hard on a feller!"

But Toby was already out of hearing. Like a tornado he rushed to Mr. Bartrum's house, and in thirty seconds had told the editor the course of events. No tonic could have had the effect of the boy's words. Forgetting his illness, and without the slightest idea of what he was doing, he grabbed down his grandfather's sword from the wall and followed Toby on the run.

Together, they burst into Mayor Morris' home. At that very minute the mayor had become suspicious of his guest, for Mr. Reeves was insisting on the mayor giving him a thousand dollars on the spot as a preliminary payment toward their partnership in the string-bean industry. Also, Mr. Reeves had intimated that he and the mayor could easily shear the dear sheep who would come into their organization.

Wild words and wilder actions followed the dénouement brought by Toby and Bartrum. At first Reeves defied them. But Toby, having whetted his appetite for fisticuffs that evening, soon demonstrated his ability in that branch of honest combat. The fevered editor waved his sword magnificently. Then Toby sprang upon the couch and told the astonished mayor what had occurred at the *Clarion* office. The sheriff was called and Reeves was taken to jail. Morris and Bartrum, once old friends, sealed the tie anew. When Jean came on the tumultuous scene, and grasped all the details of the critical situation, she hysterically hugged and kissed her father and Editor Bartrum, and did not stop at Toby!

That kiss to Toby opened up a series that punctuated lovers' lane for them.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME——

SO ran the rhyme—
'Neath mistletoe and holly,
A man might kiss
A pretty miss
When otherwise 'twere folly.
This year a maid,
Quite unafraid,
'Neath greens may sit at ease—
May Allison
Knits calmly on—
The men are overseas.

So You Want to be a Scenario Writer?

Then lend an ear to this tale of the ups and downs of a successful member of the scenario staff at Metro's Western studio.

By
Tom J. Geraghty

Illustrated by
H. L. Drucklieb

WRITING for the screen is as easy as falling off from the well-known worm-eaten log. All you need is a trusty typewriter, plenty of white paper—one side only—the patience of Job, the endurance of Atlas, the poetic gift of a Browning, the wit of a Sheridan, the technique of a master engineer, the touch of a Belasco, the generalship of a Haig, and the salesmanship of a Wanamaker or a book agent.

Take a good, spanking comedy, for instance. Ah, *there's* easy money! You rack your brains for countless days and nights, finally hit upon a cracking good idea, think up a score or more pleasant incidents of your life to work in, rearrange some side-splitting gags, then mount your twentieth-century Pegasus, and fly away into the realms of fancy.

For a week or ten days, you sail along on high speed, grinding out comedy situations and titles which you know are sure fire. Then you touch up the naked script with some high lights of red ink, and at last nonchalantly hand it to the studio manager, saying:

"Here's a little something I dashed off in an idle moment. See if it strikes bottom."

The studio manager looks at you with a cold, blue-steel eye, nods his head stiffly, and begins to mangle the script by crumpling it into a ball in his hand. You withdraw to a secluded nook, where you can train an eagle eye on him, and fifteen minutes later you see him pass your pet brain child over to a stenographer with a perfunctory word of instruction.

A few weeks later, while walking through the studio, you are startled when you observe a cloven-footed

director holding some pieces of yellow paper in his hand which you immediately recognize as your prized handiwork. The director is talking to his assistant or to a camera man, and you crawl under the stage to overhear his comments. The further into the comedy situations he delves, the madder he becomes. Then you hear something like:

"This is about as funny as the dictionary. Where does this guy get the idea that he can write comedy?"

That evening you hear, via the studio indirect wireless, that the director "is trying to make something of your alleged story." You can go out and have a good cry—and then some good rye—and try to forget your sorrow.

Innumerable conferences follow, and the more persons they call in to discuss the story the more hopeless it becomes. You wander in a maze for days. Then you try to forget. All's wrong with the world, and his satanic majesty is in the saddle.

A few months later you return home sore at heart. You have been struggling all that day, and many days before, trying to make an adaptation from an old Scandinavian folk story. Your wife tries to cheer you up a bit, but right then you would rather be left alone to eat worms and die, if that were practicable. But friend wife reminds you that some folks next door saw "an awfully good picture at the Little Gem Theater last night. It's going to be repeated to-night, and won't you please come along and see it? Maybe it will help you to forget."

You go reluctantly, and lo and behold!—it is your own little comedy, released under another name. There are but few changes in it, and on all sides people are laughing their heads off. Across the aisle is one fellow who seems to laugh louder than all the rest. When the lights are switched on you recognize him as your director. He bows and waves to you, and after the program is finished he follows you out, invites you to an ice-cream soda, and within the hearing of the passing throng on the sidewalk shouts:

"That's a *knock-out!* Say, boy, give us another like that—lots of 'em! You're the chap who can deliver the goods!"

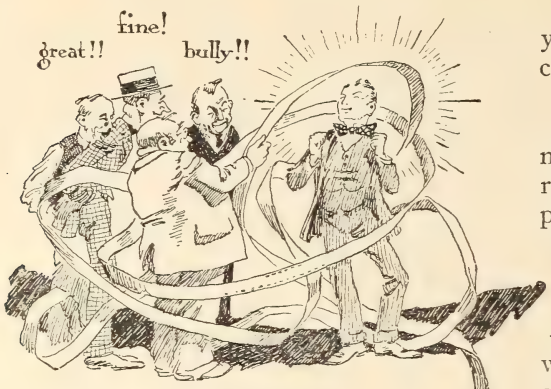
After a respite at the studio—a restless wait of five or six days—you begin to feel a hunch that you are excess baggage around the place, and from the twelve-pound look the studio manager gives you it appears that he is priming up to "give you the air." He approaches you one day with a formidable frown, and, handing you a few typewritten pages—a synopsis they have just purchased—says:

"Take this thing home, maul it over, and see if you can dope a good vamp story out of it."

With a new lease on life and a dancing heart, you dig in. Yes, it has promises. But it must be changed. It's a wishy-washy, namby-pamby sort of vamp story. The girl is not dangerous, and never strong or menacing in any of the situations. Your nimble brain, which must be made of rubber bands, is put on the rack, and while your wife takes the children to the Little Gem—so's not to disturb father—you evolve something approaching a good story.

With the jaunty air of a college sophomore you hand in your new version. For three hours or more there is a dull, depressing silence all around you. Woe to him who plays with fire and tries to write vamp stories—at least offhand, so to speak. I think it was David Belasco who once said: "Plays are not written—they are rewritten." I pause to paraphrase: "Vamp stories are never vamp stories—they are revamped stories."

Another time you write a plain, simple, sweet story. The powers that be read it. Then they thunder at you:



"Never read such a lot of dribble! This thing moves along like a crippled snail. Where's the action? Where's the punch? Understand, we are making motion pictures—*motion,* do you hear?—not steel engravings!"

You put the desired punch and mellerdrama in after a week or two of struggle and heartache. But you have learned your lesson. The next time you will give them their fill of drama.

Your next chance comes. Ah, the very thing to romp out your new resolution. You throw in with generosity and extravagance every known trick of drama and her wayward son—mellerdrama. It has more punches in it than a world's championship fistic battle. Confidently you await the verdict. And it comes:

"Guilty as charged!"

It's too morbid. It's too commonplace. Situations in it do not ring true—they could never happen. And as you crawl back in your shell you wonder what on earth they want, anyway.

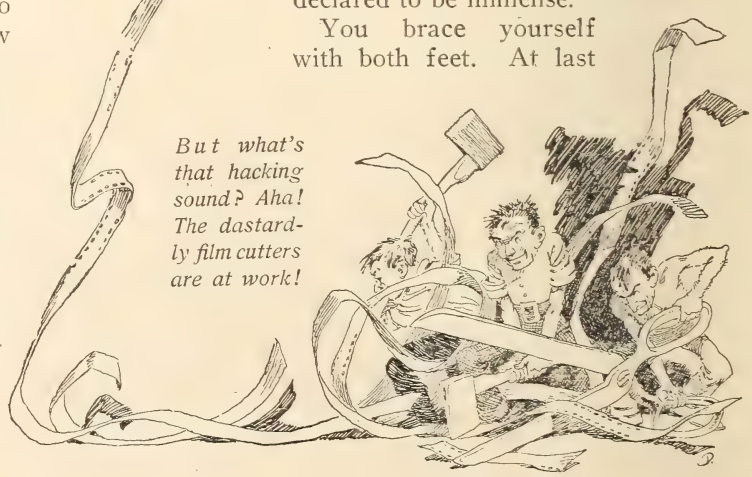
If a director—by any chance—happens to smile upon your work and frames his mouth to say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," some one will break in on the scene. Maybe it is the studio manager, maybe the star, or maybe some long and lean Cassius in the rôle of efficiency expert, who says:

"All bets are off—we won't do that story."

Job never had such trials, I'm sure.

But there comes a brighter day. An original story of yours has been accepted, but you must hurry with the continuity. You do so, and all hands declare it a winner. All is one long sweet song with director, star, camera man, studio manager, technical director, location manager, efficiency man, and all the others, as they romp merrily along with the production. The "rushes," as the projections of each day's work in the studio are called, are declared to be immense.

You brace yourself with both feet. At last

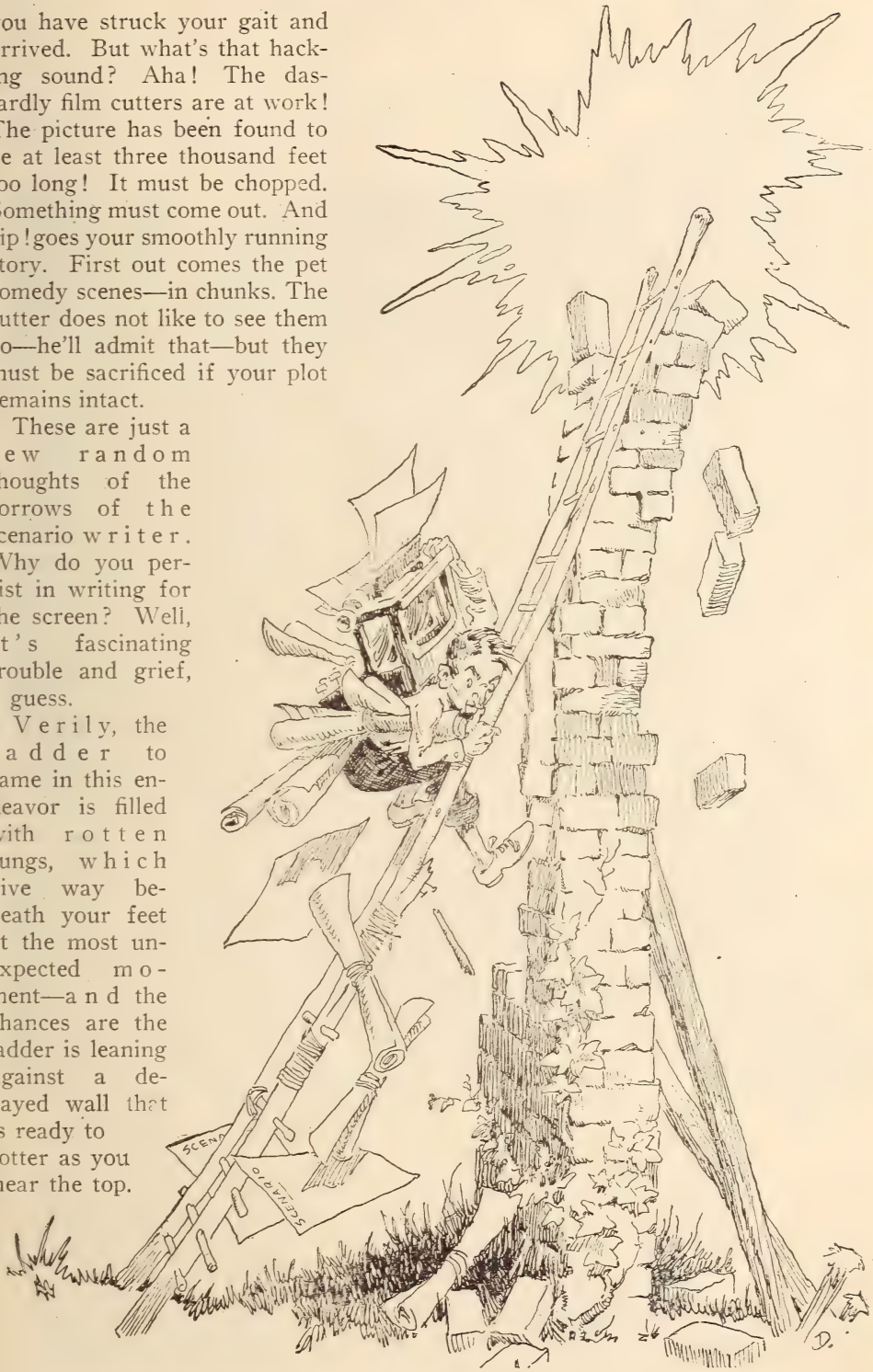


But what's that hacking sound? Aha! The dastardly film cutters are at work!

you have struck your gait and arrived. But what's that hacking sound? Aha! The dastardly film cutters are at work! The picture has been found to be at least three thousand feet too long! It must be chopped. Something must come out. And zip! goes your smoothly running story. First out comes the pet comedy scenes—in chunks. The cutter does not like to see them go—he'll admit that—but they must be sacrificed if your plot remains intact.

These are just a few random thoughts of the sorrows of the scenario writer. Why do you persist in writing for the screen? Well, it's fascinating trouble and grief, I guess.

Verily, the ladder to fame in this endeavor is filled with rotten rungs, which give way beneath your feet at the most unexpected moment—and the chances are the ladder is leaning against a decayed wall that is ready to totter as you near the top.



A Little Less Fame

By Media

YOU cannot keep your cake and eat it, too—unless it is at a papier-mâché movie dinner. There's a law of compensation, and it holds good in the picture game just as it does in the world at large.

That's why a certain slim young man paused on the brink of his screen career, shaded his keen blue eyes, and looked down the two paths that confronted him. 'Way down the road which was the more logical one to take for one with an eye for stardom he saw the possibility of much fame, with very bulgy pay envelopes. Very far along the second path he saw a little less of each of these commodities. But the actors who had journeyed this way were members of a select band—each had created a series of rôles as varied as the characters at a masked ball, while those who had gone by the first road had but repeated, over and over, their first big successes, with

But a Lot More Fun

Mistley

just the slightest of variations. An easier route, and a quicker way of attracting a following.

Raymond Hatton, choosing the second path, has given us some of

the best acting of any kind that the screen has yet produced. From the chief character in "The Whispering Chorus," in which Hatton presented a masterly picture of a middle-aged man beset with haunting fears, to the smart young member of the British flying corps in "We Can't Have Everything" was a long step, but well within the range of Hatton's versatile art. Perhaps he is at his best in a sort of easy-going, Dickenslike type; for *Meggison,* fifty, intemperate, a gentleman-that-was in "The Cruise of the Make-Believes," was a real human person whose screen absurdities those who saw the picture will never forget.

In his years of acting Hatton has trod the way in many men's shoes, with the springy step of youth or the shuffling decrepitude of seventy years. Powder, grease paint, and wigs have helped in the transformation, but the underlying success of Hatton's impersonations has been due to his real acting ability, for that is the one quality vital to character acting.

It has often been pointed out that when an actor—or an actress—makes a hit with a certain type of part, he sticks to that general type with very few venturings far afield in characterization. Seldom, indeed, do the leopard, the wild Westerner, and the vampire change their spots. That delicious danger is reserved for the character actor. And thank goodness that he still takes the dare. For it does take pluck to play widely different characters so well that the undiscriminating screen audience never dreams that you are the same actor now disguised in rags who two months ago appeared as a dashing officer.

And there is but one similarity in Hatton's rôles—fine acting.

Miss Bara is studious, refined, a gentlewoman in every sense. That she makes a superb vampire is purely a matter of consummate acting. After the appearance of "A Fool There Was," "The Devil's Daughter," and "The Clemenceau Case," the public was quick to say that her wonderful performance was the work of a specialist, that she could do nothing beside vampire parts. But they had to swallow this charge when they saw her as *Henrietta* in "The Two Orphans." Though her first chance at a "nice" rôle, she handled it perfectly.

But how she can "vamp!" The look she gives *Drummond* in "The Eternal Sapho," when she pulls the thorn from his hand with her teeth, would fetch any mere man. And she is the temptress supreme when she lies in his arms and makes the poor fellow carry her upstairs. The stairs are long, Theda weighs one hundred and thirty-five perfectly good pounds, *Drummond* is none too husky, apparently—but, O boy! with that incentive, what one of us would fail? But to compare Theda's selfishness in "The Eternal Sapho" with her purity in "Camille" is to appreciate the woman's wonderful adaptability. Can the creature who, in the former play, smokes a cigarette with such absolute abandon, blowing smoke into the face of her seducer, be the same as the innocent *Camille* who throws kisses from her window to the little child, and looks the personification of maidenly sweetness in bidding her lover good-by? Such is the power of the real actress!

When it comes to acting the vixen, the virago, we have to accord Pauline Frederick high honors. For "downright, cussed meanness," her work in "The She Devil" is a classic. Vampires usually have definite, selfish purposes, but the wicked sister in "The She Devil" seems to proceed on the theory that "deviltry is its own reward." How sinister that narrowing of the eyes when Pauline plots or angers! Poor Earle Foxe! The way she has abused him is a crying shame. She lures him into slipping from the "water wagon," then laughs fiendishly at the plight his drinking precipitates. The thing that saves Pauline in this play is her acting of the other sister; the dual rôle shows her would-be detractors that she can be good as well as bad.

And the foregoing reminds us of Virginia Pearson's dual rôle in "Sister Against Sister." Miss Pearson certainly is a charming vampire, and even her victims admit it after the battle. No wonder incorruptible Sidney Cummings does not resist when this Cleopatra from Kentucky steals into his arms. Few of the so-

Dorothy Dalton is a queen of evening dress—yet she doesn't like to "vamp."

The "Kentucky Cleopatra," Virginia Pearson, is really a "home body."

called sterner sex with a gill of red blood in their systems would have declined to accompany her—even with a grueling fist fight with Walter Law in prospect! And in private life, far from practicing the fine art of vamping, she is a "home body" and devoted wife.

Beauty of face and figure is invaluable to the screen vampire. In conjunction with the brain of a Dorothy Dalton there is almost nothing it cannot do. Miss Dalton has a peculiar combination of feminine qualities that is irresistible to men. To a man, the fans like her. The barbaric beauty of the girl is at times almost startling; that captivating dimple in her right cheek, those arms that make Dorothy a queen of evening dress, the pliant yet voluptuous body, are dangerous weapons. That vampirish way of stealing a hand along a man's arm till it rests on his shoulder, threatening to encircle his neck, is at its subtlest with Dorothy. No one has shown greater finesse in the vampire's art than is seen in "The Dark Road." If, as Miss Dalton says, she does not like the rôle of vampire, what would she do to the poor men if she did?

Olga Petrova is another who specializes on the finer touches when she vampires. "I rely on personality," she says, "personality and dress. For one cannot dress well unless one has personality, and personality without dress I

WOMAN PROPOSES——

NOW, hubby," said she, "please hear my decision—
I'm naming our child—don't smile in derision.
My choice I shall make from my loved movie stars,
Though there's such a number it almost choice bars.
There's Norma and Constance and Pauline and Blanche;
Louise, too, and Fannie—all hold equal chance;
And Mae, Madge, and Mary—then Olga and Pearl,
And Peggy and Rita—it makes my head whirl.
There's Alice and Theda, Marie and Louise;
I'm in such a quandary considering these.
And Edith and Bessie and Lillian and Mabel,
And still many more—to choose I'm scarce able.
But just let me add, and there I stand pat,
Your Aunt Martha's name isn't fit for a cat!"

Where another would use a knife, Olga Petrova lowers her eyelids.

have found unadvisable, since people no longer have any soul for true art, and must have their amusement censored." Would that other vampires shared Madam Petrova's restraint, we might add.

Madam Petrova is never violent; where Charlotte Burton or Gretchen Hartman would scratch or use a knife, *The Black Butterfly* would rely on the curl of her expressive lips and the lowering of her eyelids. Though she likes some other parts better, this woman of classic beauty has, one might say, originated a new variety of the vampire rôle. Her "Tigress" is still discussed as a masterpiece of its kind.

Dress means much to all actresses, but to the vampire it is an essential of her art—we beg to agree with Madam Petrova. Kitty Gordon depends much on her clothes, and, like Valeska Suratt, she surely can wear them. Miss Gordon fits into salon life just as her magnificent gowns fit her impressive and expressive figure. But her acting in "Her Maternal Right" and "The Crucial Test" will not soon be forgotten—proving that clothes alone will not make the vampire, though they may go a long way toward it. In "The Beloved Adventuress" Kitty smokes and vamps as if she loved the life, and it is thus that the audience is too often wont to think of her off stage—instead of as the devoted mother that she is.

——MAN DISPOSES

NOW, wifey," quoth he, "I had fully decided
To honor Aunt Martha, who oft has provided
Such generous gifts for you and for me.
I know how welcome a namesake would be.
But since you are obdurate, I'll not insist,
And so we'll be guided by your 'Movie List.'
And I have just thought of a most unique plan
As all of the names of these fav'rites I scan;
We will take half a dozen, and use each first letter
To coin a composite—we couldn't do better.
We'll choose *M*ary—and *A*lice—and—oh, well, say *R*ita;
And *T*heda—and *H*elen—and—oh, yes!—*A*nita.
Now, what does it spell? Ha! Bless me, my dear,
I'm really amazed at the name we have here!"

VARA MACBETH JONES.

A Topsy-turvy House

Where everything happens "contrariwise" to your expectations—but a most delightful and amusing place to visit.

By Jerome Weatherby

I have seen Muriel Ostriche repairing her make-up between scenes.

HAVE you ever seen an out-of-door studio?" asked my Movie Friend the other day.

"Nope, never been to California," I answered.

"You don't have to go any farther than Fort Lee, while this warm fall weather keeps up," he replied. And that's how I happened to take a trip over to the Peerless Studio on the New Jersey Palisades the other day, and to see the great big happy family of World players "at home."

I know now what Louise Huff has for lunch, and how well she looks in black lace. I have seen Muriel Ostriche repairing her make-up between scenes. I know what it is like to have to take a scene four times, and that it is worth waiting for to see "Monty" Love's grin when it has finally been shot to the director's satisfaction. My admiration for Carlyle Blackwell has stood the acid test of beholding him at odd intervals one entire afternoon wearing a week's growth of beard. I have attended a picture show in the studio projection room before a foot had been cut, with most of the principals in the audience. It was as entertaining a place as I've ever seen, but instead of calling it a

studio I'd call it the "Topsy-turvy House" if it were mine. For nearly everything is just about the way you don't expect it to be.

My first shock was to come in at a prosaic-looking studio door and suddenly to find myself still out of doors, standing on what resembled more than anything else the deck of a gigantic yacht. It was simply a huge platform, covered with white muslin to diffuse the light, and open on three sides. Along the middle of it ran a double row of sets, back to back, facing in opposite directions, much like the deck cabins on an ocean liner.

In a nook sheltered by a pile of scenery sat a young lady whom I recognized as June Elvidge, despite nodding willow plumes in her hair, a snaky evening dress, and the inevitable khaki knitting. Beside her sat a poor, disheveled chap—an extra, no doubt, I thought.

The first set was an English booking office of some sort, decorated with a couple of Union Jacks flanking the Stars and Stripes on the wall, plenty of war posters—English, not American—and a number of extras, including an English officer distinguishable by his Sam Browne belt. The director suddenly stopped fussing around, put his hands to his mouth, and yelled above the din of hammers: "Oh, Blackwell!"

Not until the tramplike person detached himself from Miss Elvidge and came sauntering over did the truth dawn. It was Blackwell himself, camouflaged under a workman's sleeveless blue shirt, a slouch,

My admiration for Carlyle Blackwell has withstood the test of beholding him wearing a week's growth of beard.

The studio resembled, more than anything else, the deck of a gigantic yacht.

and an inch of beard. He nodded to a couple of acquaintances, clutched the ungainly bag an attendant thrust into his hand, and walked on.

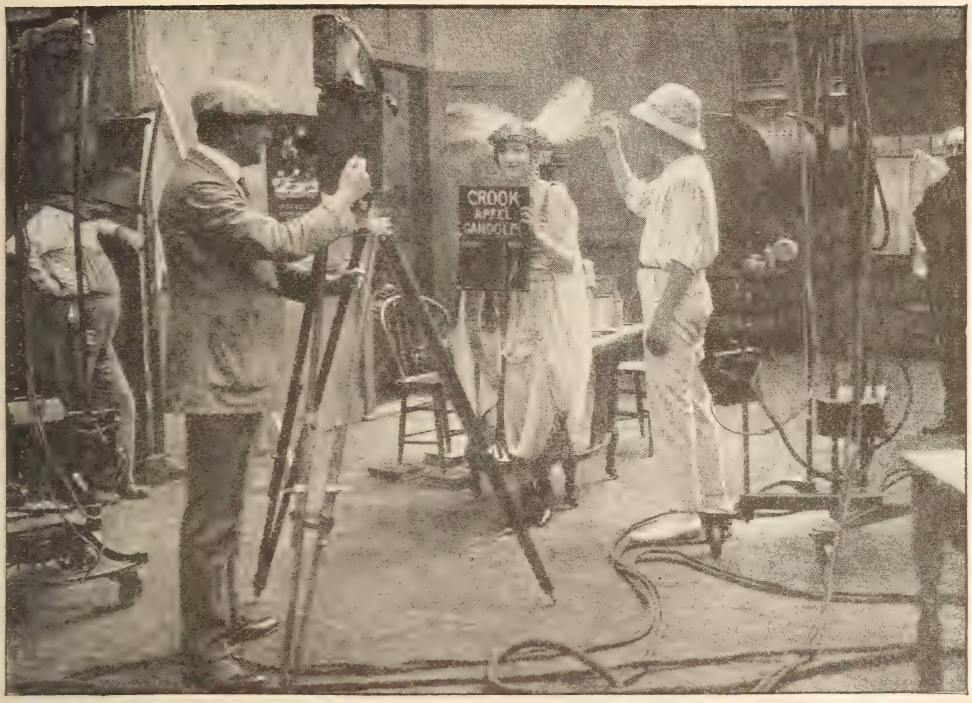
At a desk in the middle of the two-sided "room" sat a young man clad in the khaki of the U. S. A. He was handsome, and evidently aware of it. His face was a ghastly yellow—the men make up that way, and the women with white. Carlyle walked over, dropped the bag, and held a little conversation with the officer at the desk.

"Hey, extra! Don't keep looking at the camera—we're only paying you for your back." The director made this suggestion to the half dozen extras who were writing on the shelf which ran around the room in post-office style. "So if you've got anything to say, let your back say it."

Then came the close-up. The distance between the star and the camera was accurately measured, while the extras looked on as if getting a peep into a seventh heaven which they never expected to attain, and the action for the distance shots was repeated. That's all there was to it—the taking of the picture was as undramatic as the picture itself will probably be dramatic when it is screened.

Half an hour later, when I passed that way, the set was no more. The desk had been pushed to one side, the two walls taken down, and the flags lay like so much bunting on a chair. And Carlyle Blackwell was busily adding another day to the age of his beard in his dressing room.

"Terrible to look like this," he half apologized, glancing up. "I've had to add to my beard systematically every day since I started to do the picture. The story is about a young man who crosses the water on a cattle ship to get



June Elvidge picked up the black guide card and held it, herself, before the camera.

to Europe. And in the story I haven't had a chance to shave yet—one more day and I'll be through with the disguise."

The next scene that I watched was in the business office of some variety of Wall Street king—say, a steel magnate. Montagu Love and a gentleman in a vociferous yellow shirt confronted one another across a rosewood desk. The story, by the way, unless they change the title, was "The Driving Power."

The door opened, and a little stenographer entered with a paper. She lingered, after the custom of stenographers who hate to make the trip over again in a pair of patent-leather threes with French heels. Mr. Love read the blank sheet, registered amazement, then turned and started to leave the room.

"Do that over!" yelled the director. "Monty—*more* amazement! *Lots* of it! Right, camera! Stenographer, come in!"

This time the lead of the scene fairly grimaced amazement—another foible of the picture art. There must be no mistake about registering an emotion. The only difficulty was that in the elation of registering sufficient amazement, Mr. Love pocketed the paper instead of leaving the incr-r-rimating document—if such it was—on his desk.

Again the camera creaked while the scene was done over—only this time Monty suddenly found himself walking out of the door with his cigar in his mouth and the director shouted: "Throw it away!"

One more retake, and the scene was finished. How Monty did grin! A contagious, generously big smile it was, somewhat reminiscent of a close-up or two in "Rasputin." Later on, when I went into the projection room and saw a bit from the same film taken a couple of days before—I found that nearly every scene of Monty's ended with that

While we waited, Louise Huff and Johnny Hines volunteered to do an impromptu skit.

big-boy grin—the funnier because it contrasted so oddly with the emotional character of the scene he had been acting. Of course, you won't see that grin in the films—for the camera always keeps on grinding a few seconds after a scene is finished, and the film, of course, cut later on.

When the scene was over, Mr. Love threw out both arms with an air of abandon, and threw himself down on a bed in a near-by set, still holding a newly lighted cigar between his teeth.

"Relaxation," he murmured, his eyes still closed, as I came over. "Take it out of me—retakes do."

"Like pictures?"

"Yes, except in hot weather—this place here—great place—only comfortable place in summer."

"Despite the fact that you were born in Calcutta—and raised in India!" He nodded, and spilled cigar ashes on his clothes.

"We dressed for the heat there. Besides, I've lived in England and America since I grew up. Yes, I like pictures," he broke off ruminatively, "when they're real. I really enjoyed doing 'Rasputin.' That was because in the first place the Black Monk of Russia was real—an historical person living in our own time—he's history, you know. But for plain humanness, I think I enjoyed 'The Cross Bearer' more than any other. These stories of oil kings and copper magnates——" Mr. Love wrinkled that expressive nose of his in disgust. "Hope I haven't cracked my make-up," he grunted, pass-

ing a careful hand over his pale-red hair as he hurried back to pose for a close-up.

"Camera boy," called some one from another set, and June Elvidge, radiant in a gorgeous evening gown, chancing to be near, picked up the black guide card and held it, herself, before the camera. It seems that, before every scene is shot, they hold up a black card with the working title written on it in white, the name of the director, and of the camera man. Underneath there are two figures, one for the scene, another to designate what shot it is in that scene. That identifies every piece of film, and makes it easy to assemble them in order when the picture is finished.

A tall, good-looking chap in a Norfolk jacket was leaning against the railing of the staircase looking over a bunch of pictures.

"That's rotten—perfectly rotten! I hope they didn't use it! It looks no more like me than——" Some one stuck a head out of a little door at the foot of the stairs.

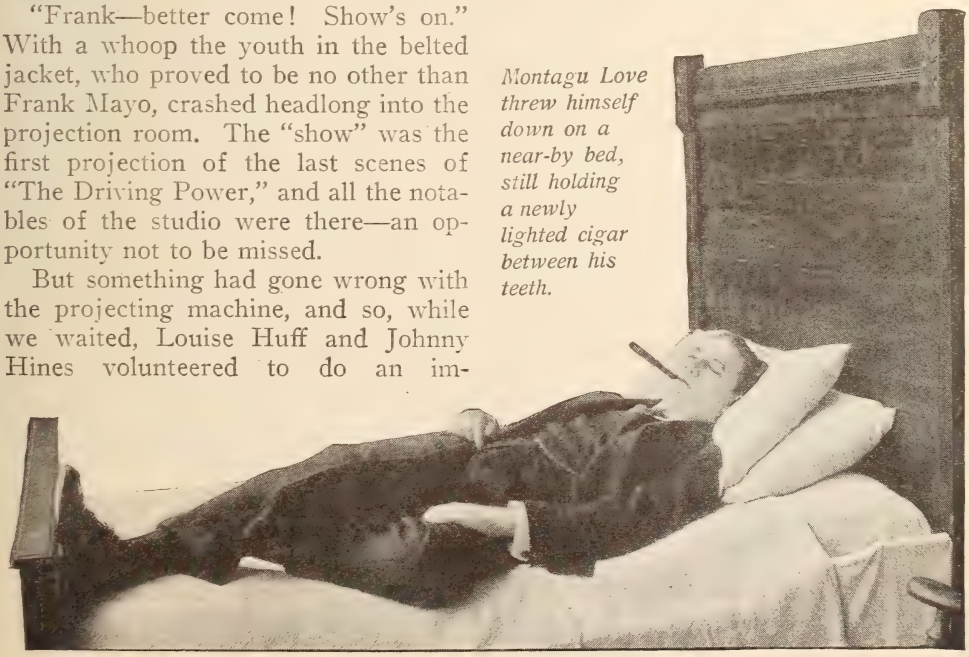
"Frank—better come! Show's on." With a whoop the youth in the belted jacket, who proved to be no other than Frank Mayo, crashed headlong into the projection room. The "show" was the first projection of the last scenes of "The Driving Power," and all the notables of the studio were there—an opportunity not to be missed.

But something had gone wrong with the projecting machine, and so, while we waited, Louise Huff and Johnny Hines volunteered to do an impromptu skit. There was no orchestra, but we didn't mind that, and I thought it was a good deal more amusing and spontaneous than most vaudeville acts I have seen.

At last the machine was fixed, and the showing began.

The picture was—don't gasp—a fight in a wild-West setting. A mountain cabin was attacked, and Mr. Love, who was the only one on the scene, with great presence of mind put up a hasty barricade of tables and chairs behind which he defended himself against the attacks of some eight or nine opponents. Shots rained over Mr. Love's head, hitting everything on the shelf behind him. Only one plate, which should have shattered the first time it was hit, received puncture after puncture until it threatened to do service as a colander, and never budged.

"Hang that plate!" breathed some one under his breath in the dark. "Some plate that! Tell me where to get them and I'll take some home," came from the back of the room.



Montagu Love threw himself down on a near-by bed, still holding a newly lighted cigar between his teeth.

Intermingled with the fight scenes were bits of film in which Miss Castleton, heroine, clung to Mr. Love's hand. Now and then Frank Mayo burst in. Once there was a sudden close-up of the photograph of that young man, at which Frank made a gesture indicating that life was no longer worth living.

"Gee, what's the use," he groaned, "and I had dozens of pictures that I'd rather have had them use."

It was almost impossible to get any idea of the story. There were "repeats" of each scene—they make two films of the action in nearly every case to guard against accident, and everything was shown. For instance, the fight would be enacted, then done all over again, then the surrender, and again a surrender just as if you had not quite understood the first time. One love scene would be followed by the same thing, just as ardent, all over again. Suddenly the screen went black and the light came on. The showing was over.

Outside the door of the studio several cars were drawn up, though it was still early. There were cries of "Who's coming in my car?" and "Any one going my way?" The "at home" was over and the members of the happy family were through with their part of the day's work.

But from the inside of the studio came the ringing blows of the carpenters and set builders—who were getting things ready for the next day and the next. For the day's work was still going on in the World Studio.

FILM CLIPPINGS

A VAMPIRE goeth before a fall.

A THING of beauty draws her pay forever.

HE that fights and runs away
May live to—rescue the heroine in the fifth reel.

WHERE there's much smoke, there's a manly hero to rescue the star.

THE wages of sin is—— What is the average salary for a vamp, anyhow?

MAN wants but little here below—four feet ten of Marguerite Clark does pretty well.

Come Along and Meet Clara Kimball Young

By Jean Francis

I HAD stepped into the office of the Clara Kimball Young Company more to get out of the rain than anything else—and into a piece of luck at the same time. For Miss Young, film magnate and her own star, was holding a business session, and somewhat later I had the good fortune to meet her.

In the office, private and spacious as such an office should be, with soft gray rugs on the floor and several portraits

of Miss Young in oils and pastels on the walls, was a huge rosewood desk—and behind the desk sat a surprisingly small person. I didn't suppose, from seeing her pictures, that Clara Kimball Young was so small—though it may have been partly due to contrast with the size of the desk or the spaciousness of the room.

She was dressed in purple—a warm, deep shade of purple, and her small, close-fitting hat, with the feather "stick-up" in front, gave her a very businesslike appearance—very far removed from milady of the bonnet and shawl of bygone days, reminiscent of garden gates and lavender and prayer books. Here was a twentieth-century business woman, looking over her morning mail and administering her affairs. I commiserated with her about the fan letters as she threw her coat—a black one, richly trimmed with fur, it was—over another chair to make room for me.

"I don't mind," she laughed. "It's the penalty one pays for being a great star. And if people from all over the world take the interest to write to one—common courtesy as well as good business demands that those letters be answered. You see, it is really people who are kind enough to see my pictures, and to ask for more—these friends of

mine—who give me all my beautiful things—clothes, surroundings—everything!" She made a vague, inclusive gesture, sweeping the room with that shapely hand of hers, and turned her eyes full on me. They are her chief claim to beauty—these golden-brown eyes that photograph black, and that somehow, for all their straightforwardness, hold a shadow of wistfulness that is attractive and appealing.

"Without beauty around me everywhere——" She shrugged expressively, signifying that the beautiful was essential to life—at least to the life of Clara Kimball Young. Her pink lips, guiltless of rouge pots and lip stick, curved warmly into a smile.

"I create the beautiful—and it in turn creates the beautiful for me." Her eyes drooped for a fraction of a minute, then she said: "Even as a small child I desired to do, to act, to thrill, and to make others, watching me, thrill. I broke up a show in the repertoire company in which my mother and father were both acting by rushing on to the stage, and protesting, 'Daddy, I want to act, too.' So it's been a long climb from babyhood. But—here I am!" she finished, with a smile.

"And here you are—and," indicating her letters, "here's a lot of work to do." I did what was expected of me—I went, carrying with me a very wholesome admiration for Clara Kimball Young.

"Money Isn't Everything"

as one of Miss Fisher's recent screen successes proves, but it is worth a good deal more than its face value when it serves to array Margarita in such gay Oriental toggery as this for the delectation of admirers of both sexes.

All About Little Me

In an interview by dictaphone with Baby Zoe Rae.

By Barbara Little

"Wait a moment—I'll ask mother."

AWFULLY sorry," lisped the baby voice over the phone. "I'm having a fitting between scenes"—just like a grown-up star! "Wait a moment—I'll ask mother," said Charlie Chaplin's leading woman for 1928. "Mother," I heard her far-away voice, "she says she'll have to go back to New York without the interview." There was a brief pause, and then Baby Zoe's voice came again close to my ear.

"Mother—she's my general manager—well, she says that if you'll send me some questions I'll answer them by dictaphone."

That is how it happened that, just the other day, I unpacked a record from the tiny Universal star which had come all the way from California, and, when I put it on the victrola, the same familiar baby voice answered all the questions I had put to her. What I wanted to know most of all, as you doubtless do, was why little Zoe Rae claimed the honor of being leading lady elect for the famous comedian in 1928. So I listened eagerly while the machine ground out the explanation in that high-pitched little voice, seeming grotesquely human as it

reproduced every slight halt and childish treble.

So Baby Zoe granted her interview by dictaphone.

"Mr. Chaplin asked me to," began the voice. "It was two years ago, when my picture, 'Glorianna,' was playing at the same time as one of his pictures in the Garrick Theater, in Los Angeles. We both went to the opening performance. After it was over, he smiled at me and came over and said: 'Don't you want to be my leading lady?' And I said no, because I didn't like slapstick pictures. He laughed and said: 'Well, I'll change them when you are my leading lady.' And then he promised to let me play opposite him when I grew up."

There was ever so little a sigh from the machine. "In ten years I will be very grown up," she finished. Followed a pause, during which she was evidently wrestling with the next question on the list.

"About six o'clock," the machine began again suddenly. "I'm all dressed for breakfast by seven, and after that I have to practice an hour before I go to the studio, and another when I come home again at four. After that I just play." There was an odd little break.

"Mother does it up in curl

papers," announced the machine. And then a vivid picture of the little girl whom I had never really seen, except on the screen, danced before my eyes—a happy child, with a mop of blond hair, listening with wide blue eyes to the exploits of Peter Rabbit while mother combed her hair at the sandman hour.

"My favorite game is playing movies," squeaked the record, interrupting my vision. "I pretend my dollies are actors and actresses, and, of course, I am Lois Weber. That is, except when I write the scenarios. Then I am Mr. Clawson, who writes them for me when I act. And Mr. Clawson has promised to write one for my dollies when he has time. It's to be from Grimm's 'Fairy Tales,' because that is my favorite book. . . . Different things," volunteered the record, while I wondered what my next question had been. "I like skating best, but in the summer, when it is very hot, I swim. Last summer mother let me wear my bathing suit one day on the lawn because it was so hot. And"—here the record giggled convulsively—"I got under the sprinkler, and o-o-oh, it tickled!"

Baby Zoe might have been hiding right in the office over there behind the big file where we keep all the pictures of the screen actors—so thoroughly natural and amused that laugh of hers sounded. I laughed, too, in spite of myself. And then followed bits of

"My dollies are the actors, and, of course, I am Lois Weber."

"—and o-o-oh, it tickled!"

information about all the small things that make up this baby's busy little world delivered with pauses, as the black rubber disk spun around.

Her family form her executive staff. "Papa" writes little stories about what she does for the magazines and goes to business meetings for her, which a little girl wouldn't understand anyway, but which a papa would. And "mamma" helps her about selecting her frocks at the stores, and answers some of her letters and keeps a list of Christmas and St. Valentine correspondents for her. She chaperons her everywhere, and that in itself is a pretty big job, for this tiny actress has more invitations than she can fill to make personal appearances at picture theaters, to address meetings for the Red Cross, and to assist in entertainments to raise money for patriotic causes.

And sometimes, when it is necessary, mother puts aside her secretarial duties and administers the slipper when Baby Zoe Rae needs it, or a hug and a kiss and a cuddling when Zoe needs that, because, after all, she is pretty much like other little girls.

PIES TO THE QUEEN'S TASTE.

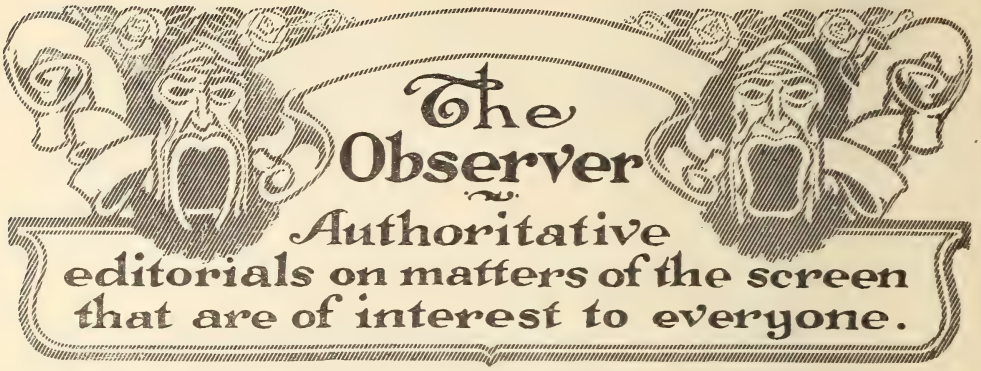
LILA LEE sat on the edge of a vine-grown log, gazing down at her own reflection in the shiny black surface of a mudhole. Goodness only knew how far the bottom lay beneath the smooth lily pads. Everything was very still, right in the middle of the Secret Garden, which gives its own name to the tiny star's new picture.

"Now, little lady, jump in—jump as far as you can!" commanded the director. "The set calls for plenty of action in the mudhole."

"May I really?" she asked eagerly. "I'd love to. I never quite got enough of making mud pies when I was little, and"—she stuck the toe of one slipper shyly into the thick, black surface—"there was always some one around to tell me I mustn't get dirty, or something. But now——"

With a little squeal, half ecstatic, half timorous, she sank into the pool.

"But now," she finished, as they measured the distance with a yellow tape for a close-up, "I can play mud pies all I want to."



Here's an Unbeliever

FROM a soldier in the office of *The Stars and Stripes,* the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces, comes a complaint about "The Unbeliever," one of the most successful of the earlier war pictures. Our correspondent unburdens himself as follows:

"Last night I saw the screen play 'The Unbeliever.' It was a good comedy, and the doughboy audience enjoyed it immensely. Campaign hats aren't being worn much this year in the best A. E. F. families. Did you not know that we all wear gas masks these days?

"My, how those boys went over the top! Fine machine-gun food. It would have been too bad if a shell had struck in the center of the detachment marching on the road to Dixmude. The Civil War is over.

"Both sides were grouped nicely in the street battle. Were they having their photographs taken? And our heroic volunteers didn't even get their shirts torn crawling through the barbed wire.

"Where did they get that stuff of sticking the bayonet, attached to the rifle into the ceiling and using it as a pole to climb up to the trapdoor? It's a stunt worthy only of a Mack Sennett comedy.

"We take it for granted that the beautiful Belgian 'parley-vooed' English. In the words of one of the fellows in my company: 'I ain't no officer, but——' Well, I ain't no critic; but some things drive a man to express himself.

"Such a picture of misrepresentation should not be shown to the American public."

We can't entirely agree with our friend in khaki. "The Unbeliever" obviously is a picture that should not be shown to our soldiers in France, for evidently it is inaccurate as to detail, despite the fact that officers in the marine corps—men who had never fought in France, it is true—helped in the making. In France a war picture is judged entirely as entertainment. There's no need of trying to tell a soldier to enlist.

But over here "The Unbeliever," inaccurate though it may have been in details that are relatively unimportant to the untrained civilian eye, presented a big theme, told convincingly a story that the people of America needed to hear at the time when it was shown.

It was the story of a snob who was regenerated, who learned what democracy meant.

"The Unbeliever" did a lot of good even if the hats were wrong and the company formations suicidal. We didn't know they were wrong, and what we

didn't know didn't hurt us; while the big truth that the picture taught did us a heap of good.

We will say this much: It never *hurt* a picture to have a director who was accurate in matters of detail. The point in which we differ from our overseas friend is this: It was all right to show "The Unbeliever" to the American public, but it no doubt should not have been shown to the soldiers. If the boys are to be amused let's send them Chaplin pictures.

We're Prowd of Them

THE thirty or forty millions of us who have a genuine affection for motion pictures and for the persons who make them, the great mass of seekers after clean amusement to whom the closing of the motion-picture theaters would be like the death of a very dear and very necessary friend, take pride in the fact that the motion-picture industry has proved its thorough Americanism.

The men and women of no other industry, unless it be those who make magazines and newspapers, have equaled the motion-picture people in their quick response and their effective service in these war times.

The screens, the studios, the offices have been ready to do even more than the government asked.

There has been no profit taking by motion-picture war industries. Everything is free for the government.

The loyalty of the industry is unquestioned. It has been quick to give all America would receive. Through the motion picture more than through any other medium is the morale of the United States kept up.

The screen carries the government's messages to twelve million persons every day. It hammers home every argument. Its circulation is one hundred per cent effective. You can ignore an editorial in a newspaper, but you can't ignore the same editorial dramatized on the screen.

The motion picture has asked no favors. It has proved itself a national institution.

For that reason, perhaps, the industry should receive no credit. It is so much of the people, so much a part of our national life, that being patriotic and self-sacrificing and worthy was as natural as getting up in the morning and retiring at night.

It wasn't hard for the motion picture to work for the nation. It was a vital part of the nation.

The motion picture is what it is to-day because it so well reflects national life, but it could not do this if it were not in the hands of men and women who themselves were so farseeing and so broad and so sensitive to the public's demands.

Nature's laws govern things so tremendously vital to the world as motion pictures and newspapers.

Only those persons fit to serve are allowed to survive, and to those who prove worthy the reward is bountiful.

A man has to be a real American to be successful in this national amusement. He has to be sincere in his desire to serve.

The stars, the directors, the producers, the successful presidents of the motion-picture corporations are elected by the people just as much as is the President. They survive only as long as they serve as true Americans.

That's why the motion-picture industry, the big men and the big women in it, seek no credit for being genuine Americans. As well praise President Wilson for being loyal.

The Music Accompaniment

IN a prosperous little city recently we had a demonstration of what a bad exhibitor can do to a film. D. W. Griffith's "The Great Love" was the attraction. We had seen it at The Strand in New York City, and were wonderfully impressed. So we took our friends in the smaller town.

We told them they were about to see a splendid production. After the picture had ended, gone was our reputation as a judge of pictures. "The Great Love" was a flivver in that town.

And for only one reason. The exhibitor had a mechanical band played with a roll, which he started going and let run wild throughout the picture.

Mr. Griffith furnished music cues to go with "The Great Love," simple selections that could be played by a small orchestra, a large one, or on a piano. But this exhibitor couldn't use them.

If the exhibitor had only had one person at the piano, with the appropriate music motives, such as "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," which came in so appealingly at different intervals in The Strand presentation! But he had only that mechanical organ, which was particularly unsuited to that type of picture. No music at all would have been better.

Probably many persons told him they didn't like the picture. They didn't realize how the awful music had ruined it.

And the next time a patron asks him why he doesn't show better pictures he will say: "Aw, I showed 'The Great Love,' but it wasn't any good."

A Pointed Protest

FROM Columbus, Ohio, comes a letter complimenting an editorial in this department complaining about the short-sighted exhibitors who believe the public wants quantity instead of quality.

Columbus has another problem, the writer says, in the form of a certain exhibitor who runs the film too fast, racing through a show so as to get the people out of the house to make room for the others who are waiting outside.

"It has almost taken the joy out of pictures for me, and I believe it is doing more to hurt the picture business in our city than any other thing," our correspondent writes.

She wrote a letter to the exhibitor, protesting. She talked it over with him. And still he runs a feature, a comedy, a news weekly, and a war weekly in a little more than an hour, she informs us.

She wants to know what she can do about it.

We have had the same experience, and if we had done what we felt the exhibitor deserved we would have slain him by some appropriate method, such as forcing him to eat beefsteak so rapidly he would die from hiccups.

You find the stupid get-the-money-quick men in every business. You will find grocers who give you short weight, shoe dealers who tell you paper soles are leather, traction companies who run one street car where decent service demands three.

And you find exhibitors, with tiny eyes sunk deep in their heads so that they can't see ten minutes ahead of them, who still think all is fair in the show business, and who would sell the pocket-picking privilege in their theaters if they could get away with it.

The law of compensation eventually gets these fellows. They are rapidly being tossed out on the backs of their necks.

But that doesn't help our friend in Columbus who wants to go to a picture show to-night, and who knows that if she goes to the theater which happens to be in her neighborhood she will see a good production ruined by stupid projection.

Our suggestion is to write to the producer of the pictures shown in this theater—write direct to the main office in New York, to the president of the company. Tell him how this exhibitor is ruining these pictures and the motion-picture business in your city.

Get all your friends to write to the exhibitor, telling him they will not attend his theater until he notifies them that he will run his pictures at the proper speed. And don't go until he does.

If you can, find a theater whose manager wants your good will, and who looks upon the motion picture as an entertainment, not as a method of polite robbery. And patronize that theater.

Charles Takes His Time

CHARLES CHAPLIN—he's "Charles" now, according to his billing, though he never will be anything but Charlie to the folks—has announced that nobody is going to hurry him through his pictures. New Chaplin pictures have been as scarce as sugar, and there seems to be no prospect of the famine being materially relieved.

It seems that Charlie is going to take his time about these pictures. He is to get a million dollars for making about eight of them, and he is going to give the people their money's worth.

When a new Chaplin picture comes along you can be sure that it's the best Charlie can do. If you don't like it you can say he's going back, but you will never be able to say of him, as you can of many stars, that he is rushing his stuff through in order to collect. Mary Pickford is doing about the same thing.

If we had the money Mary and Charlie have nobody could hurry us, either.

The Highbrows Need the Cash

THE great trouble with highbrows is that now and then one is sincere. If they just *all* were poseurs the public would know how to judge their pompous mouthings. Every now and then an author or a critic says he loathes the movies and means what he says.

We have no quarrel with these persons who really have looked at our best motion pictures and have found in them no entertainment.

But we do despise the gink who sneers at motion pictures because he thinks it establishes him as a deep thinker. He's in the same class with the addlepate who professes to believe that reading newspapers is a waste of time.

One of our best-known writers has been a consistent abuser of motion pictures, yet the moment he finishes a novel he sends a carbon copy to his agent with instructions to try to get ten thousand dollars for the motion-picture rights.

'WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELD.

TENDING to prove that while clothes don't often make the man, here is a case where they certainly seem to. Lillian Gish grasps at the scarecrow for protection, as a drowning person might grasp at a straw. *Romance*, in "A Romance of Happy Valley," in which both Lillian and the scarecrow appear, is right over in the next cornfield—and coming strong.

Roast Beef—Well Done

No one would ever expect a masculine movie director to be able to cook, if need be, but a woman—well, it takes a woman to meet any sort of an emergency.

By Grace Kingsley

"NO wonder the meat is burning," Lois Weber said drolly; "it's been cooking three whole days!"

I opened my eyes in astonishment.

By all the rules, I felt that I had a perfect right to expect a lady motion-picture director to wear khaki, puttees, and horn-rimmed glasses, if not indeed a big sombrero.

Instead of which I had found her looking abso-

lutely matronly, though very fresh-colored and handsome, as she stood on the front porch of an old-fashioned Los Angeles house, clad in a big polka-dot kitchen apron which completely covered her dress, calling out to little Barbara Connolly not to turn somersaults in the front yard! And next moment she was even more like a mother, when, smelling the roast beef burning, she dashed into the kitchen and pulled the meat out of the oven!

It was then that she turned and made the remark about the roast beef. And, after making a few surprised inquiries, I learned that when Miss Weber, or Mrs. Phillips Smalley—if you chance to know her intimately—had arrived at this house, which she had rented for picture purposes, she learned that the property man had gone to war, and, after inquiring whether there was any one about who could cook a roast of beef, she found there was no one. So she just put on that big apron, washed and salt-and-peppered and dashed that roast into the oven herself. And it was eaten by the company for lunch the next day, too!

Out in the kitchen a group of people were gathered — a man in shirt sleeves, a gray-haired woman in a calico dress, a handsome youth, and a half-grown boy with a book, while presently in bounded a lovely blond girl clad in street clothes.

"Come here, Mildred," called out Mrs. Smalley, "your dress doesn't look just right. I'll fix it for you!" And then, to the small boy, who was fingering the biscuits on the table: "No, Kenneth, you can't have any biscuit now. . . . I'm just dying," she told me in a whisper, "to let him have one, but I know very well if I were his mother I wouldn't!"

She stepped back a few paces to get out of the way of the camera man. "Mother," she said to the gray-haired woman in the calico frock, and whose name is Lydia Knott—famous is Miss Knott for the playing of many mother rôles—"mother, take this cloth in your hand; it looks more cookish. Daddy, this is the best family china, so we must mind our p's and q's. Tom—to Tom Ray, cousin of the famous Charles—don't forget to admire Mildred. Turn that baking-powder can around, Pete; you know they object to having any-

Miss Weber, who is Mrs. Phillips Smalley at home, always reads her new manuscript over with her husband.

thing show that can be read. Now, company, action! Camera!" And the scene was taken.

Lois Weber speaks quickly but quietly, and there is something about her that, while stimulating, is radiant and warm and feminine, so that every one is fairly inspired to obey. Not only do they do what she tells them, but they like doing it. And all the time she is working she remains standing. None of those comfy canvas chairs for her! She used to have a property boy who followed her all about and at every pause implored her: "Mrs. Smalley, *please* sit down!" But he's gone to war. Likewise, it is Mr. Smalley's habit to urge her: "Mamma, please sit down!" But Mr. Smalley had gone East on a visit to his mother, and there was no one left to keep the famous lady from frazzling herself.

"Why the real house?" I asked, after a peep at the odd old crayon portraits of apparently humpbacked persons that adorn the wall, and at the "throws" over the piano.

"Well, I guess I'm the originator of the idea of working in real houses instead of in sets," she explained. "I've been doing it for some time now, but very quietly, because of course there isn't a picture producer in the world who'll admit that there isn't a set, from a saint's heavenly throne to a kitchen sink, which can't be built. But you see I happen to know that every woman has her own particular way of keeping house. Take that funny little door opening into the dining room, with the slide for the dishes and those bits of old Dutch crockery. You wouldn't find those things anywhere in the world but just here. And upstairs there's a girl's bedroom in which the dressing table has a dozen little unheard-of bits of decoration.

"Then take the millionaires' homes. Most of those in pictures look as if they'd been furnished by mail order. I paid one thousand dollars for the use of a millionaire's home for ten days not long ago, but it was worth it. The families? Well, they usually live in one room and grumble while we're taking the picture. The millionaire's family, I believe, went away to the seashore. . . . Pete, is the dining room ready to shoot?"

It appeared the dining room wasn't quite ready. But it soon would be, for everybody went to work on the job. Even the

Only a woman director would know just how to give the right touch to the star's hair. The star, in this case, is Dorothy Phillips.

star, Mildred Harris, helped set the table!

Then Miss Weber went over to the camera and "sighted." She knows the camera almost as well as her camera man does. Something didn't just suit. The camera man took a peek, and they consulted, and then they moved the machine over so as to take the scene from another angle.

"This looks like a domestic picture," I said. "Aren't you making any more of the sort you made a while ago—pictures like the one on birth control, or the one against using the third degree in criminal cases—any pictures embodying your own ideals and hobbies?"

"Well, hobbies is a strong word," said Miss Weber, "but—no. In these war times, I mean to make only comedies and comedy dramas—the sort of thing that will take the strain off from people. This one, for instance, is a simple story of a girl who wanders away from home, gets into society and trouble simultaneously, and comes back to her people. Yes, I write all my stories out, whether they are mine originally or not, and I tell the whole story to the company before we begin work."

She looked exactly like a director when she said that, but next moment her face softened. "Dearie," she called out to Barbara, "your hair should be curled a bit. Come, you aren't in this scene, anyway. . . . Action, company!" And while the camera clicked, and Mrs. Smalley was telling the actors what to do, she was also curling Baby Barbara's hair. Then it was discovered that little Elaine Whitehouse, who never had been sick, and just didn't know how to be, had to play a sick bit lying pathetically on the lounge, and they couldn't keep her from smiling and laughing. But Mrs. Smalley reasoned with her and soon had her wearing a fairly woebegone expression. And when Baby Barbara didn't put enough pep into her professional somersault, Mrs. Smalley suggested that she would have "little Marie" do the scene. Now, little Marie didn't exist at all, except in Barbara's baby imagination, but Mrs. Smalley humored her and discussed the matter quite soberly with her, so that in the end Baby Barbara decided that she could do that flip-flop with the necessary animation.

You would have said that she was much lovelier than so clever a woman has any need to be.

"Time for lunch!" Mrs. Smalley called out suddenly. And everybody stopped. She took off her big apron and revealed herself beautifully feminine in a silk afternoon gown; and if you could have seen her, with her brilliant eyes of that changeable shade which is sometimes brown and sometimes violet, with her black hair and her beautifully tinted skin, you would have said that she was much lovelier than so clever a woman has any need to be.

We had lunch with the orchestra leader and the manager of the Kinema Theater, where one of her pictures was

to be shown, and then came another surprise. Mrs. Smalley, it seemed, is an accomplished musician, and they had met to discuss the music for the picture. Mrs. Smalley knows all about the very hardest compositions of Liszt and Chopin, and that leads right up to that early story of hers, of how, as a young girl, she expected to be a concert player. Then one day the tragic death of a young sweetheart of hers sent her sorrowing into mission work, and it was only through amateur theatrical work in connection with charities she heard and heeded again the call of the stage.

"And do you *never* wear puttees and khaki?" I asked.

"Why in the world should I do that?" she laughed.

Well, after all, why in the world should she?

SUCCESS!

THE only thing that Hicksville had that other towns had not
Was a homely individual named Ferdinand McSwatt.
And Hicksville, to its visitors, would say with scorn: "That bug
Is keeping business from us with his melancholy mug!"

Then came the day when Hicksville took a vote, at least I heard,
To beautify their city—so they tied a can to Ferd!
They furnished him with tickets that would take him to the coast,
As far away as he could go was what they wanted most!

To make this story short, McSwatt broke in the picture game,
In slapstick comedy he copped the coin and much acclaim.
And soon the fans o'er all the land, from Frisco to Red Gap,
Were laughing at the man who had the melancholy map!

Soon forty-seven cities claimed the honor of his birth.
Cigars and babes were named for him in token of his worth!
His sal'ry was the huskiest of any living man's,
His features were well known and loved by twenty million fans!

'Way back in poor old Hicksville there were doings, you can bet
When other towns began to try to steal away its pet!
But when, by affidavits, Hicksville at length could prove
McSwatt was born in Hicksville, why, things began to move!

Now, if you visit Hicksville, you will find, as like as not,
A boulevard and avenue and park that's named McSwatt!
And in that park a statue, too, has recently upriz
Of Hicksville's pride—the man who had the melancholy phiz!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.

HITTING THE SNOW TRAIL.

SNOWSTORMS don't grow on bushes the way orange blossoms do in sunny California, and when the picture folk want an arctic setting they have to look for it.

The Bill Hart outfit took this snowstorm up at Truckee, in northern California, while down below the southern part of the State was wearing roses and palms. Alaskan dogs, trained to draw sledges in long teams over the snowy wastes of the Far North, were brought down to Truckee to give the right atmosphere, and their keen, wolflike faces appear in much good action opposite Bill.

The pretty girl in the case is Katherine MacDonald. What girl wouldn't want to be in her boots?

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By William Lord Wright

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts and we do not make reports as to the standing or reliability of individual companies. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Wrong Way to Begin

Miss Psyche Moss, of Bloom Center, has a consuming ambition to write photo plays, but it is my opinion that she will never sell any. Why? Because her system is wrong—based, as it were, on her own ideas of how she should proceed and not on good advice and common sense. First, Miss Moss wrote long, rambling heart-to-heart letters to all the scenario editors. In these epistles she confided her ambition to become an "authoress," she talked about herself, and asked a great many questions. We may pause to remark that Miss Psyche Moss right then and there wrote herself down as a pest. Then, to follow up her initial entrance into the writing game, she proceeded to "dash off" plays ad lib., and to submit them ad lib. She never paused to study market requirements, never hesitated a moment to investigate the possible requirements of this or that concern; she just sent her manuscripts forth to wander at will in virgin fields. She kept an endless chain of scripts going. When the first of the first dozen sent out was returned, she just typed a new main title and again sent it merrily forth. Some of Miss Moss' stuff was passable, but the editors, one and all, "ducked." She had proven herself a pest, and her material never was carefully considered. And then she persisted in writing continuity. Now, be it known, a limited number of persons with technical experience can write good movie continuity, scene by scene, reel by reel. Miss Moss refused to write synopses. Not she! Detailed action for hers! And thus endeth the first chapter, with Miss Moss still canning fruit in good old Bloom Center—which she does amazingly well—and wondering, ever wondering, why the scenario editors do not know good plots when they see them!

As to Sympathy

To write with understanding, with appeal, one must have sympathy with one's subject. A scenario editor recently ransacked the city of New York for a scenario suitable for a child star. Practically all the writers notable for their work on children's stories were canvassed for contributions, but in vain. In some way their stuff missed fire. And then the editor ruminated. He thought: Here is a little girl star, and all the men in this city have been trying to cut and fit a yarn for her. A mother has sympathy with little children. He turned to a

mother, a writer also, of course, and she submitted a plot for the juvenile. It was a good plot because the writer had the sympathetic insight into the hearts and the minds of little children. To put over a story that appeals, to cause feeling, one must, oneself, have feeling.

Market Shifts

With wintry winds come sudden shifts in the movie weather vane. The movie market is something strange; it passeth understanding. One minute the manufacturers are clamoring for one type of story. A few months ago there was a popular grabbing off of such material as "Open the Window Mary," "Up the Road With Sally," "How Could You, Carolyn?" and others. The unusual main title and atmosphere sold the stuff to the promoters of Mary Pickford, Bessie Love, and the rest. To-day, there has been a demand for Western stuff. J. A. Berst, the astute president of United Picture Theaters, Inc., saw the possibilities of "The Light of Western Stars," and released it in several thrilling reels. Immediately there came a demand for Zane Grey's stuff. Then all the writers of Western cowboy life, from Zane Grey to B. M. Bower, sprang into popular favor, and the manufacturers fell over themselves after the stories. And then, to-morrow, it will be something else again. You never can tell. All the free-lance writer can do is to hover close to the center of things with his ear pressed closely to terra firma.

Old Wine, Old Books, Old Plots

That there is nothing new under the sun is nowhere better exemplified than in movieland. A new twist to an old plot is all that can be reasonably expected. But the other day we were edified to see one of Dickens' works presented on the screen in a dress that would have amazed the gentle author, could he have been alive in this day and age. Imagine "Our Mutual Friend" camouflaged as a society drama! Do you think it unusual? So do we! And yet not one in a hundred will ever look underneath the surface to detect the plot. Dickens was a plotter, as was Wilkie Collins. Collins' "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White" have been done over and over, from serial to split reel. Dickens so far has been screened as Dickens only. But now the searcher for plots has come across the perfectly obvious fact that a plot is a plot no matter where it may be found—even in the pages of Dickens!

Trying Out Your Story

" 'Brighteyes' is the court of last resort with me. " 'Brighteyes' is the pet name of the girlie who is the arbiter of all my work. If the black eyes of the girlie twinkle and shine as I read aloud, if she bows her copper-colored head and looks up sadly at me—then I know I've got something." The speaker was a photo-play author of resourcefulness. He believes in trying out his stuff before mailing it. In other words, he has a plot, situations, and, to his mind, some appealing business. However, he has frequently found that his perspective is bad. And so, when his work is done, he reads it aloud to his little girl. He notices the effect, he

values her advice which is rarely wrong, and very often he finds changes are essential. Have you a little "Brighteyes" in your home? Of course you have!

Casts and Characters

When inventing a plot for the photo-play screen, limit your cast of characters. Also be sure that your male or female lead, as the case may be, has plenty of business. Many amateurs make the grave mistake of introducing too many characters into their plots. In so doing, the story for the screen is weakened. The reader, with so many characters to keep track of, becomes confused. Play up the leads, for they'll yell their heads off in any event if they do not get in the middle of almost every situation. Despite this advice, I quite agree with you that there is too much of this star business. I mean too much sacrificing of story in order that the vanity of the star may be catered to. One of the best screen novels of the year was ruined because Mister Star became peeved when five scenes in six reels were enacted with said star elsewhere.

The Fade-out Story

By heck! Something's got to be done about the fade-out story. The screen is full of 'em, and so, evidently, is the versatile writer of filmland's stories. Here is what we mean by the fade-out story. Said drama opens fast and with a wallop. Something doing all the time. Interest increases. And then—— The principal character sits by the fireside, on a log, or somewhere else, and proceeds to tell the heroine all about something that had occurred twenty years back, or a hundred years back, or night before last. The recountal finally ends after about a reel and a half of film has fluttered past. Then the main story is taken up again. Why this method is so all-fired popular at present, deponent sayeth not, because he doth not know. The fact remains, however, that it is bad business. The audience becomes interested in a story, and all of a sudden the thread is broken off while we travel back somewhere and begin *another story*. The time is coming when the fade-out story will not be so common. It is not the best way to spin a yarn.

Lighting Effects

For a time the director's fancy lightly turned to lighting effects. Consequently every continuity in the land contained light stuff—literally speaking. A continuity named "All-of-a-Quickness Genevieve" was strained for lighting effects. We either had the men searching the forest—tinted—with lighted lanterns, or we had the well-known and ever-popular auto headlights approaching the camera, or the lights streaming from the bay windows, or something else. In any event, every script had to contain a succession of light effects, and if said script did not contain them the director just put 'em in, anyway! But now, we are turning away from the light, so to speak. We are now indulging in setting suns, moonlights, dawns, rainstorms, and lightning and wind. Tell me, Hortense, what would a six-reel drama be worth to-day without at least one healthy rainstorm? There comes a subtitle in reel four, "And Then the Sun Came Up." And then the sun

does come up right there on the film with tints galore and mountains in the distant background. And just as we had lighting effects a-plenty, we are experiencing rain and wind storms a-sufficiency. Don't call for these in your plot synopsis unless they're essential. For by the time this sees printer's ink, finis will be said to many of these effects—at least for a while.

There's Everything in a Name

Yep, there *is* everything in a name—meaning the main title of a feature picture play. Main titles have been known to add thousands of dollars to the commercial value of a picture. Main titles have been known to detract thousands of dollars from the commercial value of a good picture. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, it is true, but *not* a picture play! Several concerns recognize this important fact and call conferences on the main titling of feature plays. Of course, if it is a book play and the name of the book is well known, it would be folly to change the title. But with original stories too much care and thought cannot be taken. Particularly is a main title of vital importance to a serial. Such titles should not only be brief, but comprehensive and illuminating. Another important item is the subtitling of a film. Only one feature film in three is well titled. To our mind the thoughtful titling of a picture is of as much importance as the cutting of the film.

Introducing Tom Geraghty

In another part of this issue appears a humorous account of a staff scenario writer's troubles, which should interest readers of this department. Lest some of the faint-hearted be disposed to take this article too literally, I may tell you that the author, Tom J. Geraghty, is really a most enthusiastic believer in the screen as a field for the ambitious writer. He has written us some very interesting suggestions, gleaned from his own highly successful experience, which will be printed in a forthcoming number. Meanwhile, you will find his story in the present issue amusing, at least.

Getting Together

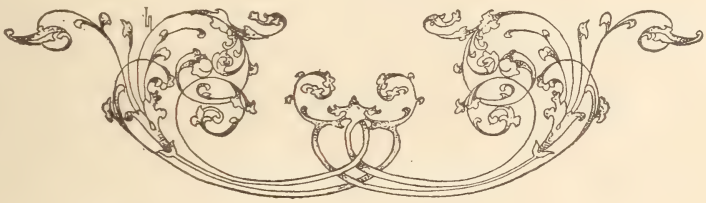
If you hear of an organization of writers in your city or within reach of your home, we think that it would be very beneficial to make application to the club, and join if you are qualified. Many such clubs are now in existence, and we regret that we have not the names and addresses of them at hand that we might help the young writers get into the company of others. With but few exceptions the clubs welcome beginners who have not sold even one script. The only requirement is that you be in earnest, and that you do all you can to coöperate in advancing all members of the club.

Lack of experience should not keep writers from gatherings of this kind, for, by attending such gatherings, experience comes much quicker than otherwise. Neither must writers expect to receive all and give nothing, for this would be manifestly unfair to the writers who gave advice and experience freely. The beginner cannot get up and tell a club how to do this or that, but he can tell some little experience of his own either in writing or marketing his

work, which will prove interesting or helpful to others. That is the club spirit —every one helping every one else. If you want to be helped, and are willing to help others to such a degree as your advancement permits, then take our advice and look around to see if there is a club in your vicinity. In cities and even small towns notices will usually be found in the club and society section of the daily newspaper if such a club exists.

Another Synopsis for You

In compliance with innumerable requests, we are printing another sample synopsis. This is the story of "Maggie Pepper," and this synopsis was the one—word for word—from which was written the continuity for the Paramount picture in which Ethel Clayton is soon to appear. It will be interesting, I am sure, for the readers of this department, who will be able to see the picture, to compare the synopsis with the final product, and thus to see how the continuity writer and director build up the story from the synopsis foundation. This synopsis is not presented as an ideal piece of work, as a masterpiece, as something to be imitated, save in its form. It is, however, a good piece of workmanship, a good model for the beginner, and the type of story which, as Robert E. MacAlarney puts it, "ought at least to catch the editor's eye."



Maggie Pepper

By Charles Klein

Picturization by Gardner Hunting

Maggie Pepper, who has been supporting and taking care of her dead brother's child, Claire, because the mother has neither the means nor the inclination to do so, has been obliged to give up the child to her mother, who has married again. The mother has married a man whom Maggie does not trust, which has made it very hard for her to surrender the child; in fact, it has almost broken her heart because she has had the child so long and is so fond of her.

Maggie is working in a department store, with the intention of making herself indispensable, hoping eventually to become buyer in the suit department, which has fast been going downhill. A vacancy has just now occurred, and Maggie goes to the manager, Hargen, who is temporarily in full charge of the business, as the owner has died and left it to his son, who is traveling "to complete his education." The manager refuses the position to Maggie, telling her that he has chosen his sister Alice's modiste for the position. Maggie remonstrates, telling him that she can know nothing of the business and that the department needs bolstering up—

it is badly run down and things are out of style. He resents this and says if she doesn't like the way he runs the business she can resign. At this moment, his sister, Alice, comes in. She is engaged to the absent young owner of the business, Joe Holbrook. She doesn't like Maggie either.

Meanwhile, Joe Holbrook has come back and surprises Hargen and Alice at the store. He tells Hargen that he doesn't want any one in the store to know who he is, that he may have a look about for himself and see how things are going. He comes in to Maggie just as she has been refused the position of suit buyer, and finds her in rather reckless frame of mind. He asks her several questions, and she, not knowing who he is, relieves her mind as to the policy of running the store and its run-down condition. She tells him what she longs to do if only she had the power, and he is much impressed. She finally tells him to run along—that he's wasting her time,

As he leaves her she sees her sister-in-law, Ada, and Claire coming to see her. They have only just come in when the store detective follows them and tells Maggie that Ada has been caught shoplifting and will have to suffer the penalty. (Ada has done this at the instigation of her newly married husband, to help pay their bills.) Maggie is horrified and begs that they will not include Claire in this. Ada tells them Claire knows nothing of it, and they allow Claire to stay with Maggie, but Ada must go to jail.

Meanwhile Joe Holbrook has decided that he likes Maggie's ideas as to the rehabilitation of the business and appoints her as his assistant, much to the chagrin of the manager and Alice, Joe's fiancée. Alice is decidedly jealous of Maggie. Holbrook retains Maggie in spite of the fact that Hargen has used the shoplifting episode as a pretext to get rid of her.

A year passes and Claire's mother comes out of prison. Her husband is there to meet her and tells her they must get Claire away from Maggie at once—he wants to marry her to a friend of his. He says that if Maggie won't give her up they'll make her pay well for the privilege of keeping the child—she has a fine job at Holbrook's now and *can* pay. Ada doesn't like this, but conceals her feelings.

Maggie has been getting on finely in her new position; the store is a different place, and the owner consults her on all business matters—so often that gossip has been busy linking her name with his. This makes Alice furious, and she tells her brother, Hargen, that he *must* get rid of Maggie.

Sam Darkin, Ada's husband, now comes to Maggie and tells her that he wants Claire to live with them—that he has a friend who wants to marry Claire. This shocks Maggie, and as he talks she realizes that he has come to get her to buy him off. She refuses and he gets ugly. He starts to treat her roughly and, as she cries out, Joe Holbrook, who is near by in the store, with Alice, hears and rushes to her. He knocks Darkin down and Darkin slinks out to join Ada, vowing revenge.

Joe's championship of Maggie angers Alice, and she tells him he must discharge Maggie or she will break their engagement. Joe tries to put her off, but Maggie, seeing how things stand, voluntarily resigns, telling the manager that she is no trouble maker. When Joe comes back he learns that Maggie has gone, and determines to make her return. He realizes that he can't run things without her help, and that he has been growing very fond of her.

That night he makes it his business to go to her flat and plead with her to come back. When he arrives, he finds Ada there, pleading with Maggie to save Claire and her from Darkin. Maggie has just had an offer from a rival

firm to go as buyer for them to Japan. She has decided to do this in order to get Claire out of Darkin's clutches. She has been telling her plains to Ada, and has promised Ada that she will take her with them. She, however, warns Ada that they must be careful not to allow Darkin to get a hint of their plans.

Joe tells Maggie that he wants to talk to her. She sends Claire into another room and tells Ada to go out and get rid of Darkin, who is waiting for her outside. Joe then tells Maggie that he wants her to come back to her position, that he can't get along without her, and that his engagement to Alice has been broken. Maggie says she can't do this —that she has accepted an offer to go to Japan—that she must carry out her plans in order to save Ada and Claire.

In the meantime Ada has been arguing with Darkin, who has grown suspicious of her and tells her she's stalling. She runs away from him into Maggie's flat and tells Maggie that Darkin is coming—that she's afraid of what he may do. At this Maggie sends Ada into the room with Claire and pushes Joe into another room—tells him that Darkin must not see him there.

Darkin comes in, demanding his wife and Claire. Maggie tells him that he cannot have them—he tries to pass her to get to them and they struggle. Maggie is getting the worst of it and cries out, when Joe, who has been listening, cannot stand it any longer—he flings open the door and comes in. Joe grabs Darkin and shoves him out of the way. Darkin pulls a gun and fires at Joe. Joe is wounded—staggers, and falls. Darkin, frightened at what he has done, runs to the window and jumps out. A policeman sees him and gives chase. Darkin fires, wounding the policeman, and is himself wounded by the officer. Darkin runs on, thinking he has killed the policeman, comes to the river—nearly all in—sees a boat within his reach, and wades out toward it. Just as he reaches the boat his wound overcomes him and he drowns.

Meanwhile, back at Maggie's flat, they have been able to get Joe to bed and give him some assistance. He is not serious wounded, but for fear of the scandal which may result through his having been wounded in Maggie's flat, they all decide that he must stay there until he is well—he is only too glad to do this, for he knows now that he loves Maggie.

The papers are full of Holbrook's disappearance. A body is finally discovered floating in the river, and while it is apparently not recognizable, the police think that it may be Joe Holbrook and begin looking for Darkin. They watch Maggie's house and discover that there is a man there. They decide that it is Darkin, and that Maggie is shielding him because of his relationship to her. They decide to raid Maggie's flat, but she hears them coming and pushes Joe into a back room just as the police break into her home. They tell her she is shielding Darkin—she laughs at them—but when she sees she can no longer keep them from finding out that Joe Holbrook is there, she throws open the door, calling to Joe, and the police are dumfounded at Holbrook's entrance.

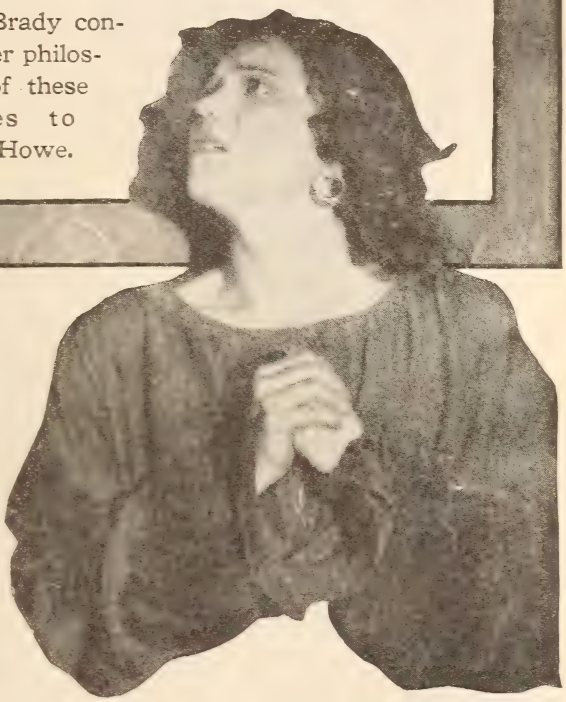
They go away, leaving Joe, Maggie, Ada, and Claire together. The telephone rings and police headquarters notifies Ada that the body taken from the river has been identified as that of her husband. Hargen and Alice get the news and come to find Joe, but he declares he means to marry Maggie, and Alice and Hargen leave, discomfited. Joe turns to Maggie and tells her that she'll have to marry him now—that she's hopelessly compromised *him*. She laughs happily and tells him that she thinks she'll have to make good.

Norma Talmadge—Traffic Cop

Motor overspeeding lost its frightfulness and took on a rosy glamour in Queens County, New York, when Norma Talmadge was appointed deputy sheriff. Every motor cyclist hoped that Norma would be on duty when he passed the Bayside station, and Norma kept hoping fervently to catch a speeder. The picture was snapped "when hopes came true."

What's in An Earring?

Alice Brady confides her philosophy of these baubles to Selma Howe.



Spanish gold and rubies make these earrings which were found in New Orleans.

"EVERYTHING!" replied Alice Brady to my question with likable directness. "Next," and, unpinning her veil, she laid it, with her hat, upon her dressing table.

"Excuse my abruptness," she apologized, taking a hasty peep at herself in the glass, like a small, lively fox terrier, "but I go on for the matinée in thirty-five minutes." Our encounter was in the star's dressing room of the theater where this versatile young actress was appearing on Broadway in her father's stage production, "Forever After"—six nights a week, with two afternoon performances—in addition to her daily work before the camera.

"I'm late now, but I can't do anything without my maid. You may stay and ask questions until she comes, and then you'll have to go," but her bright, infectious smile took the sharpness out of her command.

"Your earrings—you have worn a different pair every time I've seen you. How many have you?"

"Ask me something easy!" Miss Brady exclaimed. "Last time I counted them, months ago, I had seventy-eight and a half pairs. They were trying to make a mate for a single ring that I'd picked up to use in some picture. Sometimes it seems impossible to find the right thing, but I always do—they're the most important article of my dress.

"I had a frightful hunt for the right rings for 'The Ordeal of Rosetta.' and—would you believe it?—I finally found just what I wanted in an Italian pawnshop after hunting everywhere else. Like to see some of them? I keep a few here," and with a deft movement she took down a large, leather-covered box, unlocked it with a key from her bag, and scattered its precious contents, all earrings, in a dazzling heap upon the old-rose table cover. Then, choosing one here, another there, she described them to me.

"There are moments in a woman's life which only rubies can adequately express—rubies and carved gold. They are those rare, precious moments when her whole emotional being wells up within her, demanding expression. It is for such scenes as these that I reserve my rubied earrings."

"Pendent earrings lengthen the face—just as short ones appear to widen it. I love these baroque pearls for morning wear—for shopping tours and the like. They set off a brunette's beauty, and their rich tints are far kinder to my face than the glittering whiteness of diamonds."

"These pendent rings of jet and pearls," Miss Brady went on, selecting a pair of small, square ornaments, "are almost the most specialized ones that I possess. I rarely use them except for highly emotional scenes in which there is quick action."

"Here are what I might call my 'Queen of Sheba' earrings," and from the riot of jewels on her dresser she picked up some large emeralds, with several twinkling strings of brilliant diamonds and small, cut emeralds. "I scarcely ever wear diamonds without some other stone—either emeralds or rubies, for reds and greens tone down the hardness of a diamond."

In the picture above, Miss Brady wears gorgeous mosaic ornaments, incrusted with semi-precious stones of a variety of shapes, sizes, and hues. Peeping from her dark hair under the picture hat they make a perfect blaze of color.

Blue is the color of childhood, and therefore for her child parts Miss Brady often wears sapphires. These are set in lapis lazuli, and in the opinion of the fair wearer are far more satisfactorily filmed than turquoise—the "baby" gem.

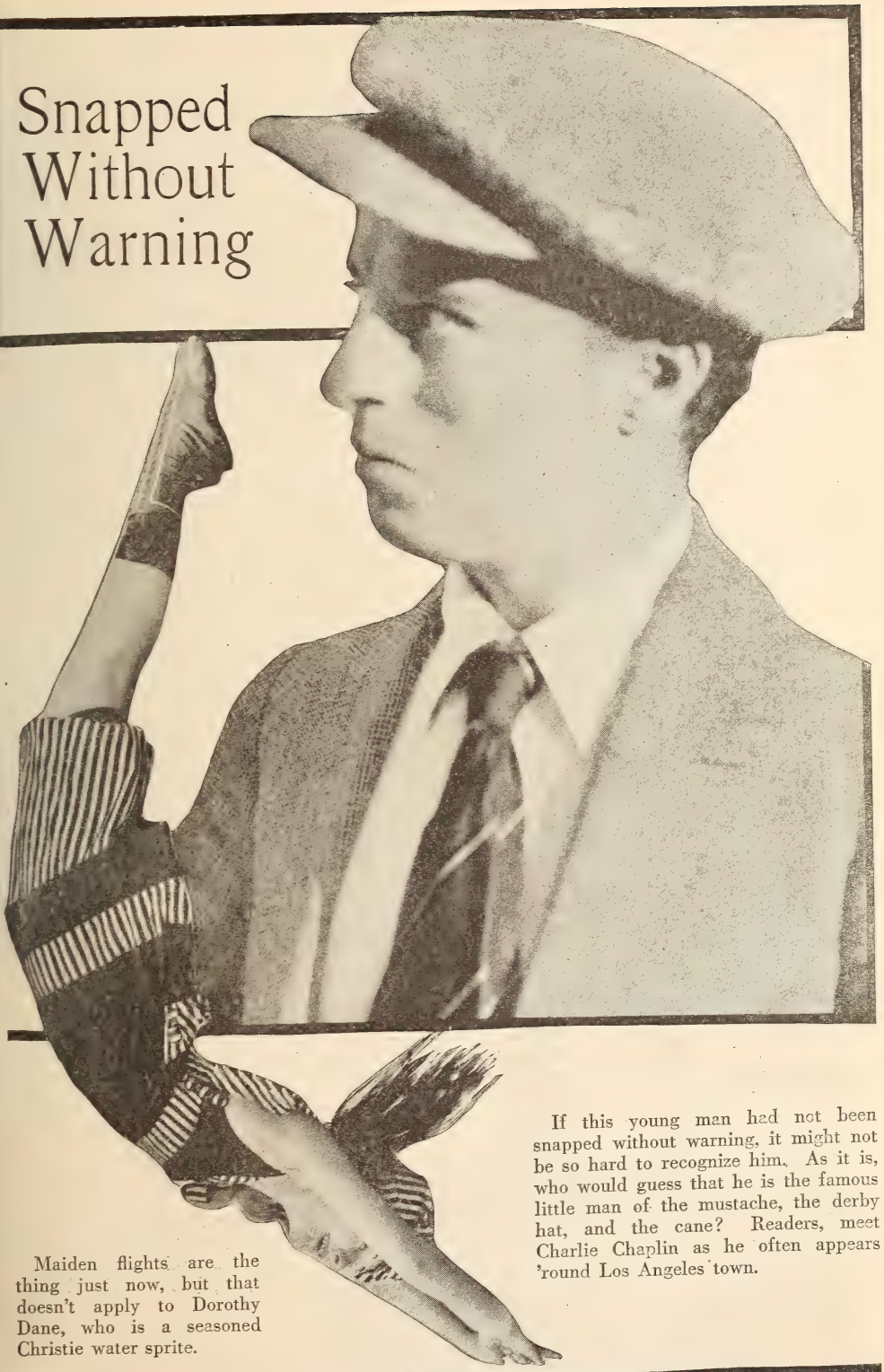
"And these huge rings—feel them," and the owner tossed me the Italian ear ornaments of Spanish gold, unbelievably heavy, which gave her that foreign air in "The Ordeal of Rosetta." "You'd never guess that the lovely things came from a pawnshop in New York's Italian section, would you?"

And here are Miss Brady's favorites, in which she is often seen in her leisure hours—which are few indeed—rubies, curiously entangled in finely wrought chains of yellow gold.

"Of course I'm not superstitious about the use of earrings," laughed Miss Brady, "my good-luck ones?—why every single pair I have brings me good luck," as she pushed the sparkling gems to one side.

Lucky girl!

Snapped Without Warning



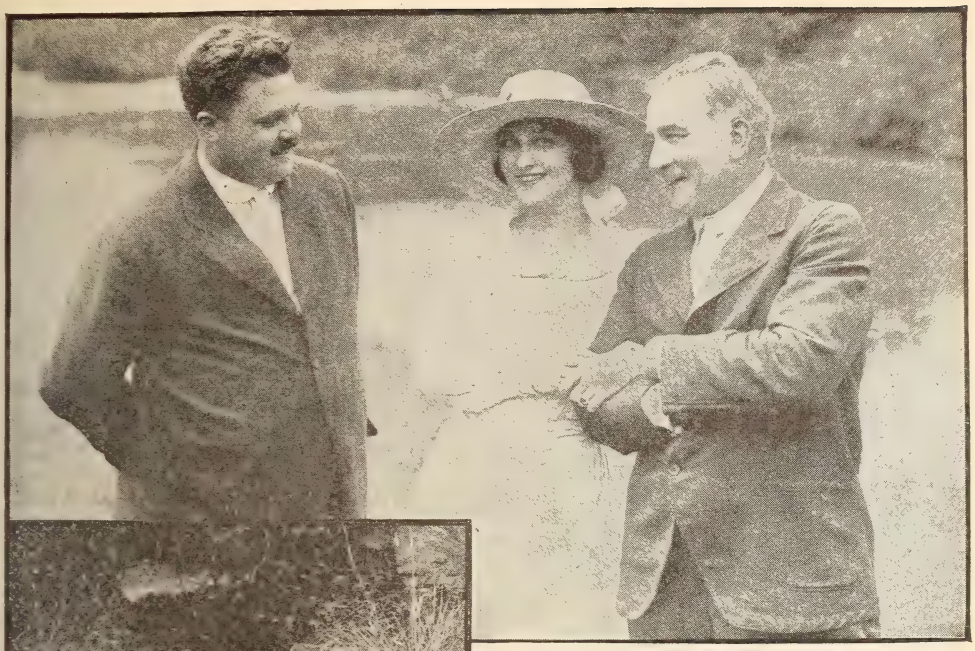
If this young man had not been snapped without warning, it might not be so hard to recognize him. As it is, who would guess that he is the famous little man of the mustache, the derby hat, and the cane? Readers, meet Charlie Chaplin as he often appears 'round Los Angeles town.

Maiden flights are the thing just now, but that doesn't apply to Dorothy Dane, who is a seasoned Christie water sprite.

Thanksgiving dinner with the Pickfords looks pretty slender—as yet—but with "The Little American" at the table, how could it be otherwise in these Hooverizing days? Mother Pickford and Lillian Gish are Mary's guests.

If one more thing drops, Charlie Gunn says he'll drop the whole outfit. There are limits to the number of things one man can carry—even on a camping trip.

Vivian Martin—who can have her picture taken after her morning ride without showing the horse—and so we printed it.



A conspiracy in the triumvirate, which consists of Pauline Frederick, screen luminary, Emile Chautard, her director, on the right, and Jacques Bizeul, the camera man responsible for much of Pauline's illumination, on the left.

Boy or girl? Well, the picture had us guessing for a minute. It's that roguish Nell Shipman dipping water from a stream near the place where some scenes for "Baree Son of Kazan" were shot.

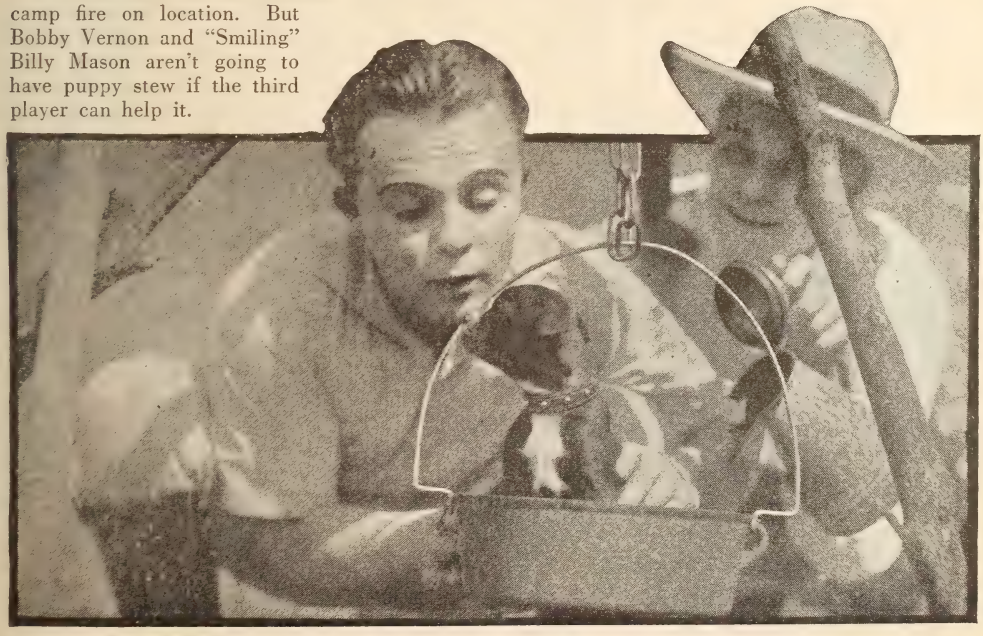
Melting lampblack for eyes that need none. Madge Kennedy is a reformed chorus girl in "The Perfect Lady," but the picture was taken before the reformation.

On location in "Rosemary Climbs the Heights," proving the press reports of Mary Miles Minter's youth. She's the yellow-haired little girl in the dark apron.

Director Crisp administers a reproach when he finds Bryant Washburn reviewing the bathing beauties.

"The Iron Test" seems to be whether the two riders can hang on. Carol Holloway plays the heroine to Tony Moreno's hero in this serial.

A trio of the Christie Comedy players gather around the camp fire on location. But Bobby Vernon and "Smiling" Billy Mason aren't going to have puppy stew if the third player can help it.



Madam Petrova is a great believer in walking. Every morning sees her set out from "The Locusts," her estate at Great Neck, Long Island, just outside New York, for a brisk constitutional.

George Larkin snatches a few days during the filming of "Hands Up" for a vacation with his wife, Ollie Kirby.

Here's a little lady who rules the screen from a scenario office —Jeanie MacPherson, writer of the Paramount forces.

Where is She?

By Harry J. Smalley

I WANT a girl like Marg'rite Clark
So dainty, small and sweet,
With curls like Mary Pickford wears,
And Jackie Saunders' feet.
She must have eyes like Clara Young;
The form of Annette K.,
A mouth like Mabel Normand's, and
Viola Dana's way.
She must be brave as Helen Holmes,
And ride like Vola Vale.
She must possess the winsomeness
Of Bessie Barriscale.
The brain of Miss Anita Loos,
Mae Marsh's moods and whims,
The youthfulness of Minter, and
Miss Mary Thurman's lim's.
She must not scold like Flora Finch,
Nor storm like Nance O'Neil,
She must be cute as Lila Lee,
With Bessie Love's appeal.
Must keep her youth like Fannie Ward;
Have teeth like Norma T.
She must be warm as Louise Glaum,
And kiss like Theda B.
The friskiness of Alice Lake,
With Eileen Percy's smile.
Anita Stewart's lissome grace,
And Irene Castle's style.
Trained tootsies like Ann Pennington's,
With Sarah Bernhardt's rep.
Louise Fazenda's humor, and
The Olive Thomas pep.
As daring as Pearl White, and have
Sweet Billie Burke's cute nose.
Fay Tincher's vim and ginger, with
Petrova's classic pose.
She must have dimples in her cheeks
Like Miss D. Dalton owns—
Besides all this, she must possess
About a million bones!

Wolves of Kultur

"You must get back the plans," he gasped.

The story of an American girl who, in avenging her uncle's murder, tricked and overcame her country's secret foes. Adapted from the Pathe serial, now being shown.

By Hugo Vardman Battle

HER uncle had been murdered.

At first, that was the one terrible reality which Alice Grayson faced. Not until two or three days later did the significance of his last words mean anything to her.

For years, a quiet, serious man of science, he had worked over the plans for his "wireless torpedo." Nobody took his invention very seriously, its very name became something of a joke. But at last he perfected it. Then one day a stranger came to him. He was an agent for a foreign government, and he wished to purchase the plans for the torpedo. He seemed familiar with the work, wise by the strange channels through which information flows to persons in positions such as his. His offer was stupendous.

"No." The old inventor refused with simple dignity. "If my invention is worth anything, it is for my own country. Your offer, sir, is an insult."

But by this insult he knew that he had succeeded.

The next night he was murdered. The newly finished plans were stolen. He had been killed by a strange poisonous gas which had but partly done its work when Alice found him, lying on the floor of his workshop. He was still able to speak, and with halting words he told Alice of the men who had killed him.

"You must get back the plans," he gasped.

"I will," said the girl.

Thus simply was the trust given and accepted.

It was a strange freak of fate that could change, overnight, a pretty, careless girl into a purposeful, resourceful woman, that could make of proud, lovely Alice Grayson a housebreaker, slipping stealthily through the darkness of a German's house at night like a daring, clever burglar.

Hartman's house was very still, the flash from the girl's tiny light showing bits of rich furnishings, expensive rugs. The workroom, she was sure, was upstairs. It had all seemed very simple when she had planned it—there had been nothing to arouse the thieves' suspicion; they felt that the murder of the old inventor had been complete, all-silencing. Probably no particular precautions were being taken to guard the plans which seemed safe enough to them.

So Alice had reasoned in planning this daring attempt. She had not planned on the wild, unreasoning fear which was clutching her now, on the hidden watchers which she felt in every shadowy corner, on the soft creaking of boards which seemed to reëcho through the silent house like pistol shots.

But slowly, stealthily, she mounted the stairs, smothering her fear. At the landing was an open door. One flash of her light revealed the fact that this was Hartman's library. Softly tiptoeing across the heavy rugs, she hastened to the mahogany desk which stood in one corner. Quietly she began rummaging through the drawers. As she looked over the papers in the bottom one, her heart suddenly seemed to stop beating. She recognized the plans of her uncle's torpedo!

Grasping the papers, she extinguished her flash and turned to go. But all at once she stopped, as though terrorized into stone. There was some one in the room, some one who was watching her.

This was different from the vague, shadowy fears. She was sure with all the certainty of instinct. The other person moved—toward her.

The steps came nearer and nearer. A clutching hand caught at her skirt. The library lights were turned on. In the sudden brightness a man stood not a foot from her. He was dressed like a servant, probably a butler. Reaching for the papers which she clutched, he seized her in his arms.

Forgetting that she was the housebreaker, Alice screamed. Suddenly recalling, she choked back her cry and tried to tear herself away from the gripping arms. After a quick, backward wrench, the girl found herself free.

She ran recklessly down the unfamiliar stairs, stumbled against a chair in the darkness, and on through the reception room. She could hear the thud-thud of steps close behind her. But she gained the low French window, felt the night air against her face. There stood her automobile, waiting. A minute later she was safely speeding along a quiet side street.

The next morning she eagerly swept through the papers. There was no

Cast of "Wolves of Kultur"

a serial, written and directed by Joseph A. Golden, produced by Western Photoplays, Inc., and released by Pathé.

Alice Grayson	Leah Baird
Bob Moore	Charles Hutchison
Roger Barclay	Sheldon Lewis
Helen Moore	Betty Howe
Marie Zaremba	Mary Hull
Mario Zaremba	Edmund Dalby
Henry Hartman	Austin Webb

mention of a housebreaker. Hartman was not courting publicity, however just his cause. She turned at last to the lost-and-found column. She had lost the diamond brooch which always held her collar. It had probably been wrenched off during her struggle with the butler. Of course, there was a possibility that she had lost it on the street, earlier in the evening, but the possibility seemed so faint that she was greatly surprised to see an item describing the pin unmistakably.

"Owner can prove claim at 315 East —— Street. Zaremba."

Delighted that her failure of the night before was not to cause also the loss of a much-prized trinket, Alice drove at once to the address. If she had been older in the habits of housebreakers, wiser in the schemes of spies, she would have hesitated. But she was such an amateur burglar, so new to the dangers about her that she walked blithely into the trap.

She found Zaremba's apartment in a shabby house in a shabbier part of the city. Leaving the chauffeur in her car, she mounted the rickety steps, rang the bell.

The instant the door opened, she felt that she had made a mistake in coming alone to this place.

"Zaremba—he is not in just now," said the man who opened the door. "Come in."

The last words seemed almost a command. Alice allowed the door to be closed behind her. There were four men in the room. One was strangely familiar—suddenly she recognized his face. It was the one she had seen in the flash of her little searchlight the night before, Hartman's butler. She had walked into an enemy's trap. There was no parleying.

"What were you doing in Hartman's house last night?" one of the men asked her.

"I—I——" The danger of her position was vivid at once. She had aroused their suspicions, but would not tell them what they wished to know. What means would they use to try to force her?

"I—I——" Her voice faltered. Another of the men took a threatening step toward her.

"Come on, now!" he advised, in a menacing voice.

Suddenly, in a near-by room, a woman screamed; there was the sound of a shot. Again the scream:

"Stop him! He shot my husband!"

A door opened, and a young man dashed into the room. With one wild look about him, he ran for the door, flung it open, and dashed into the hall. In the excitement of his spectacular passage, Alice followed him into the hall. Instantly the four men were in hot pursuit.

Recognizing her as an evident fugitive, too, the young man pushed her toward a flight of stairs.

"Down there! Quick!" he gasped.

Catching at the railing, Alice ran down the steps. They were dark, and she missed her footing, slipped, caught herself, flung open the door at last. She was on another street, around the corner from her machine. She turned to look for her rescuer, but he was not there.

"Drive slowly about," she ordered the driver, hoping to be of some assistance to the stranger who had served her so well.

"Look!" Following the chauffeur's pointing finger, she looked up at the roof of the apartment house. A young man was running along, just behind the parapet. Eagerly Alice watched his bending figure, silhouetted against the sky. Suddenly he dropped over an apparently blank wall.

But he did not fall. Alice watched him incredulously. Then she saw that he was climbing slowly down, clinging to a fragile clothesline. Just around the

block she met him, emerging from a tin-can-strewn back yard. Without a word, she held open the door of her car; without a word, he seated himself beside her.

"Drive — anywhere —fast!" she told the chauffeur.

It was not until the stranger's pursuers were far outdistanced that they made any attempt at explanations.

"My name is Moore —Bob Moore," the young chap then told her. "I did not shoot that woman's husband, but I wish I had. She barely wounded him. I'd have done it right."

"But — but why——" Alice asked timidly.

"My sister—he—he——" His voice choked.

Alice laid her hand on his arm. There seemed nothing she could say. They drove along a few minutes in silence. Then the young man went on with his story. Suddenly Alice interrupted him.

"Did you say his name was Zaremba?" she asked.

Bob nodded. Then she, too, told her story.

"You mean," he asked her unbelievingly, "that all that gang are mixed up with Germany in some way?"

She told him of her uncle's murder, of her visit to Hartman's house, of the promise she had made to the dying patriot.

Moore turned to her, extending his hand. "You're the pluckiest little girl I've ever seen," he said. "And I'm with you! If you'll let me help, we'll see this thing through together."

It was a strange freak of fate that could change, overnight, a pretty, careless girl into a purposeful, resourceful woman.

Riding along the country road, they clasped hands. And so the partnership was sealed.

Together, they made another attempt to enter the chief's house, a week or so later. Hartman's maid answered the doorbell one afternoon to find Moore standing at the door with Alice in his arms, apparently in a dead faint.

"An accident—to the car—get her

to a doctor—must get another car as——"

Moore's incoherent statement was what might be expected of a man just escaped from a dangerous accident. The maid, a bit bewildered, allowed the girl to be taken into one of the bedrooms. A man appeared in the doorway, evidently the owner of the house. Alice, as though recovering from her faint, opened her eyes slowly. Seeing Hartman for the first time, she stared into his handsome, cruel face. And in that brief, staring moment, a new thought occurred to the girl. For it was written in his thick, sensual lips, his appraising eyes, as plainly as though he proclaimed it in words, that here was a man to whom an unknown, beautiful woman was like a challenge, an affair of the moment for which all else might wait.

Reaching for the papers which she clutched, he seized her in his arms.

As Moore was laying her on the bed, the girl whispered:

"Leave me alone with him!"

"If I may leave the lady here for a few minutes"—Moore turned to Hartman—"I should like to get the other driver's number, and go down to the garage at the corner."

"Certainly, certainly," said the delighted Hartman, his eyes on Alice.

As soon as they were alone together, Alice's languor left her abruptly. As she smiled at Hartman, there was a challenging little quality in her smile, as she spoke, a little foreign-sounding burr had suddenly come into her voice. He leaned forward in quick interest.

"You are American?" he asked doubtfully.

Again the challenging smile.

"Officially, yes," said the girl.

"But really——"

"Really?" The girl's eyes met his daringly. "I fancy that you and I speak the same language."

The girl's rare beauty attracted the man, her unexpected words intrigued him.

"If you are as clever as you are pretty," he began, "we might be able to help each other. Perhaps——"

Alice's eyes were full of flattering interest, wide, innocent of guile. "Yes," she encouraged softly. "Go on; you interest me."

"Perhaps——"

Suddenly Alice's eyes widened in fright; the look of flattering interest was suddenly frozen over with a quick glaze of terror. Standing in the open bedroom door was the butler who had faced her once in the flare of her flash light, again in Zaremba's flat. He recognized her!

"Just a minute, sir."

Hartman stepped to the door, the two men spoke in whispers. Then Hartman turned back. Never had Alice seen such a look of anger, outrage, fury as that on the face of the master spy.

"You——" he hissed, starting toward the girl.

The butler, too, came toward her, a long knife in his hand.

They were too late. Over their shoulders, Alice saw Bob draw himself up to the window, vault across the sill. Crossing the lawn, he had recognized the butler as one of the men he had seen in Zaremba's flat, and hurried back to the girl's rescue. The unexpectedness of the attack placed the others at a disadvantage. The butler's knife was wrenched out of his hand; the master spy, himself, went down in a sprawling heap.

"Quick!"

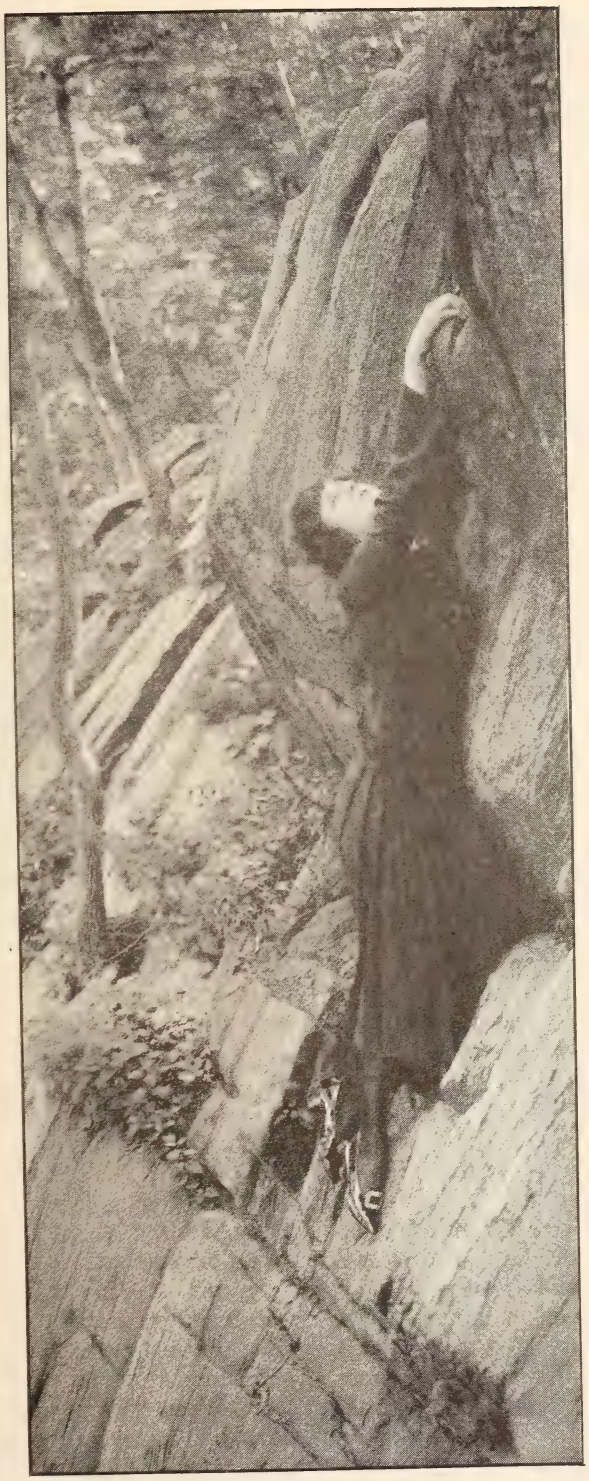
Down the stairs, through the open front door, the girl and the American ran. The German's car was standing at the door. Opening the door, Bob pushed the girl into it.

"C-can you drive this?" she gasped.

"I can start it!" he answered grimly.

The high-powered machine leaped almost at once to a great speed. They were well on their way when the spy and his assistant reached the front door to find their car gone.

But in saying that he could start the car, Bob had stated the exact amount of his skill. He could not regulate its speed; he had no idea how to stop it. Faster and faster they raced. Bob experimented with what he thought was a brake; they speeded up at least five miles an hour; he tried to shut off the gas; they gained another five. The shrubbery beside the road was a flying



She, who had never faced danger, walked now with it ever beside her.

blur. They passed through a town like a meteor, children scuttling to shelter, buggies drawing up against the curb, the sheriff himself unaware of what had happened till the flying car was twenty miles away.

"Oh, Bob, look! Be careful!"

Ahead of them was a railroad crossing. Racing down the track at a speed like their own was the Overland Limited. There were high banks on either side of the road, there seemed no escape.

"It's a-all up, I g-guess!" Bob's words were jerked from his lips, the girl closed her eyes.

There was a grinding sound, a lurch. Three feet from the thundering train the automobile stopped. Bob had finally loosened the jammed accelerator, thrown on the brake. Not until the train had crashed past and they were all alone on the country road did Alice realize that her arms were about Bob's neck, that she had been murmuring "My darling," and other words of endearment. In the presence of death, concealment, modesty, caution—all life's nonessentials are swept away.

Facing each other in safety, Alice crimsoned, drew away her arms. Bob kissed her hand. That was all. But it meant all the understanding in the world. They dared not steal a moment of precious time or thought for lovemaking now. Like soldiers at the front, they were in service.

The days that followed were strange, like some terrible nightmare to the girl. She, who had never known danger, walked now with it always stalking beside her. Still faithful to her promise, she made attempts whose very mention would have terrified her old self. Together, she and Bob faced new, strange terrors, had hairbreadth escapes, shared a little of the terrible melodrama of war time.

But they felt they were making no progress. They felt sure that somewhere the frightful machine was being constructed, but they had no evidence, no proof—they could not approach the authorities with these wild surmises. So they played their own game—and waited.

One evening, Bob recognized a man walking ahead of him on the street. It was Zaremba, his sister's betrayer. For a moment Bob forgot everything but his own grievance. Unnoticed in the crowd, he followed the other. Soon leaving the crowd, Zaremba turned into a narrow, dirty side street that led down toward the water front. Hidden by the darkness, Bob followed him. The foreigner came to a little shack, pushed open the door. A moment later, Bob followed him inside the shack.

It was a workroom, well equipped but empty. At one end, a trapdoor stood open. It was evident that Zaremba did not know he was being followed. Cautiously, Bob lowered himself by the rope ladder. He found himself in a dark tunnel. Faint light came from a distant end. Slowly, he worked along the unfamiliar way till he could look into the lighted room.

It was apparently a cave or excavation. A half dozen men were in the room, clustered about an object which took up most of the space. This object was round, nearly as long as the room, pointed at one end, set upon an iron framework.

The wireless torpedo!

From the scraps of conversation he could hear, Bob judged the huge undertaking was near completion—the plans had been perfect, this giant of destruction was almost ready.

In his eagerness, Bob had drawn nearer and nearer the door. Suddenly, one of the men glanced up, peered suspiciously down the dark tunnel. Bob turned back toward the rope ladder, but he was too late. He was dragged into the cave with the angry

"Give him a slug and drop him down into the sewer," suggested one of the four.

workmen and bound. Two of the men held him while the others discussed what to do with him. Revenge was only part of the consideration—he must be disposed of so that his information could go no further.

"Give him a slug and drop him down into the sewer," suggested one. "Dead men don't bite, as the fellow said."

Bob fought bravely, but he was no match for the four men who set upon him. The instructions were carried out.

But Bob was not a dead man. Perhaps the "slug" had not been hard enough. In the blackness of the sewer he realized that he was very much alive. And, so long as he had breath to fight, he would not drown to accommodate the wretches in the room above. So, floating, swimming when the space was wide enough, he knew that he was slowly moving along in the blackness.

Suddenly, the water became very deep; he no longer struck the sides. Pressing downward against the water, he felt himself rising, saw the gray light of night out of doors. He was in a large body of water, lights twinkled in the distance, there were shadowy hulks of great boats lying at anchor.

Then Moore knew. He was in the

harbor. Now he could go to the authorities, he had something definite to tell. If he could only locate the cavern again. There was probably a tunnel connecting it with the harbor—it could not be far from the water front. But the time was short, there was none to lose.

As the moment of success was drawing nearer, the plotters' net of caution was being drawn tighter. And one of the suspicious characters tangled in its threads was Alice. They could not fathom her intentions; she remained a bewildering but a dangerous factor.

To men who hold the lives of thousands in their hands, whose scheming fingers are in the pies of a dozen nations, kidnaping is a trifling matter. Tricking Alice, bringing her to the very room above the cavern—little things of that kind were all in the day's work.

"Now, young lady," said one of the plotters, "we must trouble you to tell us why you are taking such an interest in our affairs."

Alice was silent.

"Don't be a fool, girl," Zaremba advised her. "We'd rather not have to hurt you, but you know—there are ways to make *people* talk."

Still the girl did not speak. There was a little more urging, then one of the "ways" was tried. It was a way unspeakably cruel, a kind of torture which might be expected of agents of the nation which makes war upon helpless women and children.

Alice did not waver, her body shrank from the torture, but her purpose was like a magnet, true to the north star of a high resolve.

Little by little, the physical suffering wore upon her spiritual strength, bit by bit she felt it weakening. At last she knew that she could bear no more—she had opened her lips to speak when through the window, fluttering in the distance, she saw the sign. And with it strength came surging back, a mysterious strength of the spirit—as though the very sight had given her all the courage for which it stood—she was again a soldier of her country, if need be, a martyr. The sign? Just a torn, fluttering banner. But it bore the Stars and Stripes.

Defeated at last, half awed by this mysterious triumph of the spirit over the flesh, her torturers left her, chained in the darkest corner. She did not know that their leaving her like this was her sentence of death. For in the cavern below, a bomb was waiting. When the torpedo had been sent on its horrible way, the bomb's fuse would be lighted. The shack, the cave below—no trace was to be left of the workshop where the evil work had been done.

When at last the exhaustion of terror had worn away a little, Alice looked about the room. It had evidently been part of a workshop, she decided; tools were still scattered about. Suddenly her eyes widened with surprise, quick hope. There was a file!

She could just reach it and feverishly she set to work filing the chain. It was slow, the file was small, the chain heavy. Twilight came, then dark. Still she worked. And, almost imperceptibly, the link that bound her was growing thinner. Suddenly, she heard guttural voices, they seemed very close to her, below. Eagerly she listened, catching a word here, a word there.

Patching together the bits of conversation, she suddenly knew the truth. The wireless torpedo, her uncle's invention, had been built. It was here—under this very floor! And to-night it was to be sent!

The men were testing the steering apparatus. A transport, bearing thousands of brave American soldiers, was to leave the harbor to-night; the workmen were awaiting a signal. Zaremba, Hartman, and others of the leaders were already on a yacht in the harbor; it was from them the signal was to come.

The chain fell apart, Alice catching it quickly to keep the clanking iron from striking the floor. She was free, she could escape. But Alice Grayson was not thinking of escape now. Creeping silently toward the sound of the voices, she found the trapdoor down which Bob Moore had climbed into his terrible adventure.

Silently she crept along the tunnel till she stood in a dark corner of the workroom, in the shadow of the waiting monster, born of her uncle's skill, waiting to be sent on its terrible errand against her uncle's beloved land.

Nobody saw the girl crouching in the shadow; in the cavern was the tenseness of waiting. The men spoke but seldom; when they did, it was of inconsequences; they were waiting—waiting——

The signal!

All was action, the aim was set, the great lever raised. Heedless of danger, Alice flung herself upon the man whose hand was setting the aim.

With a frightened snarl, he turned to push her off—but it was too late. Slowly the steel monster slid from its frame, through the black water of the tunnel. But Alice Grayson's work had been done—the aim was changed.

Outside the harbor, the great transport sailed on, on. Through the black water, the torpedo cut like a giant dagger. And its new aim was true. Had the avenging ghost of the man who conceived it guided Alice Grayson's hand? For when the torpedo struck, it was Hartman's yacht that went down in the black waters.

The transport sailed on.

Secret-service men, led by Bob, arrived just in time to save Alice from paying the martyr's price for her great

It was a kind of torture which might have been expected from the agents of the nation which makes war on women and children.

service. The traitor workmen were captured.

Alice Grayson had fulfilled her trust. And the pride of having done so was intensified a few months later when another great transport sailed, carrying Bob, in a uniform, safely toward France.

"Wait for me until I come back," he had told her. Her shining eyes answered that she would wait through eternity, if need be.

PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T KNOW

THAT motion-picture directors often indicate how they want a scene acted by going through every bit of the action themselves, while the star looks on.

Here, for instance, in the lower picture, Evelyn Greeley is watching Director Dell Henderson go through her part.

"Now, Miss Greeley, you come stealthily around the corner of the lodge," says the director, going through the motions himself, script in hand. "You see the enemy, and bingo! You fade back behind the house. See?"

Miss Greeley evidently does, for in the above photograph she is shown going through the very same motions herself, while an assistant holds a silvered sheet so that the light of a dull day will shine more brightly on the tense face of the heroine.

Cloudy But Fine

When the sun's away the actors play. Which is the theme of this story.

By Fannie Kilbourne

THE day," to quote a popular London weather report, "was cloudy but fine." Cloudy, because all day there wasn't enough sunshine for Mae Marsh's company to take a single picture; fine, because, if there had been, we wouldn't have had half so good a time.

"I told you," said Miss Marsh, as we arrived at the lovely estate at Rye, New York, where her last picture was being filmed just before her recent departure for California, "I told you that it would rain to-day. I quite made up my mind to that when I first got up and sat on the floor looking out of the window."

Her brother, who takes her pictures, her director, and Ed-

win Sturgis, a member of her company, all looked dubiously at the sky. Mr. Sturgis shook his head.

"No, it won't rain," he said. "There aren't enough extras."

"Not enough extras?" Miss Marsh echoed, registering bewilderment just as you've seen her do it on the screen.

"Well, it's this way," Mr. Sturgis explained to us all. "The extras get paid just the same whether they work or not. When it rains, the director sends them all home about ten o'clock. Naturally, they all wish rain on us just as hard as they can. When two or three hundred of them get to wishing, they generally bring about a regular downpour. But there are only forty or fifty today, so I doubt whether they can work up to anything more than heavy clouds."

Mr. Flinn showed Miss Marsh what she would have to do later on.

They managed that all right, though. They sat around the little tables on the lawn, making the prettiest kind of a picture of a lawn fête. And never once during the day was there sunshine enough to take so much as one brief scene.

So that was what turned what might have been a commonplace working day into a gay country excursion. Director Emmett J. Flinn—and, by the way, it's simply wicked to waste looks like his on a director. (The leading man doesn't think Mr. Flinn is the handsomest man in the company, but *I* do!) Anyhow, he showed Miss Marsh a few things she would have to do later on, and she showed brother how *she'd* manage if she were the camera man, and that was the nearest approach to work that was done all day. The rest of the time we just loafed and waited for time to go to lunch.

"Luncheon is the nicest event in the day, when we're working down this way," Miss Marsh said, "because we are going to the cunningest tea room you ever saw."

And we did. At twelve o'clock sharp all the extras stopped praying for rain long enough to go over to the hotel, and eight of us sauntered down to the Quilting Bee. It is an old, old farmhouse. "It gets five years older every time it's mentioned," brother declared. "This morning it was only a hundred and seventy-one, and now Mr. Flinn says it's a hundred and seventy-six."

It was very, very old, though, with low ceilings, quaint furniture, and the best things to eat. Miss Marsh sat at the head of the table—it really was round, but wherever she sat would naturally be the head—and made a charming little hostess. There is nothing "stagy" about Miss Marsh—in her

pretty, tan dress and shiny gold hair she might have been presiding at the most sociable of luncheon parties—as, indeed, she was.

"We'll all have salad and tea and guava jelly and cinnamon toast and fruit cookies"—she was reading right down the menu—"and—what on earth are sand tarts?"

The waitress couldn't exactly describe them, but we all took a sporting chance, and they were fine.

"And a little hard toast for The Nervous Wreck," added Mr. Sturgis.

"The Nervous Wreck?" I asked, looking around the gay table.

"Our director," the actor explained, "has a mysterious malady. We don't know just what it is, so we assume it's nerves. Anyhow, it makes him eat the weirdest things. In a land of milk and honey like this, he will order hard toast and a glass of hot water."

Miss Marsh showed her brother how she'd manage if she were the camera man.

"If you would eat hard toast," said Director Flinn severely, "when you got to be an elderly gentleman you'd never have indigestion."

"No," Mr. Sturgis agreed cheerfully. "Nor teeth. I'll tell you what you need, old man. Mental treatment. You know, mind over matter——"

"Nonsense!" Miss Marsh interrupted. "All he needs is fresh air. When he's directed a few more outdoor pictures——"

"He won't have any mind, either," said Mr. Sturgis.

Luncheon was so much fun we hated to leave, and so we sat gossiping over our teacups long after they were empty. I heard all kinds of interesting "inside" bits, how Kitty Gordon's new apartment might have been stolen right out of the "Arabian Nights." "Her bed has a canopy of blue ostrich plumes over it," somebody declared. Of a certain star who was said to have lost fifteen thousand dollars on the races this fall.

"Or maybe it was fifteen hundred," brother qualified conscientiously.

"Maybe it was only a dollar-fifty," Miss Marsh suggested.

We talked about a picture brought out by a rival company that everybody thought was beautiful, and about another that nobody did.

"The picture was bad enough," said Mr. Sturgis, "but the titles—say, I'll bet Wade & Butcher wrote them."

Miss Marsh giggled.

"Who do you think wrote the scenario?"

"Search me—Sears, Roebuck, maybe."

Just then there was the faintest sug-

gestion of sunshine. So The Nervous Wreck paid for the luncheon and hustled us all back to the patiently waiting lawn fête. But long before we got there, the sun had gone back into hiding, and the holiday went on.

At the exact moment that we reached the wide front lawn again, Mae Marsh stopped being the star, for the littlest leading lady you ever saw had arrived.

"Hello there, Tom!" everybody shouted, as we came in the gate to find two visitors waiting. One was Tom Moore and the other was Tom Moore's daughter. Her name is Alice, for her mother, Alice Joyce, and she has the biggest blue eyes and the curliest mop of light hair, and she is "mos' two."

And cunning! From the minute that she stopped hugging her daddy's knee and peeked shyly out from under her curls, Mae Marsh and Mary Pickford

Alice tried on Miss Marsh's big blue georgette picture hat and asked for another piece of "choc'ut canny."

and Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks all rolled into one wouldn't have had a chance. Miss Alice Moore was the bright, particular star.

Miss Marsh is a dear with children, and she "cut out" all the rest of us in spite of our frantic efforts. Alice would look at none of us. But she tried on Miss Marsh's big dark-blue georgette picture hat, and she whispered in Miss Marsh's ear that she wanted another piece of "choc'ut canny."

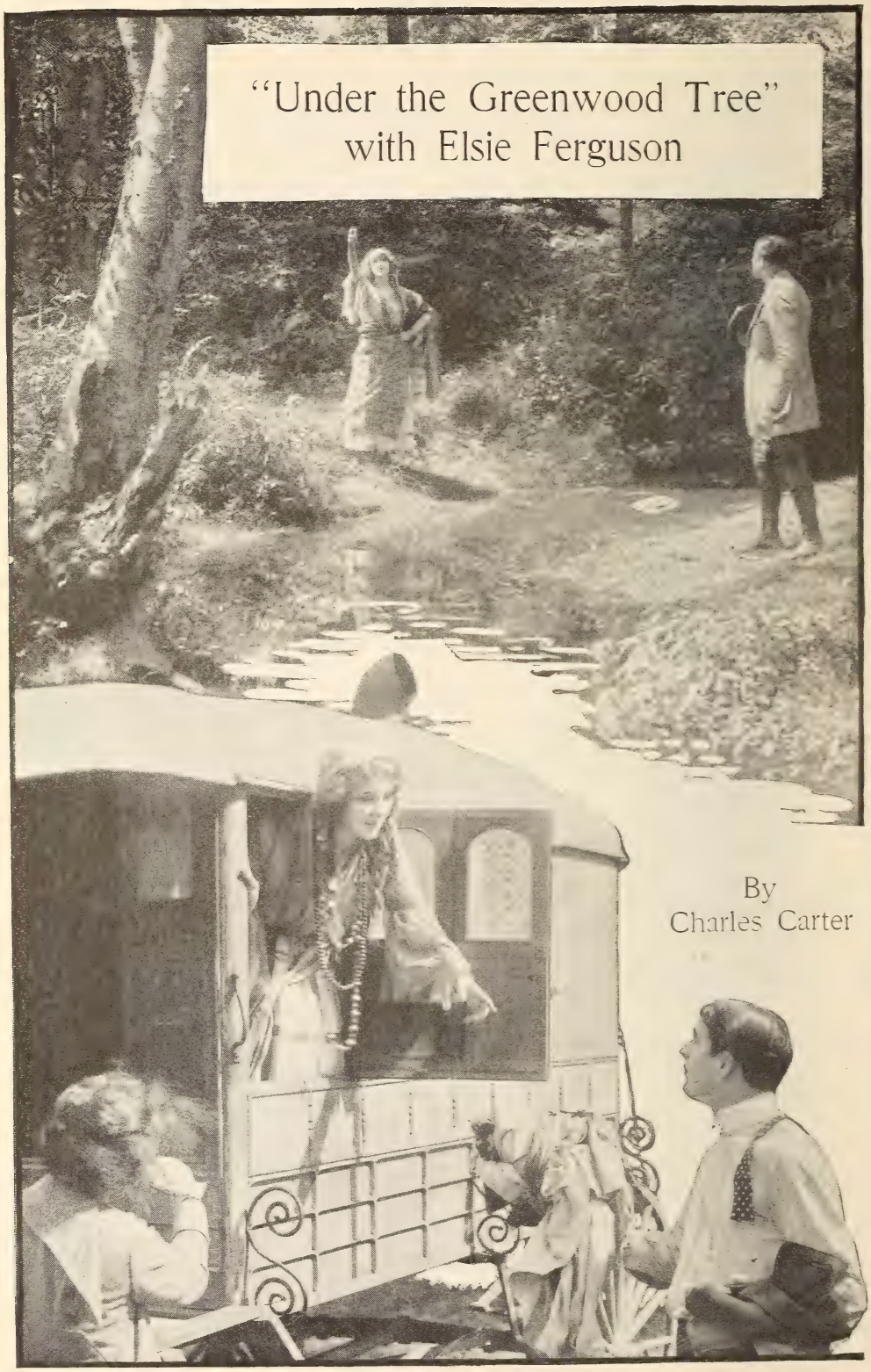
After the visitors had gone, we sat around and chatted a while longer, Miss Marsh knitting industriously all the time and worrying because she knew the sock she was working on was going to be too big, and because one of the men had given little Alice about ten pieces of gum, all of which had disappeared. Could Alice have swallowed them? Then the director said that everybody could go home.

"It's been kind of an off day," he said apologetically, glancing up at the gray sky.

"Why, I think it's been an awfully nice day," said Miss Marsh.

And as we settled ourselves in her smart little limousine, ready for the ride back to town, we agreed with her—oh, very much so. To stick to the London report, the day had been cloudy but fine.

Miss Marsh kept knitting industriously while chatting with the author.



"Under the Greenwood Tree" with Elsie Ferguson

By
Charles Carter

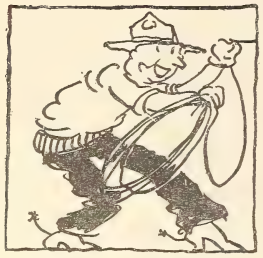
A THIN blue curl of smoke rising through the red and yellow leaves of autumn—a fair-haired gypsy girl stooping before the fire, the fragrance of a bubbling soup kettle and burning green wood——

Ever go a-gypsying? I have, and I'll go again when Elsie Ferguson is queen of the caravan.

It was up in the woods near Poughkeepsie, New York, that Miss Ferguson and her company had their camp for three weeks of fine fall weather. Every morning that promised fair skies the train of automobiles would start from New York City at six o'clock, and two hours later a horde of gayly dressed gypsies would take possession of the sacred lot.

Then they'd bring out the little red gypsy cart with the stovepipe sticking out through the roof and build the fire—and the game would begin. For it was just a game—Miss Ferguson was a terribly rich but nice girl who had grown tired of society and had run away to play at gypsies with some of her wealthy friends in the woods. Fortunately she camped right on an estate owned by a nice young man, played by Eugene O'Brien. After taking her for a real gypsy and ordering her off, he proceeded to fall in love with her, and begged her to stay and live there happily ever after.

Which she did—who wouldn't?



Fade-Outs

By
Harry J. Smalley

Government booze statisticians report that the visible supply of the aforesaid coffin-varnish is but thirty million gallons—all of which will be engulfed in about three years.

It is probably none of our business but we cannot help worrying over this.

When booze has become extinct what will movie directors utilize to depict depravity in their pictures?

—o—

Where Do YOU Gaze?

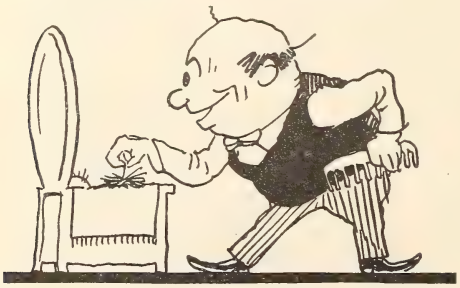
Dr. A. C. Bahn of New Orleans, in discussing "eye-strain" caused from glimpsing the galloping celluloid, says there can be no such thing if one makes one's eyes behave. Concluding, he remarks:

"In looking at motion pictures one should not stare at any one object, but should try to look at the screen as a whole, or from point to point on it."

But, say, Doc,—supposing the picture is Annette Kellermann, and——

—o—

"Geraldine Farrar does not allow her maid to touch her hair, preferring to arrange it herself." News Item.



We never allow our man to monkey with our hair, either.

After being forced to fire several careless valets for mislaying our hair at critical moments, we can understand "Gerry's" caution.

—o—

American cities in general and Los Angeles in particular have noted a decrease in the number of applications for positions on their police departments.

This is easily explained.

The two-reel comedies have done such awful things to the cops that a chap thinks twice before seeking the job.

It is very embarrassing to the dignified cop-on-the-beat to have a citizen suddenly stop and stare at him,—and then laugh.

Said citizen having recalled something he had seen the evening before in a "Stonekey" riot.

—o—

From Rags To Riches.

The history of our country holds many tales of men who have risen from poverty to wealth, but none are more thrilling than the career of Doug. Fairbanks.

Only three years ago this promising

young man was laboring at the Triangle-Fine Arts studio for a paltry $1,700.00 per week. His income now is something over a million meg.

Moral: Keep on the jump!

—o—

No wonder Jack Barrymore's "On The Quiet" was such a "galloping success."

There are three "Colts" in the cast of characters.

—o—

An enraptured writer says: "Ann Luther is as rich in genuine hair as Croesus was in gold."

Figuring it that-a-way,—Bill Parsons must be absolutely penniless.

—o—

The newly-hired efficiency expert was watching the rehearsal of a scene in the studio.

It was a comedy scene, and the players were supposed to be arguing over a sum of money.

After watching the rehearsal for half an hour the e. e. became impatient and asked the director what it was all about.

"Why, in this scene," remarked the director, "Jones claims Smith owes him two bucks, and——"

"Well, here—" said the e. e., digging up a two-spot,—"give this to Jones and let's get on with the picture!"

—o—

Ford Joke No. 688,572.

"Francis Ford kills three rattlers"—Newspaper headline.

Henry's?

Tough Luck.

"Bull" Montana, who has appeared as Doug. Fairbanks' sparring partner in several of the latter's peppery five-rounders, was rejected by the Army physicians for defective hearing.

And Bull possesses the largest ears in the films!

—o—

More Horrors Of War:

We formerly laughed at the Dutch Comedian.

Now, we cuss the German Spy.

Once, we dearly loved Limburger cheese and inhaled it copiously.

Now, we dassent even think of it.

Sherman had the dope.

—o—

The Seasonable Bess.

"In the Spring" said a great poet,—"all Young men turn to Love to enthrall!"

Now, if he meant our Bess,
So do old men, we guess,
And in Summer and Winter and Fall!

—o—

Tom Mix, in "Mr. Logan—U. S. A.," whips four men and shoots a gila monster attacking a woman.

All of which is gently gay and merry.

But to us, an ultimate consumer, how much more thrilling the exploits of Thomas would have been had we written the story.

The four he walloped would have been a get-rich-while-the-war-lasts grocer, baker, butcher and milkman, instead of just ordinary crooks.

And the guy that was Smith & Wes-

soned would have been a profiteering coal dealer horn-swaggling a widow.

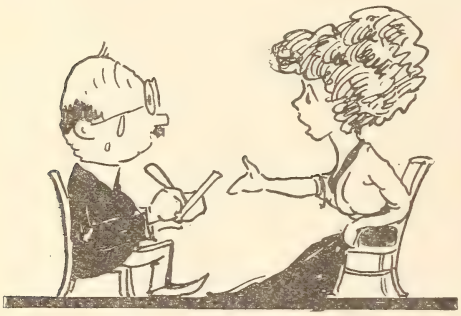
—o—

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Goodness, me,—how bright you are!

And, if we are to believe your interviewers and p. a's., the time is not far distant when you will out-shine and out-lie all of us high-brows.

The impromptu words of wisdom, little star, that you ladle into our ears, would give a college professor colic of the cerebellum.

The most intricate topic is easy for you, little star,—from discussing the



binomial theorem to rolling the makin's with one hand—
Up above the world, so high,—
Gee! You're bright, we hope to die!

—o—

Sad Accident To An Actor.

You recall the episode of the gent with the false teeth? How he removed them from his mouth; placed them in his hip-pocket, and then sat down? And how they cruelly bit him?

Well,—Warner Oland, in "A Mandarin's Gold," wears finger-nails six inches long. During rehearsal he absent-mindedly rubbed his nose.

He stabbed his features in five places.

—o—

A friend of ours is nursing a grouch against the Wm. S. Hart plays.

It seems he went to view "Selfish Yates" and picked out "The Oklahoma Hog" for the villain. When the picture and "The Hog" turned out differently our friend was naturally peeved.

By the way,—this friend of ours is the same chap who said: "Chaplin is all right until, he begins to try to act funny!"

The asylums haven't got 'em all.

—o—

Dustin Farnum, according to his p. a. recently looked a rattlesnake in the eye and made it quail.

We wish we could do that.

If we only could, for instance, gaze upon a bookcase and make it cow. The meat-trust could go to blazes!

—o—

A certain motion-picture efficiency expert solemnly asserted, when he took his job, that he was going to give the fans what they wanted; viz: a story that was starless, rather than a storyless star.

Said he.

And then he proceeded to dish up a lot of featureless features.

Why not attempt to give us a star *and* a story?

—o—

The chap who wrote: "Society, how many crimes are committed in thy

name,"—probably referred to some of our dress-suit dramas. If so, he had the right dope.

—o—

Brilliant Thought: This should settle the censorship problem. Instead of having a board of censors for every state, city, village and neighborhood,—why not allow the President to appoint

one federal board to pass on the films? And then take THAT board out in the back-yard and make saw-dust out of it.

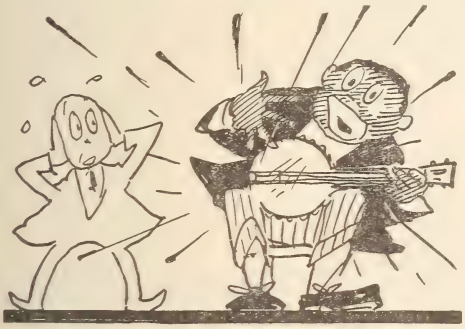
—o—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

That is why we howl in dismay whenever Chaplin's latest release is delayed.

—o—

The Ebony Film Corporation, producers of fast-black comedies, says that



colored people are funny,—if they were not there'd be no jazz bands.

We're sorry they're funny, if that's so.

—o—

Earle Williams says he is passionately fond of literature but has no time to read.

Which is a somewhat tough predicament.

But, Earle, consider us.

We are passionately fond of food but Mr. Hoover has placed an embargo upon our appetite and we dassent absorb it.

—o—

We Can't Believe It.

William Fox tells the members of his organization that "hurry is the mark of a weak mind."

Then, he turns to us and enthuses over the speed, zip, pep, and ginger of his star, George Walsh.

And George seems to be such a nice young chap, too! Sad!

In commenting upon "We Can't Have Everything," author Cecil De Mille says that "Charity," the heroine, asked for fame and life brought it to her. Then she asked for riches, and life brought them to her. Then she asked for a title and life brought it to her. But happiness was always out of her reach.

That is not a nice way to treat your heroine, Cecil! Why didn't you let her ask for happiness in the first place, while the bringing was good?

—o—

Universal has made a picture called "Strengthen America" and it's an anti-rum film.

Considering the fact that Booze already has both feet in the grave, it strikes our gentle soul that Universal is assaulting a cripple.

—o—

From a Fox ad.: "Annette Kellermann, the world's most shapely woman, in 'The Queen Of The Sea.' Bigger, more beautiful and costlier than before."

Heavens! is Annette becoming stout?

—o—

Kathlyn Williams says she likes corn-beef-and-cabbage, fried onions, sausage *and* garlic.

No wonder those Selig lions kept their distance.

—o—

In advertising Geraldine Farrar in "The Turn Of The Wheel," Goldwyn remarks: "A young American, losing his last penny at Monte Carlo, is staked by an unknown woman, and immediately afterward he is arrested for murder!"

For shooting his last cent?

Lillian of the Many Homes

By Caroline Bell

BEHIND the counter in a candy store in New York City a pretty girl stood wrapping boxes of sweets for customers. She wrapped box after box until she was so sick of it that she couldn't look a chocolate cream in the face; and all the time she was tying little gold strings around the neat white packages, she dreamed—about success.

That was ten years ago. To-day she is living success—what she dreamed about became real.

This is a true fairy story of an everyday sort of girl, who, armed with a pair of dimples, crept past the giant who sits at the crossroads to the movies, holding a club on which is written: "They shall not pass!" A girl who "broke in" by sheer grit and determination, and who made very, very good—so good, in fact, that to-day she is a well-known picture star with her own company. And her name is Lillian Walker.

"And to this day I can't eat candy," Miss Walker began from the cozy nook in her New York home where I had found her. "But it's just as well, because I oughtn't to," she went on, her face rippling into smiles. She was unbelievably lovely, with the sun sifting in on her yellow curls, and the patch of blue sky in the window behind her making her eyes as blue as the waters of her own native fiords—for Miss Walker is of Swedish parentage—one of three Brunhilda daughters and four Viking sons of the North.

Quite a sizable fam-

ily to take care of—and that is how it happened that Lillian, who had been put to school at fashion designing, and had tired of it, found herself earning her living in the candy store.

"I said to myself," she continued, "if I have to wrap another box I'll scream. But I didn't. When I came to the next one I just gave a sort of 'Ooh!' of surprise. For there on the cover my own face smiled back at me! You see, I had been filling in doing all sorts of odds and ends, but

my main work was posing for artists for calendars and advertisements and magazine covers.

"That picture gave me courage—it was as pretty as some of the others on the boxes I had been wrapping—even if I do say it," and Miss Walker's dimples, appearing first at the corners of her mouth, and then again in her cheeks like skipping stones, made apology unnecessary.

"And that's why I didn't go on wrapping any more candy boxes. I had seen a notice in the paper that morning, saying that some girls were needed to play in Gus Edwards' review. Then and there I decided that I'd like to be in it, and I put on my hat and went to the theater and told them so."

Evidently Mr. Gus Edwards decided that he'd like to have her in it, for Lillian got the part of pretty *Maggie Grabenheimer* right off. At home this was regarded first as an escapade, and later tolerated. But Lillian's energies didn't stop there; instead, they seemed to multiply, and for the rest of the season she posed often in the studios, meeting there Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand, and Justine Johnson, all of whom were some day to be in the movies. And before

long the plucky little girl who courted opportunity all that season began to be courted by opportunity. For a motion-picture man, searching New York for a peaches-and-cream-and-dimples type of girl, found Lillian Walker on a calendar, and promptly hired the original, and Lillian's career in pictures was assured. And her first years of success with Vitagraph brought her the opportunity to have her own picture company.

"But do you know what I like best that the movies have brought me?" Miss Walker smiled like a happy child and tucked a gray suède pump under the folds of her violet gown while I guessed. "Fame? Friends? Money? Your own picture company?" Each time the little lady shook her head.

"It is my home," and as she said this, she glanced about the well-appointed living room almost affectionately. "When I found I was going to be in pictures right along I took this place in Flatbush near the studio, and decorated it myself. I hung the curtains and filled the china closet just the way I had imagined it would be since the time that I packed that hateful old candy.

"But there were some things that I couldn't have in so small a place, so I decided to get an old farmhouse. I found one outside of Saratoga Springs, in New York, and it had such a lovely big farm attached to it, that I persuaded the family to go

there and take care of it for me—because I could only get up there for week-ends."

Naturally this hobby to which Miss Walker confessed led to the inevitable discussion of woman's place "in the home" and out of it, marriage, better babies, and better husbands—and those details which women can discuss for hours together without getting tired. Miss Walker went on record emphatically and blushingly as believing that a woman must choose between marriage and a professional life to do justice to either.

"Of course, you can take care of a home—with help—and work, too. But to be a good wife and mother and work, too, that is different—in fact, I think it's impossible." Again Miss Walker changed the subject.

"And now that I have my own company, and we're going to produce in the West, I've had to get a home out there—and I've fixed up a little studio apartment—the queerest, cutest little place. I know that I shall enjoy myself there—I have to, to make light-hearted pictures, you know. And that's the kind I'm making. In fact, we're calling them the Lillian Walker Happy Pictures. The first one I have already made here in the East, and called, 'The Embarrassment of Riches,' and the next one will probably be 'Fran,' from the novel by that name.

"I'm going to love it," added Lillian of the many homes.

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on recent releases, by one of New York's leading authorities on matters pertaining to the screen.

By Peter Milne

"Salome" serves to show the screen's superiority over the stage when it comes to mass effects.

THERE is one man in the motion-picture business that I should like very much to meet. He is Adrian Johnson, of William Fox's scenario staff. Mr. Johnson is a combination historian, research man, dramatist, and scenario writer. Sometimes I think he must be a syndicate, a mythical character, who gets the credit for the work of an entire staff. However, other scenario writers with whom I am personally acquainted assure me that he is flesh and blood—that there

is a single man that will smile or frown when addressed as Adrian Johnson. Be that as it may, Mr. Johnson never seems to be at the club, at the Fox offices, or in any of the Gotham byways frequented by screen folk.

As I know so little about the gentleman, I hope he will excuse me if I presume to know a lot. I will conjure before you Mr. Fox's office in New York, a modest, yet entirely comfortable, place. Mr. Fox is seated on the north side of a glass-top mahogany desk. I am sure that is accurate, for I've seen a photograph of Mr. Fox at his desk. He is absorbed in thought. Suddenly his face lights up. He presses a button. A boy appears.

Mr. Fox: Tell Mr. Adrian Johnson I would like to see him if he is not too busy, please.

The boy exits, and presently Mr. Johnson appears. I am sorry I cannot describe him, as this story would take on more color if we could have a mental picture of him. But let us proceed as best we can. The dialogue follows:

Mr. Fox: Adrian, let's make a picture around "Cleopatra." We'll put Miss Bara in it and make it big. *You* write the scenario.

Mr. Johnson: Yes, Mr. Fox.

Mr. Johnson exits, and hurries to the public library, where he finds historical data on Cleopatra. In Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" he finds additional data. He returns with the completed scenario.

Mr. Fox: Very good, Adrian. Now how about this Caillaux case? Bolo Pasha, the ex-French premier and all that, you know. Let's put them in pictures. *You* write the scenario.

Mr. Johnson: Yes, Mr. Fox.

Mr. Johnson exits, buys all the newspapers of the past month, and starts writing. He buys more newspapers each day. Before Joseph Caillaux's trial is over he presents Mr. Fox with an almost completed script.

Mr. Fox: Very good, Adrian. We'll add to it as the trial proceeds. Now how about putting the life of General Pershing in pictures? We'll call it "Why America Will Win." *You* write the scenario.

Mr. Johnson: Yes, Mr. Fox.

Mr. Johnson proceeds to unearth data on General Pershing's early career, and also ventures to predict the manner in which he will walk through the streets of Berlin. He returns with the completed scenario.

Mr. Fox: Very good, Adrian. Now, Salome, that's a good name. Every one knows it. Every one knows Theda Bara. Combine the two of them in a picture, and we'll have a combination that even the war tax can't beat. *You* write the scenario.

Mr. Johnson: Yes, Mr. Fox.

And so on—ad infinitum! What a diverse array of characters and subjects! Personages from ancient history—a traitor of the present day—one of the world's greatest heroes of the day. Does Mr. Johnson ever cry quits, throw up his hands, and exclaim at Mr. Fox: "But how in the world am *I* to find out what General Pershing did when he was a boy? How do *I* know how many beads Cleopatra didn't wear?" Apparently not. Mr. Johnson's business seems to be to produce this material, and produce it he does.

All of which is rather a lengthy prelude to a mention of "Salome," Theda Bara's recent picture. As I sat in the Forty-fourth Street Theater on the night of the first New York showing, and watched the preliminary titles flash by, I noticed that one bore only the name of Adrian Johnson. It was then that all this other work for which he is responsible came to mind. Certainly he provided a most complete script. The story of Salome and John the Baptist is told in the simplest and most direct language the screen knows. And because of this simplicity and

directness it is dramatic. Personally I think that "Salome" is *the* picture of all of Miss Bara's.

I do not mean to detract at all from the light that is the star's, from the untiring effort that Director J. Gordon Edwards must have expended on the production, nor from the perfectly superb effects of photography that John W. Boyle procured. "Salome" is the result of a combination of talent. Not the least was Miss Bara's part. Her *Salome* is sufficiently sensuous and yet sufficiently real to place it above anything else she has done during her career as the screen's greatest vampire. And the production is as extravagant and elaborate as even Herod himself could demand.

"Salome" also serves to show again the screen's superiority over the stage when it comes to mass effects. But it would seem also that the screen is a better medium for expression than the stage in smaller things as well. Many people still remember the Lasky picture, "The Cheat," in which Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa appeared. This was considered the technically perfect photo play. It scored such a success that it was made into a spoken play and presented in New York under the title of "I. O. U." It lasted a week. Which might prove that a good play—or a poor one—can be made into a good picture, while a good picture has a hard time to make a satisfactory appearance on the stage. The technique of the studio made "The Cheat" the strong picture it was. Minus this technique it suffered.

A number of plays originally written for the speaking stage, however, have appeared on the celluloid of late. These include "The Strange Woman," "Pals First," "The Bells," "The Embarrassment of Riches," "The Forbidden City," and "Diplomacy," which appears under the title of "The Burden of Proof." These follow the usual order of things and appear highly attractive in their newer form with only one exception.

"The Strange Woman," gentle and otherwise readers, is a Fox picture starring Gladys Brockwell, which takes up the discussion of marriage. So when you see such alluring catch lines as "Does Marriage Protect Women?" and "The Heaven and Hell of Human Existence," and kindred others with which the Fox publicity department urges the innocent manager to decorate his advertisements, you may expect to see a mighty interesting discussion of marriage versus free love, resulting in, I must confess, a decision favoring the more unconventional of the two forms of existence, although the author swings around to the usual "love, honor, and obey" ending through force of habit.

"Pals First," a highly successful Broadway production, features the likable Harold Lockwood. This story of crooks who pose as not what they are but what they are not, and vice versa, makes a soothing bit of fiction as shown on the screen under the Screen Classics brand. There are points in it that I didn't like particularly well—rather, there were points missing, the absence of which bothered me. It appeared that the director had a wonderful opportunity to get comedy from "Pals First," but every time you think he is going to he doesn't, and you get slightly irritated. However, Ruby de Remer, as the girl, quite made up for the errors of omission.

"The Bells," one of the famous plays in which Henry Irving appeared so many times, is presented by Pathé, with Frank Keenan in the rôle of the man who grows prosperous on stolen wealth, to obtain which he murdered a man. Mr. Keenan's characterization of the man who eventually dies in a paroxysm of fear lest his crime be discovered is masterly and worthy of rank-

ing with his earlier performances in "The Coward" and "The Long Chance." There was a lot of quibble by critics supposedly in a position to judge the public trend of mind about "The Bells." They said that it wasn't good because it was war time, and in war time people didn't want such a somber picture. I choose, however, to call it excellent, and to let the public decide about the type of entertainment it wants for its own collective self.

"The Forbidden City" introduces to us a new Norma Talmadge. A slant-eyed, pigtailed, silken-trousered Norma assuming the rôle of an Oriental. Gracious, how Norma can act! Let those who aspire to act on the screen be guided by this advice: Don't go to a "school" of acting—look at Miss Talmadge in any of her pictures and learn. "The Forbidden City" contains two romances. Miss Talmadge plays mother and daughter. And while the first one is tragedy the second is happy ending. It is a Select picture, and, like all Selects, it is presented lavishly and in excellent taste. Thomas Meighan is the star's new leading man, and S. A. Franklin her new director. Mark Mr. Franklin well. He is one of the best in his art.

Let those who aspire to act on the screen be guided by this advice: Go to see Norma Talmadge—and learn.

"The Burden of Proof," also bearing the Select trade-mark, but made by an outside company, was derived from Sardou's play, "Diplomacy." It is hardly recognizable, however, as it has been modernized and laid in Washington, D. C., the spies being of the modern Teutonic variety. The picture might have been good had it been well acted. As it is, it is poor. The star, Marion Davies, who has been blessed with much publicity but no histrionic ability, is utterly colorless on the screen. Gracing the musical-comedy stage, she is a delight to the eye. Gracing the screen, she is pleasing to the eye, but not to the senses trained to recognize at least a degree of poise and ease in screen players.

The new pictures persistently send the writer to talking of the stage. Here are two well-known musical-comedy stars, Fred Stone and Will Rogers, appearing respectively in "The Goat," an Artcraft, and "Laughing Bill Hyde," a Goldwyn. Stone, known for his acrobatics in such plays as "Chin Chin," "Jack o' Lantern," and, going back further, "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Red Mill," is very funny in the title rôle of "The Goat." The story, by Frances Marion, delves into the movie studio and shows the star as official stunt man and "goat" of the company. He gets a lot of good, wholesome fun from his part, while the picture is amusing and interesting in all its details of studio life.

Will Rogers is the thoroughly likable hero in Rex Beach's picture, "Laughing Bill Hyde." Rogers is known as a Ziegfeld Follies favorite. Ann Pennington, you know, came from the Follies, and so did a score of other girls

"A Diplomatic Mission" has Earle Williams in a breezy, athletic, personality-plus, Fairbanksian sort of rôle.

who have come to the screen with varying degrees of success. Will was once a cowboy, a real one, which accounts for his ability at handling the lariat. But the stage called him, and his ability as a wit and satirist is well known. And now it's Will Rogers, actor—and a very good actor. He can emote and make love and do everything that a hero with patent-leather hair can do.

These two gentlemen were begged, borrowed, or stolen from the stage for these pictures. In passing, it is only fair to remark that the stage has exacted reprisals. It has borrowed Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew for "Keep Her Smiling," one of the hits of the season; Alice Brady, for "Forever After," another one of the hits, and it has taken Henry Walthall and Frank Morgan, and many others. And then there is Roland West, one of the first-class picture directors, who wrote a play called "The Unknown Purple," which also is one of the hits of the season. Where is the gentleman who said the screen was not to be mentioned in the same breath—or the same sentence—with the stage?

World Film gives us a peep into the shipbuilding business in "The Road to France."

A friend of mine who never seems able to adapt himself to the present, but who insists on living in the past, put this question to me the other day: "What did the screen writers do for material before the war came and furnished them with the German spy?" The gentleman was really serious, and his remark had been inspired by witnessing at least five of these spy pictures in as many days. The answer to his question is easy. It is: "The crook play."

Before the war started, German spies were as unknown to the scenario writer as German heroes are to-day. But he had his villains, and very often the villain made a final, futile attempt to get the "papers," only to be frustrated, beaten up, bound and gagged by the hero, as is the spy to-day. Villains then were crooks—denizens of the

ambitions, and to my great surprise and delight I was engaged that very day.

"Just as I was about to go, Mr. Ince said: 'You'll have to have a more catchy name. What shall it be?'

"He thought a minute, and then said: 'How does "Gloria" strike you?'

"'Fine!' I answered. I was so tickled that I'd have been pleased with Jane.

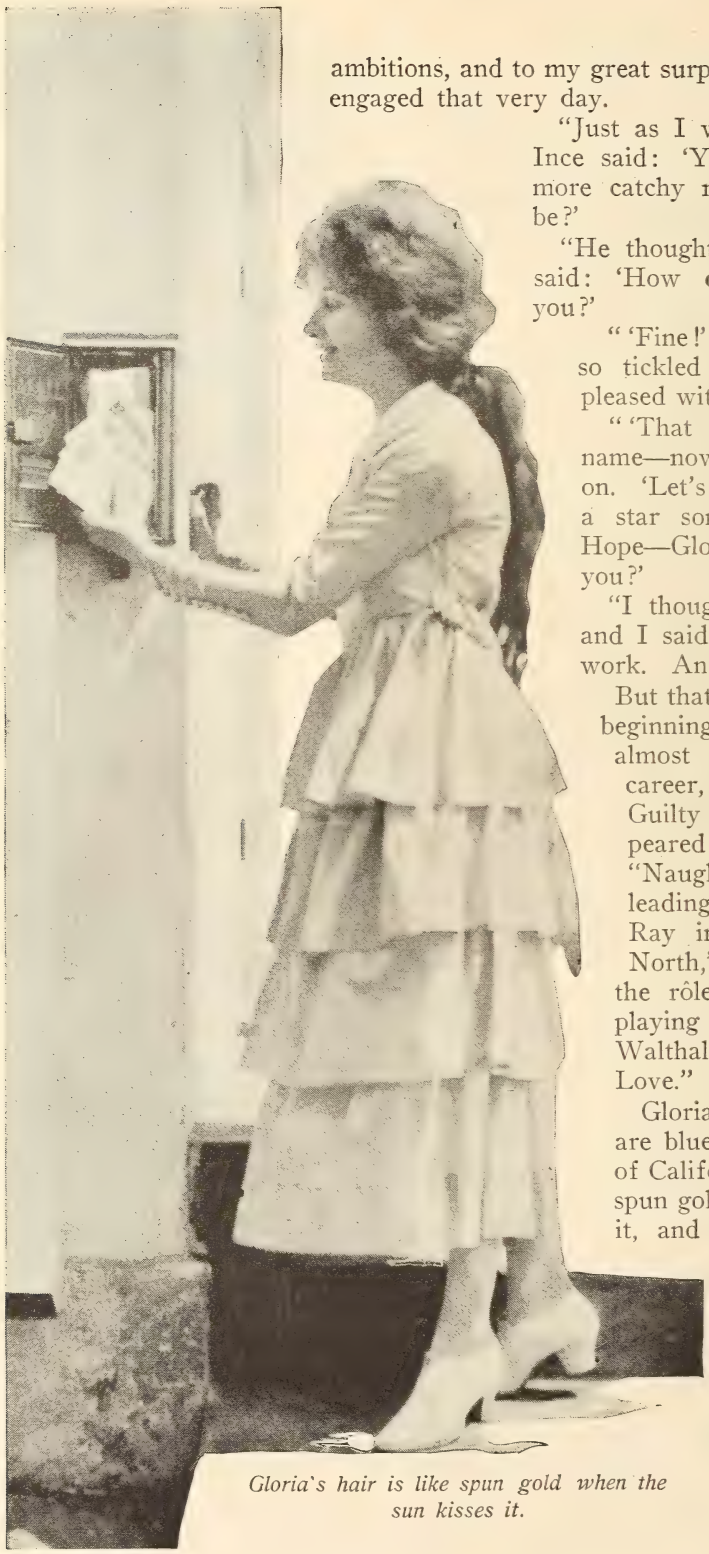
"'That will do for the first name—now for the last,' he went on. 'Let's see. You hope to be a star some day. How does Hope—Gloria Hope—sound to you?'

"I thought it sounded lovely, and I said so. Then I went to work. And that's all."

But that isn't all. It's only the beginning. Gloria was chosen, almost at the outset of her career, for the lead in "The Guilty Man." Later she appeared with Enid Bennett in "Naughty, Naughty," was leading lady with Charles Ray in "The Law of the North," and was selected for the rôle of *Jessie Lovewell*, playing opposite Henry B. Walthall, in "The Great Love."

Gloria Hope has eyes that are blue as the summer skies of California. Her hair is like spun gold when the sun kisses it, and her skin is of that milky complexion that sometimes accompanies red hair and azure eyes.

"I'm so happy," she said, "to live in this glorious West, to work and succeed, to have my mother with me—for she's



Gloria's hair is like spun gold when the sun kisses it.

not going back East unless I do—and to have some leisure for reading and study. For though I'm not going back to school, I know what an education is worth to an actress. So why shouldn't I be happy? Unless"—when Gloria's eyes grow serious she is thinking of her work—"unless it is because I so often play the part of the unfortunate heroine." Perhaps you remember that Gloria played tragic rôles in both "The Auction Block" and "The Great Love." She has big, solemn eyes, into which there creeps an appealing, pathetic look in such parts.

"But, after all, *I* am a lucky girl," she smiled.

Screen Gossip

By Neil G. Caward

AT the time these paragraphs were written, late in October, about half of the motion-picture theaters in the United States were temporarily closed, to combat Spanish influenza. This situation forced the producers to enter into an agreement to suspend production and hold up all releases for a month, for, obviously, if half the theaters were closed, only half of the returns were available, and to continue the regular output under such a condition would have meant a huge loss. It was impossible to forecast at that time what may have happened in the intervening weeks. Some of the cities, such as Boston and Indianapolis, however, which had been closed tight,

were beginning to open at the date of this writing, and all persons interested shared the hope that the end of the month would see conditions return which would again make it possible to resume production. Meanwhile, theaters in places not affected had the advantage of showing State's rights and other pictures not on their regular program, and the fans in towns which were closed have the satisfaction of knowing that the work of their favorites was being held back for them.

Bryant Washburn and Donald Crisp, his director, had a brief glimpse of Broadway not so very many weeks ago, when they flitted into New York from the West Coast, shot a few scenes for "Venus in the East," the latest Washburn starring vehicle, and then tripped back to the coast to complete the subject at the Famous Players-Lasky lot.

Bryant Washburn recently took a flying trip across the country for some New York location shots.

Lila Lee, the little star whose picture glances shyly from the opposite page, is now under the direction of R. William Neill, who has supervised the work of Dorothy Dalton at the Thomas H. Ince Studio for some time. Mr. Neill is putting Lila through her paces in a subject prepared especially for her by Monte Katterjohn, which bears the working title, "Puppy Love," though it is understood that this may be changed before the picture is finally released for showing at the picture houses. Comedy, of course, predominates in the story, and affords Miss Lee infinite opportunities for the sort of work in which she has shown herself capable. Between his and her next picture a visit East is planned for Lila.

May Allison is having a picnic these days. You see, she happens to be the owner of a big, bright, shiny new automobile, and can scarcely leave the car long enough to do her customary work before the camera. And then Metro bought for her the screen rights to Luther B. Reed's story, "Thirty Days," which is about a pretty girl who lived in a town where the old-fashioned "blue laws" were quite in vogue. Particularly were the laws stringent regarding speeding. And the heroine of the story broke the laws the very first thing. Well, of course, May went into a seventh heaven of happiness when they broke the glad news to her, for now she can drive the new car to her heart's content, and combine business with pleasure, for the screen drama calls for the appearance of the car in scene after scene. Just watch May in "Thirty Days," and see if you don't believe she had the time of her life while it was in the making.

Billie Burke is to appear in "Good Gracious, Annabelle."

Billie Burke is delighted with the rôle she has in "Good Gracious, Annabelle," the feature she is now preparing at the Eastern Paramount Studios. This famous play by Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmund Jones ran for nearly a year at the Republic Theater in New York, and the stage version featured such favorites as Lola Fisher, May Vokes, Walter Hampden, and Edwin Nicander.

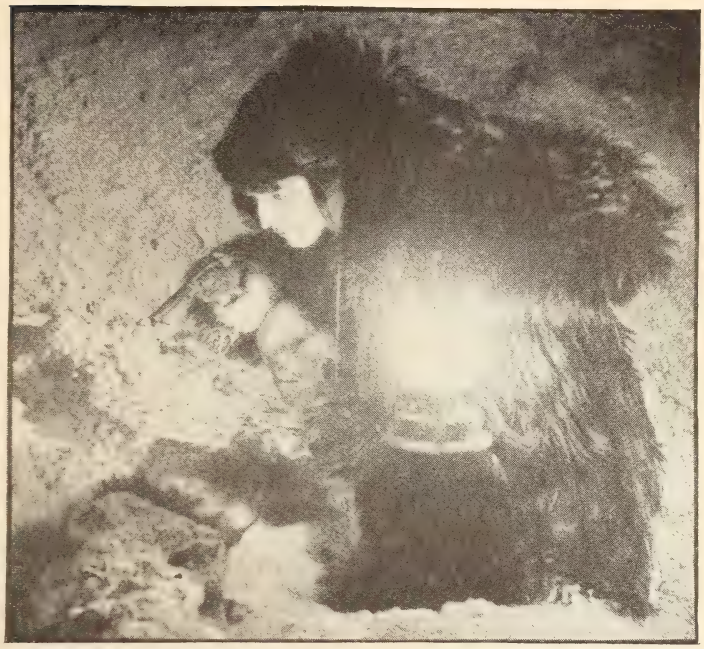
Popular Alice Joyce is soon to be with us again in a revival of "The Lion and the Mouse," the most successful of all the stage plays of the late Charles Klein, which was once before produced in film form by the Lubin Company some years ago, with Ethel Clayton in one of the principal rôles. The new Alice Joyce subject will be issued as a Vitagraph Blue Ribbon feature. We wonder whether some of the exhibitors will announce it this time as "an animal feature," the way they did when Lubin's original film version was issued back in the palmy days when the jungle drama was at its height?

Petite Billie Rhodes, she who formerly was the Strand girl in the Mutual-Strand releases, is now doing a circus story called "The Springtime of Youth."

Of course, you've seen "Under the Greenwood Tree," the Artcraft feature in which Elsie Ferguson does such splendid work. But did you know that Eugene O'Brien's appearance in it marks the beginning of a new long-term contract which was recently signed with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, by the terms of which O'Brien is to play leads for any Famous Players-Lasky stars to whom he may be assigned for a period of four years? Good news, eh?

Lillian Walker, who scored such a tremendous success in "The Embarrassment of Riches," the first of a series of eight productions issued through the exchanges of the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, has just completed a second picture, an adaptation of the John Breckenridge Ellis novel, "Fran." Miss Walker's first picture was taken in the East, but "Fran" was directed in a Los Angeles studio, and probably the other six pictures will likewise be taken in a California atmosphere. W. P. S. Earle directed Miss Walker in "Fran," and is under contract to supervise her following productions. When one recalls that Director Earle superintended the production of such picture triumphs as

Vitagraph's "Within the Law," "The Courage of Silence," and the Alice Joyce features, as well as those starring Gladys Leslie, it is easy to guess that some quite unusual productions are forthcoming.



J. Warren Kerrigan is to play in Richard Harding Davis' story, "Soldiers of Fortune."

J. Warren Kerrigan is a star who seems to be provided with suitable stories for some time to come. "Three X Gordon," his current vehicle, and the subject immediately following, "Prisoners of the Pines," was no sooner completed than Director Ernest Warde began on "The Unfinished Story," from the pen of Kenneth Clarke, most of the scenes for which are laid in an Alaskan atmosphere. It is an unusual story in many respects, and for the greater part is played in and about a cabin that is occupied by three mining adventurers. From Alaska the story shifts to Hartford, Connecticut. Upon the completion of this play, Kerrigan will do "Come Again Smith," a screen adaptation of the comedy of the same name, by John H. Blackwood. Motion-picture rights to Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" have just been purchased by the Hampton interests, which at present control the activities of the Kerrigan company, and it is planned to make a seven-reel super-de-luxe feature of this celebrated story in the near future. Looks as though Warren was going to have a busy winter.

Between her completion of "The Common Cause," the propaganda picture which Commodore Blackton recently staged, and the start of work on "The Battle Cry of Liberty," which is to be the next big Blackton spectacle, Sylvia Breamer is starring in "My Lady's Garter," under the direction of Maurice Tourneur. Miss Breamer won fame as a member of the Thomas H. Ince organization, and was seen opposite such stars as Charles Ray, William S. Hart, and other Ince luminaries. In "The Common Cause" she appeared in the most important rôle in which she had been cast up to that time, and now is once more interpreting a rôle that calls for the hardest kind of work on the part of the star.

Metro began its Western pilgrimage early in October, when Director Albert Capellani and his assistants departed for California to begin the screening of Nazimova's first Metro production on the coast. The company was

delayed a week in starting, due to some finishing touches being required on "'Ception Shoals," Nazimova's current feature, which was taken in and about the quaint fishing port of Gloucester, Massachusetts. But work on "The Red Lantern" is now well under way, and the production will be in the cutting room within a short time. Nazimova is only the leader of the Metro emigration to the coast, as other Metro stars followed shortly afterward, and the California studios are now ahum with production work.

Frank Lloyd, who directed that splendid screen version of the "Tale of Two Cities" in which William Farnum was starred, is again directing Farnum, at the New York studios of the Fox organization, having recently reached there from the West Coast. Farnum is now completing an original photo play by E. Lloyd Sheldon, which bears the working title, "Freedom."

William Farnum has been working in the East for a change.

News of the death of Harold Lockwood, which occurred in New York City on the last day of the Fourth Liberty Loan, has saddened thousands of picture fans. Lockwood was cut short at the very height of his career, his "Pals First" having enjoyed a successful Broadway première. He was the first person of prominence in pictures to succumb to Spanish influenza.

Edwin Arden, who appeared in a number of screen productions, among the most important of his engagements having been for a principal rôle in the Pathé serial, "The Exploits of Elaine," is dead. On the speaking stage also he won considerable fame as both an actor and a playwright, his first appearance having been made in 1883. Since then he has been before the public constantly either in person or in the films.

Norma Talmadge, who is unique among the stars of filmland in that she really prefers to work in a New York studio, instead of under the sunshine of California, broke all her resolutions relating to remaining permanently in New York, and flitted away to California with Sidney Franklin, her director, and her supporting company, to do the exteriors for "The Heart of Wetona," the Belasco success in which Lenore Ulric appeared on the speaking stage. Her stay was only of a month, however, and Norma came back to her beloved Gotham to do the interiors.

Your old friend, Bill Hart, looks scarcely himself in "Branding Broadway," the first picture he has completed since his return from his Liberty Bond sales tour. The Bill whom we all know as a "two-gun man" in typical Western togs is the same old Bill as of yore, but the dress suit he wears in many scenes of "Branding Broadway," though it fits him to perfection, fails to conceal the fact that Bill is an out-of-doors man instead of a "lounge lizard."

"Branding Broadway" will probably prove as successful as any of its predecessors in the Artcraft gallery of Hart portraits, but, after all, Bill Hart is only Bill Hart when interpreting rôles that call for his appearance in full Western regalia and amid the corresponding sort of surroundings. We all shall like "Branding Broadway," since it brings back to the screen Seena Owen, the former Fine Arts star, who has been missed.

Tom Mix, it is reported, was turned down by the army a few weeks ago on account of an old wound received when Mix was in the United States cavalry, in which he saw service in the Philippines and in China. Thereupon Tom, being prevented from giving the Germans the sort of treatment he wished to extend them, did the next best thing, and went back to work on his picture, "Treat 'Em Rough," which will soon be released.

Tom Mix, though rejected by the army, still "Treats 'Em Rough" in pictures.

William Russell and his American "Flying A" Company have completed "Where the West Begins," a strong story of the West from the pen of Stephen Fox. In this picture, many of the scenes of which are laid in Los Angeles instead of Santa Barbara, Russell has as his leading woman, Eileen Percy, whom you will all remember, and also a new horse that Bill has christened "Deacon," because of the dignity of the animal. Speaking of Russell and Bill Hart in adjoining paragraphs makes us wonder if "Deacon" can ever become as famous as the other Bill's horse "Fritz?"

On and after December 24th of this year, you will no longer see the now familiar caption "Hearst-Pathé News Weekly" flashed on the screen, for on that date the name changes back to "Pathé News." The Hearst people will begin the making of a news reel of their own, which will be titled the "Hearst International News."

Goldwyn has arranged to use the Triangle Studios in California, and Tom Moore, Goldwyn's only male star until Will Rogers leaped into fame overnight as the hero of Rex Beach's "Smiling Bill Hyde," led the vanguard of the Goldwyn forces that are now encamped there. Ora Carew has been signed by Goldwyn to play opposite Moore, and the two bid fair to prove an ideal team in feature productions.

Al Ray, a cousin of the better-known Charles Ray, is playing leading rôles for Ruth Clifford in the latter's current Bluebird success, entitled "Home, James," a comedy drama produced by Elsie Jane Wilson.

While rehearsals were still going on for the stage production of "The Eighth Sin," the play in which Madam Petrova once more returned to the speaking stage in a vehicle from her

own pen, a little tea party was held at the Hotel Ritz-Carlton, in New York City, in celebration of the first birthday of the Petrova Picture Company. When the Petrova organization was formed, it was announced that four or five or six-reel features were to be produced and issued within the year to follow. Four of the subjects were made and released in rapid succession, they being "Daughter of Destiny," "The Life Mask," "The Light Within," and "Tempered Steel." The fifth subject, "The Panther Woman," was made during the summer, and was first shown early in November. This series being completed, Madam Petrova decided to return for a brief season to the speaking stage in a production specially prepared to exploit her artistry. Early in January she expects again to resume the making of picture plays.

Dorothy Phillips will soon be seen in a screen version of Charles Neville Buck's well-known novel, "Destiny."

Bert Lytell has recently finished the final scenes of "The Spender," his sixth production as a Metro star at Metro's West Coast studios. "The Spender" is an adaptation of Frederick Orin Bartlett's story of the same title, and the cast which surrounds Lytell is one of real note. Clara Morris, a young and very promising leading woman, creates the rôle of *Helen Stetson,* the heroine of the tale; while others you will recognize with delight are Thomas Jefferson, son of the late Joseph Jefferson; William V. Monag, and Clarence Burton.

Charles Neville Buck's widely read novel, "Destiny," has been chosen as a vehicle for Dorothy Phillips, and Rollin Sturgeon, who shot such a well-remembered success as "God's Country and the Woman," as well as many American and Vitagraph features, is now superintending Miss Phillips' work in the new subject. Every film fan who recalls the story will be more than eager to witness Miss Phillips' interpretation of the leading feminine rôle in the compelling tale.

Olive Thomas, Triangle star, has nearly completed a most unusual vehicle, entitled "Blood Will Tell," from Verna Aldrich's story of the same name. Frank Borzage is directing, and Miss Thomas will undertake the rôle of a Belgian girl.

An original story by Hazel Flynn and Leigh Metcalf, "Mr. Moon Man," will be the third vehicle for the Triangle's famous comedian, Taylor Holmes, who but recently completed a Western comedy said to be an unusually humorous one, called "Success."

From Tragedy to Comedy

YOU may have noticed the war tank that has been figuring in some of the recent Sunshine Comedies, and wondered how, despite the cleverness of the movies in creating illusions, they managed to make anything so like the real article.

They didn't. It was the real article—for *Britannia,* as the tank is called, is reported to have seen much grim service on the battlefields of Europe before it was invalided to this country to help in the Loan campaigns. Like every one and everything else, *Britannia* was recruited for the movies. It would be interesting to know what the old tank would say about its new job—if it could only speak!

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

PATSY M.—You can thank the foreman of the composing room that your name is at the head of the Oracle's column. The first letter that I opened this month was from M. D. S., the answer to which appears below. But the boss printer didn't want to use a name that began with a single letter, followed by a period, as he said it wouldn't look so well in that position as a first name that was spelled out. So as yours was the next letter in order, you won. Marguerite Clark's address is the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Leonie Flugrath is the correct name of Shirley Mason. Quite some difference, eh? Mary Pickford is twenty-six years old. Billie Burke is about thirty. Yes, Lottie and Jack are sister and brother to Mary Pickford, or Gladys Smith, as her birth certificate reads. Douglas Fairbanks is probably the greatest athlete in the films. Tom Mix is giving him a mighty fine race for stunts at the present time, however. Charles Ray is twenty-six years old, and is six feet and three-quarter inch tall. He has dark-brown hair and eyes, tipping the beam at one hundred and seventy-five pounds. "String Beans" is the title of his latest picture for Paramount. I don't know where you can get any good information about becoming a motion-picture actress. Did you read "Filed for Reference," in the October PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE? If you have a good position now, don't try it, because it is no cinch. A great many girls are sadder but wiser who gave up positions to go into the movies, expecting to have the managers fall at their feet with flattering offers. The camera is very cruel to one's looks, and even some of our most beautiful women could never prove their looks if a test of them on the screen were shown. As we said before, the camera is very cruel.

SENNETT SIZZLER.—Mary Thurman and Roxana McGowan have both left the Sennett Studio. Address them in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

CROQUETTE JEAN.—Address your friend William in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Some of the people who send for the Market Booklets want to be actors and actresses, but the majority have designs on the photo-play writing end of the game. What do you mean by "a writing firm with Cleo when you grow up?" Cleo has been very neglectful for the last two issues, but as I see her startling red, white, and blue envelope a short way down the pile I know that I will soon find out what the trouble was. There are certain parts that Doris Lee would not fit at all, so she couldn't act with Charlie Ray all the time. He chooses his leading women according to their type, and whether they fit the part in the story or not. I'll speak to Sessue Hayakawa for you, and maybe I can get a promise from him for you that he won't die in his next feature. So the fortune teller told you that you would never marry? I know some people who would say that she had promised you luck, but of course there are still some who would say otherwise—a few. Mae Marsh is twenty years old—almost. Mae is getting to be a very big girl now. She is still being starred in features by Goldwyn.

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Boo! H.—Robert Gordon is the young gentleman's name who played the rôle of *Huckleberry Finn* in "Tom Sawyer," with Jack Pickford. Gordon is in the army now, and Jack is a sailor in Uncle Sam's navy. A letter will be forwarded to him if it is addressed in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Curly Head.—A Red Cross nurse is the thing, all right! Go to it! So you have decided that your idea about becoming a motion-picture star was all wrong? "Johanna Enlists" is the title of the latest Mary Pickford feature. This will be followed by her last on the Artcraft program, "Captain Kidd, Jr." Mary took an honest-to-goodness vacation when she finished her Artcraft contract, and says that she had a wonderful time. Tell your friend to write to Marguerite Clark at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. I am sure that Marguerite will send her one of her autographed photographs. I'll look for that promised letter of yours.

Three Rivers Kid.—Belle Bennett will send you one of her pictures if you write to her at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department.

I. M. Inquisitive.—I should say you are! Forty movie stars you intend to write to. You should be kept busy for some little while to come if you carry out your threat to drop a line to all of them. Webster Campbell is now in the U. S. army. Frank Mayo, Muriel Ostriche, John Bowers, Carlyle Blackwell, Louise Huff, all get their mail at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Olive Thomas, Rae Godfrey, and Clara Horton all receive a daily batch of mail at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Little Ben Alexander, Grace Cunard, Webster Campbell, Ruth Stonehouse, Ann Kronan, Roy Stewart, Owen Moore, and Jackie Saunders can all be found by the mailman at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. J. Warren Kerrigan also gets his mail there. Antonio Moreno can be found at the Vitagraph Studio, Los Angeles, California. Julian Eltinge's address is at the Over the Rhine Studios, Gordon Street, Los Angeles, California. Beverly Bayne and Francis Xavier Bushman have mail delivered to them at the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Juanita Hansen, Ruth Clifford, and Molly Malone all have their letter boxes at Universal City, California. Peggy Hyland, June Caprice, and the Lee kids should be addressed at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Harry Morey's mail reaches him at the Vitagraph Studios, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Charles Chaplin has his own studio at the Chaplin Studios in Hollywood, California, where he gets his correspondence. Letters addressed to Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand will find them at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Bryant Washburn and Wallace Reid always find a bunch of mail for them at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Creighton Hale and Gladys Hulette can be located at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Enid Bennett's mail is delivered to her at the Ince Studios, Georgia and Girard Streets, Los Angeles, California, and May Allison's finds rest in her box at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. If you write to all of these players I'll say you're doing very well, indeed.

Cleo.—I spotted your red, white, and blue patriotic envelope way down the pile, but I knew anyway, that you would be with the Oracle this month, at least. For the first time in a good long time you have been missing for two issues straight, but as you say it is because you have been so busy with your Red Cross work, and were so tired when you got through for the day that you couldn't even have written to the President. I'll most certainly forgive you. Awfully glad to hear that you are doing such nice work for the Red Cross. It must seem strange to you not to see even a moving picture. You used to be one of the motion picture's stanchest boosters, but, as you say, the war should claim our attention now, and everything else take second place, because it is the winning of the war that we must all devote our time and money to now. There has only been one new star in the picture-play heavens of "Paramount importance," and that said person is Lila Lee. If you have gone to the Orpheum much, you undoubtedly have seen her. She was known as "Cuddles." Gus Edwards' "Bandbox Review" was her last stage experience.

N. B.—I am very sorry, N. B., but I can't do a thing for you. Hundreds of my readers have written me the same as you, asking me to tell them how to get into motion pictures. I must confess that I don't know. If I did I would open up an employment agency, and it would make me quite a fat sum—which writing the Oracle does not; but not knowing how to tell all these hundreds how they can become motion-picture stars, I must be content to write the Oracle instead. There doesn't seem to be much of a demand for sixteen-year-old girls, who are fat and short, and have black eyes and eyebrows, anyway, so I would suggest N. B., that you remain in school, and at home where you are sure that you aren't going to be hungry when those three meals come around each day.

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Billie.—Winifred Greenwood, Ed Coxen, and George Field are all playing before the camera at the present time, but not together. They are not with any special company, playing with different firms for each feature in which they appear. You have their real names right there. Yes, I regret to say that it is true that Florence La Badie was killed in an automobile accident. Norma and Constance Talmadge are sisters. Charles Ray is twenty-six years old. George Larkin is twenty-nine years old. Ella Hall is just twenty-one, and Marguerite Clark is thirty-one years old.

L. S.—Earl Rodney played opposite Enid Bennett in the Ince feature, "The Biggest Show on Earth."

Pierrette.—Jack Holt is that person's real name. Can't answer your other question about him as it is contrary to the rules of the Oracle Department. He was very good indeed in "The Little American," with Mary Pickford. Thomas Meighan had the leading rôle with Elsie Ferguson in "Hearts of the Wild." You have written "Hearts of the World," but most likely have confused it a little bit with the Griffith masterpiece. Evidently from the ending of your letter you have several more questions that you would like to have answered. Well, just sit down and pen off as many as you can, because there is not any limit to the number of questions that you are allowed to ask. Do your worst; I will be ready!

E. V.—You, too, have been mailed the latest copy of the Market Booklet, which you have probably read and reread many times before this answer comes to your notice.

Appleblossom.—Mary Pickford's hair is all her own, fair Appleblossom, despite whatever you may have heard to the contrary. Yes, I know her very well, but even "Little Mary" isn't aware that I am the Oracle, so you see I keep it a dark secret even from my friends. Write to Mae Murray in care of Universal City, California. Dorothy and Lillian Gish both have the same address, Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. It is customary to send twenty-five cents with each request for a photo, but now Charles Ray's scheme to aid the government is being widely carried out. Every request should be accompanied by a thrift stamp, which is returned with the photo to the sender. In this way the sale of Thrift Stamps is boosted greatly when you consider the fact that a great many of the stars receive several hundred letters every day with requests for photos. Probably Pearl's wig photographs more to her liking than her own hair. May Allison can be reached at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Louise Huff is with the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, while Dustin Farnum has his mail sent to the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Your last question is decidedly against the rules. Don't believe all you hear.

Miss Youngstown O.—Olive Thomas is still making pictures at the Triangle Studios in Culver City, California, where you should write to her. Mae Marsh will get any mail sent to her at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. She was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. Hazel Dawn is not making any pictures at present. Yes, Charles Chaplin answers some letters. Eileen Percey should be written to in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Of course newcomers are welcome in the Oracle Department. I am always glad to hear from new readers.

Bootery.—Charles Chaplin hasn't flat feet, even if he looks it on the screen. He wears a very small shoe when he's not acting.

Mary Pickford Fan.—Casson Ferguson has been playing in pictures for quite a while. One of his latest releases was opposite Mary Pickford in "How Could You, Jean?" You can reach him by letter at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. It is against the rules of the Oracle Department to answer matrimonial questions, which explains my not answering your last query.

Aileen Willer.—I am sorry that you looked for your answers in vain, Aileen, but it can't be helped, as I don't ever remember having a letter from you before. The only thing that I can suggest is that it was lost in the mails, and for you to sit down and write me another one with the questions in it so I can answer them for you. So you feel certain that I belong to the male sex and should be called "Sir?" You misunderstood that answer. The writer addressed me as "Dear Sirs," and I merely replied that she was wrong as there was only one person handling the questions. There isn't any law against thinking, so you can picture me whatever you like.

Jessie S. C.—The Market Booklet, for which you sent the six cents in stamps, has been mailed to you by the editor.

Laura T.—William S. Hart receives all of his mail at the W. S. Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Can't answer your other question concerning him, as it is against the rules of the Oracle. Give the rules a little look before you write again, so I will be able to answer all your next queries.

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Don.—Margarita Fisher should be addressed in re of the American Film Company, Santa Barra, California.

Waiting!—Cleo Ridgely seems to have deserted e screen for the time being at least. The last ork she did was for the Lasky Company, and nce that time has gone into retirement. Victor oore is playing on the stage in New York City the present time. Any kind of paper is good ough to write on these days, as the government ants us to conserve it. Don't forget that the racle now wants every one to write on both des of the paper, too. Every little bit helps.

"Doug" Fairbanks Nut.—Drop your favorite letter in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and I am sure that he will adly send you one of his justly famous autoraphed likenesses. Sure, get as chummy as you ke, the chummier the better. Fairbanks has been pictures nearly three years. Your letter was ost interesting. Your amateur theatricals cerainly must have afforded you a great many aughs when you thought of the experiences you ent through. They made me laugh just to read bout them. You mention a great many athletic ccomplishments, and then ask me to say if I hink you would make a good motion-picture ctor, but you forgot to say whether you could act or not. Maybe you think that doesn't matter, h? Of course I would like to have one of your hotos. Write soon again when you get a few inutes that you don't know what to do with.

Albert G.—Probably you forgot to put a heading to your last letter of questions, and when I used your initials, you must have overlooked them. Ruth Stonehouse has left the screen for the time being, and is now appearing in vaudeville. Address Lillian Peacocke, Ruth Stonehouse, and Jackie Saunders in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Ruth Roland finds her mail at the Astra Film Company, Universal City, California. Bessie Love's new address is in care of the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California. June Caprice will get a letter addressed to her in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, and Gladys Brockwell at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Priscilla Dean gets her daily assortment of mail at Universal City, California.

Stanley F. De More.—Picture-Play Magazine does not give out the names and the addresses of its readers who write to me, because the letters are all treated as strictly confidential, and personal, and I know that if I was writing to a personal friend I wouldn't want that friend to be displaying my address all over the place. I will tell you this much, however, and that is that A. B. C. G. was not a cow-puncher, as you thought, but a young lady, who was just inquisitive on the subject. If there is any question that I can help you out on, don't fail to call on me.

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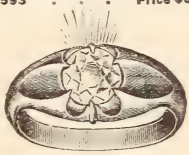

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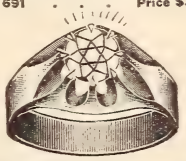

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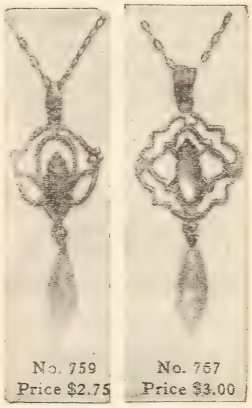

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

M. D. S.—Pearl White and Mary Pickford answer a great many of their letters personally, but not all of them, because it would be a physical impossibility to do so. These favorites get several hundred letters daily, and if you have done much letter writing you know what a job it is to write three or four, so just think what they are up against. Write to Pearl White in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Mary Pickford is still vacationing, but will get all mail sent to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. I'm sure I couldn't tell you the name of any man to go and see when you come to New York in reference to getting a job in motion pictures. You might try the casting directors at the various studios for some extra work or a "bit," so they can get a line on your work.

La Mae G.—Jack Pickford is now in the United States navy, and isn't playing in pictures any more. A letter sent to him in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be forwarded to him. Marshall Neilan can be reached at the Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Molly Malone gets all her mail at Universal City, California. Norma Talmadge finds her mail at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Douglas Fairbanks continues to receive his daily allotment of letters at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

L. B. B. 14, Canada.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada. The house that she was born in is still standing to-day, by the way. Vitagraph released the "Battle Cry of Peace"—but not since the war started. Don't know the exact reason for renaming the "Bugler of Algiers."

A Constant Reader.—From the looks of the letters this month, the majority are going to be about getting jobs in the movies, and I see you are one of the majority. Your little experience in school plays would not be sufficient for any manager to give you a position in his studio. Yes, the clothes have to all be bought by the player, which cuts a very nasty hole in the salary check. I most certainly advise you to take advantage of your father's offer to send you through college when you finish high school. You know we can be robbed of all our money, but not of our education. I can assure you that you could no more get into pictures by writing to your favorite screen star, and asking him to speak a good word for you, than you could fly to the moon. The stars receive every day numerous requests like the one you suggest. By the time you are through college you will have had plenty of time to have really given your idea of entering the films serious thought and consideration, and I would like to bet a hundred dollars to a doughnut that at the end of that time you would smile to think you had ever had an idea of becoming a screen actor.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

Mrs. Irene C.—I don't think I can help you in the least in getting your pet raccoons and children in motion pictures. You are a long ways from any studio, and it would not be worth your while to go to New York from Missouri to see about it, when neither the raccoons or the children have had any stage experience of any kind.

Freckles.—Thanks very much for your kind wishes for the New Year. I appreciate them very much. The same to you and many of them. Juliet Shelby is the correct name of Mary Miles Minter. She has a sister, Margaret Shelby, who plays in pictures with Mary Miles every once in a while. No. Roscoe Arbuckle makes quite a penny more than Billie Ritchie, although Billie collects a handsome stipend for his weekly wages at the Sunshine Studios. Roscoe was born in Kansas in 1887. Owen Moore is the oldest of the Moore brothers.

M. T. J., Trenton, N. J.—"Quo Vadis" was produced in Europe. Maciste had the big part in "Caberia." "The Unpardonable Sin" is just being produced now by Harry I. Garson, with Blanche Sweet in the leading rôle. Winifred Kingston played opposite Dustin Farnum. William Shay was the leading man for Theda Bara. Edmund Breese starred in "The Master Mind."

Lonesome Cohoes Girl.—Drop a line to Alice Joyce, in care of the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Mollie King receives her mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Theda Bara is still at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, where she gets her letters. Dorothy Dalton finds her mail at the Ince Studios, Georgia and Girard Streets, Los Angeles, California. Louise Glaum has her mail sent to her at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. William Farnum's address is the same as Theda Bara's. Ethel Barrymore's mail is delivered to her at the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Roy Stewart has his sent to Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Stuart Holmes can be reached at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Carol.—Corliss Giles is not Clara Kimball Young's leading man at the present time. He played opposite her in two features, "Shirley Kaye" and "The Marionettes." He was on the stage for a good many years before he went into pictures. One of his stage engagements was with Lou-Tellegen, in "The Man of Mystery."

Johnny Jones, Jr.—Charlie Ray is at present working on "The Sheriff's Son," at the Ince Studios. "String Beans" was his last release. He is six feet and three-quarter inch tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He will receive any letter you may send to him at the Ince Studios, Georgia and Girard Streets, Los Angeles, California. Yes, he answers his mail.

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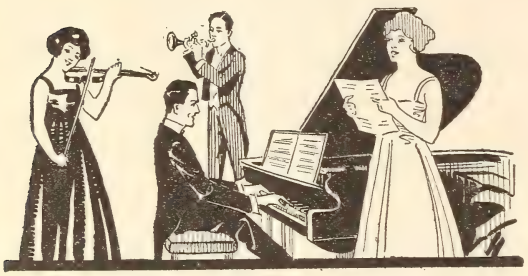

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

"Raz Berry."—I know Alfred, but not Harry, in the films. I should say it was nice of Mary to send so many pictures. Yes, the weather has been quite chilly lately. You say the weather has been below zero for two weeks? My, but I bet a show would certainly find a cold audience in your town about now. They ought to be advised to remain away until spring, at least, in order to give the people time to thaw out. Write Juanita Hansen in care of Universal City, California. Roscoe Arbuckle receives all of his mail at the Diando Studios, Glendale, California. Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand both get their mail at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

A. V. F.—Ethel Grandin has not done anything on the screen since she did the "Crimson Stain Mystery," several years ago. I haven't any pictures of her for sale. Vivian Martin plays with the Morosco Company. Her films are released on the Paramount program. Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1900. She is being starred in features for the Select program. Mary Pickford is twenty-six years old. Florence La Badie was killed two years ago in an automobile accident. The films certainly suffered a great loss. Florence was a mighty fine little actress, and one of the nicest girls that one would care to meet.

Kitty K.—Harry Carter and Priscilla Dean both get their mail at Universal City, California. I am sure that they would send you their autographed photos. Harry Carter and Priscilla Dean both have homes in Hollywood, California. Those are their real names. Yes, they have appeared in other pictures besides the "Gray Ghost"—too many to mention. Both are Americans. Ethel Clayton will send you one of her photos if you write to her at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Hard-boiled Egg.—Frank Mayo will be glad, I know, to send you his picture, but he wants his admirers to send twenty-five cents with each request. This, as you know, is the usual custom now in writing for any star's picture, as the prints and the mailing amount to that or a little more. But Frank doesn't keep the money. Like many of the other stars, he turns every cent of it over to the Red Cross, and pays for the pictures himself. You can address him in care of the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

S. S.—Clara Kimball Young and Bobby Connolly will get any mail sent them in care of the Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. The Lee kids get their daily mail at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Write Clara Williams and Helen Holmes in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Mary Miles Minter has not left that concern. She is still making features at their Santa Barbara studios.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

MARTIN J.—You wrote for the Market Booklet, but the six cents in stamps which you said you inclosed failed to show up when the envelope was opened. Send the stamps to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and he will forward a copy to you.

MISS IRMA Y.—You will have a terrible case of writer's cramp on your hands if you carry out your intentions to write to all the players whose addresses you ask for, I'm afraid. Well, I'll give you the addresses, and let you take the consequences. Webster Campbell is now in the army, but a letter addressed to him in care of the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, will reach him all right. Mae Murray gets all her mail at Universal City, California; Mildred Harris is now at the Lois Weber Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California; Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron, and Blanche Sweet at the Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California; Mabel Normand, Pauline Frederick, and Mae Marsh at the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Marguerite Clark and John Barrymore at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Louise Huff and Johnny Hines at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City; Olive Thomas at the Triangle Studios, Culver City, California; Mary Miles Minter at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California; Dorothy Dalton at the Ince Studios, Georgia and Girard Streets, Los Angeles, California; Vivian Martin and Constance Talmadge at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California; Elliott Dexter and Marjorie Daw at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California; Bessie Love at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California; Irene Castle at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City; Theda Bara at the Fox Film Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California; Alla Nazimova and Harold Lockwood at the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City; May Allison at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California; and Peggy Hyland receives her letters at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Guess this ought to keep you busy for some time to come.

ROY L.—William S. Hart, Gypsy Hart, and Neal Hart are not related to each other. Louise Lovely was born in Australia. Billie Reeves did not die, so far as I know. The last I heard of him he was still doing his drunk act on vaudeville time. Lawrence Grant and Olive Tell were the stars in Metro's "To Hell with the Kaiser." Douglas Fairbanks is a trained athlete, which explains his ability to jump over all those things you speak about. Kingsley is still doing pictures at the Universal. "The Mystery Ship" was his last serial.

M. S. S.—I have turned your letter over to the editor, and he has mailed you a copy of the Market Booklet under separate cover.

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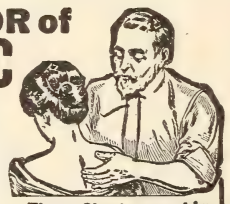

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

Mary Jane Long.—Write Jane and Kathie Lee at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Lillian Gish's address is at the Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Charles Chaplin finds his mail at the Charles Chaplin Studios, Hollywood, California. Bill Hart also has his studio, the W. S. Hart Studio, Sunset Boulevard, where he gets his mail. Baby Marie Osborne has her letters sent to her at the Diando Studios, Glendale, California. Alice Brady should be written to at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ethel Lyne is at the Christie Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California, where a letter will reach her. Jack Pickford is in the navy, but any mail sent to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, will be forwarded to him.

Clifford P.—Francis MacDonald has just left the Triangle Studios, and is now doing a picture with Sessue Hayakawa, playing the heavy. His latest picture is the Triangle feature, "Tony America." Webster Campbell is playing a rôle for Uncle Sam now in the United States army.

Ruth S.—William S. Hart was born in Newburg, New York, but went West when he was very young, and sort of grew up with the country. You know what I mean. He lives with his sister in Los Angeles. He has a very pleasant voice, and also an automobile. No, he likes to hear from the fans, and answers every letter. Of course I'll dare you to come again, and hope that you will.

Leslie J.—Sorry, but I can't give you the list of clubs that you desire, as it is against the rules of the Oracle.

Miss Isabel F.—Sorry, but I can't answer matrimonial questions, as it is against the rules of the Oracle Department. Norma Talmadge is twenty, and Constance is eighteen. Mary Pickford intends to retire from the screen some time, but she hasn't just as yet announced when it is that she intends to do the retiring act. Yes, I think Eugene O'Brien would send you one of his pictures if you were to write and ask him for one. Address him in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Grace Cunard hasn't done a picture for a long time. The last one that she appeared in was for Universal.

E. M. H.—If you can tell me what the picture was about I can probably tell you the name of it.

A Hopeless Boob.—Is it so bad as all that? Norma Talmadge is the young lady's correct name. Constance is her sister. Roscoe Arbuckle weighs three hundred and some odd pounds now. No, you didn't ask too many questions. There is no limit to the number of questions that a reader can ask, just as long as they are within the rules of the Oracle Department. Yes, Pearl White has commenced work on a new serial for the Pathé.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

Cecelia Allison.—I don't know of any way at you can become a motion-picture actress other an getting a job as an extra at the different idios, and trying to work yourself up. Don't u think that you are rather young to be thinkg of such things? There is plenty of time for u to make up your mind after you have gone rough high school at least. Write to May Alli-n at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Anles, California. I think that she will send you e of her photographs. No, Bessie McCoy is not aying in motion pictures. Jack Pickford is ary's brother. Can't answer matrimonial quesns. The rules forbid you to ask them, and me answer them. Stops us both ways, doesn't it? rite to Creighton Hale in care of the Pathé xchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York ty.

Leone M. W.—Glad to see that you came upon icture-Play Magazine. Just think what you ave been missing all this while. Theda Bara's reen name is now her legal name. Yes, Geralne Farrar's stage and screen name is her own—, rather, it was until she became Mrs. Lou-Telgen. She is the daughter of Sid Farrar, former all player. All but your Farrar question are gainst the rules, I'm sorry to say. Guess you ust have misinterpreted them.

Seattle Movie Nut.—Jack Pickford, Wallace eid, Douglas Fairbanks, and Niles Welch receive eir mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Holwood, California. Jack is in the navy now, but asky forwards all his mail on to him. Mary iles Minter gets her letters at the American ilm Company, Santa Barbara, California. Mary ickford's address is the same as brother Jack's. Vrite Harold Lockwood in care of the Metro ictures Corporation, New York City. June Carice receives her letters at the Fox Film Coroation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York ity, and Theda Bara at the Fox Studios, Westrn Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Marguerite lark and Shirley Mason are two of our tiniest creen stars. Eugene O'Brien is correct, and not Niles Welch.

Yaki Hula Hicki Dula.—Yes, I know Helen Holmes and Margarita Fisher very well, indeed. They don't know that I am the Oracle, however. So you have a theater named after Margarita? Marguerite Clark hasn't a private gymnasium hat I know of. Can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Didn't you read the rules before ou wrote your letter? Jack Pickford and Tom Forman are both in the service of Uncle Sam. Jack is in the navy, while Tom is a lieutenant in he army. Evidently your features are a mixture of all the motion-picture stars thrown into one. Anna Q. Nilsson can be reached by letter at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. I remember distinctly of answering a query headed Teddy B. Better go hrough your old Picture-Play Magazines, because you must have overlooked it.

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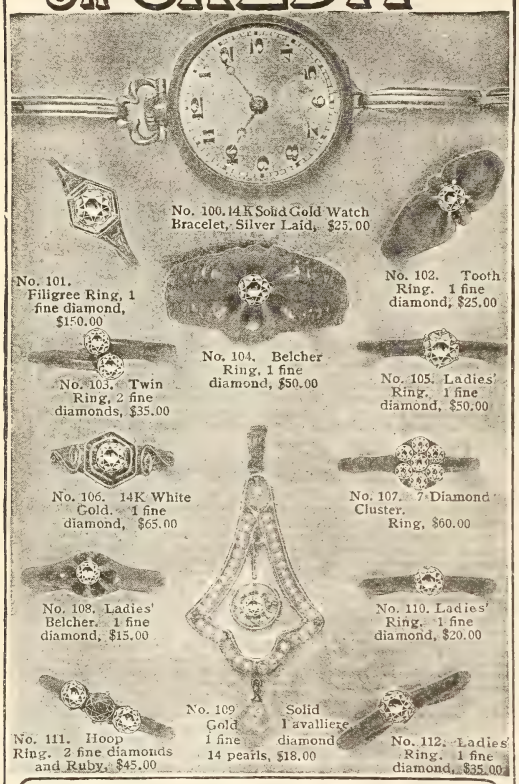

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

BEE.—No, the scenes for the "Unbeliever" were not taken on the battlefields of France, but in the good old U. S. A. No one was killed during the taking of the picture. Carlyle Blackwell and Ethel Clayton are very popular, indeed. Ethel Clayton is now starring at the Lasky Studios, while Carlyle is still with the World. Niles Welch had the leading rôle opposite Marguerite in "Miss George Washington." With the exception of Bessie Love, you have named their real names as well as screen ones. When she was christened, Bessie was called Juanita Horton.

F. J. T.—Yes, Louise Huff is with the World Film Corporation now. Her latest release is "T'other Dear Charmer," a most peculiar title for a picture, don't you think? Doris Kenyon was born in Syracuse, New York, and not in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GERTRUDE S.—There is great talk of Florence Turner going back into pictures again to do a big propaganda film. I certainly hope she does, for it will seem like the good old days to have her back with us once more. Send to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, inclosing six cents in stamps, for a copy of the Market Booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of all the leading film companies in the United States. There are several studios in Jacksonville, Florida, but I don't know whether they are working at the present time.

JEANETTE G.—You refer to Mahlon Hamilton. Address him in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. You refer to Chester Barnett, with Clara Kimball Young. Write to him at the World Film Company, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Thurston Hall will get any mail sent to him at Universal City, California. Lou-Tellegen can be reached in care of the Goldwyn Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

E. K. B.—The Market Booklet, for which you inclosed the six cents in stamps, has been mailed to you.

IM. A. NUT.—George Larkin is now playing opposite Ruth Roland in her latest serial, "Hands Up!" George Chesebro was her leading man in the earlier part of this serial, but he was drafted into the army, and George Larkin took his place. You are quite right about Ralph Graves and Mae Murray. Don't know anything about Beatriz Michelena taking over the Keanograph Studio in Fairfax, California. The Market Booklet has been mailed to you by the editor.

ROMILDER C.—You must have received a copy of the Market Booklet by this time, as the editor mailed you one.

L. M. W.—Don't think I can refer you to any pictures or story about the "Bull's-Eye" serial in PICTURE-PLAY. Write to both Eddie Polo and Vivian Reed in care of Universal City, California.

New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS HAIR GROWER

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a **luxuriant growth** of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs.

From recent photo.

INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

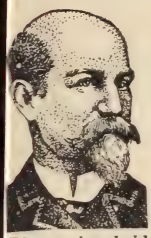

Photo when bald.

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my **amazement** a light fuzz soon appeared. **It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth,** and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was **permanent** has been amply proved. Many **men and women,** also children, have reported satisfactory results from Kotalko.

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

For women's hair.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever, excessive dryness or other disorders. I have been told by experts that often **when hair falls** out the roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they remain for a time like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which **will grow when fertilized.** Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle. **Kotalko** contains those elements of nature which give new vitality to the scalp and hair. **To prove the GENUINENESS of Kotalko,** I will send the recipe **FREE** on request. Or I will mail a testing box of Kotalko with the recipe for 10 cents, silver or stamps, *if you mention this publication.* Satisfy yourself. You want to stop falling hair, eliminate dandruff or cover that bald spot with healthy hair. Get the dime testing box NOW, apply once or twice daily—**watch in your mirror!** Address:

RECIPE FREE

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, BA-151, Station F, New York, N. Y.

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, BA-151, Station F, New York City

Send me a testing box of KOTALKO with the RECIPE. Enclosed find ten cents.

Name and Address.....

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To Health, Beauty and Personality

If you are over-stout, you naturally wish to **reduce your weight** and improve your symmetry. You know that by remaining fat you are shortening your life and are not enjoying numerous advantages that will be yours when you **BECOME SLENDER.**

There is one system that is becoming more famous daily because it **ACTUALLY REDUCES.** Many make such remarks as *"The fat seems to melt away like magic,"* and so on, because they are surprised and delighted at the steady, gentle, lasting loss of burdensome adiposity. The secret lies in the use of **OIL OF KOREIN** which is prepared in capsules, obtainable at all busy druggists', and in following the simple directions of the Korein system that come in each box. **$100 GUARANTEE** that you will lose 10 to 60 lbs—whatever you need to. If you prefer, write for book entitled *"Reduce Weight Happily,"* sent free in plain wrapper, postpaid, on request.

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A wonderful book—read about it!

Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special instruction, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How your own imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that will bring you Happy Success and handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement, and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW to WIN! This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. Just address

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Free Trial Treatment on Request

Ask also for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. My treatment has often reduced at the rate of **a pound a day.** No dieting, no exercise, absolutely safe and sure method.

Mrs. E. Bateman writes:—*Have taken your treatment and it is wonderful how it reduces. It does just as you say. I have reduced a pound a day and feel fine.*

Mrs. Anna Schmidt writes:—*I weighed 178 pounds before I started your treatment and I now weigh 138 pounds. You may print this if you like.*

These are just examples of what my treatment can accomplish. Let me send you more proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician

286 Fifth Avenue, New York :: :: :: Desk K-586

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

BOB HINHEN.—Sorry, but can't answer matrimonial questions, as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Robert Harron receives his correspondence at the Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

J. N. B.—Yes, I do remember the last letter you wrote me, so you see you are not forgotten after all. You, too, seem to be planning to do a lot of writing to players. Lottie Pickford, Kathlyn Williams, and Ann Little get their mail at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Write Vivian Martin and Constance Talmadge in care of the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Ruth Roland should be written to at the Astra Company, Universal City, California. Doris Kenyon and Pearl White both get their mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Viola Dana and Edith Storey can be found at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Shirley Mason, Elsie Ferguson, and Billie Burke all find their letters at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Drop a line to Louise Huff at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Louise Glaum will receive mail sent to her in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Peggy Hyland has her mail delivered to her at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Fannie Ward's address is the same as that of Ruth Roland. Fannie is forty-three. What kind of weather are you getting in Santa Barbara at this time of the year?

BETTY B.—Seena Owen, Constance Talmadge, Lillian Gish, Elmo Lincoln, George Walsh, Bessie Love, Alfred Paget, Eugene Pallette, Josephine Crowell, Frank Bennett, Mae Marsh, Margery Wilson, and Robert Harron had the leading rôles in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance." It wouldn't surprise me at all to see the "Birth of a Nation" shown again in Seattle. It is being released all over the country now, and is still a mighty good picture, and a tremendous drawing card for any exhibitor. Lillian Gish has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are their right names. Write to Lillian in care of the Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

E. X. Y. Z.—The Market Booklet has been mailed to you a few hours before writing this by the editor. Lillian and Dorothy Gish get their mail at the Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. I am quite sure that they would gladly send you one of their autographed photographs. The stars now want a Thrift Stamp with every request for a photograph. They send the photograph back, and also return the stamp. In this way it helps boost the sale of War Savings Stamps for the government. This plan was originated by Charlie Ray, the Paramount star, so maybe you had better inclose one with your request to Lillian and sister Dorothy.

TOBACCO HABIT

Easily Conquered in 3 Days

Picture No. 1—*Shows how tobacco has nearly wrecked a man's career. He has become nervous, dyspeptic and irritable; he cannot sleep well, has lost his energy and ambition.* **No. 2**—*The doctor says: "I'm giving you this medicine but it will do you very little good, unless you stop killing yourself with tobacco."* **No. 3**—*Still a slave; another collapse.* **No. 4**—*Wife reads advertisement of Mr. Woods.* **No. 5**—*He writes for Mr. Woods' free book.* **No. 6**—*Being convinced by multitude of proofs, he has ordered remedy which is in box postman is now delivering.* **No. 7**—*Has begun to overcome tobacco craving. Already is feeling much better; vigor and ambition returning.* **No. 8**—*Surprising improvement; all craving gone, filled with new courage and backed by good health.* **No. 9**—*Beginning anew.* **No. 10**—*Succeeding in business.* **No. 11**—*No trouble to resist temptation of tobacco in any form.* **No. 12**—*By clear-headedness, good health and energy, he has now become prosperous.*

Would You Like to Quit Tobacco Quickly and Easily and Enjoy Yourself a Thousand Times Better While in Robust Health?

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

Why continue to commit slow suicide when **you can live a really contented life**, if you only **get your body and nerves right?** It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid yourself of tobacco by suddenly stopping with "will-power"—don't do it. The correct way is to **eliminate nicotine poison from the system**, and genuinely **overcome the craving.**

Overcome that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco, or snuff.

Here is an opportunity to receive **FREE a carefully compiled treatise on the subject**, containing interesting and valuable information that you should be glad to learn about. This book tells all about the **renowned THREE DAYS' METHOD** by which **thousands and thousands saved themselves from the life-wrecking tobacco habit.** Full particulars, including the book on tobacco and snuff habit, will be mailed **FREE TO YOU**, in plain wrapper, postpaid. All you need do is **merely REQUEST IT.** A postcard will do. Address

FREE

EDWARD J. WOODS, TA 151, Station F, NEW YORK, N. Y.

NOTE—To those who are injuring their health, making themselves nervous, dyspeptic, etc., by excessive use of cigarettes, cigars, pipe, snuff or chewing tobacco: here is your opportunity to quickly and easily become your own master.

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We'll send you any diamond in our immense stock *on approval.* Then *try to match it at fully 60% more* or you can send it back. These amazing savings continually proved by customers' letters.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1918:

State of New York, County of New York, (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Treasurer of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor,* Charles Gatchell, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers,* Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation, composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Grace H. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Annie K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer.
of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1918. Charles W. Ostertag, Notary Public, No. 51, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

E. D. W.—My, but there seems to be a rush on the Market Booklets this month! Nearly every reader is sending along for one. They are most valuable little books, and the six cents in stamps doesn't pay for the printing or mailing. Yours has been sent.

ARLIE.—They were not actors, but the real thing in Universal's "Crashing Through to Berlin." Lew Cody was *D'Arcy,* and Freddy Goodwins was *Samuel,* in Lois Weber's "For Husbands Only." Yes, I will be tickled to death to hear from you every week, only don't forget to keep it up.

J. F. F.—Yes, I think that Niles Welch would send you one of his likenesses if you should write to him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and ask for one. Norma Talmadge is also one of my favorites. No, you didn't break a single rule. In fact, you didn't even dent any of them. Good for you!

A FRIEND.—Yep, he's Spanish.

MARY MAE MASIE.—No, Jack Pickford is not playing in pictures at present, as all his time is now taken up working for Uncle Sam. You see, Jack is a sailor. Address Jack in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and they will forward the mail to him. Sessue Hayakawa will send you a picture if you address him at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in the year 1883. Address Mary Thurman, Katherine McDonald, and Pauline Curley in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Lottie Pickford, Wanda Hawley, and Wallace Reid get their mail at the Lasky Studios. Harrison Ford receives his mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew call for their mail at the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City.

A GIRL FROM INDIANA.—What kept you from writing to the Oracle for such a long time? Evidently you are a serial fan. Arnold Daly played opposite Pearl White in the "Elaine" serials. Creighton Hale was the juvenile in them. Creighton Hale had the leading rôle in "The Iron Claw" serial. "The Iron Claw" should have played Indianapolis a long time ago. It must have shown there, and you overlooked it, because it has been released for nearly two years. Watch PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE for articles about your favorites. Antonio Moreno is not playing with Pathé any longer, but is now doing serials for the Vitagraph Company at their Western studios in Hollywood, California. If there is a motion-picture studio in Indianapolis I don't know anything about it.

LESTER V. J.—Yes, Theda Bara sends out photographs to her admirers, and I am sure that she will mail you one if you request it. Address her in care of the Fox Film Company, Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Classified Advertising

60 cents per line. Circulation, 200,000. Forms for March, 1919 issue, published Feb. 1st, close Dec. 12th

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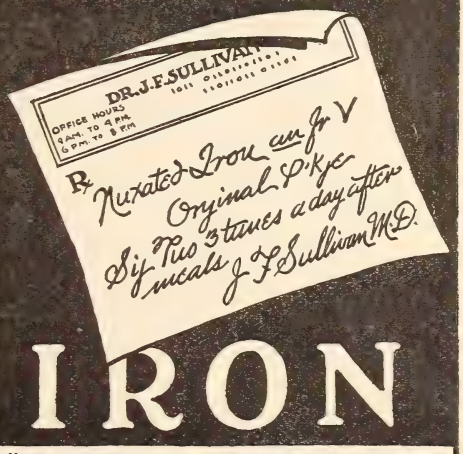

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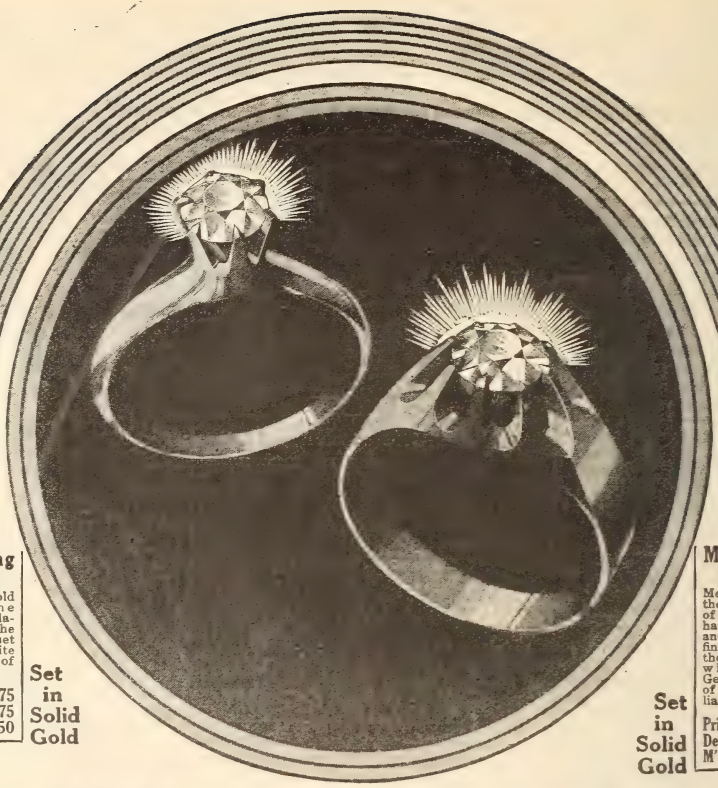

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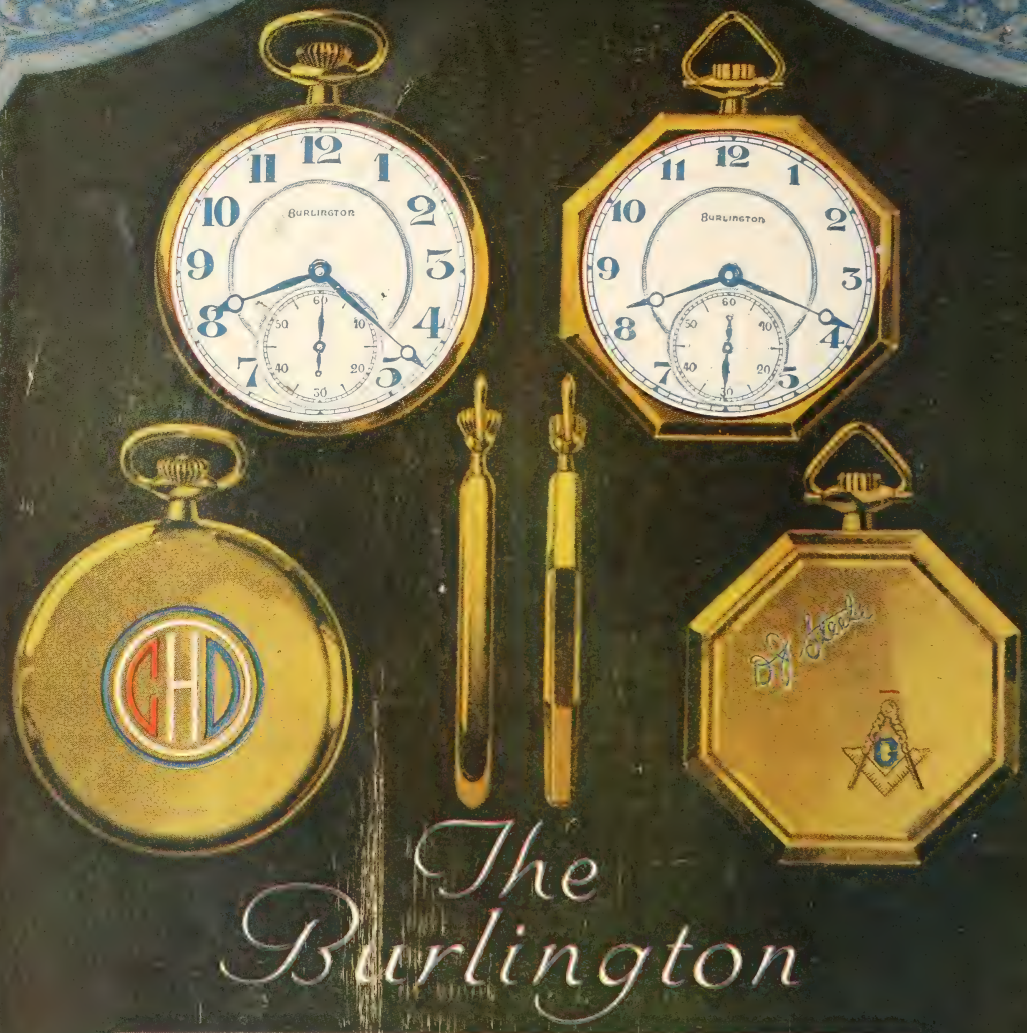

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

February 1919

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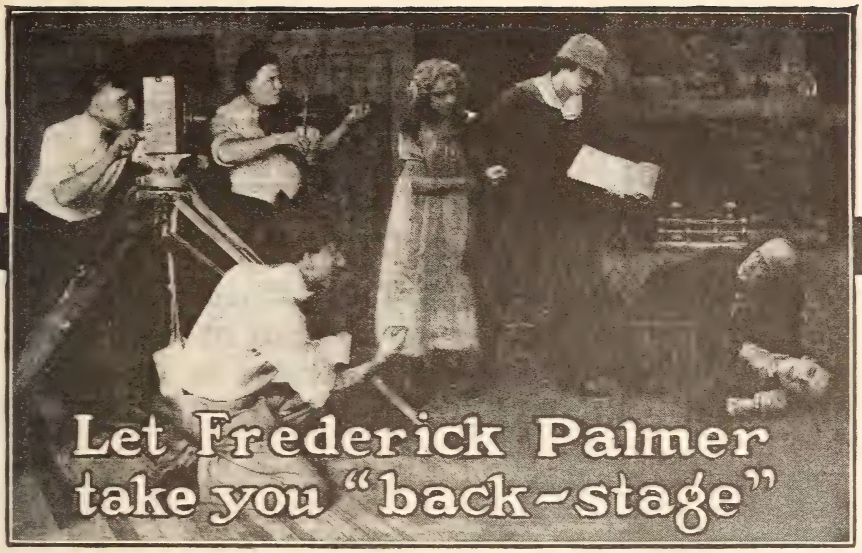

HOW often have you felt that you'd like to go "back-stage"—to see "movies" in the making—to watch a simple story-idea developed, scene by scene—to see for yourself how suspense, sensation and surprise are woven and blended into a photoplay of tense situations and thundering climax! The art—the wonder—the witchery—the mystery of it all!

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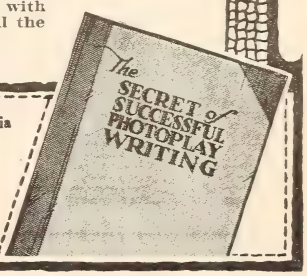

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Did you ever see a thin, emaciated fellow—one who shakes hands with you as though his wrist were broken? Did you ever see such a man amount to anything? **Now get busy—Do not delay one single day.**

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FEB 15 1919

Favorite Picture Players

PEARL WHITE

starts life as a feminine *Raffles* in her new serial, "The Lightning Raider," and later reforms, but not until she has stolen the hearts of her spectators. Parlor burglary is a departure for Pearl, and so well done that it inspires the hope that she'll be allowed to "depart" again. Henry Gesell and Warner Oland are the leading men.

MADELINE TRAVERSE

whose star first flamed on the horizon in "The Caillaux Case," has steadily been progressing zenithward on the strength of that success. She has already reached "The Danger Zone," and in this picture her friends declare she has proved so talented that the rest of her journey to the realm of the planets will be easy.

BLANCHE SWEET

whose "Hushed Hour," with an all-star cast, is followed by "The Unpardonable Sin," with Blanche in a dual rôle. There is the weak sister, *Alice*, the war-wasted Belgian fields, and the strong sister, *Dinny*, in which part Miss Sweet more than offsets the impression made by the younger sister. The unpardonable sin is the fact that we had to wait so long for the picture.

TOM MOORE

Maybe there's something in the fact that "Thirty a Week" is closely followed by the advice, "Go West, Young Man," Moore's latest triumph of comedy drama. At any rate, whatever the difference in the high cost of living on the East and West Coasts, Tom followed the advice, and is already in California making pictures.

DOLORES CASSINELLI

who has been called the "Italian Cameo" because of her distinctly Latin type of beauty, brings native temperament and romance to "Stars of Glory," the patriotic picture in which she co-stars with E. K. Lincoln. The first picture by this team under the direction of Leonce Perret, the French director, was "Lafayette, We Come."

MILTON SILLS

gallant extraordinary, appears opposite Geraldine Farrar in the last three pictures which she filmed before returning to grand opera, "The Hell Cat" being followed shortly by "Shadows" and "The Stronger Vow." Milton's contract with Goldwyn lasts a year, and conjecture was rife, when the songbird fled, as to who the next lady would be—whispers said Mae Marsh.

BESSIE BARRISCALE

In "Two-Gun Betty," Miss Barriscale is one member of the team, and her husband, Howard Hickman, the other. That is to say, he both wrote the story and directed Bessie in it. The plot deals with an adventurous New York girl who hears that the war has made a shortage of cowboys in the Middle West, and promptly throws herself into the breach—food for many laughs.

JANE MILLER

Most of the stars find California the ideal spot for picture making. Miss Miller comes to the screen via San Antonio, Texas, where she is being starred in a series of Sunset Pictures, which have outdoor American life for their subject, and typical Texas country for their locale. "The Forfeit," in which she was costarred with House Peters, is followed by "Good Indian."

RUTH ROLAND

declares that her fame was assured when Belasco complimented her characterization of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* at the immature age of nine years. At twenty-three she is a veteran of the stage, and has gained herself an enviable reputation as a "serial girl" on the screen. Another serial, in which she has a chance to swim, ride, and shoot, is following fast on the heels of "Hands Up."

ROSEMARY THEBY

started life in "San Loo-ey," as she'll tell you, and has been flitting from one company to another ever since she went into pictures. That her flitting has been successful is proved by her excellent vampire rôle opposite Henry B. Walthall in "The Great Love," and also her work in "The Hushed Hour," the picture in which Blanche Sweet returned to the screen.

ANN LITTLE

Much as we regret her separation from Wallace Reid as a screen partner—the handsomest couple of the screen, some one called them—Miss Little pays us amply by her excellent work as the Indian girl in "The Squaw Man." Incidentally, is there a certain Indianlike stoicism about this picture —or do we imagine it?

Star Dust

Surrounding
Elsie Ferguson.

OH, what's the use?" the wee stars cried.
"So many stars in heaven,
It's growing commonplace," they yawned,
And snuffed their lights at seven.

But when a mortal star dropped in
The true stars woke to life,
And "let's be gay!" the moonlets cried,
"Here's 'The Parisian Wife!' "

Tales Told Out of School

About some of the tricks by which such strange effects are produced on the screen.

By R. W. Baremore

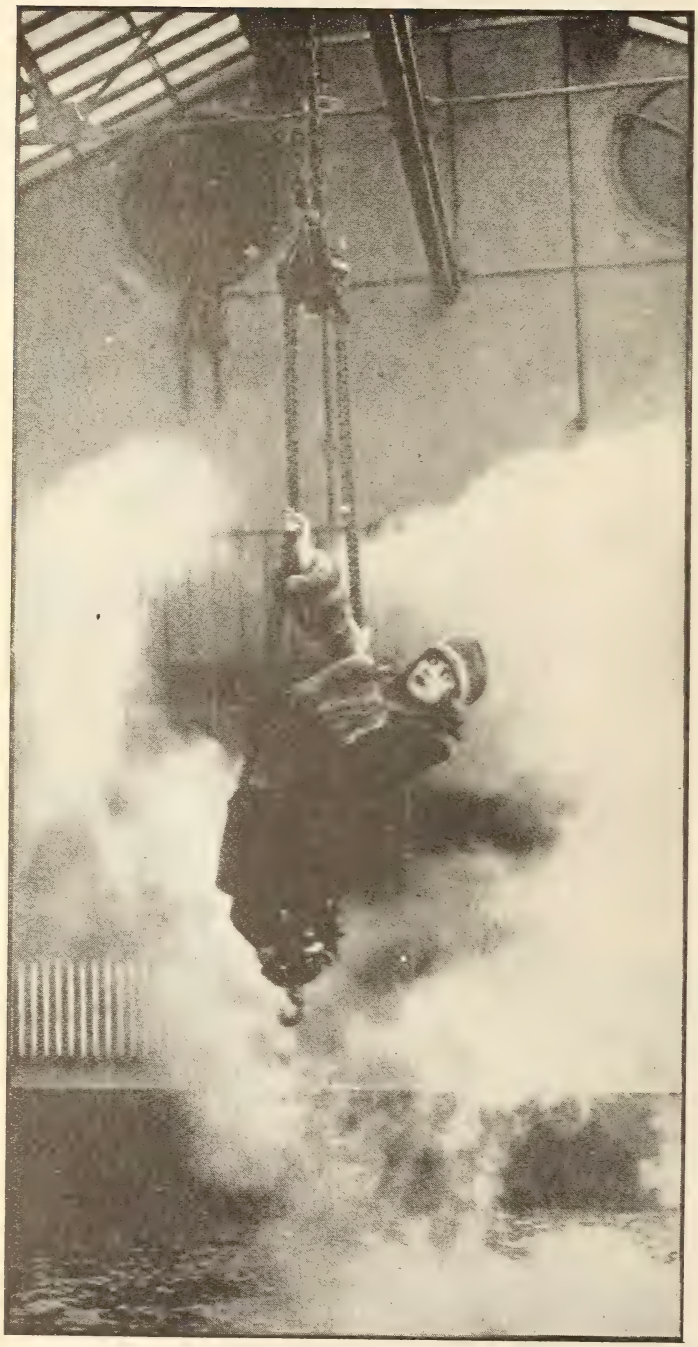
IF you think that to learn how some of the marvelous illusions of the screen are produced through simple tricks would decrease your enjoyment of pictures, take my advice and don't read any further.

But since I've never met any one whose interest in pictures was diminished through seeing those things actually done, I'm going to tell a few tales out of school for the benefit of those who are curious. So here goes, if you're interested. And remember, I've warned you.

There are two general methods of producing illusions. One is by using special mechanical apparatus. Of these tricks there is, of course, an endless variety, which I'll illustrate only by a couple of examples, the first being explained by the picture on this page.

Fatty Arbuckle was working in a comedy which called for a house in a flood. They could hardly have waited for another Johnstown disaster in order to find a realistic location. Nor could they have used an ordinary house, for the water would run out as fast as it was poured in. So they simply built a set in a concrete tank, where the flood could be manipulated with ease and security. It

Fatty Arbuckle doesn't seem to be excited, even though the room is flooded waist-deep. The flood was under perfect control, and produced in the studio, as the top of the picture shows.



Pearl White looks terrified, but she wasn't really frightened. The noxious gases from the seething vat came from a harmless steam pipe, and the tank was really very shallow.

furnished a most realistic setting for some remarkable comedy.

A more complicated mechanical trick was one which I saw recently, showing an aëroplane in flight. The air craft had been built by the stage carpenters, who, by the way, can build an imitation of anything under the sun. It was hung by small but strong wires strung through pulleys to the roof of the studio.

Back of the aëroplane was placed a set of revolving scenery, painted to represent the battle-scarred fields of France.

Two players entered the plane, the scenery started to go round, men worked the wires so that the machine rose and dipped, veered and banked, and the brave American ace worked away at his levers, with his sweetheart at his side. I must confess that the thing looked funny when I watched it done, but seeing it later on the screen made me shiver.

Now, when it comes to the tricks of the camera itself, the simplest ones are produced by changing

the position of the instrument.

Take, for example, the illusion of a man scrambling up the side of a house like a fly running up a windowpane. To produce this, all that is necessary is to get a scene painter to represent the side of the house on canvas, which is laid out flat on the studio floor. A camera is taken as high up from the floor as possible, and focused on the imitation wall, pointing straight down. The actor then stands at the side of the canvas, which represents the lower side of the house, and, bending over so that his hands touch the floor, he scrambles across the piece of scenery, while the camera clicks. When the film is shown through the projection machine, it is, of course, thrown on a straight line from the operator's booth to the perpendicular silver sheet, the line being at right angles to the line on which it was taken. It's simply a matter of taking the picture at one angle and showing it at another. There are many variations of this.

Director J. Searle Dawley preparing Marguerite Clark to appear in a storm-swept scene in which electric fans and an overhead sprinkler gave the effect of nature in an angry mood.

Do you remember

Trick photography and mechanical devices combined produced some wonderful effects in "The Blue Bird."

seeing a picture in which an intoxicated man thought he saw the houses and trees moving? To produce this is a simple matter. The operator of the camera gently rocks it to and fro as he grinds the crank. The tripod on which the camera is mounted is provided with a special attachment that makes the taking of such a scene very easy. The effect of a storm-tossed ship can be obtained in the same way, although a much better method, and one that is necessary if players appear in the scene, is one produced mechanically by having the set built on rollers in the studio, the motion being supplied by husky stage hands. In this case the camera is stationary.

Now for the more difficult tricks of the camera. Many of these are done by what is known as "double exposure." It is by this means that an actor can appear on the same film in two different rôles, or a ghost can be made to appear.

When a dual rôle is to be played, a scene is taken during which only half of the film is exposed as it is run through the camera. The light is shut off at the lens to prevent exposing the other half of the film. The action is confined to that side of the set which will register on the film. Every part of this scene is timed to the second.

Then the player who is to appear in the two rôles makes up for the second part, and takes his position in the other side of the set, from whence the light had been shut off. The film is rewound to the point where the scene began. The half of the film already exposed

The "double exposure" made possible the marvelous dual rôle played by Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris."

is now shut off, the other half is made ready for exposure, and the second rôle is played, the actor being guided by the director on a prearranged schedule of action timed to the second to synchronize with the action of the part of the scene previously taken.

Double exposure is used to produce the effect of a ghost or an imagined vision in this way. The person who is supposed to see the ghost and the actors representing the ghosts all take their positions in the set and are screened as they go through their action.

Then the film is rewound and part of the lens is covered, as in the dual-rôle trick, leaving exposed only that side which registered the actors who represented the ghost or ghosts. The actors all leave the set, and the film is again exposed, the furniture and setting thus being imprinted again, and this time right on top of the impression of the actors belonging to the vision or ghost part of the picture. This, of course, makes them appear thin and transparent.

Fading in or out, the trick that makes a ghost appear or disappear, is accomplished by manipulating the diaphragm of the camera. The diaphragm is the contrivance which regulates the amount of light that reaches the lens. It can be gradually opened or closed, thus producing the fading effect.

To make one character change into another, the first one is filmed, then the diaphragm is gradually closed, the film stopped, another player substituted, and

Nowhere but on the screen is the perfect representation of a ghost possible. The effect is produced by double exposure.

placed in exactly the same position as the first, the diaphragm slowly opened again, the camera started, and the scene continued. Camera work of this kind has to be done with the utmost care. It requires the undivided attention of director, assistant, and camera man.

Most of the tricks of the camera have been worked over and over, but every once in a while a clever studio man hits onto a new one, and experiments are constantly being made to discover still other ways of making us sit up and marvel, which is, after all, what we pay our money for.

So let's wish the hard-working experimenters luck, and hope that they'll be even more successful in their field of movie magic than they have been in the past.

THE HIGH COST OF LOOKING!

THEY called them "nickelodeons,"
Which meant five cents admission;
Then raised the price just double—
We thought that some addition;
And now they charge us twenty—
And add a war tax, too,
I wonder what 'twill cost us
Before those chaps get through???

VARA MACBETH JONES.

Billie and You and Me

When Billie Burke plays hostess in her country home, and you and I are guests.

By Gwen Sears

AT the top of the world, overlooking the Hudson, there is a great stone arch covered with pink roses. I mention the arch because it is the entrance to Billie Burke's very own home, Burkeleigh Crest, and the pink roses because they are symbolic of the beautiful and charming things contained therein, and the people you meet at the Crest.

Pretty soon you come to a second rose-clad arch, and a quaint little Japanese appears to help you climb out of the car. You are just beginning to wonder whether it is all going to be a terribly formal visit, and then——

You hear a light laugh, and the next minute you see a pink-clad figure running up the gravel walk with a tennis racket in one hand, the other holding a soft shade hat down over that red-gold hair that refuses to "stay put."

"I *did* mean to be here when you came," she smiles into your eyes, extending a hand, "and then I got so deep in a deuce game of tennis with 'Flo.' I was just getting him to the point where I had him cornered, and I can't bear to let an opportunity go by to beat

You are greeted by an adorable person whose red-gold hair refuses to "stay put."

At the old-fashioned well she got some water for the ducklings.

Mr. Ziegfeld; nice way of treating one's husband, isn't it?"

And then Miss Burke catches sight of the innocent-looking little black box you have along, and she frowns and says: "Isn't it enough to have a monster of a camera following me around all week, without having one suddenly appear here on Sunday?"

Her tone is so severe that you have to use all the tact and diplomacy you've ever learned to persuade her not to have it put outside the second rose arch.

"Well, anyway," she declares, weakening, "I won't change my frock for it." There's a little stubborn finality in Miss Burke's tone that means business. But who cares whether Billie changes or not, when she is already wearing the most charming pink silk jersey suit that was ever created?

But however strongly Miss Burke may register defiance, there's another smaller Billie Burke, a sort of two-year-old miniature of the other, coming along the gravel path and registering defiance all the way. Her name is Patricia, only they call her "Pat" for short. Pat's defiance is due to the fact that she thinks one is quite able to walk at the age of two, instead of being carried around in Nurse's arms, and Billie remarks that it is almost nap time for cross babies.

Before we can be introduced the baby smiles and gurgles: "Hello, people!" Miss Burke exclaims in astonishment: "Mother never taught you to say that!" But little Pat just smiles pleasantly and wriggles out of her nurse's arms and slides to the ground. She insists on being hostess; so, taking "Mother" by one hand and "the lady" by the other, she escorts us to the playhouse under the willow trees and shows her rabbits to us with pride.

Thus the morning passes at Burkeleigh Crest, and Pat, smiling seraphi-

cally, sinks into the arms of her nurse and is borne away for her nap. That is the reason Patricia was not in the picture. A very good reason, I'm sure.

"She's being brought up in the modern way," explained Miss Burke, watching the small, limp figure out of sight, "and I think it's very important not to have her regular routine interfered with. No," she admitted, "I wasn't brought up that way, but think of how much more fortunate the new crop of babies really are."

We walked down toward the artificial lake, half hidden in trees and shrubbery. "Here are some cranes of Mr. Ziegfeld's," she explained, as we approached the nervous birds, "and he's very proud of them." And well he may be, for they were imported from some remote part of the world, and are supposedly the last of their species. Strange gray creatures they were, with black trimmings, and they stood on one leg continually, with the other drawn up under their feathers.

"Can't imagine where Flo is, unless he's on the links," said Miss Burke ruminatively. "He must have gone over after our tennis game." There was a terrific cawing as we passed the parrot house, where a riot of cubist color flashed at us from the wire cage, and one brilliant old fellow called something after us that wasn't exactly polite. Miss Burke disclaimed ownership.

"He belongs to Mr. Ziegfeld," said she.

Down by the pasture, the horses came running and whinnying, tails in the air, at the sound of Billie's approach. With one of them was a timid, awkward colt.

Billie herself makes a charming picture in the doorway of her sunlit music room.

The tea things are set out on the front lawn, gala fashion, at the Crest.

"I really ought to have brought some sugar for them—the lovely creatures," patting their noses. But they sniffed inquisitively where they thought pockets ought to be, and weren't satisfied until they had watched us out of sight. We passed a "friendly cow all red and white"—Patricia's cow, Miss Burke informed us.

Then there was the garden to see, and the corn to look at and admire and congratulate on its progress—it was far ahead of the other corn in the vicinity last fall—and the roses. A gardener came up and presented Miss Burke with a basket—not of flowers—of ducklings. Miss Burke went over to the old-fashioned well near by and drew a dish of clear, cold water for them.

"They like water, don't they?" she remarked as an afterthought.

Near by was the white marble swimming pool, a huge, shining oblong of crystal water. In the middle an iron water nymph spouted water. But the statue's head! It had rusted to a flaming red. So that, counting little Pat, there are three glorious red heads at the Crest now.

Suddenly Miss Burke turned and exclaimed: "There's Maxine! Yoo-hoo, Maxine!" and, waving the tennis racket which she still carried, she ran off to greet Maxine Elliott, who had dropped in from her estate near by and was walking over from the links with Mr. Ziegfeld.

"Where's Pat?" demanded the tall, good-looking Mr. Ziegfeld when Miss Burke, taking Maxine affectionately by the arm, threatened to make the party an indignation meeting of the actresses against the managers, "where's the baby?"

"Having her nap," remarked Miss Burke, pointing a warning finger at him.

Mr. Ziegfeld went off, plotting darkly, and a few minutes later there was enough commotion to wake one small baby and the whole of Hastings-on-the-Hudson besides. He had put a parrot inside the rabbits' cage. The fracas was ended by the appearance of Ethel Barrymore, who had dropped in

for a call, and, having three splendid children of her own, recognized the importance of the Burke-Ziegfeld baby being allowed to slumber on for the prescribed number of hours and minutes.

A brilliant and famous company these three made—four, in fact—although Mr. Ziegfeld insisted that he was hopelessly in the shade, his fame for the Ziegfeld Follies notwithstanding, and as they sauntered along arm in arm the little black box which had been so denounced followed them persistently.

Tea is a ceremony at Burkeleigh Crest not to be lightly regarded at any time, least of all when the tea things and the gay, striped canopy over the table are set out, gala fashion, on the front lawn. And when the mood touches Billie to play a few bars of music no wonder it makes you think of "The End of a Perfect Day" and all that. Billie herself makes a charming picture in the doorway of her sunlit music room.

And as no interview is complete without definitely establishing the fact of how the interviewee got into pictures, it may be explained that Miss Burke is in pictures because the movie people pestered her so that she had to to get a little peace, and then an adoring public, after seeing her on the screen, refused to let her go. And as for hobbies—well, her baby and her home and her horses take up a good deal of her time, though she did add, as we made our adieux, "and my Holland geraniums," indicating the flowering boxes on the front porch. Whereat Mr. Ziegfeld looked so sad that Billie, looking up at him through her gold hair, winked an eyelid. We never stayed to see what happened after that.

They sauntered along arm in arm—Maxine Elliott, Ethel Barrymore and Billie Burke.

Priscilla Chaperons

During an all-night orgy of picture taking at a wild and uproarious road house. And this is the account of how she did it.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

PRISCILLA is married and proper. She is not a movie fan, and looks askance at my association with the industry. She considers the whole business of picture making as strictly unmoral, if not downright immoral. So when I announced that I was to work with Sessue Hayakawa as an "extra," she regarded me disapprovingly, and asked for details.

"Well," I commenced, "we meet in Hollywood at one-thirty a. m.——"

Priscilla fairly looked cross-eyed.

"One-thirty *a. m.* did you say?" She gasped. "You mean you will work all *night?*"

"All morning," I corrected. "We will start at one-thirty, get out to location at two, and work until daybreak, getting home for a late breakfast or an early lunch."

Priscilla opened her mouth and closed it. I forestalled her protest.

"Before you faint, let me give you all the horrible details," I suggested. "We will go out in a truck—the extra girls and men——"

"Together with men—at that time——" she managed to enunciate.

"Certainly, all the extras, and we will land at the 'Brown Jug,' the most notorious road house on the coast; the picture will be one of fast night life, and we will probably dance, gamble, drink, and get spifflicated."

Priscilla sat bolt upright and transfixed me with a fiery eye.

"And you intend to go to that disreputable place at that unspeakable time of—er—morning—with a wild crew of drunken men and riotous females—*alone?*"

"Not quite," I demurred. "Some fifty of us are going——"

"Not another word!" commanded Priscilla. "I'm going with you!"

And she did.

Priscilla has a husband who doesn't share her prejudices concerning the movies. He volunteered to take us in the machine to the meeting place in Hollywood. Once there, Priscilla hesitated before leaving the shelter of the car for the uncertainties of the lighted office, where already a dozen people had congregated.

"Do you suppose," she faltered, "that they will drink—heavily?"

"Posi-tively!" I assured her. "We're due for an orgy on aqua pura."

She frowned at my pleasantry, and put one foot gingerly on terra firma. She watched Friend Husband drive away with the look of a sinner marooned for life on a desert island. She paused again as I pushed open the door of the office.

"Of course I can go alone," I told her. "You can phone Ben to come back and get you——"

"Certainly not!" she snapped, and entered with the air of a Christian martyr of the days of Nero walking into a lions' den.

The truck was late, and Priscilla sat rigidly on a chair, staring with cold disapproval at the sleepy-eyed men and women who flocked into the office, some

announcing that "one-thirty was a helluva call," some wondering hungrily whether we'd have real eats or not, others frankly and loudly yawning.

It was not until a little extra girl in a rather shabby suit sidled up to Priscilla and asked her if she knew of any place to get a cup of coffee, that she became human. Perhaps she decided inwardly that the mild-eyed little thing wasn't "rough;" anyway, she engaged the youngster in friendly conversation, and brought out one of the chocolate bars we had packed away to tide us over the long period before breakfast.

"This 'Brown Jug'—is it an awful place?" Priscilla asked the extra girl.

"I don't know; I've never been there," was the answer, and Priscilla looked rather disconcerted. She had imagined that the place was the headquarters of the whole movie tribe.

The truck came at two-thirty, and proved to be a sight-seeing bus de luxe.

Priscilla's strained backbone relaxed a little when she found it to be the same high-priced conveyance which had taken her on tours to Pasadena and the beaches on her arrival in California.

"I thought that it would be a sort of cattle car, and that we'd all have to stand up," she murmured to me as we climbed aboard.

We bowled along the deserted streets, uncannily quiet in the early-morning hush, and if Priscilla had expected a wild joy ride with shouting men and shrieking females, she was disappointed. Perhaps she was. The men who sat on the seat behind us conversed amiably about "calls," "parts," and "leads," and when they asked us to take their make-up kits in our seat where there was more room, they lifted their hats and said "please." It was most disappointingly proper.

Once arrived at the "Brown Jug," however, Priscilla stiffened again. It was, assuredly, a resort of questionable quality. The patrons had left an hour before, but their memory lingered in the way of empty bottles upon the tables, cigarette stubs on the floor, and

Priscilla sat bolt upright and transfixed me with a fiery eye.

When the hula-hula dance began——

heavy-eyed waiters picking up pieces of glass where a party had been too hilarious.

The scenes were to be "shot" in the Hawaiian room, a jazzed version of the languorous islands, where a dark-skinned orchestra tormented steel guitars and ukuleles, and where a well-equipped bar advertised "Hawaiian Fizz" as its specialty.

"Would you care to sit at one of these tables?" I asked Priscilla, indicating the ones facing the dancing space.

"Mercy, no!" she said hastily. "I might get in the picture!"

And although Hayakawa came in just then, a delightful Oriental figure in Occidental evening dress, Priscilla refused to stay so near the camera even to watch him, and I allowed her to choose a booth behind the orchestra in an obscure corner. I applied myself to fleshings and lip rouge, and she looked about, interested in spite of herself.

"What are those funny black things on legs?" she asked.

"Negro comedians, probably," I replied, not looking up. Beading the eyelashes is a delicate proposition.

"No, no; not men," she urged. "Those standards with black boxes on top and with little sticks in them."

I left one eye unfinished and cast a glance around. She had tried to describe the Klieglights, which the electricians were setting up. Two rows

Priscilla, in her excitement, sprang to her feet.

commenced on either side of our booth, and extended to the opposite side of the room, where the camera was stationed. The arrangement should have suggested something to me, but my thoughts were on the unfinished eye, so I went back to it.

With a sharp snap, all the lights began to sputter at once, and the mellowed glow in the room turned into a dazzling flood of light. Priscilla put her hands over her eyes to shut out the glare.

I saw a quiet man in gray talking with the camera man and pointing in our general direction. It was Mr. Worthington, Hayakawa's director, the best-natured man in the picture business. Simultaneously, three extra men bore down upon us.

"Priscilla," I said, "take it calmly; we are going to be shot."

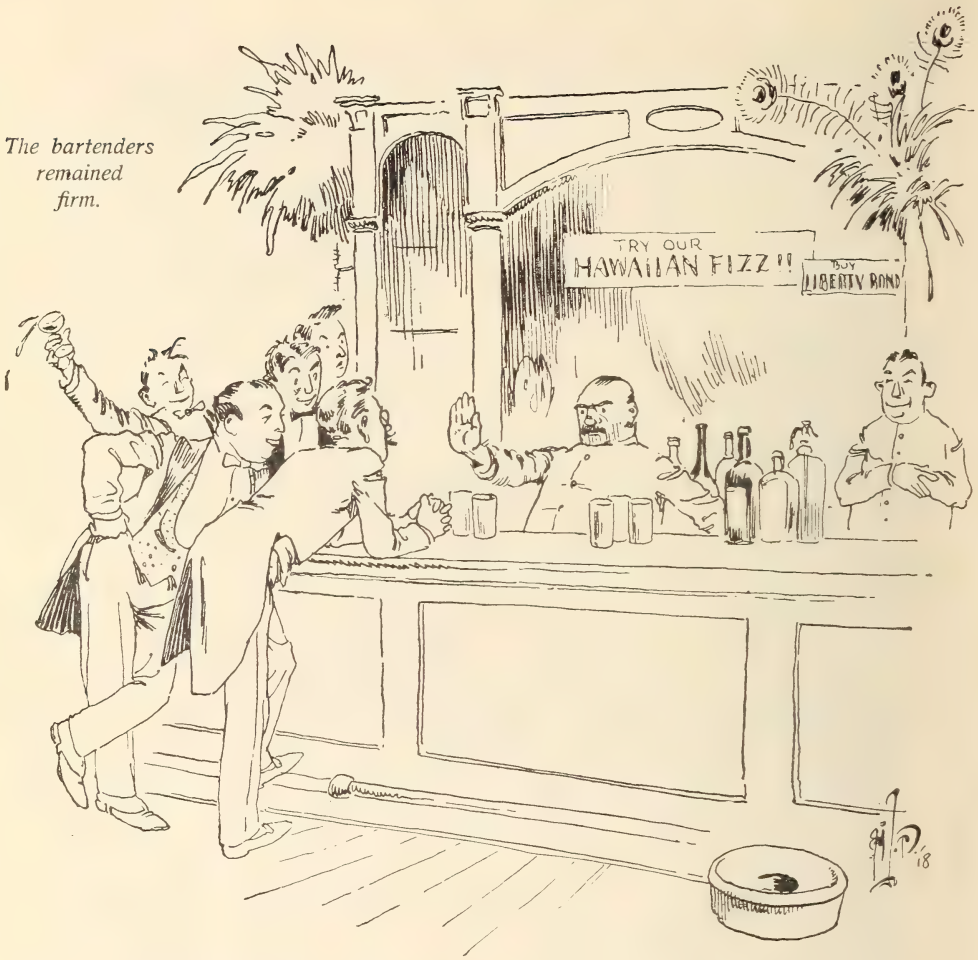
She paled and gasped.

"I *knew* it would be one of those awful wild West pictures," she quavered. "Are we really in danger?"

"No, no," I soothed; "I mean they are going to take a picture—a shot—of us in this booth—probably including the orchestra."

She was anything but soothed. She threatened to become hysterical.

"You mean that we—that *I* will show in the picture? Why, I'd die first! I'm going to get right out——"



The bartenders remained firm.

But she didn't. The extra men came up, and, without a word of apology, seated themselves in our box, two on Priscilla's side and one on mine. She was blockaded.

"Got a powder puff handy?" one of them asked her, and she stammered and tried to look haughty. I passed mine over.

"Been in pictures long?" he went on affably, rubbing his nose with the puff.

"I—er——" she commenced.

"This is her first," I supplemented.

"I thought so," the gentleman remarked with engaging frankness. "Her make-up isn't heavy enough.

"Have a cigarette?" he continued amiably, passing her a package. Priscilla turned a beautiful lobster red.

"My friend doesn't smoke—in public," I began to explain, when the gentleman in gray came up to our booth.

"Now you people are watching the dancing, and enjoying it," he told us. "You are also drinking beer. Lots of pep, please! You're having a riotous time——" and he passed on to instruct the orchestra.

When the dancing began, the men were more than interested. They were enthusiastic; Priscilla even stopped trying to hide behind her hat and craned her neck with wide-open mouth.

First Mr. Hayakawa danced with the

cabaret entertainer. Then came the hula-hula dancer, and my chaperon, in her excitement, sprang to her feet.

"That's fine!" shouted the director through his megaphone. "Let the lady in the box get even more excited!"

Priscilla sank down with something like a groan.

"Don't worry," I consoled her. "That will register beautifully. You'll break into the movies yet."

The weary morning hours dragged on. At four-thirty we were dancing, Mr. Hayakawa in our midst. Priscilla looked on from the shelter of the booth. At five we were gambling at the roulette table, and at six, when a muggy dawn was visible through the windows, we were holding high carousal with bottles of pink water and weak tea.

The bar, with its array of honest-to-goodness drinkables, was wickedly tantalizing to the masculine element, and they tried to bribe the bartenders—who were the genuine article—to mix a little stimulant with the pseudo-intoxicants. The bartenders remained firm, so we continued our film jag on H_2O.

About this time, I was given a "bit." The nice gray director, who even at the unearthly hour of six was keeping his temper, and who hadn't sworn a single swear, told me to interrupt a dispute between my dancing partner and the bartender, by dragging the former away to dance. I was to slouch on and be "tough." At the conclusion of my "bit," I found Priscilla regarding me with mingled pride and horror.

"My dear," she said, "you were so *natural!*" She meant it for a compliment.

Shortly after this, returning from a scene at the bar, I found my chaperon deeply engaged in conversation with a young chap with the face of a Greek god and the figure of a Francis Bushman.

"He's perfectly wonderful!" she enthused when he left. "My dear, such manner! Such a carriage! I'm sure he's a real personage here just for the experience. Do you know who he is?"

"I sure do," I told her. "He was at the Huntington Hotel last winter——"

"I knew it!" she interrupted.

"Dancing with an old woman there," I continued. "They called him 'Mrs. Barker's trotter.'"

Priscilla collapsed.

"And to think I *spoke* to the creature!" she wailed.

Seven o'clock came, and seven-thirty. Mr. Worthington of the wonderful disposition told us we had been "good children," and that we could go home now. I collected five dollars for my night's spree, and the fifty of us wiped the make-up from our faces and scrambled for the bus.

"If I show in that picture," remarked Priscilla, "I'm going to collect five dollars from the company."

When we arrived in town, we disembarked to take a car, and were hailed a few minutes later by a friend of Priscilla's, the president of the W. C. T. U., who was on her way to an early committee meeting in her machine. She offered us a ride, and we piled in.

"Aren't you out awfully early?" the lady asked.

Priscilla blushed vividly, and was silent just an instant too long.

"Oh, no," I spoke up; "we're just getting in. We've been out all night at the 'Brown Jug.'"

Priscilla gasped, and the lady skidded around a corner.

"An awfully tough crowd, wasn't it?" I asked Priscilla, who stuttered vainly. "We drank enough to float a ship, and Priscilla got so excited—didn't you, dear?" I appealed to her.

The lady went from low into high and killed the engine.

"It seems that there are whited sepulchers in our midst," she remarked freezingly.

Priscilla hasn't spoken to me since.

The All Highest received word from his secret agent of a loyal subject who could save the Fatherland by his great invention—a mustache fixer.

Gosh Darn the Kaiser

You've read a lot about Wild Bill Hohenzollern and how he dragged the world through more than four years of war. And you've been stung with a lot of bunk. Here's the real story, told for the first time, thanks to the revelations of Herr Tonic, Wild Bill's ex-barber, who, after ruthlessly being given the raspberry, recently escaped to Switzerland and spilled the beans.

By Martin J. Bent

KAISER BILL leaned back in the gilded chair in the imperial palace one fine morning in the spring of 1914, scowling and fidgeting, as Herr Tonic, the imperial barber, struggled to make his imperial master's imperial mustache take on a more imperial appearance.

Kaiser Bill reached for a hand mirror, gave one glance, then sprang to his feet, and kicked over a chair in his rage.

"Gott im Himmel!" he shouted. "Dot iss awful! How it iss you expect me to look like a var lord ven you fix my mustache like a delicatessen keeper's?"

Herr Tonic cringed.

"You make me look like a noodle maker!" roared the angry monarch.

"I, who should strike terror by my fierce appearance!"

Herr Tonic shivered in his boots. He had a premonition that his job was in peril. And it was.

For the kaiser and his war lords were planning war. They had their submarines, their Zeppelins, their poison gas, and their aëroplanes ready; everything in their scheme of frightfulness was complete—save one little important detail. The kaiser and his war lords did not look fierce enough! And there was where Herr Tonic had fallen down.

But the darkest hour comes always just before the dawn. There was light ahead. For just as it had begun to look as though the whole war idea would have to be given up, the All Highest received word from his secret agent of a loyal subject living across the sea in Hoboken, New Jersey, a loyal subject who could save the Fatherland. For this Herr Dresser, working in the blackest secrecy in a concealed laboratory, had at last perfected his life work, his gift to his country. It was a mustache fixer!

By this simple little contrivance, which was placed over the mouth and hooked trimly behind the ears, the most timid, domestic sort of a mustache could be changed in a few hours to a bristling, sharp-ended, pointing-to-the-skies affair.

"Ach, dot iss fine!" exclaimed the delighted Bill when he saw a picture of the mustache which this loyal subject could make overnight. It was truly splendid; it gave a ruler the kind of face which would strike unquestioning terror to the hearts of his own subjects, and as for his enemies—Kaiser Bill could see them taking just one look at his photograph and begging for peace at any price.

So Herr Dresser was ordered to report to Berlin, to bring his model of the mustache fixer, and to be prepared to open a factory in Berlin, so that fixers for all the war lords could be made. Herr Dresser was delighted.

"At vonce," he told his daughter, Elsie, "ve shall to the Vaterland go. Make yourself ready!"

But poor little Elsie was not delighted. For all her Prussian bringing up, she was a good little American—she loved the country that had given her so much. Besides, she loved Teddy. And Teddy was a good American, too. Of course, he was a rather young one, and at times he would associate with foreigners to the extent of fighting with the "Dutch Brewery gang." Teddy's father was a good American, too, and although he always very properly spanked his son for disturbing the peace, he would have to hide a grin of satisfaction when Teddy would assure him:

"Well, anyhow, I licked 'em!"

It was a sad farewell for Teddy and Elsie, the day the Dressers left America for the country of Wild Bill Hohenzollern.

"Don't you care, Elsie," Teddy comforted her; "it only costs fifty dollars to go steerage to Berlin, and just as soon as I can earn it, I'll come and get you."

This was the sweet, faint little hope that Elsie carried with her into the land of the Huns.

Cast of the

Emerson-Loos Paramount production

"Gosh Darn the Kaiser"

Elsie Dresser	Shirley Mason
Teddy Swift	Ernest Truex
The Kaiser	Joseph Allen
The Crown Prince	Charles de Planta
Herr Dresser	Joseph Burke
Herr Tonic	H. S. Koser
Judge Swift	Clarence Heritage

The mustache fixer was a great success. It was a solemn meeting of all the war lords when the experiment was finally completed. All around the council table the lords sat solemnly, each tied neatly into his rubber fixer, waiting for his mustache to set. And when the fixers were at last removed! Words are feeble things when they must be used to describe what was disclosed.

The war lords themselves scarcely knew each other. Each mustache rose in two sharp, barbed points, sticking almost into its owner's eyes. And such a fierceness! Such a terrifying, ruthless, world-conquering fierceness! Why, an enemy who would not succumb to any other method could be scared to death.

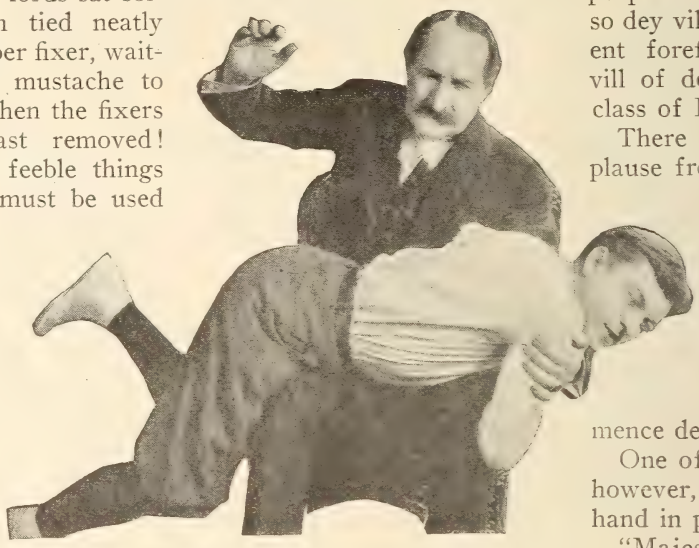
"Donnerwetter!" exclaimed the delighted All Highest. "It iss perfect! Der last link in our chain of frightfulness hass been forged! Now ve can stardt der var!"

He held up a miniature model of a Zeppelin for his advisers to see.

"Mit dis, ve vill scare de Englishers und capture London!"

The war lords signified their approval, and the kaiser showed them a tiny Taube aëroplane.

"Mit dis, ve vill scare de Frenchers und capture Paris. Und mit dis," he said, showing them the submarine, "ve vill scare der Americaners so dey vouldn't dare t'ink of interfering."



Teddy was a good American, and his father was a good American, too.

Then he picked up the mustache fixer.

"But dis," he hissed, "is de greatest of all. For mit dis ve shall scare der people of Chermany so dey vill be obedient foreffer to de vill of der military class of Brussia."

There was applause from the assembled militarists.

"Now," said Kaiser Bill, "ve can commence de var!"

One of the lords, however, raised his hand in protest.

"Majesty," he objected, "ve haf not found yet any excuse alreadty to do so."

There was much irritation at this delay, but it was easily remedied. The war lords all ran through the daily papers which were handed to them, searching for an excuse for war. Suddenly one of the readers rose excitedly and read:

"Sofia, Servia, July 25.—A fragment of bomb which killed Crown Prince Ferdinand of Austria, which has just been found, shows that the bomb was manufactured in Servia."

The other war lords were a bit slower than this brilliant member. They did not speak, but their puzzled faces asked:

"Vell, vat off it?"

"Majesty," said the brilliant member, "ofer und ofer again, haf you told dose Servians dot dey shouldt use only goods made in Chermany?"

There was a time of puzzled silence; then suddenly all the councilors caught on.

"Ve haf stood dis oppression long enuf!" shouted Kaiser Bill, pounding on the table with his fist. "Ve vill haf our place in der sun!"

Approval was pounded all around the table. The kaiser went on solemnly, as befitted the occasion:

"Cherman superiority ofer der rest of der human race must be recognized. 'Made in Chermany' must become de motto off der vorld. For are ve not de supermen off de universe?"

The war lords nodded solemnly, their ruthless, world-conquering, peasant-scaring mustaches tickling their under eyelids. So war was declared. And after all the inaccurate accounts that have been floating about, it is both a duty and a pleasure to give out this authentic, intimate report of how it all really began.

In the meantime poor lonely little Elsie, the one good American in the country of the Huns, was having a sad enough time. Teddy's letters only made her want him more. The first one received contained the clipping of the advertisement he had inserted in his home newspaper. She read it with delight:

"A strong, willing, and competent young man (soon to sail for Berlin) will accept engagements cleaning furnaces, mowing lawns, shoveling snow, painting fences, digging cisterns, or what have you? Teddy Swift, 23 Lemon Street."

But actually to earn the money was another matter. In his next letter Teddy wrote with enthusiasm of having made thirty cents by cleaning a cistern, and two bits by mowing a lawn. At that rate, Elsie thought, he never would get to Berlin. And in the meantime, a Prussian count was paying court to her —how she hated him!—and her father was more irritable than ever. And not without reason.

There was, in fact, a good deal of irritability among all those high in Kaiser Bill's confidence. For the kaiser's careful plans seemed to be skidding.

The first blow came when the crown prince returned from England. He had been sent to London with a squadron of aëroplanes to scare the Englishers into surrendering. He was told to be back by the last of the week. And he was.

He returned just as preparations were being made in Berlin to celebrate the surrender. And he was a wreck! He limped and he tottered, he carried one arm in a sling, and he wore a patch over one eye. But his report was the worst of all. The Englishers had not surrendered. Well, no, not exactly.

At last he called for his court chamberlain and dictated an article for the papers.

"Ven ve came," the prince explained, "dey vould not surrender. Insteadt, dey vent into der recruiting office."

"Recruiting office!" shouted the surprised, angry kaiser. "Den all you did vas to increase recruiting!"

No wonder old Bill stamped and stormed about the room. No wonder it took him some time to decide just how the report in the newspapers should read. At last, however, he called for his court chamberlain and dictated an article which he ordered sent to all the papers.

"The Zeppelin raids," so the article ran, "have developed exactly according to plan. They were devised in order to make the English mad so that more would enlist and we would have more to kill."

But two years later, the crown prince returned from a more successful journey. The United States had declared war on Germany, after the sinking of an American ship.

"You take a fleet of dese U-boats," Kaiser Bill told his son. "You go ofer der ocean und vipe effery American ship off der face of der earth."

He gave a snarling grin at the stupidity of his enemy.

"Dose dumb-head Americans t'ink dey can get soldiers to France."

When the prince was due to return from his American triumphs, great preparations were made for his reception. He arrived on schedule, swaggering into the royal presence with a swagger befitting the brave warrior who has done well his perilous tasks. Swelling out his chest, the conquering hero spoke.

"I sunk de *Hattie J——,*" he said "und de *Peewee,* und cut off de fish supply of Gloucester for a hour und a half!"

The kaiser nodded.

"But vat about de transports mit de soldiers?"

At the question, the prince lost a little of his jauntiness. But he had a good excuse to offer.

"Der transports," he explained, "dey vas all surrounded mit battleships. I could not efen see dem."

Old Bill did not seem to think much of this excellent alibi.

"You vasted a million dollars ammunition for two fishing smacks!" he roared.

This was going to be hard, too, to explain to the German public, but Kaiser Bill again sent for his chamberlain, and dictated another article for the press, which appeared like this:

"Our U-boat campaign has progressed exactly according to plan. We have decided to cut off the food supply from the Americans, so that the soldiers will be too weak to stand the ocean voyage to France."

Although the All Highest did not know it, some American at least had been strong enough to stand the ocean voyage. Teddy Swift, having fibbed about his age, was at last on his way to Berlin, and the ticket was not costing him a cent.

Teddy's fellow soldiers, among the first Americans to land on French soil, could not quite understand Teddy. They were ready enough to fight, but Teddy was crazy to. He would dash out into the wildest dangers. He simply could not wait for orders to advance. Because, you see, Teddy was on his way to Berlin and Elsie, and a few Germans cluttering up the road weren't going to stop him.

So Teddy reasoned. But one day, a little later, it began to look even to him as though he had reasoned wrong. For, on one of his most daring, solitary advances, he was taken prisoner by some of these same Germans, and was left to cool his heels and ardor in a lonely prison house. A German guard walked up and down outside the door. Teddy made a careful examination, then sat down in discouragement. His

prison was as solid and safe as a grave. No wonder he was disconsolate—his march to Berlin was stopped.

"What on earth——"

Teddy suddenly sat up, bewildered. There was a great crash, and light suddenly poured into his prison. At first he could not understand, then he saw that there was a huge gap in the roof. An American shell had come like a kiss for the kaiser, and had blown away a piece of Teddy's shelter.

It was easy to draw himself up through the hole into the fresh air. He crept along the roof until he was just above the guard's line of march. Just as the German was passing underneath him, Teddy dropped suddenly right upon him, dragging him to the earth and knocking all the breath out of him with the shock. Teddy gave him an extra bang over the head to make the deal sure, and started on his way again—on to Berlin!

Teddy sat down in discouragement.

He did not get very far, however, before he was captured again. Traveling alone through Germany is not a safe thing for a young American soldier. His new captors were dumfounded. An American soldier in Europe. The All Highest had said there was no such a thing. What did this mean?

Just to be on the safe side, they would, of course, shoot Teddy. He was backed up against the wall, facing a line of German guns, when a superior officer appeared.

"Ve shoot American soldier," said Teddy's captors.

"But der All Highest hass said dere iss no American soldiers in Europe. How could dey get here?" asked the superior officer.

"But—but see—it is on hiss collar, U. S. A.!"

The officer glared at them angrily.

"Und are ve to belief a soldier's collar or der All Highest?" he roared.

Teddy could see that the men who were going to shoot him were getting the worst of the argument, so, to settle it quietly, he climbed over the stone wall and took himself off—on to Berlin!

In Berlin, poor little Elsie was having a rough time of it. She had been ordered by the All Highest to marry the Prussian count, and because her heart was Teddy's, and she was not a browbeaten German fräulein, but a

plucky little American, she was true to her sweetheart, and was eating bread and water as a prisoner.

She was missing all the excitement, too. Great preparations had been made to receive the crown prince upon his return from the conquering of Paris.

In all the glory of his Prussian uniform and his saber-pointed mustache, the All Highest waited for the glad tidings. But into the midst of all this ceremony and warlike elegance, the crown prince tottered, in just as bad shape, if not worse, than when he had returned from "capturing" London.

"Ach, papa," he said, "you vill feel turrible ven I tell you vat hass happened."

"Go on!"

"I made der attack, but dot dirty pig dog Foch drove me back clear across der Aisne!"

The All Highest gave a low snarl of anger.

"Und, papa, I t'ink—I don't vant to make you mad—but I *t'ink* I saw some Americaners in dot fight!"

It was no time for halfway measures now. The kaiser sent out at once his report to the press.

"It was long ago decided," the German public read, "not to take Paris. It is an immoral city, and we do not wish our soldiers corrupted. Reports of American soldiers being on the battle line are false. There is not an American soldier in France. I have said it, and henceforth all such rumors shall cease. Gott strafe everybody!"

But reporting to the press was not enough. The situation was truly desperate. The army must be reorganized; the men were not fighting as they should; there must be new officers to scare them into bravery.

"But, papa," said the crown prince, "you must den haff der new mustache fixers!"

Teddy and Elsie were captured.

"This," exclaimed Teddy, pointing to the coat and helmet, "is the Emperor of Germany!"

"I vill send at vonce a rush order to Herr Dresser," said the All Highest. "Hiss chance hass come—he must save der Vaterland."

So may the fate of a nation hang upon a humble subject.

The mustache-fixer factory was pushed to its utmost. Herr Dresser, himself, was everywhere to see that the greatest possible speed was being made. And when little Elsie asked to be let out of her prison that she might help, her father was only too glad to have an extra pair of hands. It was all for the Fatherland!

Little did Herr Dresser, rushing from office to office, think, little did the All Highest think, little did Elsie's fellow workers think, that behind her innocent face was hidden the plotting of a grave resolve. They had treated her patriotic speeches very lightly, too lightly. For they had let a loyal American into the secret safehold of the imperial German government. Well should they pay for their stupidity! They had left the fate of their army, the support of their people, the morale of their whole nation carelessly in the hands of an innocent-faced girl. Well might the All Highest rue the day that Elsie Dresser, American, had stepped into the secret recesses of the mustache-fixer factory!

For a brief moment, she was left alone in the very heart of the machinery. A brief moment was enough—a twist of a lever the wrong way, a quick thrust of steel! Elsie had struck for her flag and Teddy! She had stopped the machinery. That at least would cause some delay, and meanwhile the Americans were marching on, on toward Berlin.

Elsie dashed out of the factory, ran through its grounds into the thick woods near by. Breathless, panting, but feeling safe from pursuit, she leaned against a tree. Suddenly through the trunks, she saw a gleam of khaki. She hurried toward it.

She did not know that Teddy was in Germany, did not know that on the last lap of his journey he had been captured again by Huns, who consulted nobody, but planned in their own way to make an end of him. It is easy to imagine her amazement when she saw her lover lashed to a tree, waiting for a lighted fuse to burn down to the bomb which lay beside him.

"Teddy! Teddy!" she screamed, running forward.

She snatched up the lighted bomb, and was about to toss it into the lake like the brave little American she was.

"Hi, put out the fire!" Teddy shouted. "But don't throw that bomb away. We're Hooverizing on bombs!"

So, instead, she coolly stepped on the burning fuse—and then untied Teddy. Between kisses, she told what she had done in the mustache-fixer factory.

"You wonderful girl!" he said. "Now we'll take the bomb here that our friends have so kindly left us—and we'll finish up the job."

Together they crept back, placed the bomb under one corner of the factory, lighted the fuse, and fled.

There was a waiting silence, then a terrible explosion shook the forest trees and made the very sky seem to quiver.

Teddy and Elsie knew that they had served their country well, the mustache-fixer factory being hopelessly wrecked. Away they fled, but they were surrounded and captured before they could reach a safe hiding place.

Calmly holding each other's hands, they listened to the kaiser's frightful denunciation as they stood before him.

"Now take dem out und shoot dem," the All Highest concluded.

But he had reckoned without a bold khaki-clad company which was dashing down the road toward the palace. They dashed into the royal grounds just in time to rescue Teddy and Elsie. The Yanks had not smashed clear across the Rhine into Berlin to see two of their countrymen done to death by Wild Bill.

As the fighting Americans crashed into the throne room, the German guards threw up their hands in terror and shouted:

"Kamerad!"

Kaiser Bill, himself, hid behind his throne. But Teddy dashed forward and dragged him out upon the dais.

"Here, you boobs!" he shouted to the German guards. "Look at what has been ruling you!"

He snatched off the kaiser's helmet and coat and handed them to Elsie. Then, fearlessly grasping the ends of the terrible mustache, with one cut he slashed them off.

Then he turned the All Highest toward his subjects, and they saw a cringing, frightened German with a scraggly mustache, a German shorn of his false glory, looking as much like a very much worried delicatessen keeper as nature intended him to.

"This poor piece of cheese," shouted Teddy, "is Bill Hohenzollern!"

Then he turned to the glittering helmet and the metal-spangled coat, which Elsie held aloft.

"This," he cried, pointing to the splendor, "is the Emperor of Germany!"

Well, it is no wonder that when the outraged subjects saw at last just what had been ruling them, they should turn against the lowly-looking All Highest and boot him straight into oblivion.

And surely it is not looking too far into the future to see a world peace based on justice, and to picture Teddy and Elsie sailing together back from the land of mustaches and medals to their own land of freedom, which they had served so faithfully and so well.

When the Stars Cut Up

What The Bystander heard and saw.

The leading man found his pockets empty.

LET'S take a walk," suggested Bryant Washburn.

"With pleasure," responded Florence Vidor.

I overheard this bit of conversation on the Lasky lot the other day; it's part of my business to overhear and see a whole lot of things that go on in the studio, and then write them up for you. C. B. De Mille was busy directing a scene in which the principals didn't appear, and for the moment there wasn't a thing for them to do, so the leading man grasped the leading lady by the arm, and, like happy children released from school, they started down the street; that is, in a scenic sense, for while the street itself was real enough, it was only an outdoor "set," where the buildings had no backs.

"What do you say to a shopping tour?" asked Bryant.

"Oh, yes, let's!" agreed Florence, clapping her hands in delight. "Here's a millinery shop. Suppose you buy me a hat."

The leading man dug into his pockets and turned them inside out—empty! He was wearing a German uniform, for in the picture he plays the part of

"I'll be Molly Pitcher," cried Florence, ramming a stick down the muzzle.

an American secret-service man within the Hun lines.

"I don't see how we are to go shopping when you haven't any money," wailed the leading lady.

"Maybe you have some."

"Not a cent," cried Florence, flinging up her hands.

"Well, it's only make-believe, anyway. Here's a nice restaurant. Let's go in and have a little dinner *à deux*."

But when they got inside they were still outside.

"Like the Outside Inn," remarked Bryant. And they came to where an old cannon stood.

"I'll be Molly Pitcher," said Florence, ramming a stick down the muzzle, while Bryant leaned on the cannon and watched.

Again they pursued the uneven tenor of their way, until they encountered a lamp-post, against which Bryant draped himself and sang airily:

"We won't go home until morning."

Florence looked on in evident horror.

"If you do that," she complained, "I'm going into this saloon and get a pint of 'arf and 'arf," and with that she dashed between the swinging doors of an East Side rum shop. Bryant followed her and dragged her out unceremoniously.

"You forget that we are broke," he said sternly.

"The funny thing was that when I got inside there wasn't any bar," said Florence.

"No, it had been barred out, you

see," explained the other, dodging a missile.

On they went, laughing and looking for more mischief. They found it in a "border village" set, where Bryant took a vegetable cart, and his little leading lady found a shawl tied in a bundle, and in the guise of peddlers they went about shouting: "Radishes, carrots, and fine turnips!" But only the vacant windows stared back. Then came a loud voice: "Mr. Washburn—Miss Vidor!" And, like two children who had overstayed their recess, they scampered back to the set to be grown-up "play actors" once more.

"We won't go home until morning," sang Bryant airily.

"Radishes, carrots, and very fine turnips."

"You look guilty," said Miss Vidor, as they passed The Bystander, where he sat with a black box between his knees, "and I know that you want to make us pose for you, but, thank goodness, we haven't time."

"Quite unnecessary," said I. "I have you here already, on film."

"You haven't!" exclaimed Florence.

"Well, anyway, we had a good time," said Bryant as he turned his pockets in again, "and it didn't cost us a cent."

ATTENTION, WIVES!

FOR a career, the movie sphere, my wife says she'd prefer—
But I claim the SILENT drama is not the place for her!

Mexico—with the Lid On

By J. B. Waye

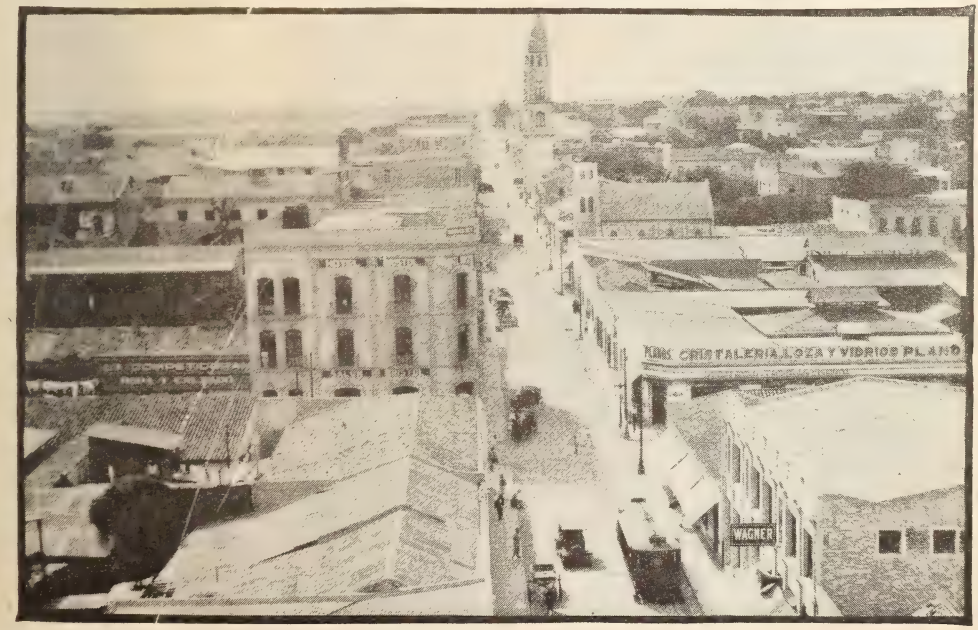
MEXICO hasn't often had the front-page newspaper headlines since the United States entered the world war. Yet there are some interesting things going on in that seething caldron of humanity on which the revolutionary lid has been clamped—permanently, let us hope—by President Carranza, whom you see above, standing near his son-in-law, General Aguilar, secretary of state for foreign affairs.

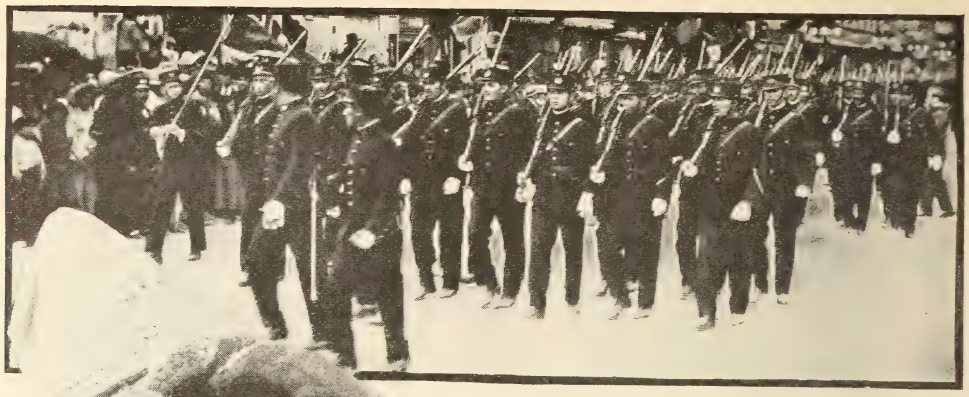
The lid is Carranza's new army, and at the left of this page is a picture of a typical Mexican soldier of to-day. These pictures are from the new series of films just completed by George D. Wright, now being released by Educational.

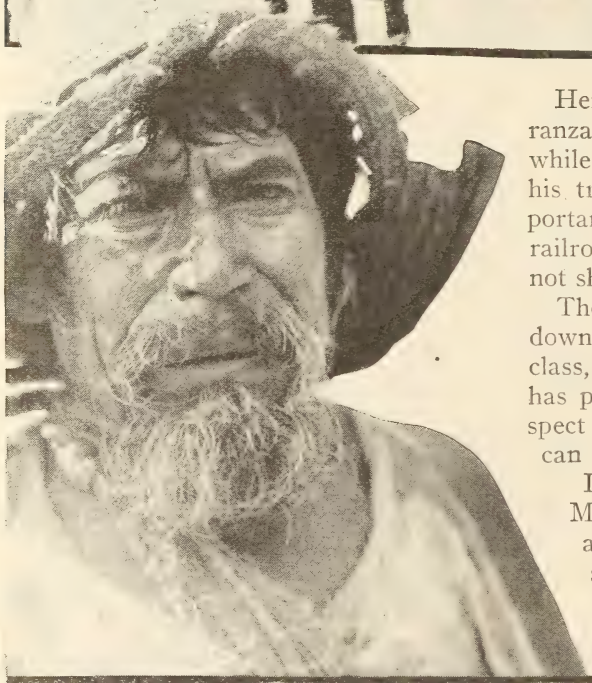
They show, among other things, how the oil industry has been helping the Allies win the war. Above is one of the lakes of oil in the Tampico district, while across the page you may see a United States monitor, stationed in Tampico harbor as a watchdog, to see that the Allies get the oil.

The small picture at the left shows something you may never have heard about. It's the Mexican branch of Uncle

Sam's committee on public information. It was opened by Ambassador Fletcher to combat the kaiser's lie factory, shown across the page, which had been posting bulletins for months, telling the Mexicans of how the Germans had captured New York and the like. Below, on the opposite page, is an aftermath of the Mexican revolution—a wrecked railroad station. And below is a bird's-eye view of the oil center, Tampico.







Here is a detachment of Carranza's new army on dress parade, while below you can see a body of his troops detailed to the very important work of accompanying every railroad train to see that bandits do not shoot it up.

The old fellow at the left is a downtrodden Mexican of the lower class, the fellow whom Henry Ford has promised to raise up to self-respect and intelligence as soon as he can start making his tractors there.

I hope that Henry may succeed. Mexico is surely going to offer a number of interesting reconstruction problems, a good many of which are suggested by Mr. Wright's pictures.

Perfectly Fiendish Flanagan

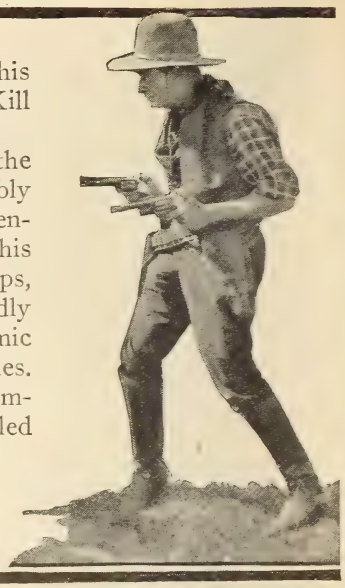
By Jerome Weatherby

YOU know James Montgomery Flagg, of course. If he had never done anything else, you'd always remember him for his war poster, "Tell That to the Marines." You know—the picture of the big, six-

foot, red-headed American just starting to peel off his coat on seeing the newspaper headlines, "Huns Kill Women and Children."

Now you may not know that Flagg is also one of the leading portrait painters in America, but you probably are familiar with his girl-head magazine covers and pen-and-ink illustrations, for he turns out more work of this kind than any other two men in the country. Perhaps, too, if you follow such things, you recall his broadly humorous sketches, cartoons, and limericks in the comic weeklies and his humorous, satirical magazine stories. And if you're a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan you remember that clever series of screen comedies he wrote called "Girls You Know."

"Now," you ask, opening your eyes in surprise, "is there anything this fellow *doesn't* do?"

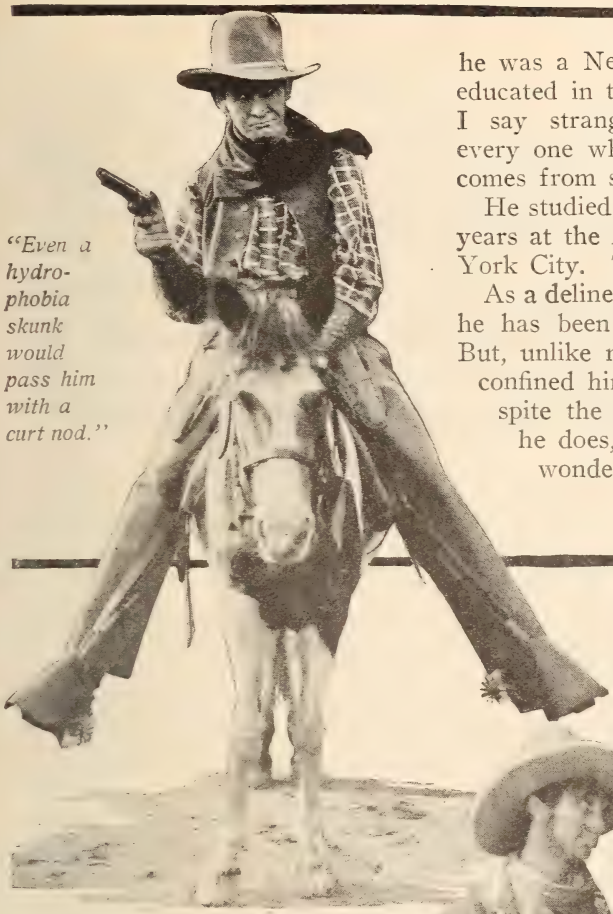


To which I reply: "No." For he has written another series of comedies, and in one of them, "Perfectly Fiendish Flanagan," he has turned actor. Not only does he appear in the play, but he is the star!

You see, in New York Flagg is known as a man about town. He belongs to everything that's alive and up to the minute. And he's been acting for some time now, only it's been in the private affairs given by the famous Dutch Treat Club, of which he has been president for many years.

In writing—and acting—Flagg runs to satire and burlesque. Flanagan is a take-off on the typical Western play. "The heartless, burning desert sand swept the one sinister street of Bitten Ear. Otherwise it wasn't never swept." That's the introduction to the setting, and this is the ending: "And, as in nature, the spiked

"Who is this dreadful person? Fiendish Flanagan, the boss of Bitten Ear. He's so bad he wouldn't be noticed in Berlin."



"Even a hydrophobia skunk would pass him with a curt nod."

he was a New York boy, brought up and educated in the New York public schools. I say strangely enough, because nearly every one who makes good in New York comes from somewhere else.

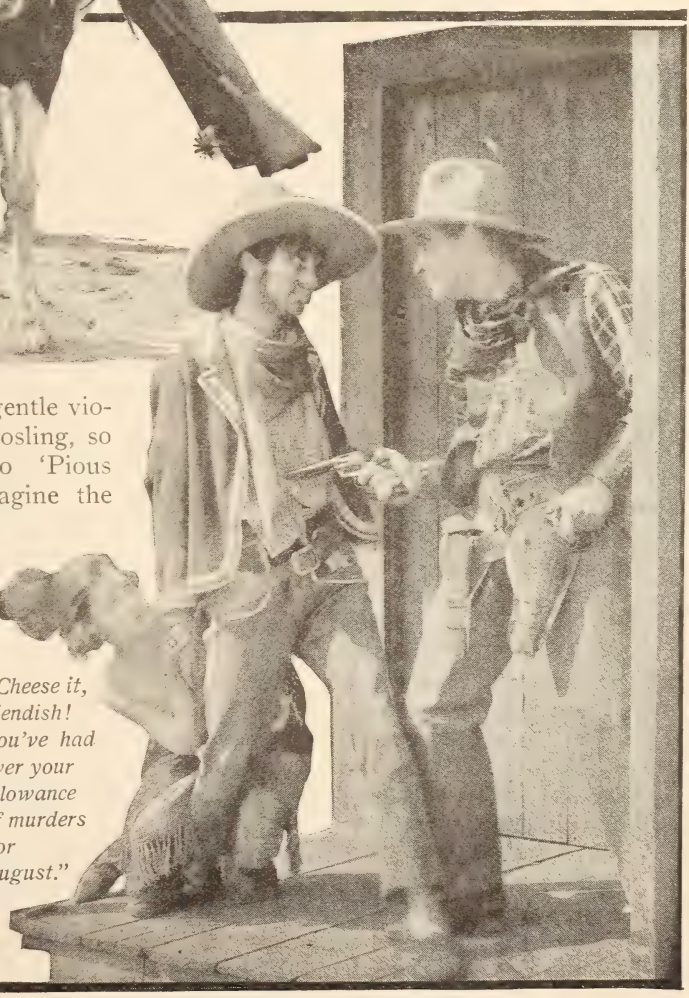
He studied drawing and painting for two years at the Art Students' League in New York City. Then he went to Paris.

As a delineator of the American-girl type he has been Gibson's greatest successor. But, unlike most illustrators, Flagg never confined himself to one thing. And despite the tremendous amount of work he does, he does a lot of playing. I wonder what he'll spring next?

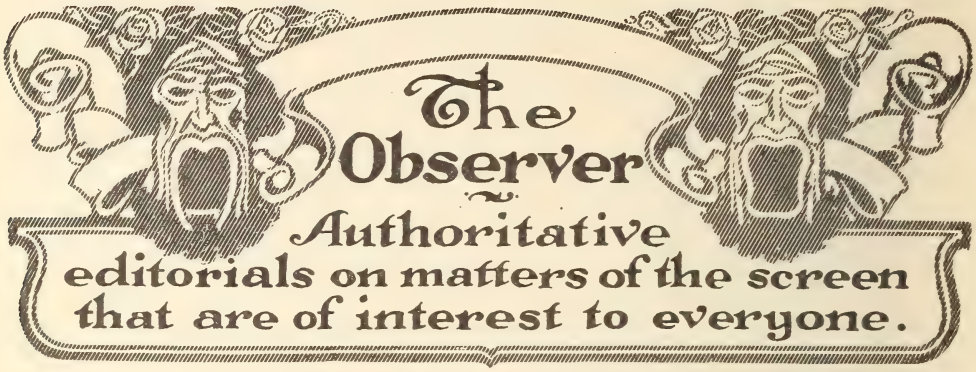
cactus changed to the gentle violet, the hyena to the gosling, so 'Fiendish' changed to 'Pious Pete.'" You can imagine the rest, and the other subtitles are just as clever.

If you have a chance to see Flagg in this or any other of his comedies, don't fail to do so. He's an American you ought to know.

For Flagg is known as one of the cleverest men in the United States. Strangely enough,



"Cheese it, Fiendish! You've had over your allowance of murders for August."



The Toy

WITHIN the memory of nearly every reader of this magazine is the time when the motion picture was looked upon by all of us as nothing more than a toy, amusing, but of no particular value.

Interesting were the moving pictures of a train, quite unusual were the first clumsy attempts to tell a story in motion pictures. But never did we imagine that they would be anything more than an attraction to the eye. That they ever would appeal to the heart was unthought of. As well expect the tricks of a trapeze performer to make women weep!

But now, through merely mechanical methods, without scenario, without director, without experts on scenic effects, without the art of the actor, the motion picture is the medium for creating the greatest of emotions. Read this letter:

"I am quite a movie fiend. Not long ago I was watching a picture shown here—Minneapolis, Minnesota—when a girl and an old lady came in and sat down beside me.

"I had no occasion to notice them in particular as we watched Bill Hart perform his daring stunts on King's back in 'The Narrow Trail,' and drew sighs of vicarious happiness at the romantic and charming finish.

"After this came the pictorial news of the world.

"One of the scenes was in an American camp in France—a camouflaged tent and soldiers sitting or strolling about. A soldier in the foreground, seated with his mess dishes beside him, turned and looked at the camera. Then he deliberately faced it, grinning broadly, winking and making comical pantomimic gestures as long as the picture lasted.

"It was only an incident, but no sooner had the doughboy begun his 'acting' than a breathless exclamation came from the girl beside me, and an excited whispering took place between the two women.

"'Oh-h! Look! Look!' the girl cried. 'It's Fred. There sitting down in front—laughing!'

"'Well, I declare! It's Fred!' exclaimed the older woman.

"'I'll just bet anything he did that on purpose, hoping we might see the picture with him in it!'

"These half-smothered comments continued until the program had ended.

"At the door as I went out I saw the two. The girl was beaming. The

older woman was still wiping tears of happiness from her eyes. They were arranging with the manager for pieces of the film showing their boy."

There was your show—Bill Hart with all the modern improvements in motion-picture drama was the main attraction.

But the hit of the evening for those two women was made by an ordinary camera man with just about the same thing that we used to call a toy.

To Reciprocate

AND now Thomas H. Ince has an idea that is being carried out by other producers as well—to take the home folks over to France.

Mr. Ince announces that he will send pictures of the wives and sweethearts and children of soldiers to these soldiers. The crowds come out. He turns the camera on them, making close-ups of all the babies, especially those that have been born since their fathers went to war, and sends the film to France.

The films made in Los Angeles and San Diego are already being shown in France to troops from those cities.

Some toy, this motion-picture thing!

Relished by the Best of Men

ACCORDING to a recently printed report, Nikola Tesla is a moving-picture enthusiast, and especially dotes on serials.

For the last three years, it seems, he has seen every episode of nearly every serial produced.

Nikola Tesla, you may know, is perhaps Edison's greatest rival as an electrical wizard.

We don't suppose that he takes the serials very seriously, any more than the rest of us do. No doubt he sees them for pure relaxation, just as some supreme-court judges we've heard of read the wildest of detective-story thrillers to rest their minds from serious work.

And if there's anything more diverting or relaxing than a good, snappy serial, we'd like to know what it is.

When the Wounded Think

MEDICINE, surgery, kindly attention, all have their part in bringing the wounded back to health," a Red Cross official says, "but that won't keep them from thinking."

It's the thinking that tears down all the efforts of the doctors and the nurses; the endless thinking, the reliving of the horrors of the battlefield. To get a wounded soldier well you must keep his mind off the war. Low spirits are a deadly poison.

"You have a hospital full of men in the dumps, you're fighting for their lives, but you're losing," the official says. "You tell funny stories, you sing, you read to them, but all to no avail. But you're working hard to hold them for just

one thing, the one thing that you know will pull them all together again, that will strengthen their hearts and lower their temperatures.

"That one thing is the moving-picture man. He arrives with his portable machine. The fellows cheer. Quickly he sets it up. Out go the lights, the screen is the white wall, the film begins.

" 'Hooray!' the men yell. 'It's Charlie Chaplin!' And doctors and nurses, the strain over, thank God for the moving-picture man."

Love-making in the Wild West

IN the November number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE one of our writers said Bill Hart did not know how to make love. That statement caused a varied outburst.

Several correspondents have defended Bill, though admitting that he was no Romeo.

A girl reader in Atlanta says she likes him better for it. She just knows that he would be a perfectly grand love-maker in his own home and that his apparent lack of finesse on the screen really is artistic acting.

"Just Teddy," writing from Los Angeles, is all excited about it and says Bill is the best love-maker she ever saw on the screen.

"Could there be anything more heart-winning or exquisite than the way he will lift a curl of hair or the fingers of his screen sweetheart to his lips?" she demands.

"And," she adds, "when he takes the girl in his arms and strokes her hair, he rises to the finest heights of love-making. If only, in real life, we women could meet and be loved by such a true man, we would need no other heaven!

"I realize that, to many people, the only way to show love is to get mushy and be continually hugging and kissing, but for me I'd rather see big Bill Hart than all the others combined.

"I was born and raised in the West, and I love the wild places, and Mr. Hart is a true Westerner."

So there!

But watch out, "Teddy," for those wild places around Los Angeles.

Are We Hypocrites?

WHEN we begin to discuss the greatest plays and the greatest literature, we always head our lists with stuff that is solemn and deep.

No comedy, no humorous story ever is called "great." No author who makes us laugh is supposed to have a mind that ranks him with Shakespeare.

Early in our high-school days we learn that the most interesting authors are not the ones recommended by the teachers of literature, and almost invariably the things we "ought" to read are dull.

To our mind George Ade is a better writer than Ralph Waldo Emerson was; Mark Twain wrote rings around Hawthorne.

But we seldom admit it. It isn't the thing to do, and if we speak right up and announce to the peoples of the earth that the greatest writer is the man who brings the greatest entertainment to the greatest number of persons, some hypocrite who has never read anything of Dickens' but "Pickwick Papers," and who never

has cut the leaves in his set of Macaulay's Essays, but whose set of O. Henry is all worn out, some such person is going to sniff at us and tell us not to go further in showing our ignorance.

We believe that Charlie Chaplin is a greater actor than was Edwin Booth.

We believe that Douglas Fairbanks is of more importance to the community than Sir Herbert Tree.

We believe that Mary Pickford has done more for the world than Sarah Bernhardt.

We do not scorn the work of the great tragedians. We merely seek to place the comedians where they belong.

We back our statements by pointing to the fact that Chaplin, Mary Pickford, or Douglas Fairbanks, any one of them plays to not less than fifty thousand persons a day.

That's proof of what the public thinks of them.

The public wants to smile.

But the highbrows insist that it wants to be sad.

If you would be popular and rich—make 'em laugh.

The reporters may never call upon you to get your ideas on art and the drama, but you won't mind that.

The Dear Old Censors

WE recently were in a State noted for its board of censors—thin-lipped, pointed-nosed vice hounds we picture them to be. Many a scene this board has eliminated because the members feel that the State will go bounding to perdition if its people are allowed to see motion pictures just as they have been passed by the National Board of Review.

This board does some curious things at times. For instance:

We saw a picture they had tinkered into what they considered perfectly proper.

It had been a good picture, one that really taught a lesson. It was a story of a girl who wanted fine clothes and who got them in exchange for her soul. She suffered. Her friends, her family, even her dog deserted her. Then the man, too, quit her.

The State board thought it immoral. So they insisted that a title should be put in saying the girl was married to the man.

That, they believed, made it a moral story.

She wed, and the whole world turned against her—in the censorship board's version!

They had altered it into a tale fit for their State to see, according to their ideas.

And what their State saw, thanks to them, was a terrible arraignment of *marriage!*

Virginia of the Many Rôles

By Jean Francis

VIRGINIA PEARSON looked out at me from beneath a large black velvet picture hat, as she sat perched on the arm of a chair in her New York apartment on Riverside Drive. She had just hurried home from a conference at the Fox offices, to dine hastily before rushing away to make a personal appearance in a theater. I felt ill at ease for detaining so busy a person. But she only laughed.

"It doesn't make any difference —I'm always busy," she explained. "First, there's my work. Then, my business affairs—I attend to them myself. Then, my public life—apart from the screen. After that come the household matters. And then, there's my social life—for I do love to entertain my friends, and to be entertained. Lastly—and most im-

portant—there's 'Shelly,' my husband, you know. I have to save *some* time so that he and I can be together."

I was thinking how girlish and young she looked—younger than I had expected—when she began speaking again.

"As for my work, that's what you want to ask about principally, isn't it? Well, of course the real beginning was when I played the vampire in 'A Fool There Was' on the stage with Robert Hilliard. Think of what that play was responsible for—all the vampire plays and pictures that succeeded it!

"Well, after that I played with a New Theater organization in Washington. And there I had every kind of part—

ingénue, character, lead—and every kind of play, from the classics to modern dramas.

"When I joined the Fox forces to star on the screen, I continued playing varied rôles. No two of my plays have been alike, and in some of them I've portrayed a woman's life from girlhood to old age.

"Confidentially, I *did* want to play vampires when I began on the screen, but Mr. Fox wanted me to do more versatile work, and I've since come to believe that he was the best friend I ever had."

"Is it true that you're to have your own company at the expiration of your contract?" I asked.

"It's—possible," she replied. "I'm considering it. It would be a good deal of satisfaction, I think. Of course, I've accumulated a lot of ideas of my own that I'd like to be able to develop, with no one to say me nay. But whatever I do, I expect to continue along strong emotional rôles, and I don't expect ever to confine myself to one type of character."

are only representations of more or less immoral and unscrupulous women. My idea of the vampire is the Oriental conception—that of an unworldly creature whose only human characteristic is that it takes the form of a woman. That's a shivery idea, isn't it? But I think——"

A dinner gong sounded. Miss Pearson started to protest as I rose to go, but I was firm. I'd never feel right keeping any one from dinner, would you?

"What about vampire rôles in the future?"

"I'm not especially interested in them any more," she replied. "As I said, I'm glad I missed specializing in that sort of thing. I have an idea, though, that I should like to play a real vampire rôle. And by that I mean that the vampire, according to my understanding of it, has never been attempted. The so-called vampires

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The Castle in the Air

And how it was brought down to earth by Kitty Gordon.

By Charles Carter

THERE'S no doubt about it, French castles and wounded soldiers and Red Cross nurses are in the air these days —what with war stories and pictures and all. So when the script of Kitty Gordon's new picture, "Adele," which is a war play, called for a French château, they simply had to go to work and build one. Miss Gordon had lived in a château in France, and fortunately she had some photographs of it. So they made her advisory architect, and with her help built a pretty good copy of the real thing.

One of the illustrations shows the castle in the process of construction, and another the completed "set," with the star and Director Capellani in the group standing in the foreground. The interior, a faithful reproduction of a baronial hall, is being used as a hospital, and Miss Gordon can be distinguished in the middle of it as *Adele*, wearing a white armlet on her dark sleeve. It's a typical baronial hall, and undoubtedly some of our own boys on the other side have been cared for in places that looked very much like this.

"Adele" is the first of a series of pictures to be shown in which Kitty Gordon is presented under the management of the United Picture Theaters of America.

Till the Boys Come Home

The business of keeping our soldiers amused while they're waiting to get back home is one of Uncle Sam's important jobs just now. Here is the story of how the movies are still "carrying on," by an American in France.

By F. S. Tisdale

ATTA boy!"

"Go it, Charlie; beat him up!"

"Oh, boy! Soak him again! Hot dog!"

Upward of a hundred doughboys were taking in a movie show in one of the Y. M. C. A. huts. It was a Western picture with a lot of action and several good fist fights—the kind the doughboys like—and I smiled and wondered whether the folks back home wouldn't be interested in knowing what kind of pictures the boys overseas enjoy and what the movies are doing for them.

Though the war is over, pictures are still playing as important a part in the lives of our soldiers and sailors as they have from the time the first recruits landed in the camps and on the training stations. They helped keep up the spirits of the men through the long months of tedious training and hard fighting. Now they are helping keep

them amused during these long months which must elapse before the men are finally sent back home and demobilized. And healthy amusement for the men still abroad is pretty important just now; more so, perhaps, than you'd think. So when the next call comes for the United War Work don't forget to contribute. And if you care to know something about one phase of the work that your dimes and dollars have been helping support you may be interested in what I have to tell.

The outdoor movie is popular—especially as the fire laws are not strict. This group is in the open square of a French town.

If you could see a soldier audience at a movie show you'd agree with me that for enthusiasm it has any movie audience in the world beaten. I've seen movie shows all the way around the world, but I don't recall seeing an audience—except in the army—that really "rooted" and cheered. At your neighborhood theater you applaud occasionally, but you never burst out with shouts such as I have quoted.

The soldier does. He lets his feelings run riot, and if he doesn't happen to care for the film he yells in derision quite as hard as he shouts in applause when the picture pleases him. Those of our boys who were trained in England learned quite effectively to "boo."

Perhaps what "gets his goat" the worst, to use his own vernacular, is a war picture with a lot of faked fighting scenes. No one cares about seeing a poor imitation of anything he knows only too well from firsthand experience. Now the soldier knows the fighting game, and he doesn't care much about how some Los Angeles studio director thought it should have been done. And this fighting business is such a vast combination of minute and important detail that no director could possibly have the knowledge necessary for a flawless production.

An illustration of the unfortunate results of this natural state of affairs was observed not long ago at a show given to the guests of the provost marshal in one of the downtown streets of Paris. Be it known that these men were there by request. They were there for errors in judgment ranging from serious crimes to "absent without leave"—A. W. O. L. in the code of army records.

Since it was the first time the experiment of giving movies for the prisoners had been tried, a representative from headquarters went down to observe results. "The Unbeliever" * was the evening's feature. It was selected because it radiates patriotism and regeneration, and hence it was thought that it might tend toward reforming the hard cases.

*"The Unbeliever" seems to have been a special target for the boys overseas. In our last issue The Observer commented on a letter from an American soldier in Paris, criticizing this film.—EDITOR.

At home it went over strong; it went over like a battalion of charging doughboys after a shell has hit the kitchen. But at this gathering of the erring at the provost marshal's—well!

One scene showed some wounded being brought into a field dressing station. The walls were as white and pure as the inner side of an angel's wing; the chaste linen would have done credit to a war millionaire's suite at the best hotel back in "the States." All of which was too much for one hardened artilleryman; he happened to be there because he had been caught laying plans of hilarious destruction from which three M. P.'s had dissuaded him.

Inside one of the better "Y" huts. There's a vaudeville act on just now, but there'll be another movie shown very soon.

"Hey, Buddy!" he shouted to a comrade across the room. "Get that; it's good. Clean white sheets! In a field dressing station, too. And when Fritz put that window in my lung up on the Marne all they had to lay my heroic form on was a little mud with straw mixed in it. *Trays beans,* eh?"

Buddy agreed and added to the mirth a minute later by discovering a mistake in the uniform of one of the actors. They also demanded loudly where they got that stuff when nurses were shown nearer the front than any usage of orthodox warfare allowed. The evening was a success; there was no doubt of that as the men trooped out. But it was the sort of success that would make a director wipe the cold perspiration from his high, broad forehead. The report that went in on this picture must have been discouraging to those who seek by artificial means to outdo the stage settings and exploits of the men who fought under Foch and Pershing. In addition to the war stuff, subjects toward which the overseas Yank is neutral or hostile include educational, travel, and nature themes.

"Why?" repeated an operator who used to work in the tin box of New York's greatest picture place. "That's an easy one. These guys have been living the hardest kind of life ever since they got here. They don't want to come around at night to be entertained with four reels on the home life of the cockroach. Can you blame 'em?"

Getting back to the films the boys like, "Heart of a Lion," with William Farnum, can be cited. It is one of those red-corpuscle pictures. There is *"beaucoo"* fighting, with a satisfying count of bloody noses and shredded shirts afterward. A Western lumber camp furnishes the background for the moral which extols the virtues of virtue. There was one objector to this picture.

"The dance-hall scene—and the fighting!" he shuddered.

Members of the Colored Engineers Regiment seeing a show in an Adrian "Y" tent.

"rooted" for back home in the cantonments; that is, as nearly as one can draw any general conclusions from the reports that the Y. M. C. A. secretaries send in after showing the different pictures to the soldier audiences.

At home it was "nix on the home-and-mother stuff;" the men seemed to hate that sort of thing as much as men in civil life usually do, being fresh from home, and with their home ties as yet unbroken by the journey overseas. They "ate up" war pictures back home, while over here in France, where war has been a grim reality to the soldiers for so many months, they don't care for pictures about it—unless, as in the case of the film mentioned before it serves them as a comedy because it is so far from the actual conditions that it is supposed to picture.

"Fighting!" repeated a bow-legged cavalry officer that stood near. "Fighting! Do you think the army needs pictures that discourage fighting?"

The objector turned the conversation to the subject of the peace possibilities.

In spite of what you might expect, the verdict on "Tillie's Tomato Surprise" was unfavorable. The men didn't care for it particularly. The comment was "Not very good for our purpose." Thumbs were also inverted on "The Little Minister," "Happy Hooligan and the Redskins," and "Treasure Island," the last named being coldly received, probably because it was a child's picture. "Bullets and Brown Eyes," with Bessie Barriscale furnishing the latter, drew the comment:

"Excellent! Plenty of excitement and sentiment."

A careful digest of the reports prove that the men want home pictures. Right here let me point out a curious difference between what the men on this side of the water like and what they

As I've said, they like good Western "fight stuff," but they also want "home stuff"—mother and the kids and dad mowing the front lawn, with a little love story woven in about "the sweetest girl you know." They like pictures with children in them and animals—dogs and horses and reminders of the family pets back in "the States." And if there is one sort of film that is universally popular with the American soldier and sailor, both at home and abroad, it is the detective story. The only difficulty with it is that it is often too long to fit into the soldier's program, for it usually takes at least five reels to develop such a plot. Two-reel comedies often fill the demand; the

boys love to laugh, but they are not overly keen for the padded brick or the inflated bladder. They never tire of the news movies, which take them back to such dear remembrances as skyscrapers and billboards, and which have now become an army institution.

Light motor cars which have been retired from transport and first-aid service are salvaged for carrying films.

In fact, the news-weekly idea became so popular with the men that General Pershing became interested in the matter, and G. H. Q. let it be known that a special film of this sort should go out to the men in France every week. General Pershing's wishes are quite popular with Americans in France. Several numbers of this film have already been received in France and run off for the soldiers and sailors of the "A. E. F." It is made up of home and foreign subjects, about half of each, and known as "The Overseas Weekly."

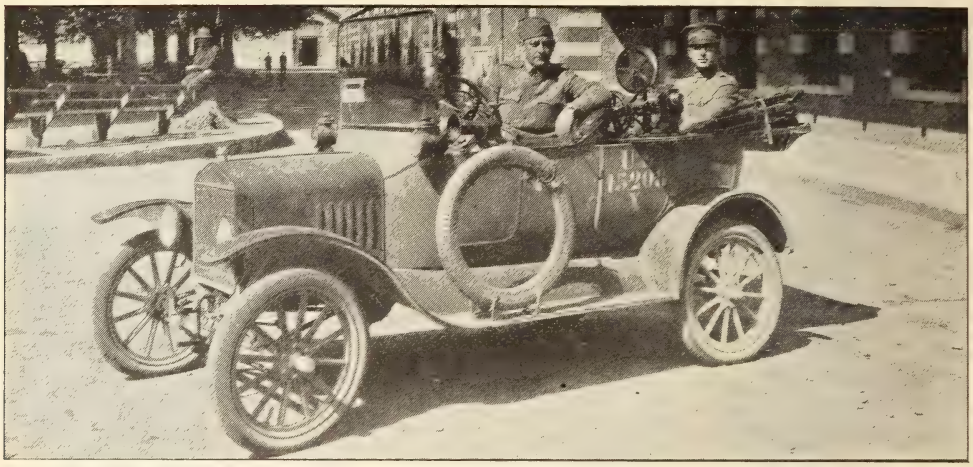
D. Fairbanks probably ranks first in the estimation of the doughboys of the American Expeditionary Force. But Bill Hart runs him a close second. Other particular favorites are Mary Pickford, Earle Williams, Charles Ray, and Chaplin.

If, gentle reader, you feel that you must have figures about this greatest of moving-picture circuits, far be it from me to deny you. But I must decline to stoop to the timeworn practice of telling how many times the film used would stretch from Hood River, Oregon, to Texarkana, Arkansas, and back.

According to the latest advices, there were five thousand two hundred and eighty feet to the mile. One cannot be sure even of that in these changing times. For all I know they may be conserving feet now by restricting the number to be used for each mile. But be that as it may—as George Munroe used to remark so effectively—I give you the figure for what it may be worth, and leave you to work out your own geographical truths on the following basis:

The army has been taking fourteen million feet of pictorial celluloid every week. Of this half goes to the camps and cantonments of the United States. Four million feet is used for the ships of the navy and the transport service and three million goes to our forces in Europe.

This great mileage of smilage is enough to reach every man in both the army and navy, no matter where he may happen to be stationed. It is obtained from the producers by the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which got its experience in the game by sup-



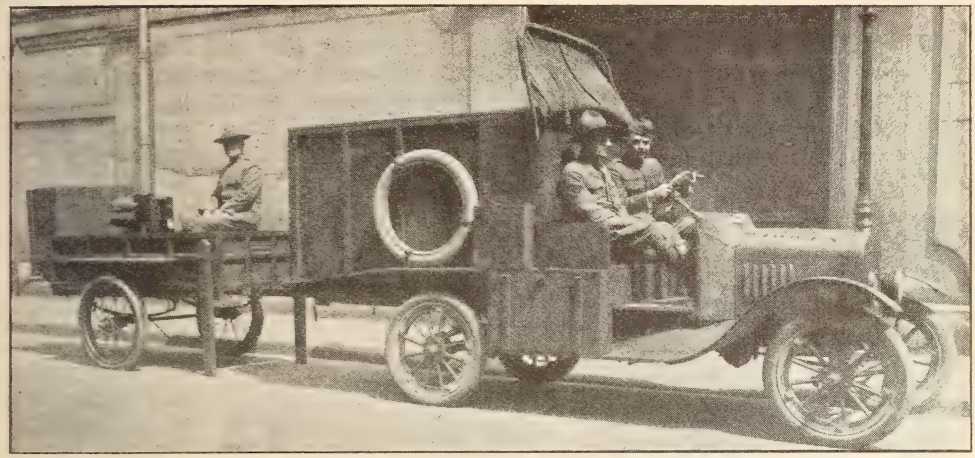
The ubiquitous "tin lizzie" helps the operators to get about and give several shows in an evening.

plying schools, communities, Chautauquas, clubs, churches, and the like with specially selected film. This bureau assumed entire charge of foraging for motion pictures for our fighting, and later, our policing forces, and has been working through the Y. M. C. A., under the supervision of the war and navy departments.

Our motion-picture expeditionary forces man six hundred machines. They give an average change of program twice a week to the hundreds of showing places in Europe and Great Britain. About two million American and Allied movie fans are served in this way—and not one of them pays anything to see the shows. As in many other respects, the Yankee fighter is better cared for when it comes to this necessity than is the soldier of any other nationality. That the movies will follow our men wherever they may be sent to help clean up the tag ends of this terrible war I have no doubt.

Negotiations already have been completed for turning over some of the gambling palaces of Monte Carlo to the Y. M. C. A., and our troops still in Europe are already in possession of these new gold-plated and hand-painted "movie halls." Another building to be devoted to the same purpose is the gambling pavilion at Aix-les-Bains. The Yanks have renamed the town "Aches-and-Pains" because it has long been famed as one of the great health resorts of Europe. Now the rosy and careless ladies in the murals gaze wonderingly down to where the bronzed American doughboy regards the antics of "Fatty" Arbuckle on the screen or is softened by the gentle art of the sisters Gish.

But the valor of the movies in the days when they risked the shell-torn roads leading to the very firing line is still a proud memory—the bravery of the operators who risked and sometimes gave their lives to get there with their small, complete kits of projector, sheets, and film, stopping only to tie on a Bethlehem bonnet when the shells got too thick—the small gathering of men in the narrow dugouts, eyes fastened hungrily on the miniature screen, and the action punctuated now and then with the friendly patter of shrapnel on the roof. As a proof of the dangers that both the operators and audiences underwent, there is a certain silvered sheet that has been sent back to New York.



This machine carries operators, films, sheets, and dry batteries to feed the projection machine carried in the trailer.

It was returned as a souvenir and also because some mending would be necessary before it would be fit to hang up again. It was ripped and torn by errant machine-gun bullets while the shadows danced on it.

One of the kindly offices of the movies that has lasted long after the cessation of hostilities is the relief that they bring to the wounded in the hospitals. The operators coöperate with the Red Cross nurses, and as soon as the men are able to enjoy them movies are shown in the wards. Sometimes the sheet is stretched across the opposite wall and the patients propped up in bed. When they are too ill for that a specially constructed machine projects the picture right on the white-washed ceiling so that the men can lie flat and see it.

Special care is taken to show nothing but cheerful subjects; short films of one and two reels of a cheerful nature are selected for hospital showing. If you are lying on a cot with a fragment of Krupp steel in some intimate part of your person, you wouldn't care to see a tragedy bathed in tears and groaning with death scenes. Nor must the comedies be too uproariously funny, for they might prove literally side-splitting and cause laughter violent enough to disturb the bandages or open wounds. Stories with too intricate or long a plot are eliminated; a sick man's mind may become violently excited or thoroughly tired out in trying to follow the story, if he manages to do it at all.

"The ones that just make them smile are best," say the nurses.

Pains are taken both in New York and Paris to select exactly the sort of film the men like and the kind they should have. A close tab is kept on the way the men in the hospitals react to the different types of pictures. After each show the worker in charge must turn in a report to headquarters on how the men took to the program. These small cards hold short and most illuminating comments.

The important bearing that sights may have on a man's physical being was brought out in a movie show at the casualty barracks near Versailles recently. This is a place where men recovering from wounds—both French and Americans—can fight their way back to health. Extensive grounds border the buildings, and the troopers work out their cures in the open air

of an immense truck garden. Incidentally they worked to such good effect last summer that three carloads of vegetables left the gardens daily. Thus they bombarded the enemy with carrots and beans when they were temporarily out of the picture as far as grenades and shells were concerned.

On the night in question these real war gardeners were favored with "Jack Spurlock, Prodigal." It is a good picture; that was admitted by the official observer. But it wasn't a good picture for that particular audience. The comment was:

"Too much plot. Some of the men are still weak. It tired them to follow the story. Something shorter and simpler next time."

This giant tent, which is warm in winter and cool in summer, is one of the most cheerful spots for an American abroad.

If some of the movie equipment now in use in France could voice its experiences, an interesting feature would be added to the showings. Two projectors were captured by the Germans in their drive on the Somme. They were retaken later and returned to the Y. M. C. A. Then there is the story of "Hell's Hinges."

"Hell's Hinges," as you may remember, is one of those Western things in which Bill Hart shoots his way with clenched teeth and knotted jaws through five smoking reels. Back in the winter before the big German attack they sent it up to be shown to the French and Americans quartered at Soissons. And along came the Hun. The operator who had that district did not dispute the possession of the city with the advancing hordes.

"And 'Hell's Hinges?'" they asked him at headquarters.

"Gone with the town," was the dejected answer.

So they put the film down as one of the battle's losses. But they did not figure on the French army. In August the flood turned and the mighty men of Foch's legions swept the invader back and retook Soissons in that momentous turning of the tide of war. A few days later "Hell's Hinges" came back home. The French had found and returned it. The film was dirty and broken in places, but still fit for duty.

"It is vairy strange," said a French officer in discussing the matter later. "Yess, vairy. The Boche took about everything else he could carry from our cities. I do not understand why he did not also take this film. Perhaps it was like this:

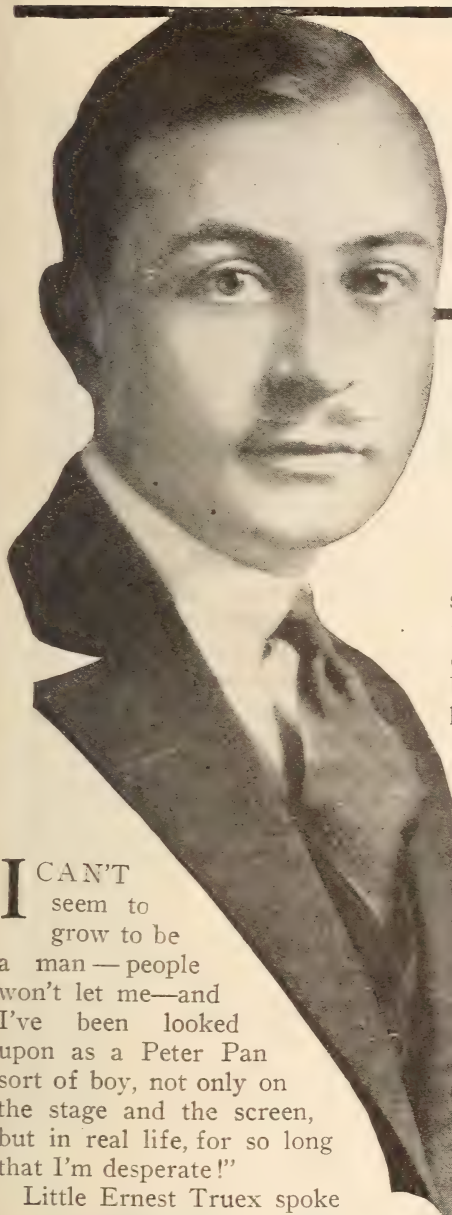
"The German soldiers come into the room and see the cans marked 'Hell's Hinges.'

"'Hell's Hinges,' they say. 'Well, then, we had better not take it. Apparently it is the property of our old frien', the devil!'"

There are many such stories being told over here, and you'll hear them when the boys reach home.

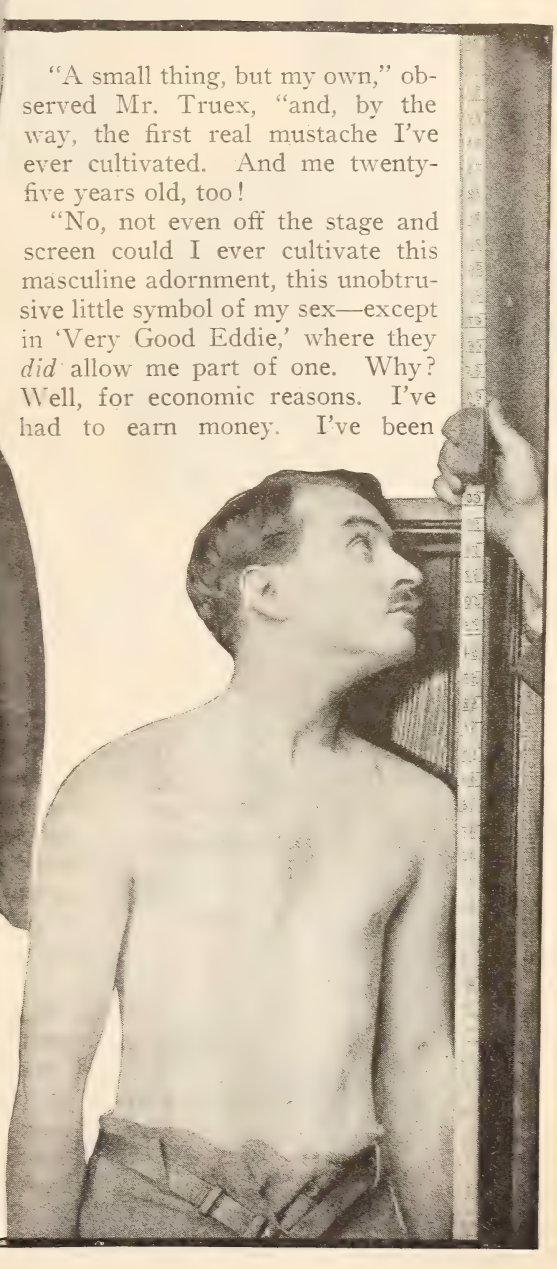
Peter Pan Rebels

By Barbara Little



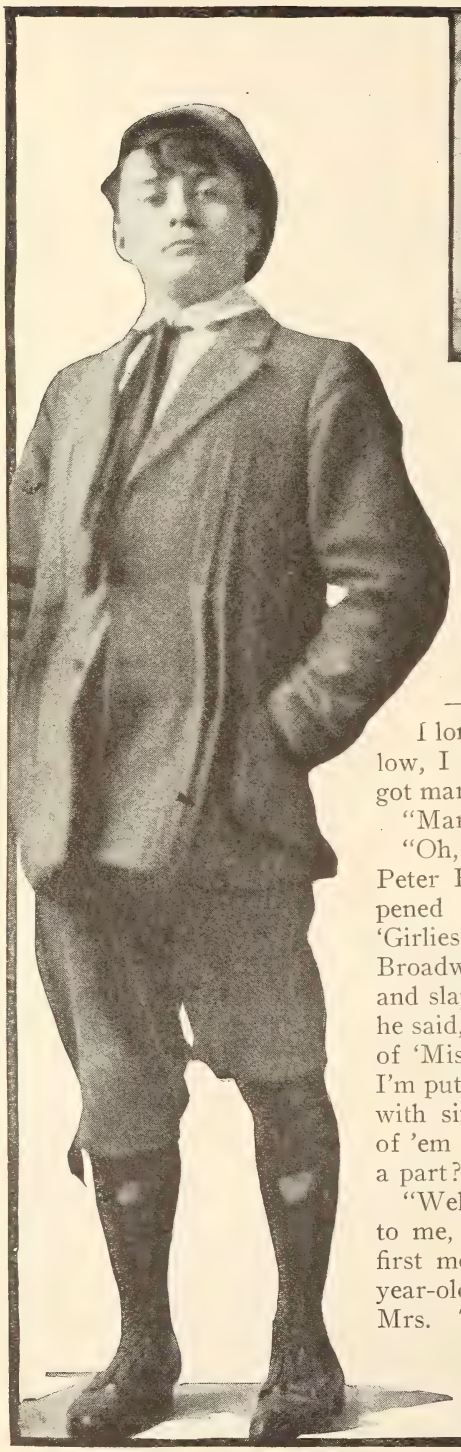
"A small thing, but my own," observed Mr. Truex, "and, by the way, the first real mustache I've ever cultivated. And me twenty-five years old, too!

"No, not even off the stage and screen could I ever cultivate this masculine adornment, this unobtrusive little symbol of my sex—except in 'Very Good Eddie,' where they *did* allow me part of one. Why? Well, for economic reasons. I've had to earn money. I've been



I CAN'T seem to grow to be a man — people won't let me—and I've been looked upon as a Peter Pan sort of boy, not only on the stage and the screen, but in real life, for so long that I'm desperate!"

Little Ernest Truex spoke very earnestly as he carefully applied an eyebrow pencil to the embryo blond mustache which he was graciously allowed to retain as the hesitating young hero in the first of his new series of pictures with Shirley Mason. (Alas, it had to be ruthlessly sacrificed in his second picture, "Gosh Darn the Kaiser.")



making my living at acting, and that of five or six other persons, since I was five and a half years old.

"Then as I grew older and watched other boys enjoy all the happy satisfaction of the mustache period, I had to suffer silently, because, when I wasn't actually playing engagements, I was being looked over by managers for prospective engagements of the same sort —always boy rôles. You see, as much as I longed to look like a perfect devil of a fellow, I couldn't afford it, particularly after I got married and——"

"Married?"

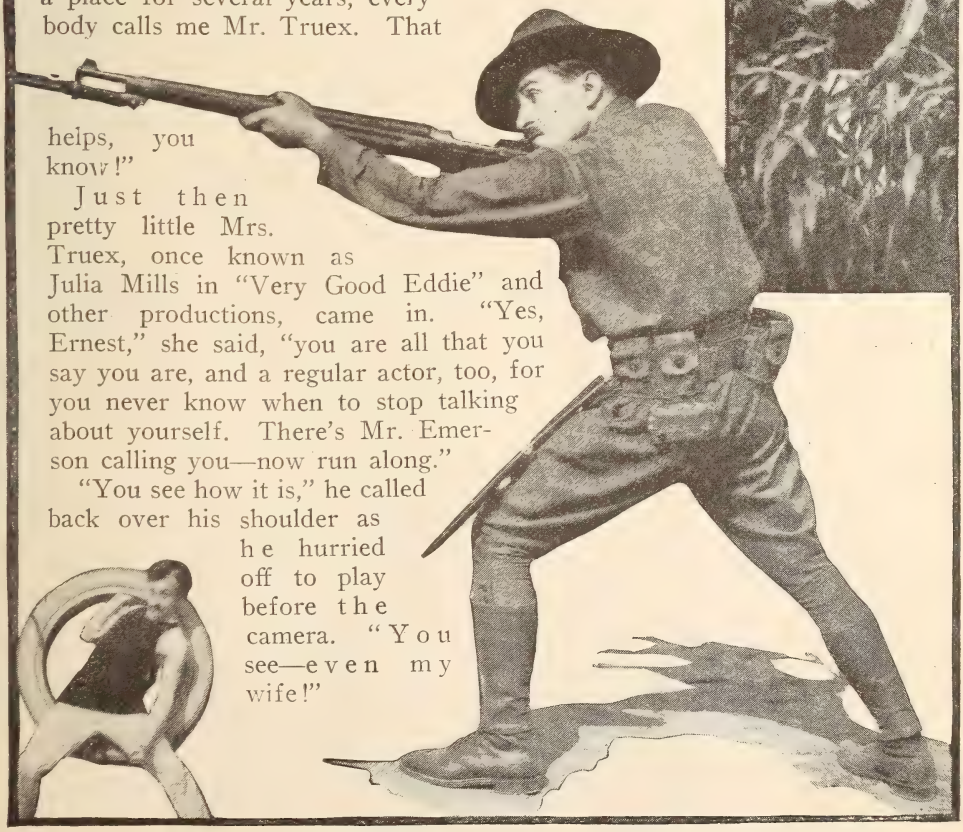
"Oh, yes," proudly replied this unwilling Peter Pan, "I'm married, all right. It happened soon after I got into a show called 'Girlies.' You see, I was walking down Broadway one day and a friend came along and slapped me on the back. 'Hello, Ernest!' he said, for in those days nobody even thought of 'Mistering' me. 'Hello! I'm putting on a new show, with sixty girls, and none of 'em over twenty. Want a part?'

"Well, it sounded good to me, and that's where I first met the seventeen-year-old girl who is now Mrs. Truex and the mother of my two sons."

"Sons?"

"Sure!" grinned Mr. Truex, and he borrowed a mirror to adjust the aforesaid bit of hirsute adornment. "Yes, I'm a regular father and, believe me, those kids of mine are regular boys. But I don't mind telling you that my chief reason for wanting to get out of playing kid parts is just those boys of my own. If I played villain parts or husky-brute rôles, it would not be so bad. But, you see, when they go to the theater and see the father they are supposed to honor and obey playing and looking the part of a kid, I—well, it is pretty tough. They would be much prouder of me if I were a motor man or on the police force.

"Yes, we take them to see almost everything, and, after all, so long as I wear stiff collars once in a while and other things that a regular father should, I suppose it doesn't make so much difference. And, besides, out in Great Neck, Long Island, where we've had a place for several years, everybody calls me Mr. Truex. That helps, you know!"



Just then pretty little Mrs. Truex, once known as Julia Mills in "Very Good Eddie" and other productions, came in. "Yes, Ernest," she said, "you are all that you say you are, and a regular actor, too, for you never know when to stop talking about yourself. There's Mr. Emerson calling you—now run along."

"You see how it is," he called back over his shoulder as he hurried off to play before the camera. "You see—even my wife!"

Hints for Scenario Writers

Instructions for the picture playwright, with notes on where and what he can sell.

By William Lord Wright

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but an addressed, stamped envelope should be inclosed. Due to the great amount of time that it would necessitate, it is impossible for this department to read and criticize any scripts and we do not make reports as to the standing or reliability of individual companies. Six cents in stamps will bring you our Market Booklet for scenarios.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

A Much-argued Question

Book plays or not book plays—that is the question! Whether it is nobler to suffer the slings and arrows of original Westerns, or, by opposing, end them! Bill Shakespeare, to paraphrase him, said a mouthful. "A book play is all right in its place—but it's misplaced," ejaculates the supporter of the original story. "The book play is valuable if for no other reason than its title and the name of its popular author," is the contention of the defenders of book faith. You pay your money and you take your choice!

But there is much to be said on both sides of this question which promises to become a burning one, argued pro and con in the halls and corridors of movieland as time grows apace. Two out of every three novels fail to contain possibilities for movie stories. By that I mean, the story as told in the book must be turned and twisted and bent and manipulated to conform to screen action. When you get a book which carries a gripping picture story along with a good title, that property is a rare pearl without price. But so many books carry only the title and the author and a slight story. Then, when the book lover attends the Alhambra to see "The Pink of the Morning," by that universally popular author, Chawles Marvice, he or she is disappointed because the story was not the same as the one in the book. When book plays are filmed the books should have been purchased with an eye to a good story as well as the commercial optic. A good title and a good author are commercial assets for posters, publicity, and to get in the first audiences, but word-of-mouth advertising means a long run, and adverse comment will cause the sudden demise of the picture. One California company never makes a book play. A leading California star refuses to appear in plays that have been adapted. On the other hand, several companies specialize in book plays and will give the icy stare to any one having the temerity to offer an original plot. As previously stated, you pay your money and take your choice. And it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Some writers earn their daily ducats adapting book plays for the screen. Others earn a daily wage writing original plots in synopsis form. The only difference is this: Robert W. Chambers recently sold the movie rights for one of his novels for ten thousand dollars. Alonzo Culp, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, is tickled to death to get five hundred dollars for an original plot. The plot may be as good as Chambers'—but the reputation is, per Kipling, another story again!

As to the Star's Method

The writer of these sage remarks has conferred with many a twinkling star on the subject of continuity. Let us qualify. The writer means he has "sat in" and humbly suggested the merits of a certain continuity, while the movie star has coldly, haughtily torn down said business in continuity, not liking the same in any detail. Eight hours without meat or drink has the writer endured while a certain star has passed from jest to raillery, from smiles to tears, from tempest to sunshine. And why was that? you ask, and justly you ask it. Wasn't the continuity good, and written by an experienced writer? It was. Wasn't the story a good one, full of power, pep, and punch? It was so. Then why the eight hours? Hist! The eight hours were essential because the star keenly desired more business, more close-ups, more domination in every scene, more scenes, and had strenuous objections because two other characters in the cast appeared to good advantage a few times. In other words, the star wanted the whole picture. The star didn't care a hoot whether the picture made money, or whether the story would be spoiled. Dustin Farnum gave us a shock the other day. We read a good Western story to Farnum. From dire experience we concluded: "And this final punch can be so altered that most of the business will go to you." "Why alter it?" inquired Farnum. "It's all right the way it is. I like to have business, certainly, but I want the entire production to be well rounded and entertaining. I appreciate that if the production is well balanced it will mean popularity for me. I don't insist in appearing in every scene, and I do not count close-ups." Let us give three rousing cheers for Dustin Farnum and others of his kind! We'll watch for the productions of stars of that sort with pleasurable anticipation. And the writers who do their stories and continuities will rise and call them blessed!

The Present Market

Don't permit any one to tell you that the present market for photo plays is unusually good. It isn't. Many studios closed during the influenza epidemic with stories unproduced. Others are specializing in book plays. In any event, there are no large purchases in the open market, no matter what any one may say to the contrary. But, with the war ended and the influenza stamped out, things should pick up before long.

It's Hard to Please a Star

Why does every movie star who has made his or her fortune in heavy society drama pine to pull the light-comedy stuff? And, on the other hand, why is every man or woman who has achieved popularity in comedy just certain sure that he or she would make more money and achieve more artistic success in motion-picture tragedy? This is one obstacle the reader and buyer of picture plays encounters time and time again. Horace Holtsapple, the well-known heavy man, refuses with disdain the corking good melodrama turned in after many weeks of ceaseless research, and demands something light and funny, "giving me an opportunity to really entertain." And, at the last moment, Horace is induced to try once again in a melodramatic picture. This is one reason why the free-lance writer who caters directly to the star invariably receives a polite rejection. He tries,

perhaps, to study the star's characteristics, knows what he or she can or cannot do, and gets his story returned unread. If he is wise enough to submit something entirely out of the star's line, the chances are that his work will be seriously considered by said star. It's a funny game, and the race is not always to the swift therein.

As to Prices

Prices for movie plots and movie continuity are seemingly better in the West than in the East, at present. One thousand dollars is the stated price for an acceptable plot synopsis in Los Angeles right now. Occasionally the writer thereof is willing to bargain, but one thousand is the first-named and accepted price. In the East the price is generally set at five hundred dollars. Of course, this price does not hold good always for books or plays, but for original stories the above quotations are correct for the average run of scripts. When a very well-known author comes along, prices generally rise. As to serials, the price for the story ranges from one thousand dollars to five thousand dollars, rarely over the latter sum unless the serial is taken from a book, the picture rights of which are highly quoted. We know one company in the East which bought a good serial in book form for two hundred and fifty dollars. But this is an exceptional case.

Regarding Subtitles

In a recent number we said that newspaper men were logical candidates to become writers of motion-picture subtitles. Now a working newspaper man wishes to know "if I can write them at long distance." Decidedly no! The writer of motion-picture subtitles must be right on the job in the projection room, and the more he studies the production, the better. When the picture is first shown to him it has what are called "sketch titles." These are usually crude and hastily written. They must be rewritten and often replaced by new ones. This explains, I think, why the title writer cannot work at long distance.

The Story's the Thing

Why are so many of the recent pictures so slow in getting under way? Why, may we rise to ask in loud, clear tones, is it necessary to utilize a reel and a half for atmosphere before we get into the story—before the plot begins to thicken? Atmosphere is all right in its place, but there is such a thing as too much atmosphere. It is becoming the style in this effete day of the "photo drammer" to put into a five-reel production two reels of honest action and plot, and three reels of "atmosphere." First we register the environment, then we introduce the characters, in more or less graceful and engaging attitudes, then we pass along to some exterior stuff or some café stuff or some theatrical stuff, and finally we reach the plot. Let's get back to the good old days when something happened in the very first reel; when the feature film started with a wallop and made us sit right up and take notice from the beginning. Atmosphere, we repeat, is fine and dandy, but, by heck! it sort o' seems to us as if the atmosphere is being piled on too thickly in a good many pictures of late.

Variety is the Spice of Pictures

Producers had better be a bit careful. We seem to be getting into a rut—so to speak. How is it possible to get into a rut in filmland? Easy! By releasing each star in a series of similar productions. For example, Hortense Bourion, the fillum favorite, specializes in high-class society drama. In the past, she has made a lot of money for home and country in this class of stuff. Then the producer takes it into his head that the public does not care to see Hortense in any other kind of vehicle. High-class society stuff it must be—now and forever. The result is that one fine day the Hortense films take a tumble and the producer awakens too late to find that the public has tired of a succession of social Hortenses. The public waited in vain for a chance and then patronized other films. There is a time and tide in the affairs of all movie stars which, filmed properly, leads on to further fortunes. We know of three film stars who stopped specializing in certain types just in time. Others would do well to follow their example. And the script writer must keep his lamps trimmed and burning.

As to Length of Stories

A well-informed writer of movie scripts informs us that three-reel dramas are coming again into their own. We doubt it, for the reason that the exhibitor likes a diversified program. Generally speaking, a five reel and a two reel, or two one reels with, perhaps, a news weekly, is the ideal formula for a well-balanced program. Five and six-reel features will always have the vogue, with, of course, one and two-reel comedies thrown in for leavening. Good one-reel comedies are preferable. And so we would continue to advise the ambitious writers to write enough business for five or six-reel dramas. Many write three-reel stories, thinking they are long enough for five reels. This is a mistake. Give good measure in your story synopsis—packed down and running over, as it were —and great will be your reward in the scenario editor's sanctum.

It Cannot Be Done

"You cannot teach the technical side of writing for the screen in any other way than by actual studio experience," recently remarked Captain Leslie C. Peacock, the veteran scenario author, editor, and actor, during a confab in a little café where writers for the screen are prone to forgather.

There is truth in Peacock's assertion, for only by direct association with the studios, only by being on the "lot" studying camera work, lighting angles, direction, et cetera, can a writer learn practical continuity. Good continuity writers, such as Bertram Milhauser, Jack Cunningham, Wallace C. Clifton, Charlie Sarver, and others, won their spurs through practical studio work and not by instruction of any sort. One of the best writers of continuity we ever knew was not at all literary. He had the picture eye won by experience on the studio set. If you would write picture plays, write plot synopses, for not one writer in a hundred can prepare screen continuity acceptably, and not one in ten thousand can write continuity to be produced just as written. This advice you will find indorsed and amplified by Tom J. Geraghty, staff writer for Metro, in his advice to would-be writers for the screen, which appears in this issue of Picture-Play. His remarks should be encouraging for every aspiring author.

The Right Way to Write 'Em

A few suggestions to aspiring writers for the screen, from the note book of one of Metro's most successful staff writers.

By Tom J. Geraghty

PERHAPS the most difficult thing about writing for the screen is to convince any one that you can write. The chances are you can't!

Maybe this is a bit discouraging. Well, that's just exactly the purpose of it. Nothing worth while is ever achieved without effort—and eight-cylinder effort at that.

Amateur writers often fail because they are easily discouraged. They are shy on ol' John W. Persistency. Most folk imagine they can dash off a motion-picture play—just like that! And when it comes back to them pronto—well, they immediately want to eat worms, or scream, or die, or do something.

Unlike most others who strive, amateur writers are not content to progress in a natural manner. They want to strike gold the first time they sink their picks in virgin soil. They are not satisfied to try and try and try until they do succeed—profiting by their mistakes and correcting them by study and application.

I frankly confess that I wanted to start at the top. For the life of me I couldn't understand why my first efforts were sent back with such regularity, speed, and accuracy. Not one of my synopses was even lost in the mails. And when I would sit down to figure it all out I would groan and moan that surely there was a conspiracy against me—some personal grudge that the entire industry cordially shared. (And mind you, I had been making my way in the world then for more than ten years by writing—as a reporter on the New York *Herald* and other newspapers—dashing off Sunday features and occasionally a magazine story.)

Of course, I did not realize then, as I do now, that picture producers are actually standing on their hind legs yelping for good stories. There has never been an oversupply of good material—and stories are becoming scarcer every day.

That is the very good reason why it behooves so-called amateur writers to continue their efforts. That is why men in the industry are willing to extend a helping hand to the ambitious

who show what they consider real promise, and to spare no pains to steer them over the bumps.

I cannot recall a similar condition in all history. Never before has opportunity stalked abroad and rubbed shoulders so closely with the millions. In the first place—and I stand ready to defend this argument—the names of famous authors of screen plays stand for little or nothing. There isn't one person in a thousand who is attracted into a picture theater because of the name of the author of the production that is being shown.

And remember this is not true in any other literary pursuit. Magazine editors prefer to buy the work of well-known authors, because their names in the index sell their magazines. A new play by Augustus Thomas, George M. Cohan, Sir James M. Barrie, or Pinero is an ace in the hole for the producer. The name of Booth Tarkington, Robert W. Chambers, H. G. Wells, or other writers of like reputation on the cover of a book insures a big sale.

But not so with motion-picture plays. There, indeed, is the Utopia for beginners. And by the same token I sincerely believe that pictures are going to develop many writers who never would have been heard from had not the cinema come into being. I believe this as truly as I do that the penny papers of Dickens' time produced and developed a school of writers who would not have been prompted to write had not the popular medium sprung up to afford an avenue of expression to their thoughts—potboilers, they called them then.

And here is the most encouraging thought of all. It requires unending patience to write a novel or play. It requires genius to fashion a magazine story that will catch the editor's eye. No matter how good is the subject matter, if your novel or play is not dished up in a certain style and technique, it will probably die a-bornin', and never see the light of day.

You may carry around in your system a wonderful plot for a book or play all your life, and the chances are it will still be in your system when they tie on the crape; because by nature man is a procrastinator. You will say to yourself:

"Well, if I could only get a few weeks off to myself—up in the mountains, out at the seashore, or in some quiet place where I would not suffer distraction, I would knock out this idea of mine."

And the very first time you have just such an opportunity some fascinating girl and a moon conspire to put the kibosh on your ambition. Or even fishing might be the distraction. Anyway, you just wouldn't do it, that's all.

But the writing of a motion-picture synopsis is different. If you have the idea of a good plot it is no trick at all to put it on paper in a few hours. You can continue at your regular employment—and it is best to do so, until you are firmly established—and write one or two synopses a month, at odd and leisure times.

The fact that the actual work or mechanics of presenting your story to picture folk is so blamed easy is what prompts me, and others "in the know," firmly to believe in the future for beginners who have the real gift. As you have been told time and again, do not try to put your story in continuity form. That's the bunk, and only makes it more difficult to be read.

Just write your story as you would a letter to a good friend. Make it "talky." If you have a knack of writing *good* conversation, drop some of it in with your characters. It often makes for spoken titles, or at least suggests them. And for the love of Mike be sure you have a strong love interest and do not neglect to inject some comedy situations.

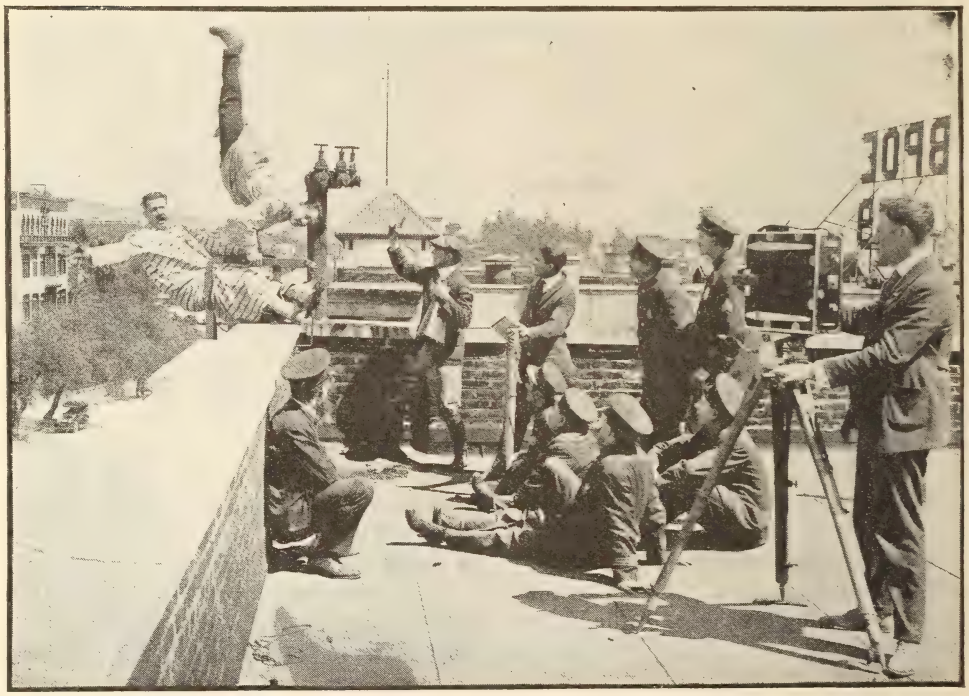
Write of things about you—types of

people you know and what they do. Confine your story to the least possible number of important characters—four or five, if possible. Study motion pictures from an aisle seat and talk over your prospective story with your friends—you often improve them in the telling and recounting.

You cannot possibly learn scenario writing or story-telling from books, any more than you could become an expert dancer "by mail." But the picture magazines give you a good line on the elementary, essential points—and those are all you need if you have the gift for story-telling and have a story to tell. If, later on, you want to get into the more technical end, you'll have to get a studio job—but that's another matter.

And don't write to me for personal advice, or to help you. You see, all my relatives are trying to write picture plays—likewise all their friends and their friends' friends. So I have my hands full already.

Above all, keep plugging—and if you really feel that you have it in you, don't allow a few rejection slips to slow you up.



Adding Another Story

THE building is eleven stories high, but Montgomery and Rock didn't think that was high enough for a "Big-V" comedy, so Joe Rock forms the upright while Earle Montgomery and his famous mustache make the cross beam for another story. The others aren't Los Angeles "cops" called out to protect the location—the way they sometimes have to do in California; they're in the cast of the comedy under way. This is an "idle moment" in the shooting of the picture.

Snapped Without Warning

But that would hardly bother Clara Kimball Young at all, because she's ready for anything, at any time, anywhere. One of her recent achievements was a cross-country tour to raise money for the government. Needless to say, Miss Young raised a great deal of money and made friends everywhere along the route, who were sorry to say "good-by." Here's one of them speeding her on her way.

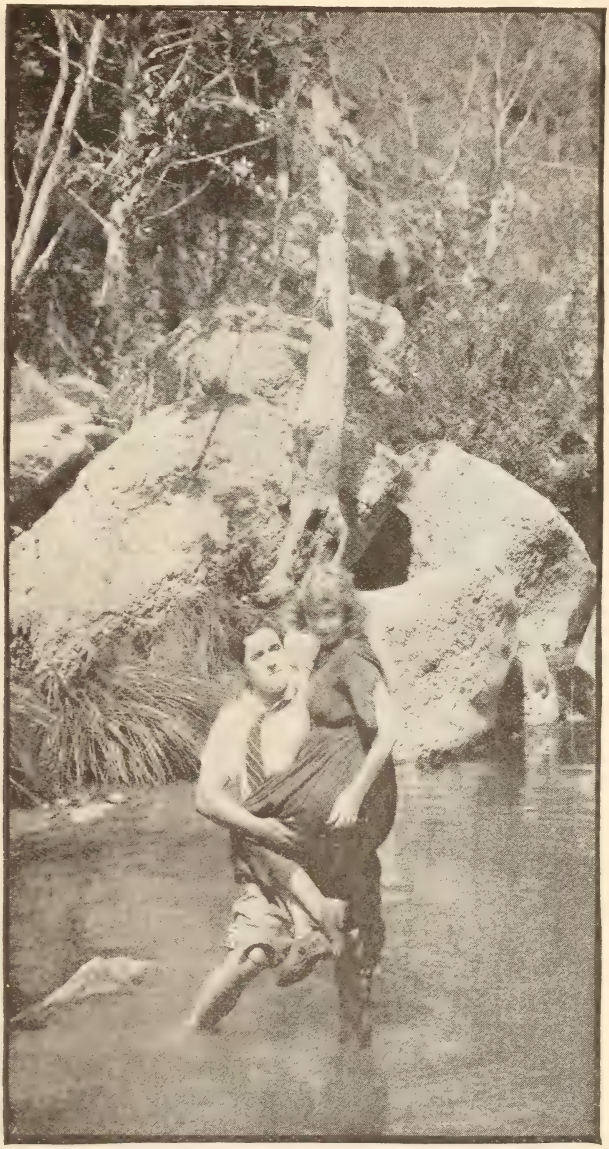
Copyright, Educational Film Co.

The man who gave us this snap of Robert C. Bruce, who takes movie scenics, said it showed Bruce about to lasso a mountain goat. You don't have to believe that unless you want to. Our private opinion is that Bruce is just getting ready to let himself down the cliff.

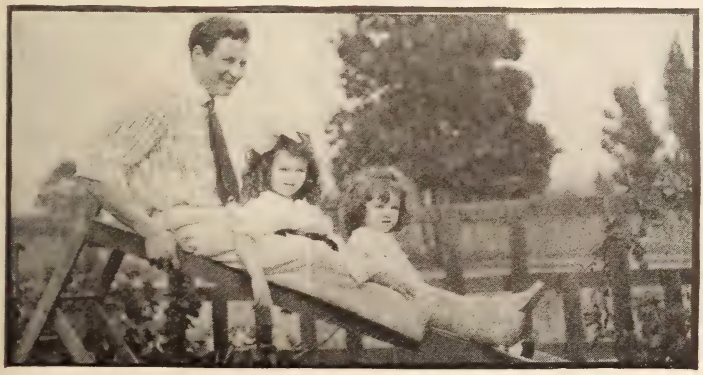
Oh, boy! What a flopper Doug's taking. Can't you just hear him land ker-slap? At that, we envy him his ocean bathing in January.

"Every young woman should learn how to knit," says Adda Gleason, known to picture lovers as the star in "The One Woman." "There'll be lots of sweaters needed in France for months to come."

A director who has the nerve to snatch up his megaphone from the ground while riding at full gallop ought to be a good example to timid actors whom he may call on to perform some hazardous stunts. Henry King, who demonstrates the ability to do this, is an all-around athlete, and was a well-known leading man before he became a director.



"What's the use of having a leading man six feet two if he can't give you a lift once in a while?" asked May Allison while "Kate of Kentucky" was being filmed. "What indeed?" echoed Herbert H. Hayes, picking her up boldly and wading into the mountain stream.



At the top of the ladder is Alfred Whitman, Universal star, and with him are his two leading ladies, Margaret and Estelle, who play opposite "Daddy" in the back yard on Sunday mornings.

"Jolly close shave!" exclaims Lieutenant Leslie Stuart, of the British army. It's Al Ray's cigar, but the saber knowledge is his own.

Some breeze! Bessie Love's prescription for keeping cool in the studio is one large electric fan and one large glass of grape-juice lemonade —and from her smile it surely looks as though it worked.

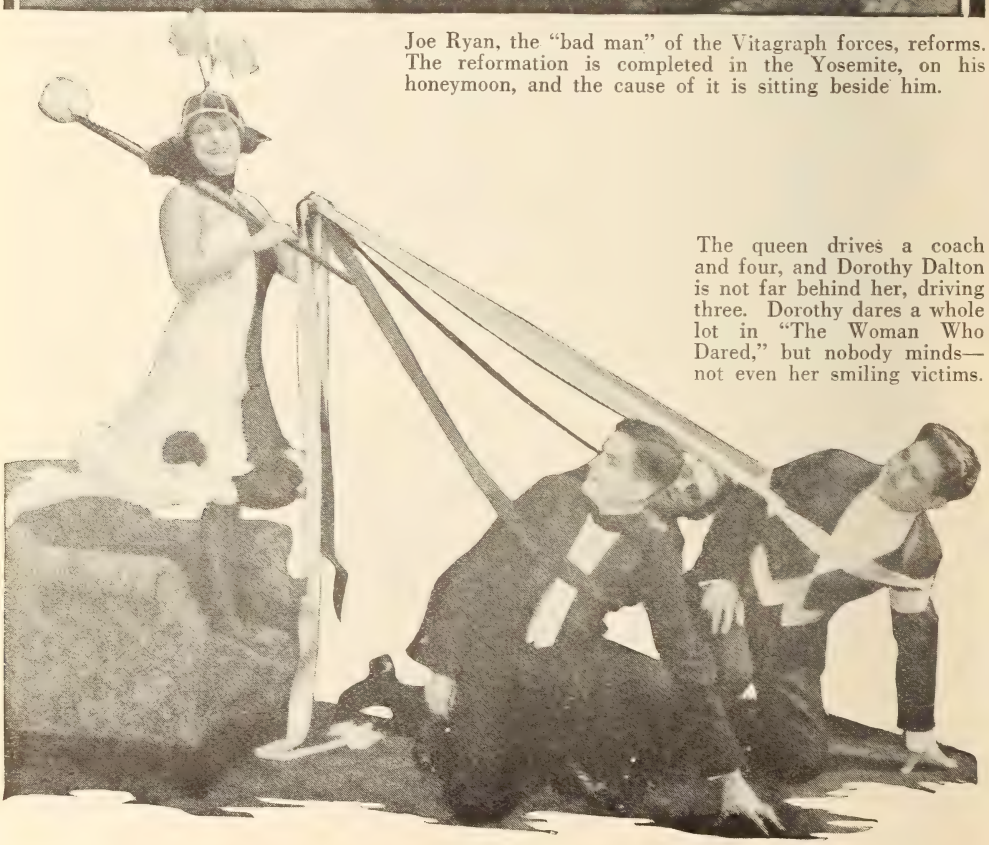
At last we've discovered the secret of Mary Pickford's spell—here she is spinning new threads of enchantment to ensnare her admirers.

Would you ever guess this about Charlie Ray? Oh, well, it's a matter of business entirely with him, so "what's the dif?"

"Good luck, old chap," says Tom Moore to the man who directed him back in the days when he played opposite Madge Kennedy.
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," responds Clarence Badger—and Tom is doing it.

Hardly enough room left for Mary Miles Minter on the mail wagon, but perhaps she was too tired after autographing all those photos of herself to walk.

Joe Ryan, the "bad man" of the Vitagraph forces, reforms. The reformation is completed in the Yosemite, on his honeymoon, and the cause of it is sitting beside him.



The queen drives a coach and four, and Dorothy Dalton is not far behind her, driving three. Dorothy dares a whole lot in "The Woman Who Dared," but nobody minds—not even her smiling victims.

Better Take the Hint

From Edith Roberts, the pretty little Bluebird star, and do the dishes before you start off for the movies to-night. Otherwise you may find her with a dish towel in her hands. laughing at you from the screen when you get there.

My Lady, My Lady Wants to Dress

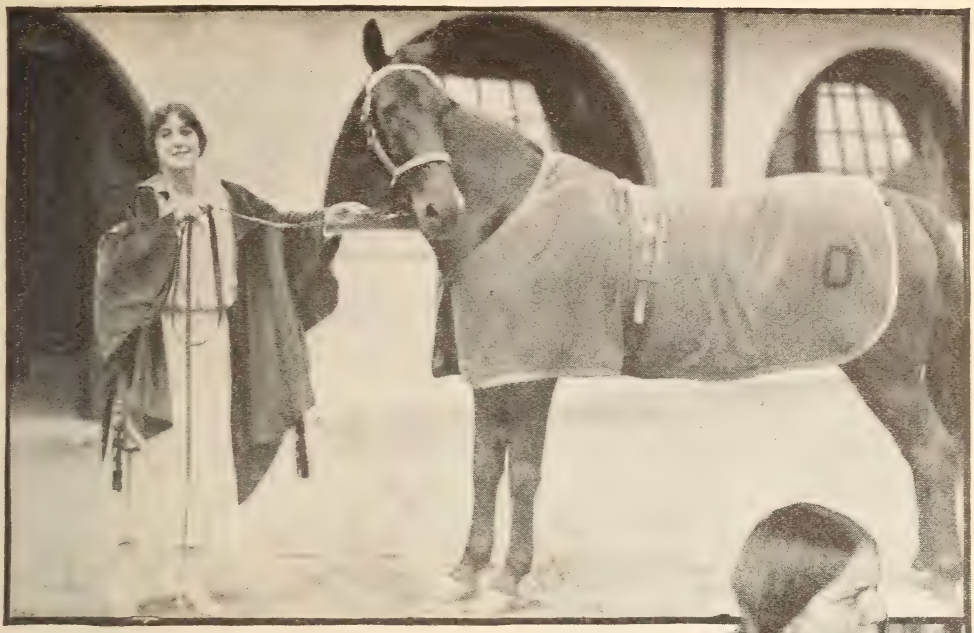
By Betty Browne

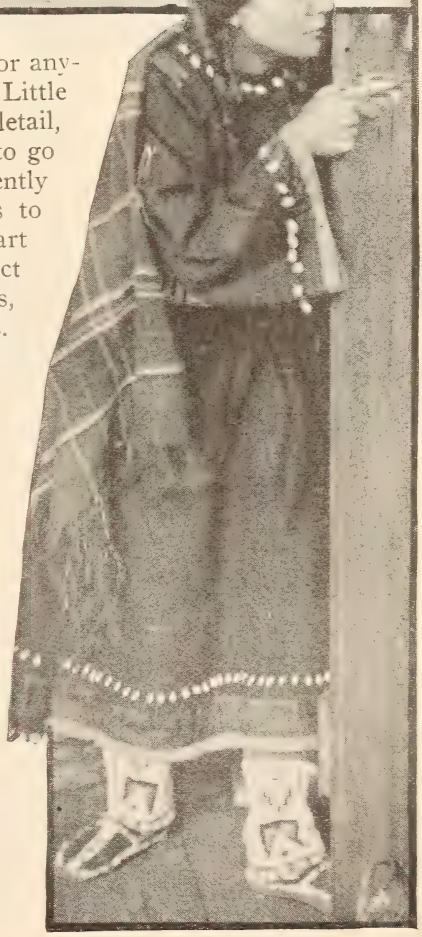
DID you ever play that game when you were a child? Girls used to play it, anyway—'specially at birthday parties, while they sat around and waited for the cake with candles.

Each child chose an article of dress, and then when the leader called, "My lady, my lady wants to dress, and she cannot dress without her—necklace!" the player who had chosen "necklace" jumped up suddenly. And if the leader had a chance to count ten before she managed to scramble to her feet, she had to pay a forfeit.

Well, since I've grown up and don't have telltale candles on my cake any more or play games, I've come to think of "My lady, my lady who wants to dress" as a real person—a lady who can't dress without every imaginable article of feminine wear.

"My lady" is Ann Little.





Not that Ann Little is fussy or persnickety or anything like that. Simply, that when Miss Little dresses for a part she does it down to the last detail, whether it is for off screen or on. If she is to go shopping, she is dressed solely and conveniently for shopping. No fandangles or loose ends to *her* business costume. If she is to play the part of an Indian before the camera, she is a perfect Indian, even following tribal specifications, down to the bead pattern on her moccasins.

Take, for instance, her costume in Cecil B. De Mille's new version of "The Squaw Man." Miss Little plays the part of a Ute Indian in this film, and she dresses the part, too. Every bit of wampum, every bone ornament has to be authentic and in its place. But her clothes are only her servants—and, as such, are relegated to their proper place. Once they are right, Miss Little thinks no more of them, and goes ahead with her acting. For her Indian part she had to learn, in her own words, to "hide her emotions under an expressionless mask," just as the redskins do.

"Dress is important only as a means to an end," philosophized Miss Little. "The main factor in the impression that a woman makes is her personality, and if she is overdressed or uncomfortably dressed, no one notices her—only her clothes are noticed."

In the lobby full of smart folk, these two stood out absorbed in the adventure of life.

Sylvia on a Spree

The story of a pretty girl who found life dull and went in search of adventure. She bumped into Romance around the first corner, and that was only the beginning.

By Frances Wood

AT last it was going to happen—something thrilling, out of the ordinary, romantic. As pretty little Sylvia Fairponts stepped from the ornate revolving door of the Ritz into the throng that swept toward the Avenue, she felt it in her bones. She had no idea just what—there were any number of strange, unexpected things that might happen, you know.

To begin with, it had been a "weird" day all through—the chance to slip off downtown unnoticed, the impulsive visit to Madame Claire Saint Clair's, the strange words of the fortune teller, mumbled over a pack of greasy cards in a small room stuffy with incense. If only her adorable but, oh! so perfectly proper family could see her now. For of late Sylvia's whole time was spent in trying to elude the watchful eyes of a fond mother and older brother, while she went about in search of adventures such as she read of in books. This morning had presented a rare opportunity, and to her own imagination, Sylvia, swinging along the sidewalk, could have been spotted a block away as an adventuress.

But passers-by who noticed at all, saw merely an uncommonly pretty girl of boarding-school age, eyes alight and cheeks pink, being jerked along by a lively chow at the end of a leash. Frisco had missed his run that morning. The crowd became difficult, but Sylvia was oblivious.

"A dashing young man will soon

come into your life," she repeated mentally, walking on air and glancing about expectantly. Who knew where romance lurked? Perhaps at the next corner her fate waited with outstretched——

It did. There was a sudden, painful tug at the strap in the girl's gloved hand, and the adventuress came down to earth, figuratively speaking, in time to see Frisco struggling under a ragged elbow and disappearing into the crowd with pitiful yelps. The dashing young man had indeed come soon—and gone. Romance was showing a clean pair of heels rather early in the game, if having a tramp steal one's dog could be called romance.

Involuntarily, Sylvia screamed.

Involuntarily, another young man, getting out of a taxi before the hotel door, and seeing the thief scampering along only a few yards away, gave chase. Exactly three and a quarter minutes later, a pretty girl in a blue dress which matched her eyes, waiting near the scarlet-and-gold flunky who opened carriage doors, smiled up into the face of a good-looking, well-tailored, and decidedly breathless young fellow of about her brother's age. This *was* Romance!

"How can I ever thank you?" she murmured, lowering her lashes demurely, as they always did in novels. She extended a small hand instinctively toward her beloved chow, which was bounding about in an ecstasy of joy.

"How can I be sure that you are the rightful owner?" inquired the young man, not relinquishing the dog.

"Wh-why, of course he's mine!" stammered Sylvia, reddening and failing to notice the twinkle in the other's eyes. "Aren't you, Frisc', darling?" as her white glove rested on the burnished pelt.

A sudden thought struck her. Adventuresses have to be ever on the alert. "I can identify myself at the hotel

She had suddenly caught sight of some friends of the family, several tables away.

desk," she suggested. So they started along, the bone of contention trotting peacefully between them, while the girl cast curious glances at the tall stranger by her side. In the lobby, full of smart folk, these two stood out, youthful, vigorous, absorbed in the adventure of life.

"They'll recognize me at the office," explained Sylvia. "I was just in here to meet a friend for tea. She left a note saying that she couldn't keep the appointment with me."

"Suppose you transfer that date to me?" suggested her companion boyishly. "Some tea'd be good for you after all that excitement." The girl hesitated. Who ever heard of such a thing—tea with a man she didn't even know! She was on the point of refusing when she suddenly remembered—remembered that she was an adventuress and that she was in search of romance. Here it was, inviting her to tea, and she was about to run away! Madame Saint Clair had said truly that it took courage to seek one's fortune.

Jack Bradley liked her for accepting—shyly.

"Two?" she inquired, smiling over at him flirtatiously, mentally absorbed in comparing her new acquaintance with the description that she had heard from the fortune teller's lips that morning. Dashing, brave, young—it fitted him like a dancing pump! Madame Claire Saint Clair was a living wonder. Sylvia accepted a macaroon and decided to have an appointment with madame once a week. It could be safely and secretly accomplished on the way to the hairdresser's.

Adapted from the Metro screen play

"Sylvia on a Spree"

CAST

Sylvia Fairponts	Emmy Wehlen
Jack Bradley	W. I. Percival
Walter Fairponts	Eugene Acker
Mrs. Fairponts	Isabel Madigan
Mme. Claire St. Clair	Francesca Ward

"Bully good luck to run into you this way," the nice-looking man was saying. Tea was getting over. Sylvia leaned forward mysteriously.

"Do you believe in the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter?" she inquired, ending with a baffling and coquettish smile.

"Darned if I know," said the other in bewilderment. "Why, is that what you are?" Sylvia shook her head with an air of great secrecy.

"But I know some one who is," she added triumphantly.

"Couldn't you introduce me?" suggested the brave and dashing young man. "I might call on you, or something of the sort, you know." Horror suddenly seized the adventuress. She felt as though she had been engaged in something wicked and dangerous beyond all words to express.

"Of course not," hastily. "Mother'd be shocked to death. I couldn't *explain* you—why, I don't even know your name."

"Nor I yours—won't you tell if I will?"

There was really nothing alarming in the frank, admiring young eyes that gazed across the table at her. But Sylvia's desire for adventure had vanished as mist before the sun. She was fairly terrified. For, several tables away, she had caught sight of some friends of the family. Excitedly she plunged into her bag and drew out a card.

The other took it, read it, and gasped. A fortune teller? This nice little "regular" girl! Still wondering, he fumbled in his pocket.

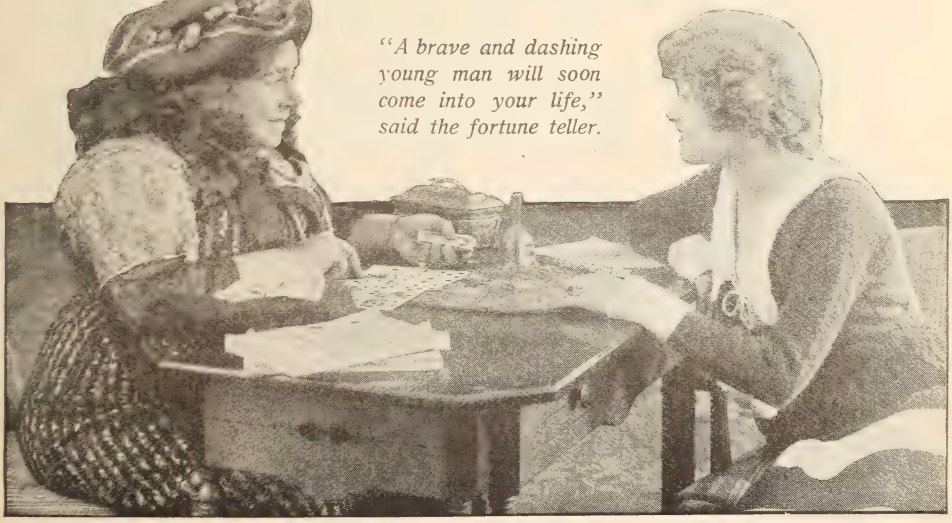
"Jove!" he exclaimed, rising sud-

denly. "Had a date myself and clean forgot it. Excuse me a second, will you?—be right back," and Sylvia saw his broad shoulders round a potted palm at the entrance and disappear behind it. A feeling of terrific guilt assailed her. If a hint of her wild afternoon ever got back home—well, her mother's friends had not seen her yet, fortunately. Now was her chance to get away, but she must be quick. Gathering up her gloves, pocketbook, and Frisco, she made a dash for the door.

Safely outside the dining room, she glanced down and became aware that she was clutching the sum of seventeen dollars and fifty cents; it was the change from the tea check, which, in her anxiety to get away, she had snatched up with her own things. How in the world was she to return it? She could not risk going back into the pink-candled interior where her mother's friends sat at tea. Neither could she risk meeting the brave and dashing stranger. Even out here she was not entirely safe from meeting him.

She must return the money to the kind young man. Goodness only knew, she might be arrested as a thief! Fortunately she had taken his card, too. She copied the name and address from the bit of pasteboard onto a hotel envelope. She sighed romantically—"Edwin Booth d'Aubrey." A delicious name, filled with possibilities, she thought. Perhaps she had read something like it somewhere—she could not remember. Then she wrote and inclosed a little note of thanks, and paid to have it delivered by messenger, wondering if the strange young man would ever try to see her again—in novels they always did.

Outside the hotel she breathed more freely. She decided to return home in a taxi. Not that she was in the habit of using such a conveyance; in fact, this would be the first time she had ridden in one alone in her life. She could picture her mother and Walter gazing in alarm upon the proceeding. But the occasion demanded something unusual. After all the daring exploits she had encountered that afternoon, riding in a strange taxi was tame, to say the least. After this her mother would simply have to stop treating her as if she was a mere infant, and realize that she had grown up.



"A brave and dashing young man will soon come into your life," said the fortune teller.

"And my, but Alice will die of envy when she hears about it; won't she turn perfectly green, though?" reflected the adventuress, settling back luxuriously. "Serves her right for not turning up, and abso*lute*ly, when she hears about Madame Saint Clair *and* my affinity" —Sylvia didn't have a very distinct idea of just what the word meant, but she thought it a nice descriptive word to use for Edwin Booth d'Aubrey—well, words failed to express the envy that it would all arouse in her chum's breast. Of course it would never do to say a word about the adventures at home, not even to Minnie, the little maid who had obligingly made her acquainted with the fortune teller.

At the corner of the block in which she lived, Sylvia stopped the driver and climbed out, walking to the house for safety's sake.

"Hello, kid! What mischief have you been up to to-day?" Walter greeted her.

"I haven't been up to—to anything—why?" she stammered guiltily. Could they suspect so soon? Perhaps she was already taking on the outward semblance of an adventuress. He often saluted her that way, but to-night it made her uncomfortable.

"Nothing—only you're late. Get into some glad rags, will you? Fellow from college coming home to dinner." And, having delivered his orders, Walter sauntered into the library, "following through" on an imaginary ball with an equally fictitious racket. Sylvia hid her look of vast relief by bending to unchain Frisco, then ran lightly upstairs. And inside of her, as she struggled with the fastenings of her dress, Sylvia's heart kept singing. "If they

Mrs. Fairponts found her trying to light the wrong end of one of Walter's cigarettes.

only knew; if they only knew, wouldn't their eyes pop out?"

"Sylvia! Oh, *Sylvia!*" came her mother's voice from the stairway. "Wherever *is* that girl? She simply cannot go out alone after this."

"Moth-*ther!*" exclaimed Sylvia, bursting into the living room. Her mother had such a humiliating way of admonishing her before company, she thought. For as she had entered, flushed and radiant, if somewhat tousled, in her pale-blue tulle, she felt, rather than saw, that the dinner guest had arrived.

"Here's Sis," said good old Walter, helping out. "You've heard me talk a lot about Jack Bradley, Sis; roommate, side kick, and a perfect devil of a fellow.

"'And, one and all, the girls all fall,'" hummed Walter, with an effort at gayety. A good-looking, well-tailored, decidedly breathless young man came forward.

Sylvia gasped. Her tea partner!

"Ha-haven't I met you somewhere before—at tea or a dance or something?" stammered the young man stupidly.

Walter whistled. "Is *that* the way you do it? Punko-punk, I say. Why not be a little more original?" he went on brutally.

The announcement of dinner saved the situation. During the meal Jack Bradley discovered that the girl was even more embarrassed than he, and, overcoming his own discomfiture, had the courage to refer subtly to their unconventional meeting that afternoon by bringing the talk around to fortune tellers.

"Some clever financiers—these mystic ladies," he assured the family. "Knew one once who bolted with a young man's complete fortune."

"Didn't know you were interested in that sort of thing," said Walter.

"Oh, I've been mixing up in it lately," he replied, looking over at Sylvia, who, in an attempt to compose herself, overturned her tiny coffee cup.

"Sylvia, you should never have put on that dress," said Mrs. Fairponts.

"Moth-*ther!*" Sylvia's tone was agonized.

At her first chance Sylvia drew Jack Bradley aside and plunged into an explanation of her sudden disappearance with the change from the hotel. "Of course I couldn't go back with those old gossips just waiting around and dying for something to talk about or some one to tell tales on."

"D'Aubrey is an old actor, and pretty well busted," laughed Jack, as he learned where his change had gone. "He can use the extra cash, at that, I guess. But you ought to have seen me running around looking for you when I came back and found you had slipped away with the cash. I dashed over to the old lady's place and thought you had double-crossed me." And he burst into another peal of laughter in which Sylvia joined, quite forgetting her embarrassment.

That sealed their friendship. And as for Jack, before the soup had been served he was wondering how soon he dared make his dinner call. When he came to say good night he nearly asked Sylvia to marry him, by mistake, for that was what he had been thinking about all evening. Twice that same week he turned up at the Fairponts' to refresh his memory on the subject of a certain little girl who called herself an adventuress and whose dress matched her big eyes. Before long he had a standing invitation to dinner.

Meanwhile, like the princesses in fairy tales, Sylvia grew prettier every day. She was still at the "flapper" stage—longed passionately for her first train evening dress, insisted on being treated with the dignity of a woman of thirty-five, and behaved like the naughty child that she was when her mother found her one day trying to

light the wrong end of one of Walter's cigarettes behind a novel. Instead of the accidental meeting with Jack satisfying Sylvia's schoolgirlish eagerness for thrills and adventures, she grew more difficult daily, and Mrs. Fairponts began to fear that it would take some really serious experience to cure her young daughter.

"I'm just dying for some real excitement," confided Sylvia as she and Jack were coming back from a game at the stadium one afternoon. "I'll tell you what—I want you to take me to the Beauliau Inn."

"Why, where in the dickens did you ever hear about the Beauliau Inn?" exclaimed Jack in surprise. "It's one of the worst places around New York!"

"I know; that's just why I want to go there and see it." Sylvia smiled up at him demurely. "It's about time that I saw a little of life, don't you think?" she went on seriously.

Her companion didn't think so, but he knew it would only make her more determined than ever to go, if he expressed his feelings on the subject. But his attempts to ignore Sylvia's request proved vain.

"Looks like you're up against it, old man," sympathized Walter, when Bradley came to him for advice. "Looks as if you'd got to find some way to stage a little excitement for Sylvia if you want to keep her interested, doesn't it?"

"Say, that *is* an idea!" burst in the other excitedly. "Why don't I *stage* the thing for her? She'll never know that it isn't the genuine article. I could take a couple of private dining rooms at the inn, and get that old busted actor friend of mine—D'Aubrey is his name—to turn up there with some Broadway girls and pull off a little rough stuff—champagne dinners and all that sort of thing."

"Some bean—some bean!" said Walter in genuine admiration. "And just to make sure you aren't going to have to pull off a pleasant little affair like this for Sis every week why not get some of the boys over from college to do the police-raid act and throw a scare into her. Sylvia's a big girl now; she ought to be growing up."

So Jack had to pretend to give in reluctantly to Sylvia's idea. The arrangement was that Sylvia was to get permission to go to dinner and to a show afterward with him, and Jack was to call for her in a machine.

"Isn't this wild—perfectly heavenly?" excitedly exclaimed Sylvia one night a week later as Jack helped her out of the car in front of "the worst road house around New York." She kept close to her companion as they entered the long room where men and women sat drinking and smoking and laughing noisily. My, but it did look wicked! Up the broad staircase they went, past scurrying waiters with tippling trays of dishes and bottles, and, looking down from the landing, Sylvia could only think of some wild scene in a "movie" she had once played "hooky" from school to see.

Jack had ordered a private room, he explained, but somehow they managed to get into the wrong one. There were some people in this one, an old man with white hair and a pretty young chorus girl. She was drinking and smoking, and the man seemed to enjoy it. It was simply shocking. Bradley was amused to see that D'Aubrey was at least making the best of a chance to get a good meal; it wasn't such a bad idea, after all. And, best of all, Sylvia was swallowing the whole thing!

"You shouldn't have brought me here, Jack. It's a terrible place," she reproached him when they were comfortably placed in the adjoining room. There were some strains of weird Oriental music, and through the half-open door she caught sight of a dancer with castanets in her fingers and a bead skirt

The officer hustled them out into the street to a waiting patrol wagon.

doing a "perfectly awful" Eastern dance.

"Don't you *dare* look at that woman!" commanded Sylvia, closing the door. "Goodness, what would Mother think of all this! If she knew it, she wouldn't let you come to the house again. I never dreamed it was so awful! I wonder what's going on in there?" and she pointed dramatically toward the door which connected with the room where the old man and the girl were having dinner. Sylvia crossed the floor, and, kneeling down, peeked through the keyhole.

"Jack," she said, facing him suddenly, her eyes big with excitement, "take me home this minute! She's pouring champagne on his hair! And—and he *likes* it!"

It was about time for the raid. There was a clumping of heavy boots up the stairs, a bang or two at the door, and in walked a couple of uniformed men. The door between the rooms was thrown open, one of the "policemen" seized the dancer and dragged her off, screaming, while the other approached Sylvia sternly. The raid was certainly well pulled off, and she was clinging to Jack in perfect terror.

"I am very sorry, madame," said the false policeman sternly. "You'll have to come along. I might believe that you were innocent if——"

There was a crash at the door, and in walked some more policemen—the real article.

"Come along—come along!" they shouted. "Right downstairs and into the wagon. What're you two guys dressed up in them uniforms for? Hurry up; get a move on! Everybody in the place is under arrest!"

"Great Scott! I'm not mixed up in this thing! Jack, you got us into this scrape; it's up to you to get us out!" Phil, one of the "fake" policemen, exclaimed, turning to his chum.

"You can explain your troubles to the judge," said the real officer as he hurried them all out into the street to a waiting patrol wagon.

"And you mean to say that the first was something that you fixed up?" Sylvia sobbed as she clung to Jack's arm

in the dark wagon. "Jack Bradley, I'll never speak to you again! Wait until Walter and Mother hear about this," she added as they were crowded into a large, barren room in the night court.

"I know," said Jack miserably. "I'm waiting."

It was almost midnight when he finally managed to get Walter on the phone and explain the situation.

"Things got pretty wild; I think it was so long since D'Aubrey had seen any champagne that he took the opportunity to get drunk. Anyway, he ended by firing a bottle out of the window and getting some real cops into the place.

"Thanks a lot, Walter. You're a prince. Great of you to fix it up if you can that way. I'll do something for you some day—take it from me. She's all right, but mad as hops; won't even speak to me. So long."

Sylvia sat huddled at the end of the bench where Jack had left her, perfectly miserable. The night court, with its strange people and its glaring lights, was petrifying. She wished that Jack would come back, but she'd never speak to him again if she could help it—never!

"Hello! Mind waiting?" said a familiar voice beside her. "Sylvia, I'm a dog, a perfect hound, to let things happen this way. I'm so dog-goned sorry I—— Sylvia! Don't you want me to stay? I suppose you can't bear the sight of me, but——" He made a gesture as if he were about to take a seat on the other side of the big room.

"Jack Bradley, don't you dare to leave me!" she said as she slipped a little, wet ball of handkerchief into her pocket.

Half an hour later, when Walter reached the court and had managed to fix things up with the judge, who had been a friend of his father and a frequent visitor at the Fairponts' home, he found Jack and Sylvia sitting very close together and looking as if the evening had not been such a bad one, after all.

"Sorry to be so long——"

"You weren't long!" exclaimed Sylvia and Jack together.

"Want some more excitement, Sis? Haven't had enough, eh?" Walter began teasingly.

"No, I don't. I'm through with the gay life." Sylvia's tone was perfectly serious. "I'm going to stay home after this and darn Jack's socks. You see," she grew pink and smiled from the tall chap beside her to Walter, "I've decided—that is, Jack asked me—to stop being an adventuress and just be his wife. And I'm going to," she added, with a look of radiant happiness.

THE ROUND OF PLEASURE

EACH Monday I see motion pictures,
On Tuesday the movies claim me.
Wednesday I go to a cinema show,
Screen plays on Thursday I see.

Moving pictures I take in each Friday,
At film plays I'm Saturday found;
On Sunday, for rest, I like picture plays best,
So I'm happy the whole week around!

H. J. YELLAMS.

Signing Up Juno

Which isn't Nell Shipman's name, but ought to be, for Nell is the original husky, outdoor girl of the screen.

By Everett Leighton

IS the day of the namby-pamby, weeping heroine over? It would seem so. Perhaps the war, with its creditable land army of husky, deep-chested women, has crowded her into the limbo of the past by popularizing the outdoor girl.

Take the case of Nell Shipman, who has recently formed her own company to produce pictures of the Northwestern country exclusively.

Nell rides like a Cossack.

The main reason that she doesn't enter swimming contests on the Western coast and walk away with the first prizes is because she is too busy swimming before the camera. Besides, she's a semi-professional in water sports.

As for fishing—well, the fish markets would go out of business if she took it up to earn her living. I'm glad that she doesn't have to; not that I own a fish business, but I should hate to have seen "Baree, Son of Kazan," with any one else doing Nell's part. It seemed to belong to her. In "God's Country and the Woman," she established herself as an outdoor girl.

It was her work in these two stories by James Oliver Curwood that brought about the alliance known as the Shipman-Curwood Producing Company. Miss Shipman is to have the sole film rights to Mr. Curwood's published works, and when these give out he's going to write others for her. The new

Nell established her reputation as an outdoor girl in "God's Country and the Woman." Bill Duncan was never far behind in the picture.

company intends to undertake not more than four or five features a year, since the plan is to go to Alaska and Canada to film the stories, that they may have the authentic setting.

Nell Shipman ought to feel just as much at home there in the snow country as the rest of us do at an Old Home Week. For she was born in Victoria, British Columbia, and took long hunting and fishing trips in the surrounding country. As a child her favorite playground was her father's salmon hatchery, and she could swim and dive pretty nearly as soon as she could walk. When she was a full-grown girl of sixteen, Nell took fortune by the forelock and went on the stage. She toured the West in several plays.

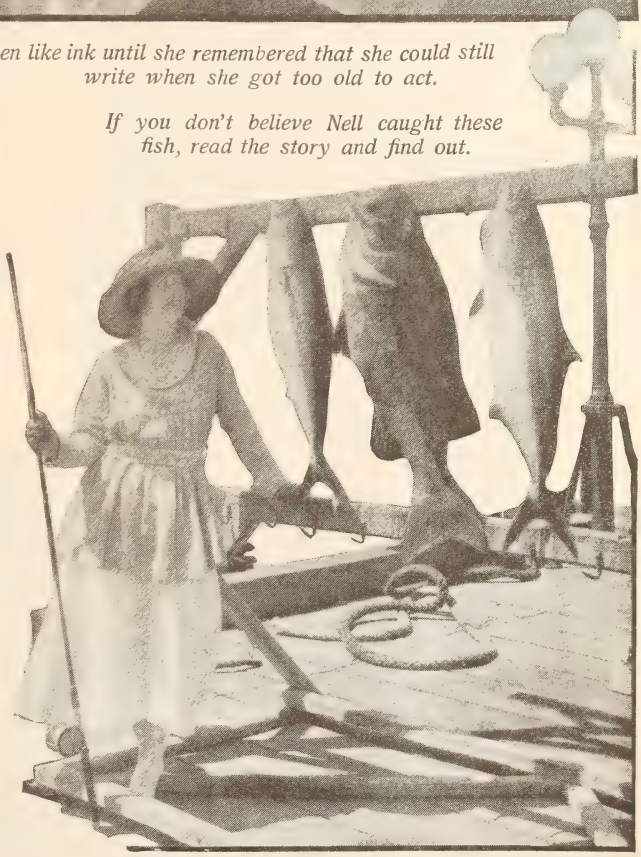
The center of an admiring group—the "little boy next door" and Nell's dogs.

Scenarios flowed from Nell's pen like ink until she remembered that she could still write when she got too old to act.

Then she became interested in writing scenarios—until she suddenly remembered that she could do that after she grew old. So she started in to act, first with Fox, then with Lasky, and finally with Vitagraph.

But the end isn't yet. For Nell says that she is tired of being the rescued heroine, and declares that she is going to have some real, red-blooded parts to play from now on. "I don't see why I shouldn't," she said to me the other day, "because in that last picture of mine, after having been rescued from the swirling rapids by the hero, as soon as we were out of the camera's eye I turned around and really rescued him!"

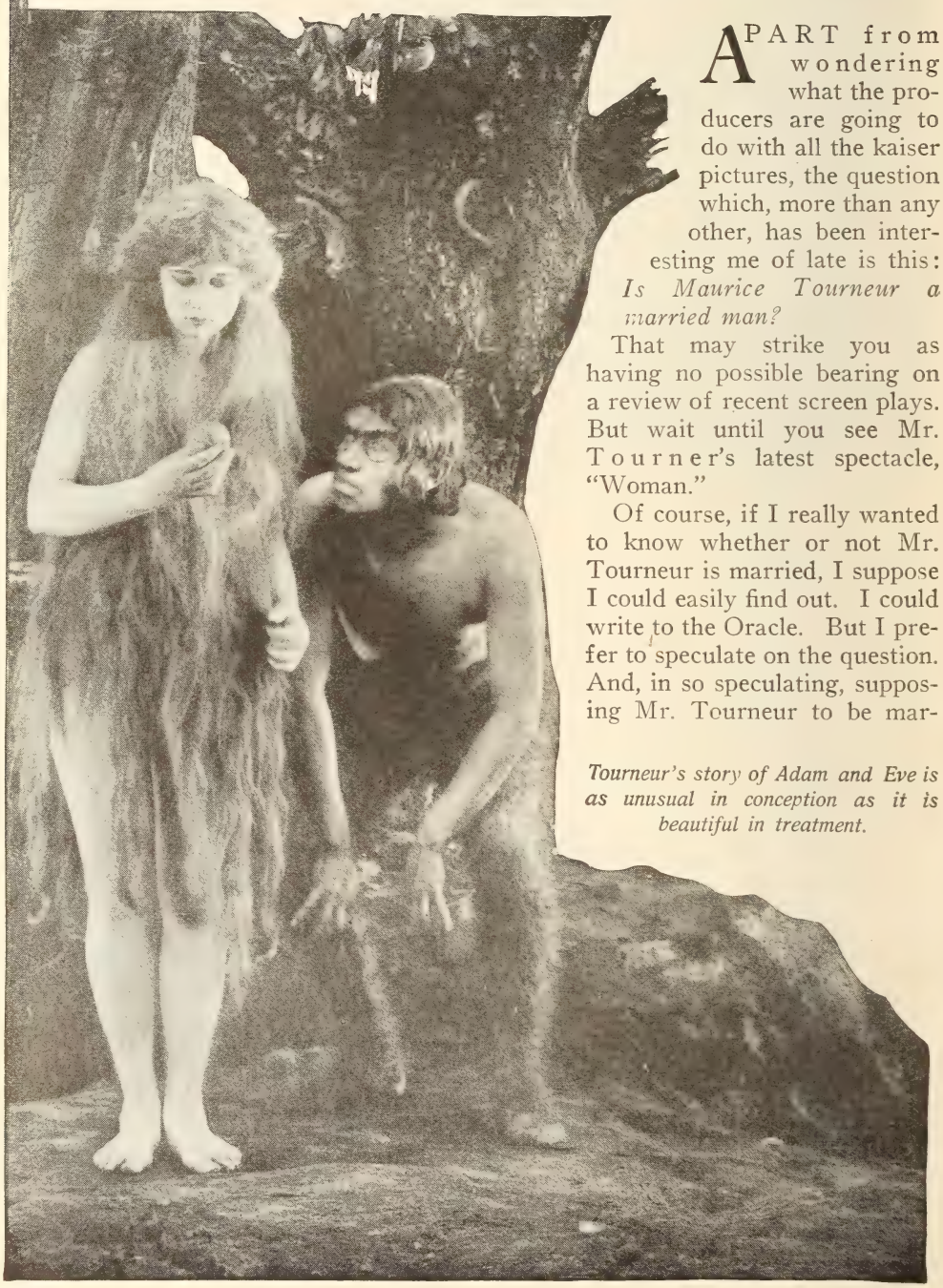
If you don't believe Nell caught these fish, read the story and find out.



The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on recent releases, by one of New York's leading authorities on matters pertaining to the screen.

By Peter Milne



Tourneur's story of Adam and Eve is as unusual in conception as it is beautiful in treatment.

APART from wondering what the producers are going to do with all the kaiser pictures, the question which, more than any other, has been interesting me of late is this: *Is Maurice Tourneur a married man?*

That may strike you as having no possible bearing on a review of recent screen plays. But wait until you see Mr. Tourner's latest spectacle, "Woman."

Of course, if I really wanted to know whether or not Mr. Tourneur is married, I suppose I could easily find out. I could write to the Oracle. But I prefer to speculate on the question. And, in so speculating, supposing Mr. Tourneur to be mar-

ried, I find myself wondering just what sort of a reception he got at home after Mrs. Tourneur saw for the first time the distinguished producer and director's new picture.

For in "Woman," Mr. Tourneur quite roundly trounces women. I can recall nothing so severe in its criticism of the sex since Kipling penned his famous line about the female of the species. To be sure, he abruptly and completely relents his trouncing when he reaches the brief epilogue in which he seeks to convince us that throughout the recent war woman has been everything that is noble—a conclusion which was very puzzling to me, granted that he had painted a characteristic and complete picture of woman in the main episodes of his piece. Which, as I hold a high regard for the sex, I cannot bring myself to do. But now let us consider the picture.

It is told in six episodes. In the first one Mr. Tourneur relates the world-old story of Adam and Eve to impress upon us apparently that Eve was the cause of all the trouble. A beautiful young woman, Edith Hallor by name, clad in a wig, played *Eve*. She was a most dazzling Ziegfeldian young person, whereas Adam was portrayed in copious hair, a foolish face, and apelike arms that hung around his knees. Personally, I couldn't reconcile these two. Possibly Mr. Tourneur was attempting to placate his female patrons. However, that is of small consequence. The important thing is that the story of Adam and Eve, as told by this artistic director, is as unusual in conception as it is beautiful in treatment.

The faithless side of woman is brought out in the story of Messalina, the wife of Emperor Claudius of Rome. This lady flirted with a soldier and eventually decided to marry some one else. For this her husband demanded that she kill herself.

There are three other episodes in the production. One in which Heloise, ignorant in her innocence, tempts Abelard, a monk, one in which Cyrne, a woman in whose heart surges the freedom and abandon of the sea, changes to another form and deserts her fisher husband, and one in which a girl of Civil War days betrays the hiding place of a Union soldier when a Confederate officer dangles a watch and chain before her eyes. Then there is the epilogue, with its delayed tribute to women.

As a production, "Woman" ranks with the best pictures of the times. Never before has Mr. Tourneur's imagination as an artist soared to such heights, and never before has he so succeeded in converting the results of this imagination into the imaginations of his spectators. The beauty of the Adam and Eve episode, the richness and pageantry of the story of Messalina and Claudius, the quiet beauty of the drama of Heloise and Abelard, the wonderful conception of the tragedy of the fisherman, and the veritable simplicity of the story of Civil War days, all stand out in the spectator's mind long after he has left the theater.

Without doubt Mr. Tourneur has created something that will last long, but I am still worrying about the reception he received from his wife. Perhaps he is a bachelor!

These war pictures, now of yesterday —what will become of them? I should suggest that the great American public meet in spirit, if not in person, chip in a few cents apiece, and buy all these pictures. Then let us ship them to the kaiser's address, along with a projecting machine. We will then permit him to spend the rest of his life looking at them over and over again. What a punishment that would be!

There is only one picture to which I would not wish to see this happen. That is the John Emerson—Anita Loos

production, "Good-by, Bill." One must have a sense of humor to appreciate this picture, and I feel certain that the kaiser has no sense of humor.

"Good-by, Bill" is a satire on the late war lord's career of madness, so humorous in its conception and treatment that every one who witnesses it must, of necessity, assist in laughing the former apostle of frightfulness into a more obscure oblivion than that into which he has fallen at this writing. If you do not like other kaiser pictures, you will like this one. I only regret that it could not have been shown in Germany before the war got started, for I believe it would have started his downfall at home, as the lampooning of Napoleon III. by Victor Hugo started that emperor toward his downfall through making him a comic-opera king.

I am not going to burden you with the plot of this play, the story of which, I am told, appears elsewhere in this number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.* I will only add that Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex romp through the exquisite comedy as though they were having the time of their young lives, which adds to the charm and delight of the piece.

We saw much of *Tarzan* in "Tarzan of the Apes"—in fact a good deal more of him than is seen most of the time in "The Romance of Tarzan." For in this sequel he puts on store clothes and looks just like a prize fighter off for a holiday on a Coney Island boat. *Tarzan* eventually lands in the United States and renews his acquaintance with the professor's daughter so strangely begun in the other picture. And naturally *Tarzan's* methods among the élite of society are rather astonishing. He hears a slur made against the girl he loves, and instantly he starts fighting a whole ballroom full of people.

There is much trouble made for the man from ape land by the villain, who employs an adventuress to enmesh him. But the virtuous cave man will not falter, and elects to remain true to the girl he chooses to call "his mate." She accepts him finally, after the two have met with all the adventures that the ordinary mortal would see in ten lifetimes. Elmo Lincoln continues as *Tarzan.* Enid Markey plays the heroine.

A book that is found in nine libraries out of ten has finally been set down on the films, and I think that every girl, and, for that matter, every boy, too, who thrilled and wept and laughed at the lives of Jo, Meg, Beth, and Amy are going to repeat the processes when they see William A. Brady's "Little Women." What impressed me particularly about it was its atmosphere. Goodness only knows atmosphere is a much misused word, but if ever a picture fairly exuded it it is "Little Women." The company was taken to the homestead about which Louisa M. Alcott wrote, the home near Concord, Massachusetts, where she had lived, and here scenes were filmed on the very locations the author had in mind. Is it any wonder, then, that the picture breathes atmosphere?

Usually in a picture made from a book the original story is distorted past all recognition. In "Little Women" an earnest attempt was made to preserve the original work, and, so far as this was possible by translating it onto film, the attempt was successful. Being a critic, I am not supposed to be affected at anything pathetic, but the death scene of *Beth* was so beautifully done, and so exquisitely played by Lillian Hall, as *Beth,* that I do not mind confessing to a tightening in my throat. Dorothy Bennard was a rare delight as *Jo,* and

*The story of "Good-by, Bill" will be found on page 194, under the title, "Gosh Darn the Kaiser." Since those pages went to press the title has been changed.—EDITOR.

Isabel Lamon as *Meg* and Florence Flinn as *Amy* successfully completed the famous quartet.

In "Hidden Fires" Mae Marsh has her first dual rôle, and plays it excellently. As a little news-stand girl she is induced to impersonate the daughter of a rich woman. She consents to do this at the request of the woman's physician, who believes the daughter to have been lost at sea. As a result of her efforts the woman's health is restored. The film waxes quite melodramatic at the end, but the news girl succeeds in finding the real daughter, in causing the wrong done her to be righted, and in finding herself a very acceptable husband.

It's not going very far back to the time that "The Half Breed" was made by the old Fine Arts Company, with Douglas Fairbanks as the star. It still stands as one of his best productions. Now the Bluebird Company comes along and takes the same Bret Harte story on which the earlier picture was based, and this time changes the title from "In the Carquinez Woods" to "Tongues of Flame." It is interesting to compare the two. Probably no two productions built on the same story could vary so in the final show-down. The one with Douglas Fairbanks featured, the other with Marie Walcamp featured, the one

"The Romance of Tarzan" is a sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes."

built for a male star, the other for a woman.

One of those delicious little boudoir comedies is "The Make-Believe Wife," appropriately starring Billie Burke. It tells a most amusing story of a girl and a man who were discovered in a compromising position by ever-suspicious friends and were forced to marry. The only trouble is that each was engaged to marry some one else, but as neither loved that some one else it didn't matter an awful lot. Of course they end up by deciding to stay married, after all, though not until after many comical complications have been introduced.

"Women's Weapons" is another light offering from Paramount, marking Ethel Clayton's second appearance on this program. She appears as a wife who sees her husband ensnared by a woman who prates of free love, free thought, and free everything. So what does milady do but arrange it so this third party will visit her and her husband in their home. Then it is easy for her to retire to bed with an assumed injury, dismiss the maid, and watch the struggles of the other woman while she attempts to keep house. Need it be added that hubby's eyes are opened, and opened wide. The free person turns out to be very much of a slattern, very much older than she appeared under electric lights, and very, very incompetent as a cook. Miss Clayton is a glorious sight in the leading rôle.

When "Her Great Chance" comes to your theater you will have the opportunity of seeing Alice Brady in a different sort of rôle. She is usually be-

In "Hidden Fires" Mae Marsh appears in her first dual rôle.

trayed and otherwise horribly mistreated in her Select pictures, and I think the majority of her public have been waiting for a less menaced Alice. They not only find her so in "Her Great Chance," but they also find one of the most human little stories ever set down on the screen. It tells the simple tale of a shopgirl who loved a millionaire and who refused to marry him while he had money to burn. Miss Brady was never more appealing than in this picture, and David Powell, one of the most pleasing actors on the screen to-day, is excellent as the millionaire.

Harry Morey, virile and Vitagraphic, is seen in "The King of Diamonds," which is just about the ideal title for a Harry Morey picture, no matter what the contents. It is a rather somber drama that is offered in "The King of Diamonds," but Morey is always a pleasure to see on the screen, and his performance here is magnificent. A villainous doctor, coveting the hero's wife, injects into Harry's good right arm a mineral that produces an effect similar in appearance to leprosy. In an agony of despair the hero rows out to sea, intending to hurl himself into the water. But fate points another way. In South Africa he meets another doctor, who tells him of the trick, and then it is to get rich and return to ruin the life of the man who betrayed him and his faithless wife, after the manner of the Count of Monte Cristo. Betty Blythe is the wife, and Jean Paige is the girl who finally brightens Harry's life. Miss Paige is one of the most delightfully sincere and unsophisticated actresses on the screen to-day.

Bluebird has made a new adaption of an old Bret Harte story, under the new title, "Tongues of Flame."

Harry Morey gives a magnificent performance in "The King of Diamonds."

A picture that might have come from the same story is "The Grouch," a World release, starring Montagu Love. In essentials it is quite identical with the former picture. Its introduction is laid in a vast swamp land of the South, and some exceedingly interesting scenes have been caught by the camera man. Mr. Love is always an entertaining actor. Opposite him is Dorothy Green, who, as *Fleurette,* has never appeared to better advantage, and I am inclined to think that Director Oscar Apfel is partly responsible at least for her decidedly unusual performance.

"The She-Devil" is Theda Bara's own, and, pray, what picture of hers is not? Here she is a wild mountain maid of Spain, who takes delight in setting various of her suitors upon various other of her suitors. She goes to Paris, takes it by storm, and also takes a man by storm. Later the two fall in bandit's hands, and Theda, by saying that she is willing to meet that gentleman's terms, earns her freedom to attend a feast. In the festivities the bandit becomes intoxicated, and Theda ties him to a chair and leaves him while she makes off with the man she loves. Rather neat. Woman is competent, if tricky, Mr. Tourneur.

Paramount's presentation of the popular stage play, "The Gypsy Trail," is something of a conundrum. The play told of the romantic suitor who won the girl away from the suitor who only thought of facts. The producers have switched the two parts and let the commonplace fellow win out, and therefore Bryant Washburn is starred in this part. But the play was written so that the romantic fellow would attract the majority of the sympathy, and it was so well written that he still does. I should like to quiz the producers on this.

"When Do We Eat?" has nothing to do with Hoover's regulations on food, and has nothing in particular to do with the story. Enid Bennett appears as an actress in a fourth-rate company doing "Uncle Tom" in the tanks. She finds a home on a farm, and saves the son

There are some exceedingly interesting scenes in the World picture, "The Grouch."

of the house from city slickers. It is an exceedingly well-written play, and has some of the best subtitles I have ever read. C. Gardner Sullivan wrote them, and that probably is the reason. Al Ray, cousin of Charles, is the leading man, and he carries off the honors extremely well.

"Shoulder Arms" is proof conclusive that Charles Spencer Chaplin is king of all comedians. England found out after the first year of the war that both its soldiers and those who stayed at home reacted to the humor of war rather than to its tragedy. After all that has been said and done it might seem that to find comedy in the greatest tragedy of all time would be an impossible task. But the truth is that tragedy and comedy are all but twins. And so when Chaplin goes to bed under water with a phonograph horn to breathe through, when his tin hat is knocked from his head by a German bullet, when he rubs his pal's frost-bitten feet, believing them his own, when he dashes hither and yon over Flanders camouflaged as a tree, one literally splits one's sides with laughter. Chaplin knew how to do it. There are a score of comedians who would have overstepped the bounds—who would have made their comedy gross and offensive. Chaplin made no mistakes.

Great interest is attached to the Artcraft production, "The Squaw Man." Readers will remember that several years ago Cecil De Mille produced this picture with Dustin Farnum in the title rôle. Now he has gone and made a much more elaborate production of it with Elliott Dexter in the name part and with a score of prominent Lasky artists interpreting the other rôles. If only for comparison's sake "The Squaw Man" will be interesting, but I am certain that it also offers real entertainment. "The Squaw Man" has lived so long that it will never die.

A Trip to No

By Lewis

HOW would you like to visit 'no man's land?' "

It was William Farnum's personal representative speaking over the phone one fine morning late in the fall.

"There isn't any any more," I replied. "Don't you know that peace has been——"

"Oh, yes, there is," he broke in. "We've got one over in Jersey that I'd like to have you see;

I'll be along with a car in ten minutes."

"We-e-ell," I began slowly.

"There's a nice young lady going along," he said coaxingly. "The nicest kind of a nice young la——"

"I'll be ready and waiting!" I exclaimed.

So that's how my trip came about.

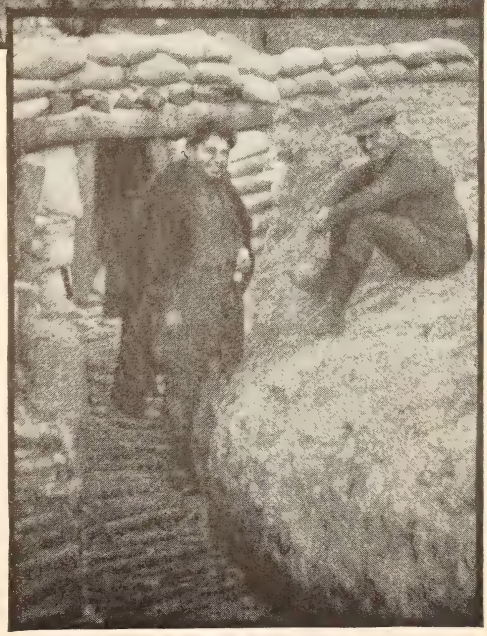
After an hour's drive we got there. The first sight that greeted us was a mighty welcome one. A dozen men, the kitchen squad of the regiment that was working with Bill in "For Freedom"—real soldiers, too—were preparing luncheon. And there was Bill hungrily looking on. He looked rather odd, wearing a civilian's overcoat over his uniform.

Man's Land

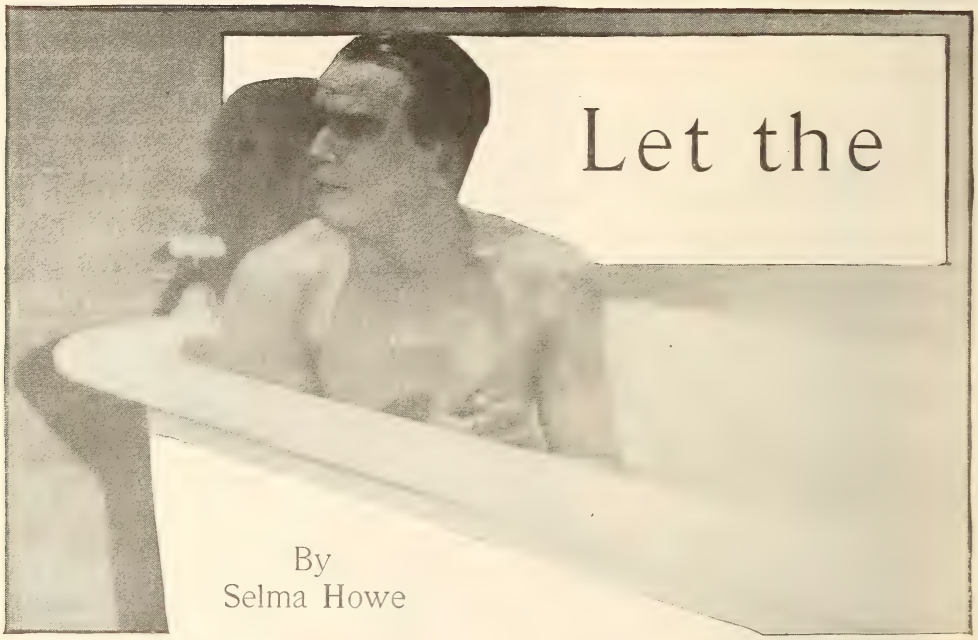
Tenny

Bill was mighty cordial, and while he talked to the nice young lady I began to get busy with my camera. Finally a soldier reported that luncheon was ready, and Bill suggested that we all sit down and eat.

We ate—and then for no man's land. A bleak place it was—wonderfully realistic, as you'll agree when you see the picture. There were blackened tree stumps, great shell holes, trenches and barbed-wire entanglements—all bleak and desolate. Bill daubed on some make-up, and then he and the soldiers got busy and went over the top—Bill rescued one of them—and finally he stopped for a breathing spell and hopped down into a trench to confer with Frank Lloyd, his director. I was going to stop and chat with him, but the nice young lady suddenly remembered that she had an engagement to meet an old schoolmate with whom she was to have tea at the Ritz, so of course I——



But, then, I'd seen everything and taken all these pictures, so why should I have stayed any longer?



Let the

By
Selma Howe

I WONDER what you'd do if you found a note like this on your desk some morning:

"Interview Fairbanks ten-thirty a. m. to-day, Biltmore Hotel."

Just that—no details—scrawled in hurried writing.

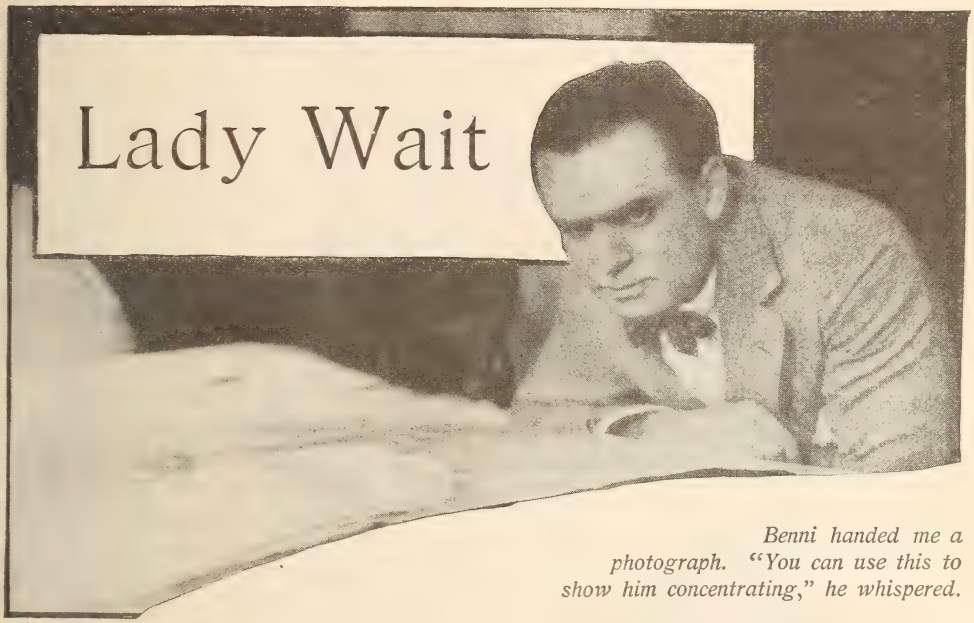
I suppose you'd pin on your hat, take a hasty look in the glass, dab on some powder, and run along up to the hotel just as I did, thinking unutterable things all the way about an editor who didn't tell you about the interview week before last, so that you'd have had time to get shampooed and run half a mile of blue baby ribbon into your clothes and things.

Well, I got there, but Mr. Fairbanks was nowhere to be seen. I'm not sure, but I think I sort of half expected to see him walking along the coping on the stone front of the building or turning handsprings down the broad, palm-lined staircase of the lobby and landing right side up on the bottom step with his hand extended cordially.

But none of these things happened. I went over and talked to "the desk," and "the desk" informed me that I could go right up. "Right up" led to a luxurious suite of some six or seven rooms which the Fairbanks party occupied on the third floor. I found a button, pushed it, and a minute later was admitted into a small inner hall by an energetic little man. When I learned that he was Doug's personal representative I recognized in him a friend—although I had never seen him before—for Bennie Zeidman was the chap who always wrote to me in blue pencil—whenever he had anything to say.

"Mr. Fairbanks isn't up yet; that is, he's not dressed yet," said Bennie, "but he said to let the lady wait."

Then a tall and slender gentleman appeared, and the two took counsel together. It seemed that there was a divergence of opinion as to where I'd better do the waiting. We were still in the vestibule. The tall man, who was introduced as Ted Reed, Fairbanks' scenarioist, suggested the second door to the left. Bennie, however, seemed dubious, and argued in favor of the first door to the right.



Benni handed me a photograph. "You can use this to show him concentrating," he whispered.

The question was settled abruptly by the sudden opening of still another door and the appearance of a spruce-looking valet. "Let the lady wait," said he; "in here," and he opened a door into a large sitting room. "Mr. Fairbanks is having his bath," he added in a whisper. From another door came the sound of splashing water, with an occasional burst of song. Mr. Fairbanks was enjoying his bath.

Then the sound of the water stopped, and a cheery, good-natured voice called out: "Sorry to be late. If the lady comes, tell her to wait."

"She's waiting!" we yelled back.

"That you? Morning, Miss Howe," he responded. "Be right in."

My first glimpse of Douglas Fairbanks reminded me of one of his unconventional dashes into a film scene. He was dressed in a dark, buff-colored dressing gown, which seemed to be lined with pink silk—nearly cerise—and my first impression of him, as I looked up into his dark face, was that he was very tanned. He grinned, and so, of course, did I.

He is just the kind of a person you have always heard he is—only more so. He is his screen self in a way—and then he isn't. Everything about him seems to be intensified—his energy, his humor, his American good looks, his infectious personality.

"You'll excuse my costume, won't you?" he asked. "You see, I've been rushing around madly to get a few scenes shot before I leave New York for the coast," he explained, balancing himself informally on the arm of a chair, "and this is the first morning that I haven't been up before sunrise. The scenes we've been shooting are for my next picture, but I've been speaking and doing a lot for the United War Work campaign—sitting on the top of doughnuts with pretty girls, and all that sort of thing. Between times, every few hours or so, I've been flying over to Washington to talk with the officials there about the health and morale films that the government is getting up for the soldiers, and also a sort of propaganda picture that will be shown to the general public."

"Really flying?" I asked, quite dazed by Mr. Fairbanks' rapid-fire way of talking.

"I should say so!" he said. "Look at this windburn," running a strong, thick hand over his dark, smiling face. "And Bennie here was trying to keep up with me on the ground, making the trip by train." Doug grinned. When Doug grins, you grin; when he laughs, you do—just the way you do when you see him on the screen.

"Got so tired that I fell asleep in the plane on my last trip," he said cheerfully. "But what could you expect—living on coffee and handshakes for a week? The dickens of it was, though, that I had had four days to think up the story I was to get up for the public-propaganda film, and I had been too busy to do it, and I expected to do it on the way over.

"Well, sir, I didn't wake up till we dropped down to earth in Washington. 'Where's your story?' said a couple of the people who met us there.

"I scratched my ear. 'The dickens!' I said. 'I must have slept it off on the way.'

"We got to the hotel, and then Ted and I started in. We had about a couple of hours to do it in. So here's the way we did it: I started walking back and forth——" Here he jumped up and began striding up and down the room while he described the scene in the Washington hotel. The tightly wrapped buff gown, which looked like a silk kimono, kept bothering him, and once almost tripped him up, and I discovered that the secret of the mysterious cerise lining was that it was not lining at all—*they were silk pajamas!*

"I've been doing a lot of work for the United War Work campaign," he explained.

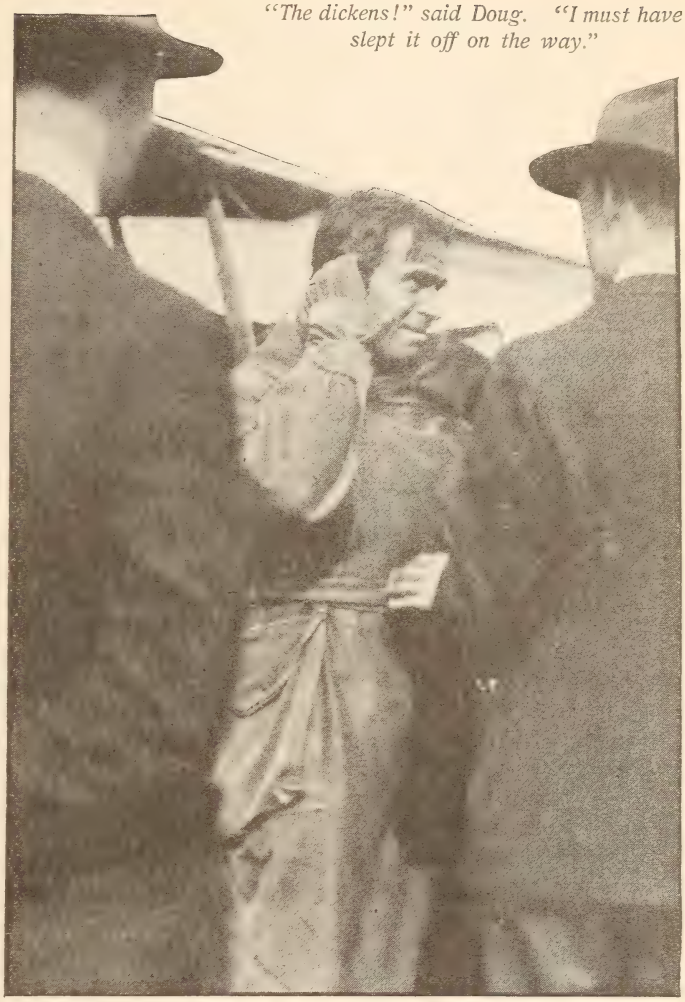
"And when I'd get a hunch by walking up and down," Doug exclaimed, turning and stopping abruptly, "I'd get down and concentrate. And finally we got it worked out."

Here Bennie quietly and unobtrusively handed me a photograph. "You can use this to show him concentrating," he whispered.

"There were four points that we decided should be

brought out in the film," Doug went on. "They were unselfishness of purpose, cheerfulness, right living, and willingness to obey. We picked the first as the 'trunk' of our story—the main theme. The others were to be the 'limbs.' Well, before we got through and eleven o'clock came along, I had the story in shape and talked the arm off the officials. I put all the pep and punch I had into it." Fairbanks paused to confer with Bennie, who was answering the phone—something about an admirer who had heard that Fairbanks was in town and wanted a car of a certain make to run about in; he wanted to offer his, if——

The conference ended, Doug ran his hand over his face and grinned again.



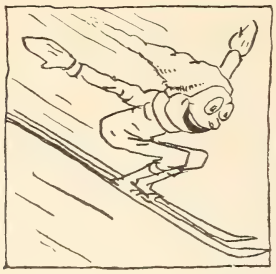
"The dickens!" said Doug. "I must have slept it off on the way."

"You're terribly busy," I exclaimed.

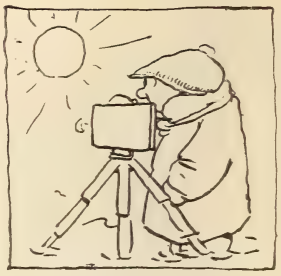
"Pretty busy," said Doug, "but not too busy to attend to things like this. Ever notice that the busiest people in the nation always seem to have plenty of time? When I went to see Charlie Schwab I thought he'd have sixty-seven pencils behind his right ear, and I expected to find President Wilson all spattered over with ink. But they were just like other folks. Don't you love to see any one take time to yawn these days?" and here Doug threw up his pink-pajamaed arms and stretched and yawned—a glorious yawn! Whereat the interview seemed at an end. But Bennie finished it on the way out.

"If you're thinking of telling the interview the way it really happened," he whispered, tiptoeing after me, "here's a picture of Doug taking a bath."

And so we used it.



Fade-Outs



By Harry J. Smalley

Substitutes.

Nowadays, whenever you approach your grocer to negotiate the purchase of five pounds of flour, you are also obliged to annex a pound each of barley, sawdust, rice, corn meal, prunes, rye, pepper, and codfish. Something like that, anyway.

These things are of no particular use

to you at the moment—but you want that flour.

Therefore, you lug home these strange commodities, file them away, and kurse the kaiser.

These things are called substitutes.

And now the habit is spreading to some movie theaters. You go to the theater to enjoy five reels of your favorite. Once inside, you learn to your horror that in order to see her—or him—you must first stand for two reels of Willie East comedy.

What can you do about it?

Well, you took the flour, didn't you?

Be game—even if it DOES hurt!

—o—

In boosting their picture, "Why I Would Not Marry," the Fox folks set forth a lot of reasons for refraining from wedlock.

Ours, however, is the best.

No girl ever asked us.

—o—

Hats Off To Billie Burke!

She was born in Washington, D. C.

Educated in France.

Made her stage début in London.

Wears Japanese sandals.

Adores spaghetti.

Detests Limburger cheese.

And, if this isn't sticking with the Allies, we'll kiss the kaiser.

—o—

Montagu Love And June Elvidge in "The Quickening Flame."

Love and June and the heat o' desire!

There's an ootsie-wootsie combination that should warm your heart!

—o—

How fragile—how seemingly inconsequent is the little raindrop! But if it were not for the raindrop there would

be no ocean. And if there were no ocean there would be no desert islands.

If there were no desert islands, he-

and-she could not be wrecked upon them.

That being the case, some of our very best scenario writers would have to seek a new plot or starve to death.

—o—

Hot Stuff!

From one viewpoint 1918 was a —— of a year.

Lookit!

"Hell Morgan's Girl" (Universal)

"To Hell With The Kaiser" (Screen Classics, Inc.)

"Hell's End" (Triangle)

"Hell Bent" (Universal)

—o—

Moist Metaphor.

"Hobbs In A Hurry," starring William Russell, was billed as "a cataract of surprises." We saw it. It was.

And then, tailing along after this whale of a picture, came a minnow of a mirthless comedy.

It wasn't advertised as being "a puddle of piffle."

But it was.

—o—

Film Wonders Of 1918.

January—The Snow, in "Nan Of Music Mountain."

February—Viola Dana's Overalls, in "Blue Jeans."

March—Napoleon Goo-Goo, in "Jules Of The Strong Heart."

April—The Muff, in "Amarilly Of Clothesline Alley."

May—Bessie Love's Small-Town lingerie in "The Springtime Of The Year."

June—Hildegarde, The Hen, in "M'Liss."

July—Hotfoot's Mouth, in "Selfish Yates."

August—The Dozen Dimples Of Clara Kimball Young, in "The Savage Woman."

September—The Plot, in "Bound In Morocco."

October—Dorothy Gish's fist fight in "Battling Jane."

November—Charlie Chaplin's tree camouflage in "Shoulder Arms."

December—Caruso's attack on the spaghetti in "My Cousin."

—o—

Paradoxical.

"No more vamps do I play, and I'm glad!"
Says Miss Louise Glaum, and we're sad,
Though she never played "good,"
But played "bad" as she could,
She was awfully good playing bad!

—o—

To our poor, weak mind the title: "The Embarrassment Of Riches" is

likely to discourage the seeker after wealth.

If money is going to embarrass a person no one will try to accumulate it.

Except us.

We'll take a chance!

Certain film stars are now being haunted by the Ghost of Reissue.

It IS rather disconcerting to be shown just how much you've improved

in a few short years—strange as that may sound.

—o—

All Put On!

Last winter, when Ol' Doc Garfield put the kibosh on the coal bin, most of the film folk deserted the chilblained East for sunny California.

And one of the first to flit was Theda Bara.

So-o, after all, that hot, vampy disposition of her'n WAS but acting!

—o—

Not Mad—Only Foolish!

Seems to us bachelors that the title: "The Mad Lover" contains one word too many.

From where we sit ALL lovers are mad!

—o—

Betcha He Don't Tell!

Doug Fairbanks claims he always carries a "lucky coin" on his person while making his pictures.

Where was it, Doug, when you posed for that after-bathing scene in "The Half Breed," with nothing on you but the sunlight?

—o—

During the première of "Salome" at Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles, the costumes worn by Miss Bara were placed upon exhibition in a local department store.

Good publicity stunt—but

A careless clerk spoiled it all by dropping a handkerchief over the costumes.

—o—

"Countess Celeste de Gersek et Krymn!"

We have often wondered who the other players were in Marguerite Clark's "Out Of A Clear Sky."

The star's rôle appeared first in the "cast of characters," and by the time we had plowed through that aggregate of names, the picture was on its way!

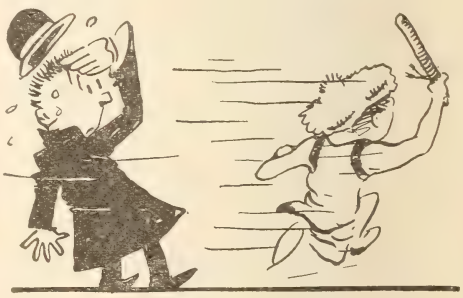
—o—

Just Imagine!

On a recent and chilly December morn, we fared forth to hock our Palm Beach suit in order to raise the wherewithal to purchase a set of red flannels.

And while we were doing this our thoughts reverted to a pleasing little press paragraph which appeared last August:

"Norma Talmadge has been appointed a deputy sheriff of Queens County by Sheriff Mitchell—she is now wearing a neat silver shield on her bathing suit—she is at Bayside and will



keep in telephonic touch with the sheriff's office—if her services are required she will be ready for duty at a moment's notice——"

Can you imagine the adorable Norma galloping down the frozen turnpike one of these near-winter morns—clad in a

silver shield, chilblains, and a bathing suit—hurrying to the sheriff's call?

But maybe it was only a summer job.

—o—

And It's Just As Well We Won't!

Mae Murray says no girl can be a success in the films unless she has shapely limbs.

Why, Mae Murray, how dare you!

We could name three or four who——

But we won't!

—o—

Loony Limerick:

There was a young fellow in Dayton
Whose object in life was a-waitin'
Ethel's pictures, "They're wise,"
Said he: "my two eyes
Know what they want—it's Miss Clayton!"

—o—

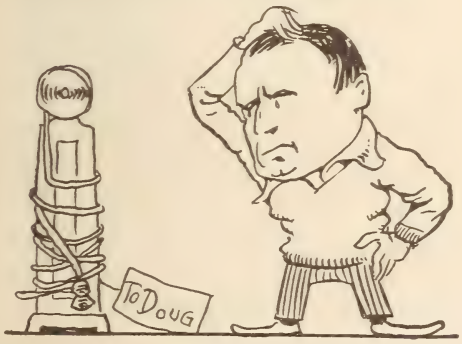
George Periolat, who has played crook parts so long, never carries a watch.

He's afraid he'd steal it!

—o—

He's Full Of It.

An admirer of Doug Fairbanks presented him with an electric vibrator.



Which is about the same thing as making John D. a present of a nickel.

—o—

Warren Kerrigan, as *Kirk Marden,* the son of a railway magnate in "A Burglar For A Night," deftly steals "the papers."

If the popular conception of a railway magnate is correct, Kirk was but following in father's footsteps.

—o—

Artcraft advertises Fred Stone as "an earthquake."

Following this peculiar line of thought, may we not add:

Fairbanks: "a streak of lightning."

Petrova: "a snow bank."
Hart: "a shooting star."
Pickford: "a summery sunbeam."
Shirley Mason: "a spring zephyr."
Bill Farnum: "a tornado."
Billie West: "a mud puddle."

—o—

A Comforting Thought.

We viewed "Smiling Bill Hyde."

Never had we felt so happy and contented 'way down inside since the schoolhouse burned when we were a kid.

At last we had discovered a leading man who had a face like ours!

After spraining our wrist patting ourself on the back, we picked up a criticism of the play.

And the darned critic said Will Rogers was "most amazingly homely!"

Oh, well—all really great men are thataway!

—o—

Going Up!

Alice Brady claims she nearly quit the films after seeing her tiptilted nose in her first picture.

And then—

She resolved to follow it.

That is why she goes up and up and up!

A Bargain in Peaches

Which ends in a chat with a very small but very important star.

By Frederick J. Jackson

SOMEHOW I had an idea before I went to call on little Miss Corbin that she would be very dignified. For

one thing, I remembered having seen Virginia in the studio, sitting demurely on the top of a table, waiting to be called by the director. A maid hovered near with a comb, a mirror, and three different kinds of powder, and the small star was spreading out her short, yellow skirts so they wouldn't get crumpled. Then, too, I recalled her dignified little shadow flitting across the screen.

But my illusions were shattered as I turned the corner, half a block from the Corbin home.

"Wait for me, Mister Chinaman!" a childish voice shrilled lustily.

A vegetable peddler's cart was moving down the street, not more than thirty feet away from me. Forty yards behind, a golden-haired little girl was hoydenishly pursuing on a tricycle, her bare knees moving so fast that they almost resembled a blur.

Again she called. The Celestial glanced over his shoulder, then brought the wagon to a halt.

The potential customer raced up and dismounted.

"I want a bag of peaches—good ones," she announced, removing a coin from her mouth.

The Chinaman smiled, opened a paper sack, and started to fill it. The little girl watched him critically.

"No, not that one," she objected; "that's not good enough. I want these for my mother." She succeeded in making the dealer give her the best peaches he had, but in such a naïve way that he continued to grin. The smile was still in his almond eyes when he remounted the wagon and drove off.

She was struggling with twenty-five cents' worth of peaches, which, in California, translates itself into ten pounds, when I approached. It was quite a load, and she found difficulty in remounting.

"Hello, Virginia," said I.

"Hello," she returned a bit dubiously, studying me with eyes the shade of an unclouded and summer day sky.

"I telephoned to your mother, and have come to interview you."

"Oh, that's nice!" Her manner changed immediately. "I like to be interviewed. I'll let you carry the peaches. Have one, if you like." She informally opened the bag and held it up to me.

"I'll carry it, but I like peaches best sliced, with cream and sugar."

At that, her approval of me became more apparent.

"Um-m! That's the way I like them, too."

I was rather surprised at Virginia Lee. I had come to interview a child, but she conversed with all the ease of a grown-up. Her speech was very grammatical for a five-year-old, and as soon as she discovered that she was being interviewed, she took the lead in the conversation quite easily and naturally.

Climbing onto the tricycle, she pedaled slowly beside me on the way to the house.

"Do you know," she remarked, "I had a terrible time with that man. He tried to give me the first peaches he could reach, instead of the ones I wanted. Mother says I always manage to get better fruit than she does, and I have to live up to my reputation."

By this time we were in front of the Corbin home, a charming, cozy bungalow, surrounded by foliage and lawns. The front entrance, which really is on the side, is overhung by the spreading branches of a huge pepper tree. Virginia found the door locked, much to her disgust.

"Wouldn't you like to see my room?" she suggested, when the door was opened by a maid who relieved me of the peaches, and we stood in a pleasant lower hallway. And so I saw the inside of the pretty, old-blue-hung nursery, where Virginia spends much of her time when she isn't playing or studying or out in front of the house providing some sort of excitement for the street on which she lives.

Mrs. Corbin didn't come in; at least, not right away. She's a diplomat, and she believes that it is just as well to let Virginia manage her own inter-

views from the very start. So the little girl showed me her toys, especially a new box of paints, all the time chattering on about her work and her lessons and everything that made up her five and a half years of experience, except the thing that most people are most interested in—her screen work.

"What I like is vacation," she volunteered in her grown-up little way. "I'm having one now, and I love it. That's mostly because I don't have to get up so early to study before I go to the studio. Now I sleep as late as I want to, and Cora—— Oh, yes, Cora, you know, is my maid; you saw her when she opened the door for us. Well, Cora brings my breakfast right in here to me.

"Of course, mother's up early, just the same. She does my mail for me before I'm even awake. She's my secretary and my governess, and she's the nicest mother in the world. She is doing things for me all the time, and she makes the prettiest things for my wardrobe."

Here Virginia opened a closet, the size of an ordinary small room, to show me her dresses. There were rows and rows of frocks and gowns of every color, material, and description, each carefully suspended on a separate hanger. Dozens of them most bewildering to a mere man.

"Still, it isn't *all* vacation—not when I have to stop to be fitted," sighed the little star, who made such a big reputation for so small a girl in "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Babes in the Wood," and "Treasure Island" that she has had to pay the penalty ever since.

"It's like getting a reputation for always buying very good peaches," she explained to me, "and after you've made it you have to keep it up." But Virginia needn't worry; as *Fan Fan* she is adorable. That's her last Fox picture, adapted from "The Mikado" and released under the title, "Fan Fan." In fact I've heard a whisper to the effect that Virginia is soon to head her very own company. I asked her about it, but Virginia only looked at me with round, childish eyes, and said: "That's a secret; how did you get into my secret chest? Oh, muddie, dear," she cried as Mrs. Corbin came in, "I'm so glad you've come. I've had a nice time, but I'm all talked out."

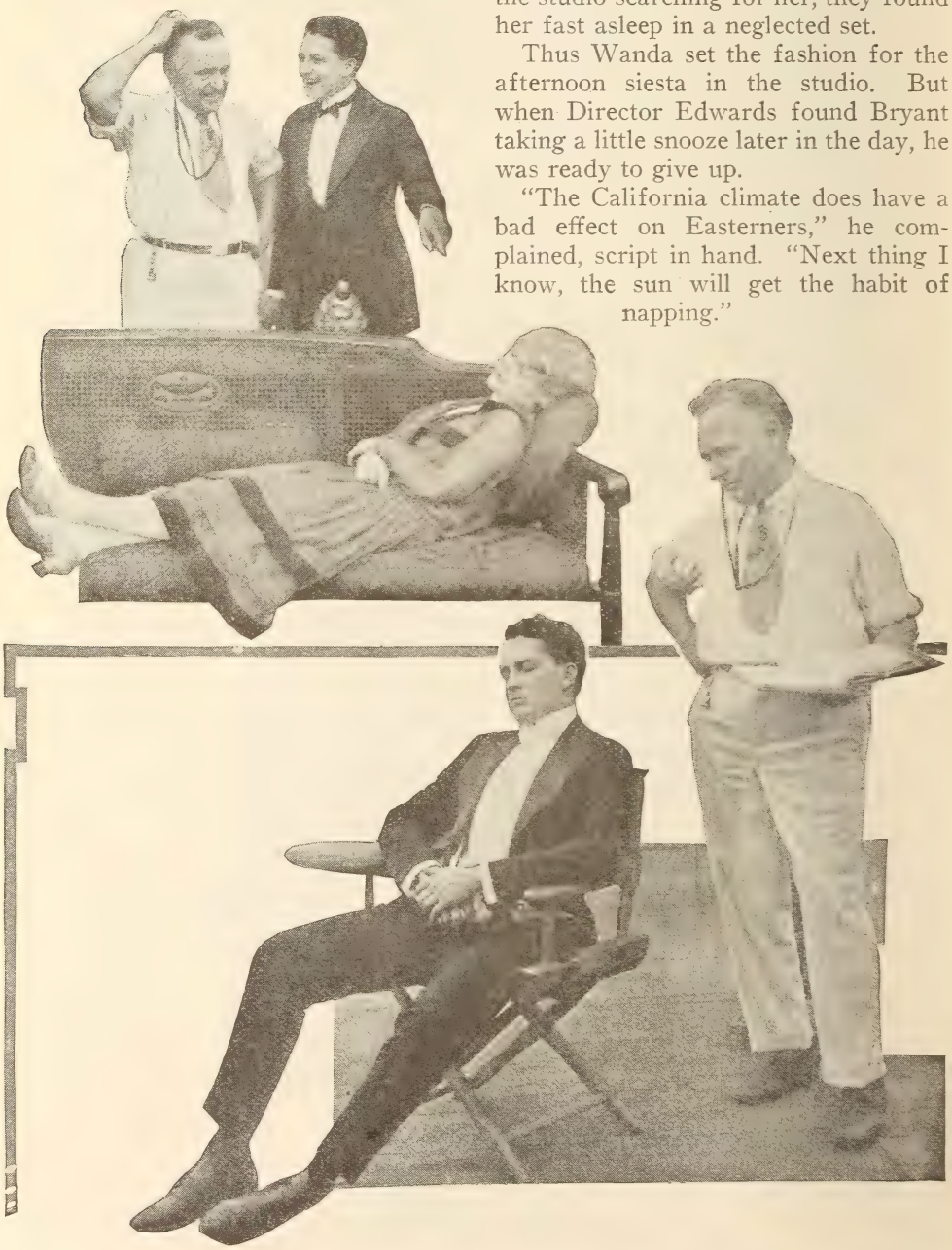
Art Is Long and Light Is Fleeting

LIGHT is worth more than gold dust in the Western studios, and the cameras click steadily as long as the sun lasts. Perhaps that's the reason little Wanda Hawley got tired out during the filming of "The Gypsy Trail," with Bryant Washburn.

At any rate, one day she disappeared entirely, and when Bryant and the director, Walter Edwards, had combed the studio searching for her, they found her fast asleep in a neglected set.

Thus Wanda set the fashion for the afternoon siesta in the studio. But when Director Edwards found Bryant taking a little snooze later in the day, he was ready to give up.

"The California climate does have a bad effect on Easterners," he complained, script in hand. "Next thing I know, the sun will get the habit of napping."



A Home Town Girl

Margarita Fisher is the girl, and the Santa Barbara picture colony is the town.

By Jerry Breitigam

WELL, friend, why are you so blue to-night? What's that—you are sick of the Big World that you set out from little old Home Town so bravely to conquer and you are thinking of a summer night in Home Town now, as you sit around the hotel lobby or freeze in your hall bedroom?

A good many of us feel the same way, friend; a mighty lot of us. For out here in the Big World you'll find that most of us came from Home Town. And, lordy, how we do hunger for those Home Town girls when we get low in spirits. And since you sallied forth with the high heart of youth, pausing at the bend in the Road to Yesterday for a last glimpse of chimneys trailing their faint spirals of smoke among the trees in the hollow below, have you

She is a Home Town girl, isn't she? You bet!

never met a Home Town girl? No, I reckon they *are* few. But say, let me prescribe for you. You just come with me in spirit to-night, a-calling on Margarita Fisher. What'd you say? A movie actress? A screen star? Yes, but what of it? Some folks are born to stay human—as human as Home Town—no matter how high they climb.

So here we are—in a Home Town right away. This is Santa Barbara, California. The palms, ghostly arms tossing against the soft night sky; oranges gleaming softly in the dusk; the boom of the sea in your ears as it breaks on the curving beach behind you; those lofty Sant' Ynez Mountains seemingly only a handbreadth away—they may not seem just like the familiar town of your dreams.

But the real signs of Home Town are here just the same. There is flutter of white frock and snatch of youthful laughter on porch and lawn as the boys go beaving. Screen doors bang pleasantly as neighbors run in and out to gossip. And over there under the dusty pepper trees the lovers are walking slowly with their arms about each others' waists. And here we are. Turn in at this bungalow with a well-trimmed lawn in front.

"Howdy, Miss Fisher. How are you to-night?"

Your eyes are drinking so deeply of her charm, my friend, that they are going to be tipsy if you don't watch out. Yes, I see her little white frilly organdie dress and her little white slippers peeping out below, and her copper-tinted curls coming low around her face. You fell mighty quickly, but I can't blame you. She *is* a Home Town girl, isn't she? You bet!

Watch her as she curls up on that broad, low settle among the leather cushions before the wide-mouthed, cheery fireplace. Not much heat comes from the fire, but the red glow is just enough for this California night. The sight of it warms you. And what a picture as the soft light plays upon her hair, bringing out its copper tints!

How does she know it's ripe? She rattles it.

She's such a little thing—a scant five feet. Wouldn't think to look at her—would you, now?—that she's lived a considerable lifetime already on the stage. Went on in her father's stock company when she was only eight years old, appearing in that sterling old meller, "A Celebrated Case." Been on the stage ever since, till she began appearing in photo plays only a little while ago.

"Father was such a lovable fellow," she is saying, as she gazes into the crackling heart of the backlog. "Do you remember, mother," she appeals, "how he used to come home very late and get Dotty and me out of bed in our nighties and we'd all have a midnight lunch on the cheese and things he brought?"

From her rocker beside the lamp, whose soft glow falls on her folded hands, kindly-faced mother looks over and smiles and takes off her specs and polishes them carefully. Maybe they were a little dimmed——

Say, man, hold on! Sure, she's a Home Town mother, with that ample bosom and her hair streaked with gray. I agree with you. But are you going to fall in love with everybody here?

A corner of her garden where the poinsettias blow.

"And when I was fourteen," Margarita is saying, gazing into the heart of the backlog, "I played the *Magdalen* in 'The Holy City' at the Globe Theater in San Francisco. Do you remember, mother?"

"Yes, you were such a little thing, too," says mother, laughing; "such a little thing to play a *Magdalen.* We had to put symmetricals on you."

"Symmetricals?"

"To fill me out," explains Margarita. "I was as flat as an ironing board, while a *Magdalen* has to be plump and full of curves."

"Oh!" Enlightenment dawns. "You mean pads."

"Yes," Margarita nods, her grayish-green eyes twinkling in her oval face. "And two years later an actor in our company was cast for *Romeo,* but he was so skinny he wanted symmetricals to fill him out so he could wear tights without being ridiculous. I sold him mine for what they cost me originally. He was so surprised to find I had them, and had never suspected me of wearing them when I was the *Magdalen.*"

The laughter is still ringing when sister Dorothy enters with a stack of scenarios, for Big Sister is "Babe's"

adviser in these matters. Mother reads them, too. And so does niece Kathrine, better known as "Kathie." Her judgment is highly esteemed. The roly-poly youngster of eleven, who has the household standing on its ear when home, is off at a Hollywood convent now, and they miss her dreadfully. Since her going, for one thing, there is nobody to roll Margarita on the lawn and sit on her—a job which husky Kathie, who is as big as her aunt, was accustomed to perform. It was quite a scandal in the neighborhood. Once Kathie even dumped Aunt Margarita off of Kathie's tricycle, and Aunt Margarita's heels flew terribly high. Right out on the front lawn, mind you!

Now we hear various tales. There is the story of how Margarita caught eleven trout one day fishing in a mountain brook.

"Beginners' luck," smiles mother; "she never fished before."

"It was on a Sunday picnic," explains Margarita. "Every Sunday the four of us—mother and Dot and Kathie and I—go picnicking. Sometimes we go to a secluded spot on the beach, sometimes back in the mountains. Mother puts up the lunch and we have great times, swimming, climbing trees, snoozing on the ground, or reading."

"You won't have Kathie to read to now," says Dorothy. "You'll have to grow up."

"That isn't one of my ambitions," replies Margarita.

In her war garden Margarita raises everything from roses to squash.

And then we hear a little of Margarita's ambitions. The pictures she made for Pollard-Mutual, including "The Pearl of Paradise" and "Miss Jackie of the Navy," her American Beauty comedies, and the series she is now starring in for the American Film Company, the "Flying A," whose studios are only two blocks from her Santa Barbara home—all bespeak her versatility.

"I don't intend to fall in a rut, making just one sort of picture," she says, determination in the grayish-green eyes that snap in her oval face.

And quite naturally, too, there is something said of the war and of Margarita's war garden, where she raises everything from roses to squash. And it develops that Miss Margarita is putting an awfully big sum in Liberty Bonds, while mother has gone over household expenses

with a fine-tooth comb to keep down waste and make possible the purchase of more bonds. Besides, Margarita is godmothering some naval baseball players and a bunch of army aviators.

Sister Dorothy's part is to help with the war garden when she isn't busy reading Babe's scenarios. In fact, she has constituted herself a committee of one to look out for her sister and see that she doesn't work too hard. Look at her now as they sit together on the settle, smiling at each other and holding hands shamelessly. Just the way the girls back home used to do! Man, you were honing for a glimpse of home life as it used to be in Home Town, where we never heard of apartments and flats and hall bedrooms! Well, this is it—this is it!

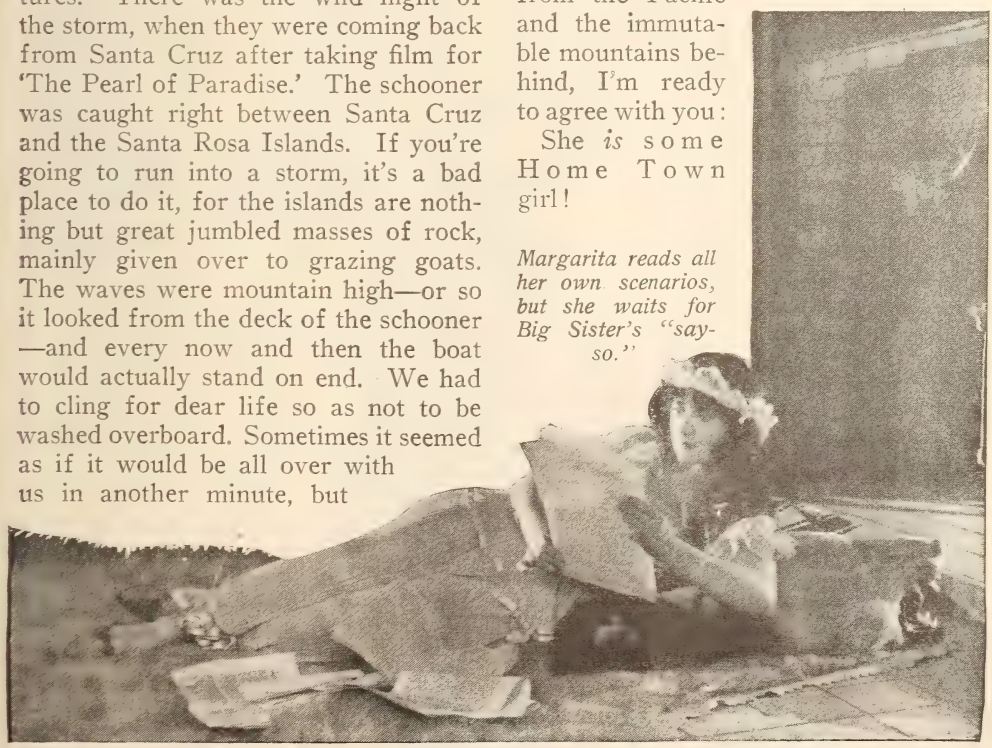
"She's such a brave little thing, too," says Dorothy, "you'd never guess the perilous adventures that she has had to go through to get some of her pictures. There was the wild night of the storm, when they were coming back from Santa Cruz after taking film for 'The Pearl of Paradise.' The schooner was caught right between Santa Cruz and the Santa Rosa Islands. If you're going to run into a storm, it's a bad place to do it, for the islands are nothing but great jumbled masses of rock, mainly given over to grazing goats. The waves were mountain high—or so it looked from the deck of the schooner—and every now and then the boat would actually stand on end. We had to cling for dear life so as not to be washed overboard. Sometimes it seemed as if it would be all over with us in another minute, but those Mexican seamen were splendid, and they brought us through. And all the time Margarita was wondering whether the pictures that they had taken over at Santa Cruz were just exactly right."

"But most of the time it isn't a bit like that taking pictures," says Margarita. "I love the fun we have in getting different sorts of locations. It isn't easy, you know, especially in California. Almost every place that lends itself to picture background has been shot to death; I mean used over and over again until it's positively stale."

And then we hear all sorts of adventures that befell on picture-shooting parties, and——

But, say, it's eleven o'clock, my friend. I can't keep you here all night, even if you are living again. Put on your hat and toddle along. And as we march off down State Street in the darkness, with a little wind blowing in from the Pacific and the immutable mountains behind, I'm ready to agree with you:

She *is* some Home Town girl!



Margarita reads all her own scenarios, but she waits for Big Sister's "say-so."

Olive's Smileage

OLIVE THOMAS' infectious smile spreads to Roy Stewart and the little lamb—to every one in the Triangle Studio, in fact, except the dog, who remains immune. The pup is wondering just what Olive intends to do with that slipper of hers, and Olive—well, she's just smiling and waiting for the director to tell her what he wants her to do with it.

Yorska

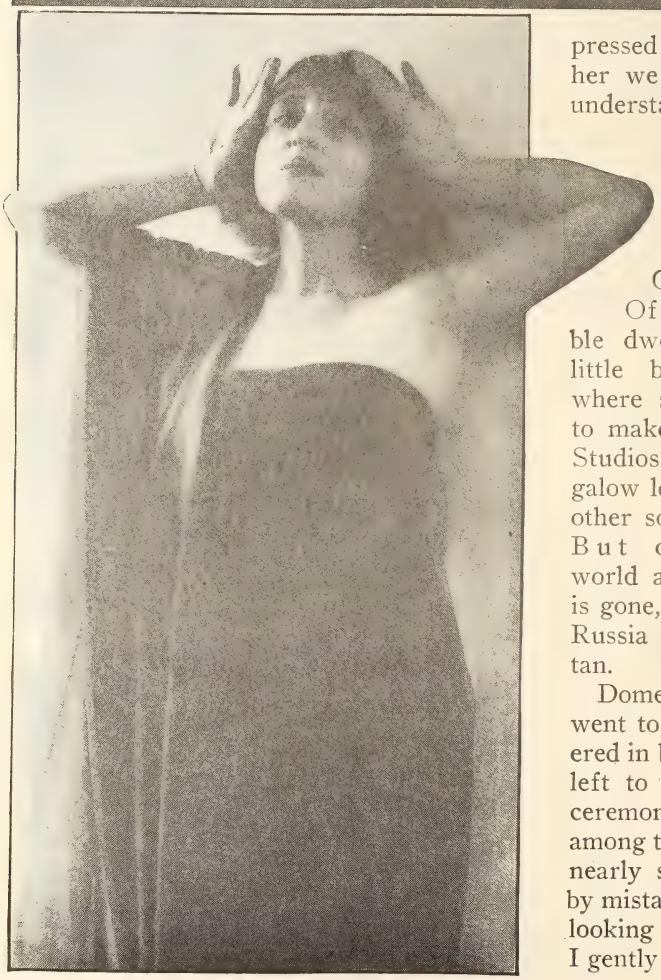
A strange and mystic personality is introduced to us.

By Jay Brien Chapman

THE traditional thing in interviewing picture stars is to reduce them to the common level—pull them out of the sky and show them eating and talking and walking just like regular folk.

But how the deuce is one to do that with Yorska when she talks and walks and eats like no one else? She isn't domestic in the least. Home life to her is a matter of seclusion, the reading of French and Russian novels, the smoking of imported Alexandrian cigarettes. She drinks coffee black, in many installments, from tiny cups, Turkish fashion. Her only pet is a baby leopard. She is fortunate in having a maid who can converse with her in any one of the six languages she uses. And from her own choice she has been billed as "Yorska" throughout the world, omitting all prefixes to that mystic name.

No, her personality cannot be ex-



pressed in English. The more of her we see the less we actually understand. Yorska, the Russian-French dramatic star, is a mystery. We cannot pluck her from the exotic, inscrutable atmosphere of the Russian Orient.

Of course she has a tangible dwelling place—a charming little bungalow in Hollywood, where she came some time ago to make pictures at the Brunton Studios. On the outside her bungalow looks very much like many other southern California homes. But once inside—whew!—the world as we Americans know it is gone, and you're somewhere in Russia or Morocco or Afghanistan.

Domestic? Consider. When I went to interview her I was ushered in by an Oriental maiden and left to my own devices without ceremony. I trod with caution among thick rugs and carpets, and nearly sat upon the leopard cub by mistake. It occupied the safest-looking chair in the room, but did I gently remove it as I would have

done a regular domestic alley cat? Well—hardly! I steered carefully around, dodging all the furs on the floor, fearing they might also come to life, and gingerly chose another seat.

Yorska entered. She was slender and dark and mystic, a living flame of personality in a body that might have been the human reincarnation of a panther. She had an untraceable accent in her fluent English, and with it a foreign polish and courtesy that made me uneasy until I forgot myself in my interest in her.

I had some of those wonderful Alexandrian cigarettes, and some of the black coffee in tiny cups, which I didn't like so well. She called the servant by clapping her hands instead of ringing a bell.

"I hate those little, jangling electric bells," she explained. "Soft-toned gongs which strike slowly, perhaps—but not staccato bells. One's nerves must be protected a little when one is sensitive, and I cannot stand them."

This sensitiveness in the Yorska nature extends also to color. Soft shades of yellow and orange, deep blacks and rich purples seemed to

be her favorite colors, as I glanced around at the hangings, the cushions, and the rugs. Thinking that some mysticism or superstition had to do with the choice, I asked about them.

"The same as the bell!" she laughed. "They are restful. They have always been necessary to my existing, and perhaps I have also a bit of superstition about them. If so"—an expressive shrug—"it is only my own superstition; I believe in no established signs and tokens."

"No!" I commented within myself. "No rules or laws or superstitions of this country and this modern age would be fitting for you—you mystic goddess of the Russias. You are a personality apart."

Her history? Here it is in tabloid: Father a Russian diplomat in France, mother a Parisian; started her real stage career by an appearance before Leopold II. in the Belgian court; recognition and adoption by Sarah Bernhardt, and finally a featured rôle with that great artiste in France, and then the touring of the world with her own company of French players. Those are the high lights of her past.

Later I had the opportunity to see some of Yorska's first film run off "in the rough" at the studio. The film jury who passed upon the picture criticized it artistically, dramatically, photographically—and I know not in how many other respects. Some scenes were condemned—others highly praised.

But Yorska! She was the harshest critic of all! I had only to hear her comments to realize that when the film is screened it should be as nearly perfect as careful consideration and patient effort can make it.

"This is terrible, terrible!" said she of a scene in which she and Madame Dione, another French actress in the play, fought like tigresses. "It might do on the stage, but that wicked camera shows just how tenderly we treated each other." Turning to Madame Dione, who was also present, she said: "I love you, dear Dione, but when we do this fight again I shall tear your hair out by the roots! And neither must you spare me!"

The picture is unusual. I had hoped to induce Yorska to talk about it, but she suddenly left—to engage in the friendly but real hair-pulling match.

Screen Gossip

Bits of news about plays and players collected by

The Bystander

QUEEN MARY, after long deliberation, made up her mind a few weeks ago that, of all the contracts offered her, the one drawn up by the First National Exhibitors Circuit pleased her the best. That, of course, you have known for some time, as well as the fact that by the terms of the new agreement she will make something like a million and a half dollars a year.

You may not know, however, that under the new arrangement Miss Pickford has assumed the entire responsibility for her productions. She will use her own taste in selecting her stories and casts. She will make her pictures just as she pleases, and will be paid cash for each one when she delivers it.

"Daddy Long-Legs," that charming play so beautifully acted by Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton on the stage a few years ago, and revived by them this season, will be Miss Pickford's first screen vehicle. For the screen rights to that and "Pollyanna" she is reported to have paid eighty thousand dollars.

Some people do have all the luck. Take Dorothy Gish, for instance. The Griffith star, due to a temporarily disabled automobile, had to take a street car downtown late one afternoon a few weeks ago, after working at the Hollywood Sunset Studios all day. It was while the "flu" was at its height. The car was crowded, so Miss Dorothy says she expected to have to stand. One says it with the accent on the "says," however.

"I got a seat," said Miss Gish. "Why, four men got right up and stepped out on the back platform as soon as I got in!"

"How did you manage it?" was asked.

"Why, I just sneezed!"

Film fans everywhere in the world mourn the passing of Myrtle Gonzales (Mrs. Allen Watt), one of the famous outdoor girls of motion pictures, daughter of an old Spanish family, and native of Los Angeles, California, who died of heart disease at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Gonzales, in the city of her birth, on October 19th. Her death was said to be indirectly due to a severe fall suffered three years ago.

Miss Gonzales was married on December 1, 1917, to Captain Allen Watt, of the Three Hundred and Sixty-third Infantry, who was on leave from Camp Lewis, Washington, at the time, and who formerly was an assistant motion-picture director at Universal. Mrs. Watt went north when her husband returned to camp, but her health was too frail for the climate, and Captain Watt was placed on the retired list that he might bring her back to California. At present he is again directing for the Universal.

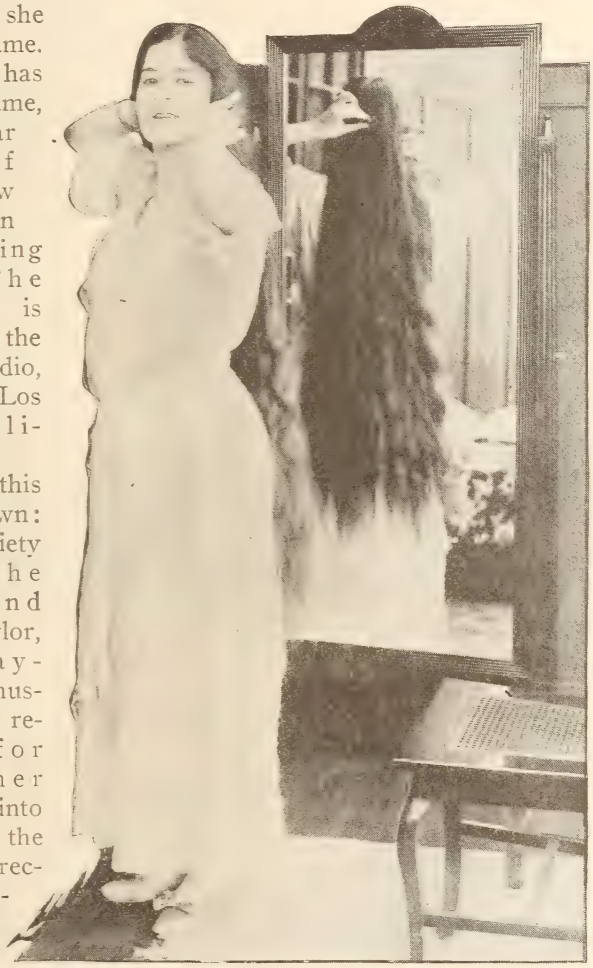
As soon as Mae Marsh arrived in Los Angeles, the Goldwyn star took a house in a fashionable district, which included among its accessories a tennis court and a swimming pool. Though Miss Marsh wasn't just crazy about coming back to California, she intends to make the best of it, and to keep in good physical condition. She and sister Mildred Marsh give frequent tennis and bathing parties; that is, not both at once, of course, but each occa-

This is May Allison's first appearance in a wedding gown, either on or off the screen. It was made for her picture, "Thirty Days."

sionally. Oh, yes, and Mae has the cunningest bathing suit!

There's a new star on the picture horizon, and while there are vast sums of money behind her, so far she has no name. That is, she has no film name, and the dear public itself is even now taking part in a christening contest. The company is working at the Norbig Studio, in Edendale, Los Angeles, California.

However, this much is known: She is a society girl of the South, and Charles Taylor, Laurette Taylor's former husband, who is responsible for launching her successfully into stardom, is the new star's director and business manager. She is a brunette, is very lovely to look upon, but has never, never in her life before done stage or screen work, and the story of her "discovery" by Mr. Taylor ranks along with the famous story of Cinderella.



Whoever Charles Taylor's mysterious new star may be, she is surely blessed with wonderful tresses.

"I was staying at a certain Western hotel," said the star herself the other day, "and working in pictures was the farthest thing in the world from my thoughts. Mr. Taylor saw me, and thought I would make good in pictures for some reason known only to himself; I haven't found out why myself yet! At any rate, he sought an introduction. I was amazed when he told me what he wanted. I consulted my family, and then, deciding I was in the hands of friends, as the politicians say, I accepted. And here I am!"

Mr. Taylor himself is extremely optimistic concerning his "find."

"I watched her from afar for several days," said Mr. Taylor, "and her beauty and grace and intelligence completely won my faith in her. I feel certain of her success."

In the meanwhile, who is she, really?

If you chance the pleasure of her acquaintance, you may tea with Fannie Ward, Pathé star, any Sunday afternoon you so desire, out in her lovely Los Angeles home. The house she occupies was once the home of ex-Mayor Hazzard, and is one of the show places of the city—a white colonial mansion with terraced gardens.

Miss Ward's husband, Jack Dean, is a delightful host when it comes to showing you all the treasure of paintings, porcelains, tapestries, and other objects of art which Miss Ward has collected during her many years abroad.

If you live in Los Angeles and you're fond of strawberries, you'll be quite within your rights next spring if, when purchasing a box of the scarlet fruit, you inquire whether Charles Ray raised them.

You see, Mr. Ray has turned farmer on a small scale. That is, he has taken over a small farm in the environs of Hollywood, and in his leisure gives his time to raising garden truck and small fruits, some part of which at least he promises shall reach the market.

Here's the way it happened. You know Ray has been the hero of scores of "rube" film plays, and the other day, while playing the role of a fresh-water college hero, in which a youth from the country wins name and fame after working his way through the higher institutions of learning, a number of books were left on the desk in the scene by the property boy. Among them was a book on agriculture, which, during a wait, Ray took up and began idly reading, but in which he became so absorbed that he almost forgot to respond when his director called "Camera." Two days afterward he went right out and bought a ranch.

So now the fruit dealers are looking forward to announcing, regarding their cabbages and strawberries, that Charles Ray tended them with his own fair hands.

"Nature fakers" have at last found a sympathetic champion. He is none other than "Fatty" Arbuckle, the rotund comedian, who has spent some time at Catalina Island, off the California coast, making his latest film comedy, "Camping."

At Catalina, Fatty not only had the opportunity of studying the wonders of the deep from the glass-bottomed boats, where, it is stated, he spent hours at a time on his tummy, gazing into the submarine gardens, but he himself made a find of interest to the scientific world, and now he declares he has immense sympathy for those unfortunate souls who have been branded as fakers by a cynical and suspicious world.

Fatty's prize story boasts the confirmation of reliable authorities. The comedian found a

When Mary Miles Minter campaigns for money she goes after it in a military fashion. Here is the tank "Liberty" with which she raised more than a million dollars.

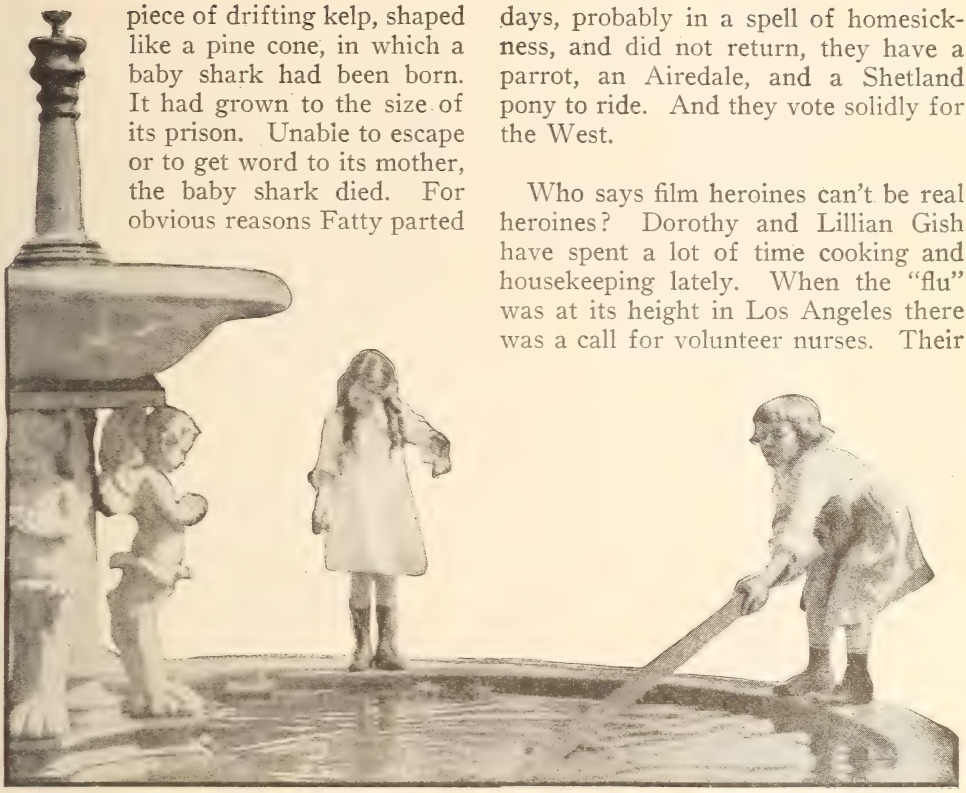
piece of drifting kelp, shaped like a pine cone, in which a baby shark had been born. It had grown to the size of its prison. Unable to escape or to get word to its mother, the baby shark died. For obvious reasons Fatty parted with his prize, after exhibiting the freak of nature to all who would look.

Spurred on by that success, the comedian is now running a show of submarine wonders at his studio, starring a huge catfish, whose principal accomplishment, though a negative one, is amazing Fatty and all his friends. The fish, declares Fatty, will rise to the surface when anybody approaches and submit to having its back scratched.

The celebrated Lee Kids, Jane and Katherine, of the Fox forces, have commenced work on their first Western picture, under the direction of Arvid Gillstrom.

The Kids have a bungalow in Hollywood, and, though their Boston bull pup deserted them during the first few days, probably in a spell of homesickness, and did not return, they have a parrot, an Airedale, and a Shetland pony to ride. And they vote solidly for the West.

Who says film heroines can't be real heroines? Dorothy and Lillian Gish have spent a lot of time cooking and housekeeping lately. When the "flu" was at its height in Los Angeles there was a call for volunteer nurses. Their cook had had experience as a nurse, and when she suggested she might go back to her old vocation, though good cooks are scarce, both girls willingly consented to let her go, and, moreover, went at it heart and soul to do their own cooking.



Jane and Katherine Lee have been working for several weeks in California, and have put their O. K. on the land of sunshine.

Charlie Chaplin got enough of war—film war, at least—in his picture, "Shoulder Arms," which made such a tremendous hit. Now he's engaged in making a rural story. Anyhow, it's rural so far, but Charlie is likely to turn into a city slicker any minute, as he's a very changeable fellow.

All the kids in the world applied at the Chaplin studio for work as soon as they knew he was going to use a lot of children in his picture.

When Prince Axel, of the reigning house of Denmark, was visiting the Chaplin Studios in Hollywood, California, and he and the famous comedian had been doing a scene "just for fun," the comedian chanced to allude to the orders and decorations of the prince.

"Yes," answered royalty whimsically. "Yes, I'm almost as popular as a 'movie' star!"

Triangle Studios, at Culver City, are Triangle no more. The big electric sign, wont to wink at the thousands of motorists who daily passed by the handsome, big white buildings, has been changed from "Triangle" to "Goldwyn."

"Yes, I'm almost as popular as a movie star," said Prince Axel of Denmark.

The plant has been formally taken over by the Goldwyn forces, and Mabel Normand now has the dressing room which Olive Thomas formerly used, while the svelte figure of Pauline Frederick now trips across the lawns, and Mae Marsh and Madge Kennedy swim in the pool and exercise in the girls' gymnasium. A new suite of dressing rooms is already being fitted up for Geraldine Farrar, and Willard Mack has a nice little cozy office, where he thinks up new ideas for friend wife, Pauline Frederick, to reproduce on the screen.

"Cupid needn't apply!" is the sign Dorothy Dalton is hanging out these days, following the report that the Ince star was about to be wed.

"Please deny this report," said Miss Dalton the other day as she crumpled up a newspaper a friend had sent her. "Make it emphatic that I am not going to be married. I am wedded to my art, and that little boy Cupid is not going to edge in on my career."

The wit and brightness of Helen Keller, the famous blind and deaf woman who is now making a picture at the Brunton Studios in the West, never ceases to be a matter of enjoyment to her friends. She has a pretty young secretary, and Miss Keller asked one day whether "Polly" had had any love affairs.

"Oh, yes, a lot," answered Polly.

Then somebody asked Miss Keller about her reputed engagement and whether she ever intended to marry. She denied that she had ever been

engaged, and then added brightly, alluding to the auctioning off of a soldier by himself for the benefit of the Red Cross at a meeting she had attended:

"Oh, I've bought myself a soldier, and if he comes home whole I'm going to marry him."

At another time, during one of her public lectures in Salt Lake City, questions were asked by members of the audience and answered by Miss Keller. One of the questions, propounded by an elderly Mormon, was: "Miss Keller, do you expect or wish to be married?"

It was a very personal question, but Miss Keller came right back:

"This is sudden—but—is it a proposal?"

Two of the United Theaters stars, Kitty Gordon and Dustin Farnum, have been at work for several weeks at the Robert V. Brunton Studios, in Los Angeles, where Helen Keller, Yorska, and several other notables are engaged in making pictures. Farnum has completed "The Light of Western Stars," and is now at work on "A Man in the Open."

Florence Reed, the other United star, has been working in the East, busily sandwiching in musical-comedy engagements between pictures.

Clara Kimball Young is using her beautiful white mare, "Juanita," in picture making. She rode her in some scenes of "Cheating Cheaters," and plans her use extensively in Marah Ellis Ryan's story, "The Soul of Rafael," a story of early California days.

The beautiful California missions will be used as background for many of the scenes of "The Soul of Rafael," and Charles Lummis, noted archæologist, is to be consulted in order that the scenes may be historically correct.

The new Metro Studios in Hollywood, Los Angeles, California, will soon be an assured fact. Work is well under way on the handsome structures, which, with grounds, will occupy an entire city block, with a frontage of two hundred and eighty feet and a depth of six hundred and five feet, and entrances on Cahuenga and Romaine Avenues. The operation will involve an expenditure of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, of which

Kitty Gordon stops work at the Brunton Studios long enough to be photographed with Robert V. Brunton.

James Oliver Curwood and Jack Otto, famous grizzly hunter, scouting the Northwest country for material which Curwood will use in making new plays for Nell Shipman.

one hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be devoted to the new buildings, which will be large enough to accommodate ten companies. Metro started to build this plant when it was decided to transfer the whole organization to the West. Three large stages are already built—two open and one inclosed. There are four projection rooms and fifty light, airy dressing rooms.

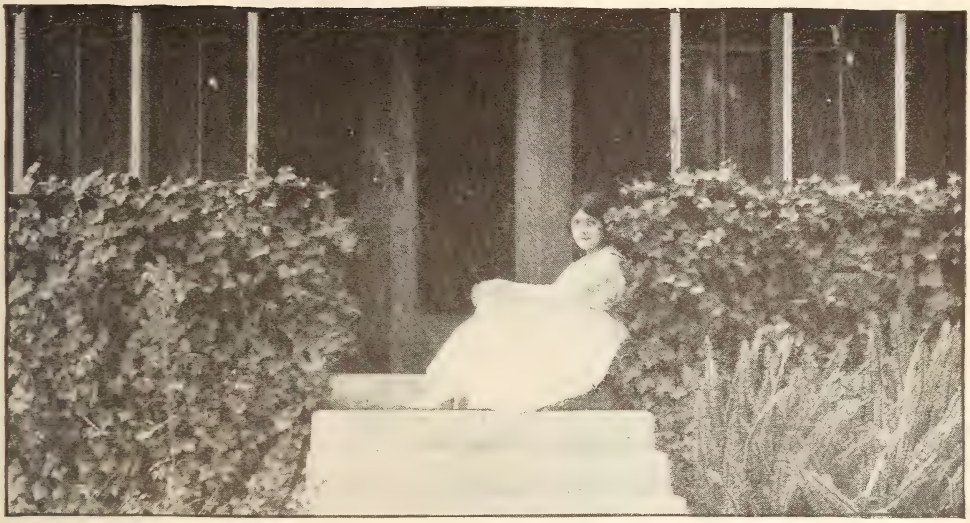
Madame Alla Nazimova led the galaxy of Metro luminaries in the hegira to the Pacific coast, with Viola Dana, Hale Hamilton, and Emmy Wehlen following soon after. Emily Stevens and Ethel Barrymore are to come later. Harold Lockwood having passed away, May Allison is the only one of the old guard of Metro players who formerly worked at the California studios and who is still at work there.

Priscilla Dean is engaged to wed Eddie Rickenbacker, the famous American ace, now in France, according to her own admission a short while ago.

The couple met at the Grand Prix races at Santa Monica, California, a couple of years ago, when Miss Dean was making some scenes for one of her Universal pictures and Rickenbacker was preparing for a motor race. They have been friends ever since.

Bessie Barriscale made a little clean-up for the Red Cross one day a short time ago at the Brunton Studios, when her latest picture was given a special run in the projection room to an invited audience. As soon as they came inside the doorway, Bessie pounced upon them one by one and took twenty-five cents away from each, which sum she immediately deposited in a little Red Cross box. Everybody had to "pay as you enter," even Howard Hickman. Mr. Hickman wasn't to be outdone in patriotism, though, so he held the box himself until Miss Barriscale dug up two bits.

Catherine Calvert, who played in "A Romance of the Underworld," has been engaged by Paramount to take the leading part in a Salvation Army picture in which Commander Eva Booth—herself—will appear. The production is being made under the direction of Ed-



This is the home that Lila Lee, the little Paramount star, found waiting for her when she arrived in California. It is called the Ivy Cottage. If you'll look closely, you'll see why.

ward Jose, and the scenes include locations both in the East and in California. Eugene O'Brien plays the leading man, and the company is practically an all-star aggregation.

It's a long time ahead, but those of you who are just about to begin seeing "The Lightning Raider," Pearl White's new serial, may be interested in knowing that it is to be followed by another by Ruth Roland, called "The Long Arm." The story was written by that famous serial team, Arthur B. Reeve and Charles Logue.

Henry B. Walthall will soon be seen on the screen again, as it is announced that he will make eight pictures for the Robertson-Cole Company, which is to supply pictures for the Exhibitors' Mutual Distributing Corporation—Mutual's new title—and the Affiliated Distributors' Corporation.

Few stars of the screen world are better known than Henry B. Walthall. He came to the front in the old Biograph days when Griffith was laying the foundations of the modern screen play. He made his first big hit in "Judith of Bethulia," the first American feature production, and he followed that with his famous depiction of the "little colonel," in "The Birth of a Nation."

After leaving Griffith, Walthall joined the Essanay forces and later starred with Paralta. Only recently he returned temporarily to the Griffith fold, appearing in "The Great Love." For a time his admirers thought they had lost him, when he came East to appear in a New York stage production. But the call of the screen was too much, for which let us all be thankful.

"Old Wives for New" raised such a storm of protest, discussion, and speculation that Jeanie Macpherson, the author, and Cecil B. De Mille, the director of the film, have decided to show the other side of this domestic problem. The new picture, which goes by the title, "Don't Change Your Husband," is not a contradiction of the earlier story, but was written to embody some of the letters of criticism and comment that were received after showing "Old

Wives for New." For this reason Gloria Swanson is fortunate in having the film for her first featured vehicle with Paramount under the new arrangement. Gloria started her film career as a Mack Sennet beauty, but gave this up to lead a varied career which led her to appear in Universal and, later, Triangle pictures. Previous to her present engagement with Paramount she was featured as a star in Triangle productions.

Fair Binney may be hailed as the latest comer of importance to the screen, for she has already attained the rank of leading lady in her second appearance in pictures, which is to be opposite John Barrymore in "Here Comes the Bride." Her first work was under the direction of Maurice Tourneur in his own production, "Sporting Life," in which she played the part of one of the two sisters, her own sister, Constance Binney, playing the other. The opportunity to play with Barrymore is an unusually good one, and her selection for the part seems to augur even better things for Fair.

Hal Cooley is a young man for you to watch. He has appeared as leading man in three Thomas H. Ince pictures. It won't do the girls any good to watch him, though, for he's about to wed a pretty Southern girl.

Hal Cooley, new Ince leading man.

Carol Dempster, Griffith's new leading woman, is being featured in a propaganda film for the government.

Talking about new stars, D. W. Griffith is launching a lovely young woman named Carol Dempster as the featured player in his latest propaganda picture made for the government. Miss Dempster was formerly a solo dancer in Ruth St. Denis' company, and toured the country with her during one whole season. Another new dramatic actress appearing in the picture is Clare Seymour, formerly a Keystone comedienne, who shows remarkable talent, according to Mr. Griffith. The rest of the cast is a notable one, containing the names of Richard Barthelmess, Robert Harron, George Fawcett, Kate Bruce, and Syn de Conde.

The picture is also a historical record, inasmuch as views are shown of Congress as it appeared the day it passed the famous eighteen to forty-five draft law, and there appear as a part of its action no less persons than Secretary Baker and Provost Marshal General Crowder.

LILLIAN WALKER
Lillian Walker Productions Co.

RUTH ROLAND
Pathé Serial Star

MARGUERITE CLAYTON
With Ziegfeld's
Midnight Revue

ETHEL CLAYTON
Paramount Star

Famous Beauties of the Screen Give 5 Aids to Beauty

HERE is the opportunity perhaps you have been seeking. These five beauty aids given by these five beauty queens are above all, simple and economical. Make them your "stand-bys" and they will stand by you.

Lillian Walker Has Complexion Secret.

"There is a way, a quite-certain way, to make the skin clear and uniform, indescribably lovely, free from freckles, and spots, muddiness, or blemishes. If you will simply mix the contents of a one-ounce package of zintone,—which any druggist can supply you—with water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine as directed on the package, it will form a delightfully satiny cream, ready for use. This makes over a pint of the cream, it is economical and can be used liberally. I can render you no better service than to make this suggestion."

Marguerite Clayton Says Shampoos Are as Different as Night From Day.

"Most people, apparently, do not realize that there are accumulations constantly forming on the scalp and which hold on very tenaciously. Washing with ordinary soaps or shampoos does not seem to dislodge this film. A very effective way to remove it is by dissolving them with eggol. A teaspoonful of this dissolved in a half cup of water makes a most luxurious head-wash, and dissolves every bit of foreign accumulation on the scalp. You will find it leaves the scalp cleaner than you ever thought it possible to have it. It leaves the hair silky, and, I am sure, helps the hair to more vigorous growth. For a quarter, one can get enough eggol for over a dozen of these shampoos."

Ruth Roland's Idea for Superfluous Hair.

"Here is a way to remove superfluous hair which is as pleasant and easy, and free from irritation, as the use of any ordinary face lotion. In fact, it now becomes a toilet pleasure instead of a dread. You wet the hairs to be removed with just a few drops of sulfo solution, which you can secure at any drug store. You can apply it with the fingers. The hairs will quickly shrivel up, dissolve away, so that you can rub them right off with your fingers. The best part of it is that it leaves the skin in a glorious condition, free from any spotting or irritation, every hair is gone and no one can tell that you had superfluous hairs at all. It is as safe as any face cream."

Choose Any One of These Methods and Let It Solve Your Beauty Problem Once for All

MURIEL OSTRICHE
World Film Co. Star

Ethel Clayton: "Make Skin Pores Smaller to Remove Wrinkles."

"It is well known that a coarse skin, or one with large pores, usually shows the most flabbiness and the most wrinkles. By making the pores smaller, an important result is produced on wrinkles. The pores 'brace up' and the skin becomes finer in texture. It is possible to brace up the pores, to give the skin a finer texture, to make it more plump and youthful. Result, fewer wrinkles.

"You can produce a very pronounced effect on wrinkles by using a cream, very easily made by mixing two ounces of eptol in a half pint of water and adding a tablespoonful of glycerine. Use it very freely and notice the results on lines of age, wrinkles, and crow's feet. I feel sure you will not be disappointed."

Muriel Ostriche Says: "Hair Growth Can Easily Be Forced."

"Personal experience is more eloquent than any written word. Just measure the length of your hair today, use the method I suggest here, and then measure your hair again in a few weeks. That will tell the story. Just get from the drug store an ounce package of beta-quinol, and mix this with a half pint of bay rum and a half pint of water, or else with a full pint of witchhazel. Then the hair-grower is ready. It certainly is a delight to use, and contains no oil. It is very economical."

In case your druggist cannot supply you with the articles mentioned above, arrangements have been made so that the same will be sent you by the Cooper Pharmacal Co., 521 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, on receipt of price, postpaid, as follows: zintone, eptol, and beta-quinol each 50c; sulfo solution, $1.00. But first ask your druggist for it.

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

MISS DOROTHY I.—Julian Eltinge has just finished another picture which will be released very shortly. It is called "Over the Rhine," and as you will guess from its title, is a patriotic film. J. Warren Kerrigan gets his mail at the Willis & Inglis Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Harold Lockwood died in October from Spanish influenza. Write to Wallace Reid and Niles Welch, in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. George Walsh should be written to in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Margarita Fisher has her mail delivered to her at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Norma Talmadge's address is the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Elmo Lincoln can be reached by mail in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California, and Julian Eltinge at the "Over the Rhine" Studios, Gordon Street, Los Angeles, California. Pauline Frederick continues to receive mail at the new Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Theda Bara has her daily batch of mail delivered to her at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Jack Mower was Margarita Fisher's leading man in "A Square Deal." His address is at the American Film Company, too. It is not necessary to send twenty-five cents for each picture of your favorites. Just send Thrift Stamps, and they will return them with their photos. This is done to encourage the sale of these government stamps.

"LITTLE ONE."—The Market Booklet has been sent to you by the editor for the six cents in stamps you inclosed with your letter. You should address all letters pertaining to scenario to William Lord Wright, who handles this department for the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. A scenario is not required by the studios. All they want is a synopsis of your story, and from that they can soon tell whether it is suitable for their wants or not. There is nothing that I can tell you about becoming a motion-picture actress. The only way that I can suggest is for you to apply at the various studios for extra work, and you will soon be able to find out if you have any real talent in this direction. Practically all the motion pictures are being made on the coast at the present time, due to fuel conditions in the East.

S. A. S.—Mae Marsh has left her studio in Fort Lee, and is now working at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California, where a letter will be sure to reach her. I am sure that she will be glad to send you one of her pictures.

H. G. S.—I am sorry, but the government has put a ban on the wholesale writing of letters to our boys in the service by people they do not know, due to the fact that German spies are liable to take advantage of this in order to try and get the location, et cetera, of various troops and ships. I am sure that if you write a letter to any of the movie stars they would be more than glad to drop you a few lines every little while.

"Here's What the New Year Means to Me"—

"More money than I ever earned before!"

"A bigger, more responsible position in the work I like best!"

"The thrill of success, of knowing I'm getting ahead in the world—and all because I turned my spare time to profit!"

With the new year, thousands of men are receiving promotions and salary increases as a result of spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. They looked ahead, they saw that in every line *trained* men are wanted and they grasped the opportunity to secure that training right at home in hours they had been wasting. Over two million men and women have prepared for advancement in the I. C. S. way in the last 27 years. Over 100,000 are getting ready for bigger jobs right now.

Let this new year mark the real starting point in *your* career. Wherever you live, whatever you do, the chance for bigger things awaits you. No matter what work you like best, what position you want, there is an I. C. S. Course that will get you ready for it.

This *can* be the most important year of your life. Let the I. C. S. help you make it so. The way is easy. The time to start is *now*. And the first thing to do is to mark and mail this coupon.

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BOX 4560, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

- ☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Electric Lighting and Railways
- ☐ Electric Wiring
- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work
- ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
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- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
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- ☐ Window Trimmer
- ☐ Show Card Writer
- ☐ Sign Painter
- ☐ Railroad Trainman
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- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
- ☐ Stenographer and Typist
- ☐ Cert. Public Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
- ☐ Railway Accountant
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ Teacher
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
- ☐ Auto Repairing
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ AGRICULTURE
- ☐ Poultry Raising
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
- ☐ Italian

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Mary Miles Minter.—Write to May Allison, in care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Lillian Walker receives her mail at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California, as does Bessie Barriscale. Alla Nazimova and Viola Dana get all their letters at the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Clara Kimball Young and Blanche Sweet have mail delivered to them at the Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Norma Talmadge still finds her mail at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Harold Lockwood, I am sorry to say, died in New York City in October after three days in bed with Spanish influenza. Constance Talmadge can be reached by the mailman at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, and Lila Lee at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. June Caprice, Anita Stewart, and Jackie Saunders should be written to in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Ann Pennington and Shirley Mason call for their mail at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Peggy Hyland's and Virginia Pearson's addresses are the same—the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Helen Howard will get a letter sent to her in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Pearl White still gets her bundle of daily mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Barbara Castleton gets hers at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Theda Bara is still working at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California, where mail will reach her, and Baby Marie Osborne has her mail box at the Diando Studios, Glendale, California. The majority of players now require a Thrift Stamp with each request for a photo. When they receive the Thrift Stamp, they send you the photo desired, and also the Thrift Stamp back again. In this way they help the sale of these government securities. This plan was originated by Charles Ray, the Paramount star. Helen Howard is the lady's correct name. Mary Miles Minter's correct name is Juliet Shelby, and she resides with her mother and sister, Margaret Shelby, in Santa Barbara, California. I am sure I don't know any of the film stars who send clothing to their admirers. It takes so large a wardrobe for them to dress for the parts they play that they have use for every little stitch they have. Fannie Ward, I am sure, will send you one of her pictures. Yes, Mary Miles Minter has a maid. Kitty Gordon can be reached at the Brunton Studios. No, Mary Miles Minter did not start in pictures as an extra. Mary Miles hasn't any set formula for what she does during the day that I know of. Complexion has nothing to do with making a success in motion pictures. It must be coupled with the ability to act. Looks help a great deal, of course, but it takes more than mere good looks to get by these days.

Ima Highbrow.—Charles Ray is still with Thomas H. Ince, although it has been rumored on several occasions that he will leave the Ince Studio at the completion of his present contract. Thomas H. Ince does not direct the plays in which Charlie appears. Jerome Storm is handling the megaphone for Charles at the present time. Florence Vidor played opposite Bryant Washburn in "Till I Come Back to You." George Stone was the youngster in this picture. Yes, Blanche Sweet's first picture since her return to the screen, "The Hushed Hour," has been released. Harry Garson produced it with Henry Mortimer directing. Suppose you tell Ethel Clayton to do her hair differently if you don't like it. I do, and besides Ethel is a friend of mine, and might be terribly offended. I shall tell Mr. Fadeout that you like his writings. I am sure he will be very much pleased. Yes, I went to a college, but not for long. "Branding Broadway" is the latest picture of William S. Hart, and it provides him with a great opportunity to put over some excellent comedy, as well as the more serious business. Of course, I will answer you if you write again. I shall be very much honored and pleased to have another letter from you in the near future.

Miss Helen K.—A copy of the Market Booklet has been mailed to you by the honorable editor. You doubtless will have received it long before you see this in print.

F. D. W.—Harold Lockwood died of Spanish influenza in October. Jack Pickford is about twenty-two. He is in the naval service of your Uncle Sam. Jack's hair is jet black, and his eyes dark brown.

"Teddy."—Dee-lighted to have you in the Oracle once more, Teddy. What has kept you away so long? It is Ashton Dearholt, and not Austin Dearholt. He is now playing with the Universal forces in support of their various stars. Ramsay Wallace played with Miriam Cooper in the Fox production "Woman and the Law." You are one of my few readers who is not crazy to become a motion-picture actress. I wish you all kinds of good luck with your school-teaching. "Where the West Begins" was held up a bit in production due to William Russell getting Spanish influenza, but it will be released very shortly now, and you will have a chance to see the scenes that Henry King took in Bakersfield with Russell. Don't forget to write sooner than you did this time.

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HAIR GROWER

That is reported so remarkably successful?

Everybody Desires

SUPERB HAIR GROWTH

If you would like to grow hair on a bald spot, to stop falling hair, or completely banish dandruff, why not test the true value of Koskott?

E. E. Wurster writes: "*I spent many a dollar without results, but Koskott did wonders for me. I feel it my duty to recommend it. This photo shows me after using Koskott—I wish I had one taken when my hair was all gone, so people could see how Koskott works.*"
(Address on application.)

We offer

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that we can produce over 1000 genuine testimonials.

READ THESE EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS; WE HAVE LEGIONS MORE.

"For eight or nine years I have been a bald-headed man; the top of my head was as bare as my hand. Now hair is growing again, it is the most wonderful thing I ever saw."—**Lee Fish,** Clayton Co., Iowa.

"I can no longer find the place where the bald spot was; the hair is as long there as on any other place of the head."—**Matt Bagley,** Itasca Co., Minn.

"My hair has quit falling out, my scalp itches no more and new hair is growing thickly."—**Mrs. J. Lundeen,** Multnomah Co., Oregon.

"After being bald 20 years, my head is mostly covered with new hair; am well pleased."—**Geo. Van Wyck,** Union Co., N. J.

"The baldness on my head has entirely disappeared, being covered with hair, by use of Koskott Hair Grower."—**Prof. C. E. Bowman,** Maryland.

"For growing hair and making it beautiful there is nothing like Koskott, for my hair is now a surprise to all my friends. I am telling everybody of your wonderful hair grower."—**Mrs. W. Rabiger,** Alleghany Co., Pa.

"Koskott has started a new growth of hair on my head."—**R. C. Cunningham,** Abbeville Co., S. C.

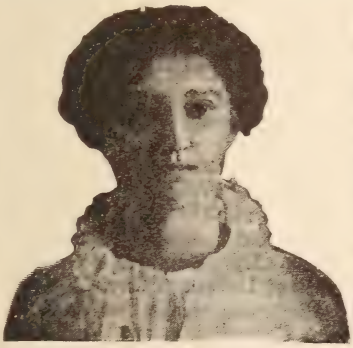
"The hair is now about an inch long on my head where there was not a hair in 30 years; Koskott did it."—**J. J. Ellis,** Minnesota.

"Four months ago my scalp was bare; now it is covered with a nice growth of hair and it is growing nicely."—**W. C. Colman,** Red River Co., La.

"One sample box and one full box of Koskott have grown hair on my head where I was perfectly bald."—**A. W. Bowser,** Butler Co., Pa.

"I was bald and never could find anything to bring the hair back until I used Koskott."—**Esther Arnett,** Wallace Co., Ky.

*"My daughter's hair grew four inches in two months. She is very enthusiastic in her recommendation of Koskott, as she thought her hair had been irreparably injured by a severe fever she had six years ago. Although she had tried many well-known and widely advertised hair tonics, **Koskott is the first hair preparation to start a new growth of hair on her head.**"*—Mrs. J. Dindinger (daughter's photo below).



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(Address on application)

BOX FREE TO YOU

We offer to send you a testing box of Koskott FREE, postpaid. It is probably different from anything you ever used on your scalp before. It is inexpensive because concentrated. We know that Koskott has **surprised and delighted** many who were losing or had lost their hair and feared they must remain bald throughout life.

What Koskott has done for others' hair, why not for yours?

If you have entire or partial baldness, *alopecia areata* (bald spots), barbers' itch, **dandruff,** dry scalp, brittle hair, **falling hair,** if you get a lot of hair on your comb whenever you use it, **itching scalp,** or other hair or scalp trouble, **try Koskott.**

You Need Only Ask for a FREE BOX of Koskott—a postcard will do. Parcel will be sent you promptly, postpaid, and under plain cover with full directions; and you can soon decide what it will do for you.

GROW HAIR

KOSKOTT LABORATORY, K.A. 151, Station F, NEW YORK CITY

J. P. Rankin.—Antonio Moreno has been in pictures for a good many years. I am sure that he would send you a nice photograph of himself for the twenty-five cents you mention in your letter. Address him at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California. Moreno is a Spaniard, and was born in Madrid, Spain. Pearl White will also send you a photo. Write to her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Antonio Moreno and Earle Foxe were the last two leading men in Pearl's serials.

Walter S. G.—The Market Booklet, for which you sent six cents in stamps, has been mailed to you.

Harold J. Clark.—Ruth Roland hasn't a home in New York. Nearly all of her picture work has been done in California. Yes, she was with the Balboa Company for a long time, but has just finished a new serial called "Hands Up" for the Astra-Pathé forces, and will most likely start another one for the same concern. Can't answer matrimonial questions as they are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Charles Chaplin is still making comedies at his own studio in Hollywood, California. No, there is only one Fannie Ward in motion pictures or on the stage. Eric Campbell met his death in an automobile accident when the machine he was driving overturned. Billie Ritchie is still in pictures. He is making comedies for the Sunshine Comedy Company, which are released on the Fox program. Lottie Briscoe plays in the films off and on now. You refer to W. Christie Miller, the grand old man of the Biograph. He died several years ago in a home for the aged. Max Linder is not making comedies in this country at the present time, but there are reports that the famous French comedian is seriously considering returning to the United States to do another series of comedies. Adele de Garde played with the Vitagraph when a little girl, and not with the Biograph. Kenneth Casey was her little partner at the time. Adele is quite grown up now, however, and plays ingénue leads. You have named all their correct names.

Sunshine.—Wallace McDonald is now in the Canadian service. Alan Forrest can be reached at the American Film Company in Santa Barbara, California.

Bess.—"Slippery Slim," otherwise Victor Potel, is still playing in pictures every little while. He was with the Sunshine Comedies for a while, and then made a few pictures for himself. He has been appearing in several dramas during the past year, doing comedy, of course. His last picture released was "Who's Your Father?" a Fox-Sunshine comedy. House Peters is still playing in pictures. He will soon be seen in a brand-new feature by the Sunset Pictures, which will be released by the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation.

B. B. A.—"The Safety Curtain" and "Her Only Way" are two of the late releases in which Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien played opposite each other.

Sergeant Phil E. S.—There is no one playing opposite Fannie Ward by the name you mention. Was some one kidding you? Los Angeles, California, has the largest number of studios. Nearly all of the motion pictures produced in the United States are being made there at the present time, due to fuel conditions in the East. Carmel Meyers gets all her mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. I am sure that she would welcome a letter from you, and also answer it.

Miss L. Campbell.—Mary Pickford has blue eyes. She has light-brown hair. Theda Bara was born on July 20, 1890. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. Yes, Pearl White wears her blond wig in every picture in which she appears. Her hair is auburn in color naturally. Virginia Lee Corbin was born in Prescott, Arizona, in 1912. Baby Marie Osborne was born just a year before Virginia.

J. B. K.—A copy of the Market Booklet has been sent to you as per your request with the six cents in stamps.

Katherine Anna J.—A letter will reach John Emerson and Anita Loos if sent to them in care of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. No trouble at all.

Cap. J. C. W.—Yes, it was Mary MacLane herself you saw in the Essanay film, "I, Mary MacLane." That was her first and only motion-picture work. You can reach her by letter in care of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois. She is back writing stories again, and is living in Chicago at the present time.

Miss Lillian C.—Address Clara Horton, in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Nadia Gary gets all her letters at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, New York City. Zoe Rae will receive any mail sent to her at Universal City, California. Madge Evans continues to receive her daily mail at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, and Jane and Katherine Lee at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

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Taking off surplus weight is a mild and pleasant process by the Korein system. Almost day by day you notice your figure growing more lithe and graceful, your features becoming more youthful, your vitality increasing. Being fat is so unnecessary when you can reduce to your normal weight without discomfort or denying yourself the indulgences that make life pleasant for you. You will soon wonder why you did not reduce long ago.

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(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

"Hal Cooley's Sweetheart."—The Dolly sisters and the Fairbanks twins are not playing in pictures at the present time. Raymond McKee and Kenneth Harlan are both in the United States army. Hal Cooley gets his mail at Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Can't answer matrimonial questions as they are against the rules of the Oracle. Read them over at the head of the department. Geraldine Farrar gets her mail at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Gladys Hulette can be reached at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Yes, I wouldn't be surprised if Hal Cooley would answer your letter. You have a very nice start in your collection of stars' photographs.

Karl H. S.—Write to the circulation manager of Picture-Play for rates. Lila Lee receives all of her letters at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Los Angeles, California.

R. C. R.—You can get a picture of Baby Marie Osborne by writing to her in care of the Diando Studios, Glendale, California.

P. B. H.—Address Lila Lee and Jack Pickford in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. Jack has been in the navy for several months, but his mail is all forwarded to him from the studio. Harold Lloyd can be reached at the Rolin Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Charles Chaplin receives his mail at his own studio in Hollywood, California. The William S. Hart Studio, Los Angeles, California, is the place to address that gentleman. Mabel Normand now receives her mail at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Harold Lockwood died in October from Spanish influenza. Pearl White calls for her mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Ben Wilson is still working at Universal City, California, where he gets his letters. Alice Howell can be reached at the L-Ko Studios, Gower Street, Los Angeles, California, and William Duncan at the Vitagraph Studios in Los Angeles. Douglas Fairbanks gets his daily bundle of mail at the Lasky Studios. The majority of the studios in the United States are situated in California. The only way I can suggest for you is to try and get a job as extra at the different studios, but then Los Angeles is so far from Denver, and it takes three meals a day to live on there the same as in your own home town, so I would take a great big look before I made the leap if I were you.

Miss Manilla.—William S. Hart has his own studio in Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. He directs his pictures in coöperation with Lambert Hillyer.

The Copper Kids.—You should have read the rules at the head of the Oracle Department, and you would have discovered that matrimonial questions are against the rules. Ethel Clayton was born in 1890.

(**The Picture Oracle**—*Continued.*)

BILLIKINS.—Margarita Fisher has copper-colored hair, but as all red hair screens dark, it is no wonder you made that mistake. I do not know that dark eyes invariably screen better—in fact, there are many blue and gray-eyed actresses who are very popular. You ought to read an article which appeared in this magazine several months ago on the subject of eyes in picture work, because it shattered many of those ancient theories about it.

QUEERIE.—All you have to do is to send six cents in stamps and your address to the Scenario Department of PICTURE-PLAY, and the Market Booklet, containing the list of the leading producers, will be forwarded to you. There are changes going on all the time, it is true.

"WILD AWOOD."—Marguerite Snow was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1892. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred and five pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. She is not with any particular one company, but plays engagements with them all. A letter addressed to her at 220 West Ninety-eighth Street, New York City, will reach her. Yes, I am sure that she will send one of Uncle Sam's flyers an autographed photo of herself. Address June Caprice, in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Vivian Martin gets her mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California, and Mary Miles Minter receives hers at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875.

K. M. H.—The last address I had for Victor Benoit was 155 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

DOROTHY C. T.—Richard Barthelmess and Jack Pickford look a great deal alike. They are both about the same build. Barthelmess is twenty-three years of age. His latest picture is "The Hope Chest," in which he plays opposite Dorothy Gish. You ought to know, fair Dorothy, that matrimonial questions are against the rules of the Oracle Department. Richard Barthelmess is his correct name. A letter sent to him at the Sunset Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, California, will be sure to reach him.

MISS M. L. B.—No, Mary Pickford will be seen in photo plays for a little while longer, at least. She is now making arrangements for her own company, and will start to work in a very short while. Anita Stewart is playing on the screen again. She will soon be seen in a series of attractions on the First National program. I am not the editor of PICTURE-PLAY. The honorable editor and myself are two different persons. Ruth Clifford receives all her mail at the Bluebird Studios, Universal City, California, and George Walsh can be reached at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

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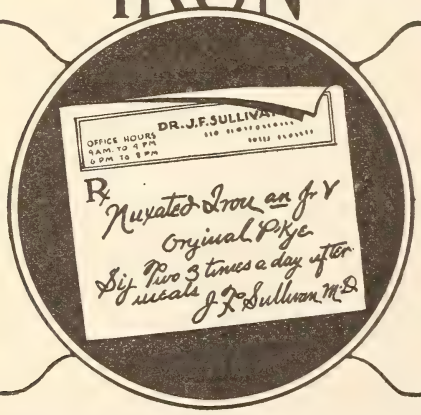

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

B?—Your friend Gertrude and William are not playing in any pictures at the present time. The National Film Corporation, of Denver, stopped producing pictures some months ago, but they have had a reorganization, and are again making them. The ones they did make were released through the General Film Company. Don't know where Thayer is at the present time. Willis & Inglis are motion-picture producers and agents. This is where most of the players get their mail. J. Warren Kerrigan is making his productions at the Willis & Inglis Studios at the present time.

VERA L.—Pearl White can be reached by mail at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. Pearl answers some of her letters, but it is a physical impossibility to answer them all when you consider the fact that she receives several hundred daily.

M. G. M.—Ah, little Kitty, you can't fool me. Your writing completely gives you away. Why change your heading in your second letter? The first one was very good, indeed. Paul Willis gets his mail in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Ruth Roland is her correct name. A letter addressed to her at the Astra Film Company, Universal City, California, will reach her. Irene Castle isn't playing in pictures at the present time, but a letter sent to her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, will be received by her. Mrs. Vernon Castle was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. She is five feet seven inches tall, weighs one-thirty-five, and has brown hair and gray eyes.

LITTLE KITTY.—Grace Darmond is now working at the Vitagraph Studios in Los Angeles, California. Charles Chaplin is still making comedies at his studio in Hollywood, California. Can't answer matrimonial questions as they are against the rules of the Oracle. Grace Darmond is five feet three and one-half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. She has light-blond hair and dark eyes. She played opposite Earle Williams for quite some time, but it has been announced that she is to be starred alone by Vitagraph.

LOTTA NOISE.—Mabel Normand gets her mail at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California, and Constance Talmadge receives hers at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Norma Talmadge gets her letters at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. I don't know whether they will write personal letters or not. You know they receive hundreds of requests daily. I guess it all depends on your own letter to them. Anne Luther looks just about the same off the screen as she does on. Her latest picture is called "Her Moment." William Garwood plays the leading rôle opposite her

(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

R. J.—Wallace Reid gets all of his letters at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. Eugene O'Brien can be reached by letter at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California, is the address of Antonio Moreno.

Casey M.—The Market Booklet has been sent you under separate cover by our friend, the editor.

Miss Erma C.—Where do you think you are going to find the time to write to all these players whose addresses you seek? Write Alan Forrest at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Norma Talmadge and Alice Brady can be reached at the Select Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Vivian Martin gets all her mail at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California. Eugene O'Brien and Shirley Mason will be sure to receive mail sent to them at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Bessie Love is now with the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California, where she receives her mail. Fay Tincher, Warren Kerrigan, Aida Horton, Louise Glaum, Mary Thurman, and Bobby Connelly get their lot of letters in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Bessie Barriscale can be reached at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Madge Kennedy has moved, and now gets her mail at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Marie Prevost, Roxana McGowan, and Phylis Haver find their daily mail at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Alessandro Street, Los Angeles, California. Ethel Clayton's address is the Lasky Studio, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Enid Bennett has her mail delivered to her at the Ince Studios, Georgia and Girard Streets, Los Angeles, California. Juanita Hansen and Zoe Rae call for their mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Doris Kenyon finds her batch of letters waiting at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, and Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd greet the mailman at the Rolin Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Roy William C.—Don't remember receiving the letter. Please write me a list of your questions again.

Little Eva.—Yes, I saw the picture, too, and it certainly was good. You should feel quite honored that your friends think you resemble Marguerite Clark in that characterization—I'm sure I should be. Yes, it is quite true that she was married several months ago, but she declares that it will not interfere with her screen work for the present, at least, as the fortunate man is in the service, and Marguerite has announced her intention to continue in pictures for the duration of the war. Yes, I have met her, and she is as charming off the screen as she is on it.

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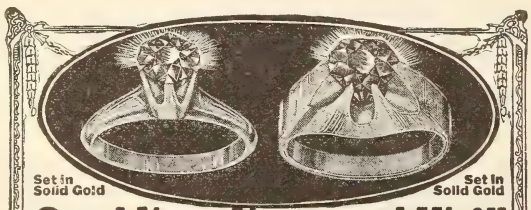

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

ELIZABETH M.—I did not receive your letter referring to the Market Booklet, so you evidently must have had the wrong address on it. The editor is mailing you a copy under separate cover.

ELIZABETH FILMING.—I am sure I can't say whether you would be able to get a position as a motion-picture actress if you took a course from a school of acting or not. It all depends on yourself, and if you are not talented for this line of work, the best school or anything else could never make a screen star of you.

N. Y. C.—The editor has mailed you a copy of the latest edition of the Market Booklet.

GIRL.—Yes, Rockcliffe Fellowes played with Kitty Gordon. Yes, you are quite correct about the Mary Miles Minter picture. Alan Forrest was her leading man. Dorothy Gish is two years younger than her fair sister, Lillian. You will have to take that question up with William S. Hart himself, and not yours truly.

JOSEPH CHARLES B.—No, "Cleopatra" was released just the way it was taken, and did not have to be remodeled or done over as you imagined. Yes, I am sure that Mary Pickford would send you one of her pictures if you inclosed a Thrift Stamp with your request. Marguerite Clark can look so tiny in pictures because she is a very tiny little creature. Marguerite only stands four feet nine inches. No, actors do not have to use wax for their make-up. Grease paint and powder are required, because the natural color of the skin photographs too dark. Do you mean Robert Vignola? If so, address him in care of the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Los Angeles, California.

MRS. MAUDE F.—Roy Stewart now has his own company, and Josie Sedgwick is again his leading lady. Write to him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

"THE DREAMY SOUTHERN BOY."—Most studios are situated where they have the best photographic light all the year around. Pearl White was born in 1889. Springfield, Missouri, is the place of her birth. Probably Olga Petrova wears her hair the same way all the time because it is more becoming to her that way. I am sure I couldn't say whether you would make a good motion-picture actor or not. Being able to cry isn't enough to get you by. "A Tale of the Forbidden City" is the latest picture in which Norma Talmadge is featured. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, so she must be an American. It certainly would not pay you to come North and try to get on as an extra. There are not enough studios operating in New York now to take a chance on. Nearly all of the companies are moving out to California, and there are more trained extras now demanding parts than the directors can possibly use.

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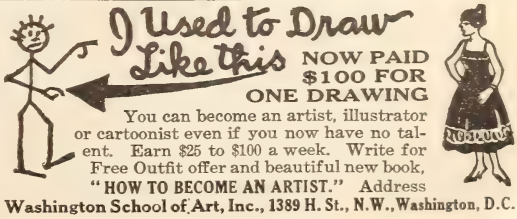

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(The Picture Oracle—*Continued.*)

"LAURIE."—I am sure that Pearl White would only be too glad to send one of her autographed photographs, as well as a personal letter, to one of Uncle Sam's naval fighters. Write to her in care of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

GISH-GONE.—Well, you picked some pretty good stars to rave about. No wonder you get them mixed up, for they're even more alike in private life than they are on the screen, especially now that Dorothy wears a dark make-up in her pictures. Both girls played in "Hearts of the World." Lillian was the star in "The Great Love." Dorothy is doing a series of comedies and light dramas, and Lillian is engaged in some special features. No, indeed, I had not heard that one of them is going to quit, and I doubt that very much, for they are both coming strong, and winning new honors and a bigger following every day.

A. H. N.—Fannie Ward, who played in "The Yellow Ticket," is your own favorite, and not a new star. She wore a wig in this picture, which is probably your reason for being doubtful. She was born in 1875.

NEWCOMER.—Welcome to our midst, come often and ask as many questions as you like. Madame Yorska is the protégée of Sarah Bernhardt, and is said to have been prominent on the French stage. No, I cannot tell at this writing just what she is going to do in pictures, but I have a strong suspicion that she will play in rather intense, strongly dramatic rôles. Mary Maclaren was the young woman who played the *Model* in "The Model's Confession." No, she is not the same person as the author of the book, "I, Mary MacLane."

DOLLY.—Wallace Reid's last name is pronounced "Reed."

ANTHONY B.—Fred Stone is no longer working in the pictures, as he only went into them during the summer season when he was not on the stage. Yes, he did his skating act in one of his pictures for Paramount—the one called "The Goat." I have heard that same story, too, about Mr. Stone suddenly deciding that he wanted to do a burlesque of Charlotte, the fancy ice skater, and so learning to skate in an unbelievably short time. I wonder whether it is true, myself. You hear so many untrue things about men and women who have achieved fame, but then, as you say, Mr. Stone must be in such good athletic trim that if he had not known how to skate he should have been able to pick it up in a rather short time. Universal was the producer of that other picture. Yes, I believe Lila Lee is the newest Paramount star to date.

ELIZA JANE.—Raymond McKee is now in the United States army, but a letter addressed to him in care of the Edison Motion Picture Company, New York City, will be forwarded to him.

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IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "*looks*," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper* "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night.

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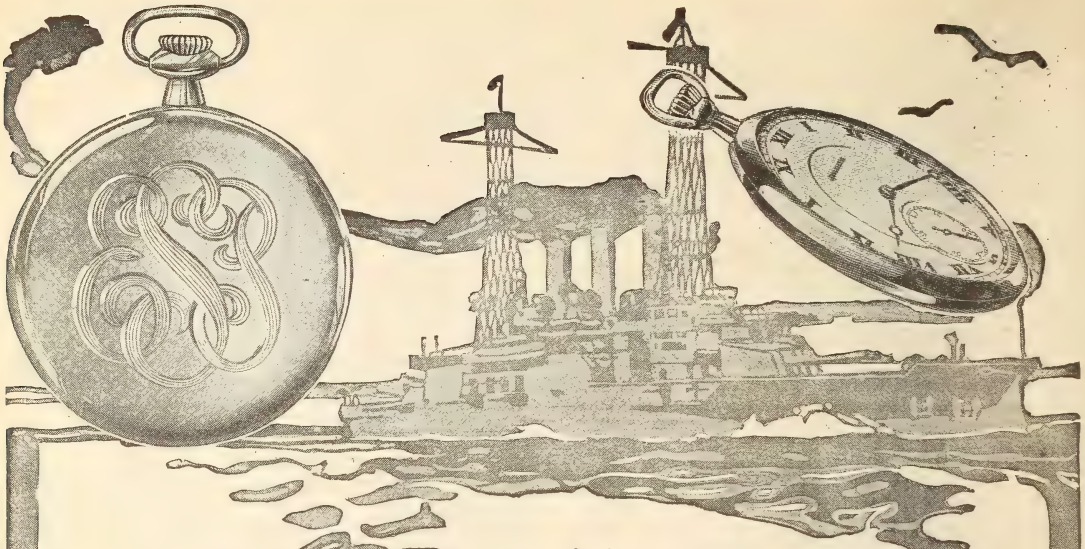

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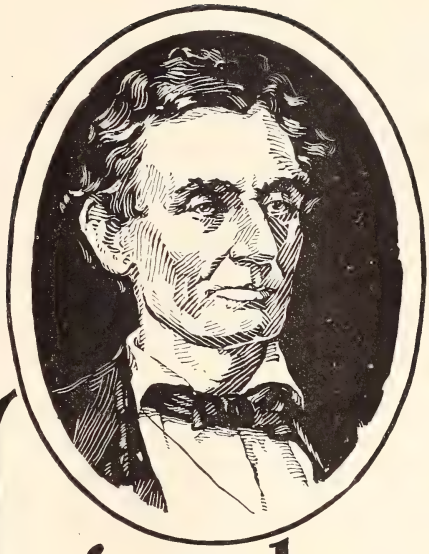

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